The New Age
A Weekly Review of Politics, Literature, and Art.


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Notes of the Week

The five and a half hours spent by General Smuts last week in defending the South African Government's martial law deportments would have been by no means too long had the tale he had to tell corresponded to the world's expectation of it. People had certainly been led to suppose that unimaginable plots had been discovered against the security of the South African State, and that a whole gang of Catalines had been harbouring and burrowing in the trade unions of the Transvaal. As General Smuts unfolded the mystery, how- ever, the hopes of the sensationalists fell with the rela- tion of each new chapter. The story became flatter and flatter until, by its conclusion, even his most romantic and credulous admirers must have asked themselves what all the bother had been about. What, in fact, was the plot and who, in fact, were the plotters whose "diabolical" machinations had driven the Government to call up a larger force than met the whole British Empire, to declare martial law in four of the five States of the Union, and finally to transport and permanently ostracise nine or ten of the ringleaders? On General Smuts' own showing the plot and the plotters were of the very mildest, tamest and, we may say, orthodox description. He did not, it is true, intend to convey this impression, but, on the contrary, whipped himself into a fury of adjectives designed to stir the imagination of his hearers. But in sum and when the substance was combed out of its rhetoric, what did it all amount to? Only that the July strike had left discontent, resulting in a demand for the reinstatement of a few retrenched men on the railway, and that the so-called plotters were, for the most part, ordinary Trade Union officials, most of whom were of rather a conservative than of a revolution- ary character.

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By no efforts of newspaper mendacity is it any longer possible, we should think, for the British or the South African public to mistake what we have just passed through for a grave menace or a purple peril. The sequence of events that is now as clear as daylight is unmistakably dull as it is monotonously ordinary. Beginning with the disturbances of last July, the grievance of the railwaymen in particular came to a head on about the 15th of October last, on which date the railwaymen's officials first became aware that the threatened retrenchments had actually been authorised. We have, in fact, before us at this moment copies of what is known among the South African trade unionists as the 'Hoy correspondence.' Marked confidential, it contains the secret instructions issued two days previously by the General Manager of the State Railways to the Heads of various Departments for the immediate retrenchment of a considerable number of the staff, totalling, we believe, some two thousand. And these, as the men soon learned, were to be selected by the test technically of inefficiency, but in practice of trade union militancy. What, under the circumstances, could a self-respect- ing Trade Union do but protest? And what, when its protest was ignored, could it do but threaten to strike? That, in any event, its most active members were marked out for retrenchment was obvious; and the worst that could happen, if the strike should prove un- successful, was no more than the same retrenchment. The Union accordingly first threatened a strike, and then proceeded to strike, with the consequence that the Government arrested the railwaymen's leaders. There then followed the General Strike to which the reply of the Government was the institution of martial law, the imprisonment of more of the union officials, and the deportation of nine of the leaders. But where in all this is there any evidence of a plot except on the side of the Government itself? That the Government had, in fact, arranged the whole sequence is a thousand times more rational a deduction from the evidence than that the sequence had no other purpose than to throw the onus of the plot on the very people who were actually the victims of it.

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These, far from being the desperadoes of General Smut's Deadwood Dick imagination, are not only to our
personal knowledge, but in the opinion of normal South Africa, men, on the whole, of a thoroughly respectable moderation. The "Rand Daily Mail," for example, in the very midst of the strike, and under strict censorship, referred to them as "reasonable men of excellent character and of just the class of whom South Africa stands most in need." The worst of them, according to General Smuts, and a revolutionary of the most dangerous character, was a man who had been in South Africa twenty-five years, and who, during the whole of his service as a Trade Union leader, has never been accused of worse treason than that of suggesting the representation of the railwaymen on the Administration Board. Or of the leaders in South Africa it is particularly our own "Daily Express" can find nothing more damaging to say than that "previous to the incidents of the recent struggle they have been simply inefficient trade union officials." What characters are these to plunge the South African State into a conspiracy to disestablish the State. But if this be true (and General Smuts' whole apology depends upon it), not a temporary martial law is necessary, nor the deportation of a mere handful of Trade Union leaders, but permanent military occupation with a military dictatorship and the transport of a hundred of their members to co-operate with the Government and mining staff for the purpose of ensuring the safety of the mines appears, no doubt, an act of self-preservation and responsible prudence; but it equally undoubtedly, if only tacitly, admits that the present system of mine-ownership is tolerable to the Union or only requires some slight concessions of this kind to be made tolerable. But unless we are much mistaken, this is by no means the admission, tacit or explicit, of the rank and file of the Federation. The mine-owners and the Government can and, indeed, ought to be forced to make and keep the mines as safe as efficient inspection can make them; but the responsibility of this rests upon those who exploit the industry, and not upon the men who merely work the mine. We say, for instance, if horses suggested in an Aesopian fashion that all they needed was more inspectors of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals? Why, that they were otherwise very well satisfied with their status.

We do not know either what the State owes to the mine-owners that it should pay the salaries of a hundred inspectors for them. As the mines are run for private profit, the least that the owners might be expected to do would be to ensure their safety at their own expense. Yet they not only tax the ratepayers to superintend their property to the amount of nearly a hundred thousand pounds a year (a sum shortly, according to Mr. McKenna, to be doubled), but in a score of other ways they, and the profiteers generally, throw upon anybody rather than themselves the fair cost of the labour they employ. Let it be once realised that employers pay their wage-slaves only for the hire of their labour for as long as they hire it; and that for the remainder of the year their time the wage-slaves or the community must be responsible; and it will be seen that actually the community and the workers between them bear the whole cost of keeping labour in a perpetual condition to be hired. Under the conditions of chattel slavery, the slave-owners were at least responsible for their slaves in sickness as well as in health, in childhood and old age as well as in maturity, and in unemployment as well as in employment. But under the wage-system, in return for the liberty of choice of their occupation, the wage-slaves have the responsibility of providing for themselves during the periods when they are not actually in hire. That they cannot out of their wages make any such provision necessitates the intervention of the State; but whose property is the real responsibility if not that of the employers? Nevertheless, we have seen the State, as wages have fallen, rushing in to relieve the profiteers of the duty of raising them by providing free education, assisted insurance, the poor law, old age pensions, an inspectorate of thousands, and tightening up against the deficiencies of the employers. To what end save to enable the employers to extract larger and larger profits by paying smaller and smaller wages? The logical conclusion of this process can only be that finally the State will undertake the maintenance of the working classes, while the employers will be free to pick and choose, hire when they like and dismiss when they please, among the groomed, fed and tended proletariat of the State mews.

Among the deputations to Ministers (strictly pilgrimages to the shrines of saints) indulged in by the politically devout English trade-unions was one last week of some interest. The miners' Federation, headed by Mr. Brace, waited upon Mr. McKenna to request him to double the existing Government inspectorate but to allow the Unions to nominate half of them. At first sight, the demand apparently would suggest a rather more ambitious proposal than has ever before been made by an English trade union; but a little reflection dispels the hope we might have entertained, and reduces the proposal to the usual level of mean and pitiable mendacity. The request, it will be noted, implies no demand for the smallest real responsibility in the conduct of the industry of mining. It would trench neither upon rent, interest nor profits; it would leave wages exactly as they are; and, in addition to this, it would transfer the union a hundred men to the management, whose interests would necessarily in a month or two become theirs. We have the greatest possible objection to the Unions countenancing by any official act the continuance of the existing wage-system. It is not their business to co-operate as a Union, either in the industry itself or in the conditions under which it is carried on, unless, at the same time, their right to share in the proceeds is conceded as fully as their willingness to share in the responsibility. Only a hundred of their members to co-operate with the Government and mining staff for the purpose of ensuring the safety of the mines appears, no doubt, an act of self-preservation and responsible prudence; but it equally undoubtedly, if only tacitly, admits that the present system of mine-ownership is tolerable to the Union or only requires some slight concessions of this kind to be made tolerable. But unless we are much mistaken, this is by no means the admission, tacit or explicit, of the rank and file of the Federation. The mine-owners and the Government can and, indeed, ought to be forced to make and keep the mines as safe as efficient inspection can make them; but the responsibility of this rests upon those who exploit the industry, and not upon the men who merely work the mine. We say, for instance, if horses suggested in an Aesopian fashion that all they needed was more inspectors of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals? Why, that they were otherwise very well satisfied with their status.

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On Monday last Mr. Tillett told a Bow and Bromley audience that "the destiny of the British worker is the curse of civilisation." The "Daily News" took up the running (as it always does when there is anything to be hunted) and announced that Labour in this country has always been "too defensive and apologetic." (By the way, the "Daily News" finds us the very contrary—too offensive and aggressive!) Even the "Daily Herald" tooled its advice that the workers must acquire "a sense of mental freedom." But what is the use of these sneers and jeers and exhortations and reproaches unless there is the outcome of action? Must we lead to a synthesis of remedies? The pedantic socialists who see race everywhere and conclude from the present apathy of the proletariat an inferior racial stock to that of the plutocracy are just as foolish as the writers to whom we have referred. All alike appear to be ignorant of the fact that the wage-system of necessity creates passivity in its victims. Novelists have familiarised the public with the possibilities of hypnotism and have, we may safely say, evoked and expressed the national repugnance of men to the abandonment of their will to the control of a stranger; so that the very least among us would shrink from the formal transfer of his power of self-direction to the hypnotist of romance. But unfortunately it is not realised that in the case of hirelings or wage-slaves, this transfer of self-direction is by disuse and so feeble that all the appeal or reproach in the world moves only his sentiment, but cannot stir his will effectively. One of the torments, indeed, of the living damned is the struggle of the right of workers to be wage-salves to feel for their will and to use it like a limb or a sword; and to watch thereafter the subsidence of the frustrate emotion and the fresh access of settled despair. To explain the "docility" of the proletariat to emancipate themselves. Let us say that we have never assumed it. On the contrary, we have always maintained that unless individuals from other classes, not subjected to a daily drain of will, come to the assistance of the proletariat, the latter will never find escape easier than the presence of others of their own class in the common work of the proletarian to be "desirable for women." The reasons they gave were, it is true, some beneath that was also men's natural repugnance to what hypocritical, but not so entirely hypocritical as their critics imagined. The fear of women's cheap labour in competition with their own was undoubtedly the predominant or, at least, the most articulate motive; but beneath that was also men's natural repugnance to men in women's industry. Mr. Masterman, however, replied that his Department's inspectors had reported that women have found it. Will they not be subjected to its wheels will be as complete as, if not more complete than, that of men? In establishing Olive Schreiner's appeal to women to take "all labour for their province" (we should like to see this lady chocking for a week or two!), and of several recent particular demands, it is folly of the "Daily Herald," and not so entirely hypocritical as the male and epicene suffragists—must surely see the drift of things! We refer to the case of the women pit-brow workers of the Yorkshire colliers.

In 1911 the Yorkshire Miners' Federation endeavoured by political action to make it illegal for women to work in men's industry. Let us say that we have never assumed it. The contrary, we have always maintained that unless individuals from other classes, not subjected to a daily drain of will, come to the assistance of the proletariat, the latter will never find escape easier than the presence of others of their own class in the common work of the proletarian to be "desirable for women." The reasons they gave were, it is true, some beneath that was also men's natural repugnance to what hypocritical, but not so entirely hypocritical as their critics imagined. The fear of women's cheap labour in competition with their own was undoubtedly the predominant or, at least, the most articulate motive; but beneath that was also men's natural repugnance to men in women's industry. Mr. Masterman, however, replied that his Department's inspectors had reported that women have found it. Will they not be subjected to its wheels will be as complete as, if not more complete than, that of men? In establishing Olive Schreiner's appeal to women to take "all labour for their province" (we should like to see this lady chocking for a week or two!), and of several recent particular demands, it is folly of the "Daily Herald," and not so entirely hypocritical as the male and epicene suffragists—must surely see the drift of things! We refer to the case of the women pit-brow workers of the Yorkshire colliers.

The question may fairly be asked whether, after this analysis, we can possibly continue to assume the ability of the proletariat to emancipate itself. Let us say that we have never assumed it. On the contrary, we have always maintained that unless individuals from other classes, not subjected to a daily drain of will, come to the assistance of the proletariat, the latter will never find escape easier than the presence of others of their own class in the common work of the proletarian to be "desirable for women." The reasons they gave were, it is true, some beneath that was also men's natural repugnance to what hypocritical, but not so entirely hypocritical as their critics imagined. The fear of women's cheap labour in competition with their own was undoubtedly the predominant or, at least, the most articulate motive; but beneath that was also men's natural repugnance to men in women's industry. Mr. Masterman, however, replied that his Department's inspectors had reported that women have found it. Will they not be subjected to its wheels will be as complete as, if not more complete than, that of men? In establishing Olive Schreiner's appeal to women to take "all labour for their province" (we should like to see this lady chocking for a week or two!), and of several recent particular demands, it is folly of the "Daily Herald," and not so entirely hypocritical as the male and epicene suffragists—must surely see the drift of things! We refer to the case of the women pit-brow workers of the Yorkshire colliers.

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In the “Daily Mail” of Tuesday last Mr. Snowden replied to some of his recent critics on the subject of Land Reform. To a challenge to name another class than landlords on whom “the brunt of the agricultural depression of the last thirty years had fallen,” Mr. Snowden enumerated the two classes of tenant-farmers and urban ratepayers. Not a word about the agricultural labourer! This is the kind of advocacy that properly brings the Labour Members into derision; for even on the supposition that farmers and ratepayers have suffered equally with landlords, the agricultural labourer has not only suffered a good deal more, but he is Mr. Snowden’s chosen client. Imagine a counsel retained and paid for the defence of one party in a dispute and actually defending any other party than his own! Yet that is the position of Mr. Snowden. Proceeding to recommend his remedy for the Land trouble Mr. Snowden again advocated nationalisation by purchase, the price to be fixed by a “judicial body.” Is he quite unaware that much water has passed under the bridge since the Land Nationalisation Society was first formed? Not only is nationalisation now out of date as a policy applicable to anything, but land nationalisation by purchase is particularly archaic. We know now that it is impossible; and we know in addition of a much better method of reform. Since the whole surplus value of agricultural, as of every other, industry depends upon the wage-system and this, in turn, depends upon the sale of labour in the competitive market, the cure for surplus value is to create a monopoly of labour by means of a blacklegged agricultural union and thereafter to dictate terms to the existing owners. If an Agricultural Union is impossible, so also is agricultural reform.

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One of the worst consequences of the failure of Trade Unions to keep abreast with their responsibilities is that work, properly belonging to them and only to be satisfactorily accomplished by them, is being undertaken by their capitalist masters. The recent campaign in favour of day and evening continuation and technical schools is a case in point. In consequence of the breakdown of the old apprenticeship system under which the profitiers paid for the instruction of their workmen, the State is once more obsequiously stepping into the breach to provide out of the general rates the training once a charge upon private industry. Of the evening continuation schools as hitherto conducted by local education authorities the most favourable report that can be made is that they are blatantly useless; and we know in addition of a much better method of reform. Since the whole surplus value of agricultural, as of every other, industry depends upon the wage-system and this, in turn, depends upon the sale of labour in the competitive market, the cure for surplus value is to create a monopoly of labour by means of a blacklegged agricultural union and thereafter to dictate terms to the existing owners. If an Agricultural Union is impossible, so also is agricultural reform.

**Current Cant.**

“Mr. Snowden is once more obsequiously stepping into the breach to provide out of the general rates the training once a charge upon private industry.” —GWYNNE, in the Sunday Chronicle.

“Nothing is left out of the ‘Evening News,’ yet nothing appears that should not be there.” —Advertisement in the Evening News.

“It would be no exaggeration to call the Duchess of Albany the ‘Costers’ Princess.’” —Modern Society.

“Do you think women should wear trouser skirts?” —Daily Sketch.

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Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

Just as President Wilson announced, apropos of Mexico, that the United States would recognise no more forms of government in Central and South America unless they were "constitutional," a slight revolution does not much of an affair. The Prime Minister, who also acted as War Minister, was unfortunately killed; but beyond this no great harm was done. President Billinghurst (who, if the newspapers will permit me to say so, is not an Englishman, but a Peruvian) who was immensely proud of their Castilian descent and South America; and this I believe to be true. Peru, again, was the country where Spanish power was overthrown, and it "freed" itself with some reluctance.

At Lima, Pizarro's "City of the Kings," the traveller will find the oldest cultural institution in the New World, viz., the University of San Marcos, founded by the Dominicans, under the patronage of Charles V, in 1551. He will learn, incidentally, that the conquerors adopted a method of dealing with the local nobility which, with suitable modifications, might have helped us a great deal in India. Schools were established for the training of the sons of the native "noblemen," and, in spite of the Spaniard's crusading proclivities, no serious attempt was made to foster a strange culture on a population not adapted for it. That the conduct of the invaders met with approval is shown by the fact that the city of Lima brought forth two saints: the Archbishop St. Toribio, who "flourished" some time later. The Spanish aristocracy of Peru, generally speaking, hold aloof from trade and let foreigners manage their business. The Church is powerful, and has been so ever since the archbishopric was founded so far back as 1545. The State subsidises the Church, and the exercise of any other religion than the Roman Catholic is forbidden. Although, in practice, there is a certain amount of toleration, it will be seen from this short sketch that Peru differs from the other South American countries to some little extent, and more closely resembles Spain. Financially, Peru has always been in a deplorable state, not least because of foreign mismanagement as well as revolutions, and the Peruvian Corporation, a foreign company with its headquarters in London, has made itself responsible for a large proportion of the public debt in return for concessions.

I am curious to know what President Wilson will say to the new state of affairs at Lima. The change of government does not matter very much to him except in theory; but a revolution has nevertheless been carried out, however mildly. It is useless trying to apply idealistic theories of constitutional government, as we understand it, to South American countries. These countries, chiefly of the foreign investor and business man, and the consequent necessity of keeping quiet, do not rush so recklessly into revolutions as they did at one time; but the old spirit of revolt is there. The Latin races value law and order just as we do; but they sometimes think law and order in ways that seem strange to us. This is what the Americans have not yet realised. They fancy that the writing of a new constitution is sufficient for the government of a country, never remarking that the South Americans have to deal with a large national question which is, in its turn, composed of several different elements, and varies from country to country. Many of the South American constitutions are based on the constitution of the United States; but if the ruling classes endeavoured to impose it on all, the result would be disastrous. The constitution of Peru, for instance, like the constitution of Chile, is largely modelled on the constitution of the United States; and yet these two countries, from our point of view, have hardly ever been governed "constitutionally.

I emphasise Peru this week because the question of Panama tolls has again become a prominent one. Dr. Wilson has promised to use every legitimate effort to get the obnoxious clause of the Panama Act repealed, so that no ship shall be stopped on the high seas. Any such preference, of course, would be in direct contradiction to the letter and spirit of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. Even if Dr. Wilson is successful, however, I feel bound to point out that the question of the tolls is not ended. The American shipping companies which are likely to run services through the Panama Canal are, in many cases, owned or controlled by railways which are in turn controlled—and not only by means of interlocking directorates—by other Trusts, such as the Standard Oil Company and the Steel Trust. Does an easy-going world imagine that if these Trusts feel the competition of English firms for the trade of South America, they will let the matter of the tolls rest? They will not. We shall have fervid appeals to American patriotism; grave Senators will remind the public that "We built the Canal and we'll do what we like with it," in spite of Treaties; and the Eagle will scream once more.

The effect of the Panama Canal on the trade of Western South America will be particularly well seen with reference to Peru. The distance from New York to Lima via Cape Horn is roughly 9,000 miles; the distance from Liverpool by the same route is about 9,500 miles. Via Panama the journey from New York is reduced to 4,200 miles, and from Liverpool to about 6,600 miles. The saving from such ports as New Orleans and Galveston is proportionately greater. At present, it will be seen, New York competes with Liverpool on fairly equal terms. When the Canal is in working order New York will have an advantage of 2,600 miles—an enormous saving in freight and time. If, however, our cheaper labour still enables us to compete with the American manufacturer, the remedy is at hand. What is easier than to give American ships preferential treatment as they pass through the Canal? Nothing; except perhaps the ingenious proposal put forward in Congress to give American shipping firms (i.e., the agents of the Trusts) a substantial refund at stated intervals, presumably every quarter or half-year. This is the reason why we have heard so much about the tolls question recently; and this is the reason, too, why the Monroe Doctrine has become prominent again.

A last word on this matter for the present week: the mines of Peru (gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, iron, coal, salt, etc.) are in the hands of American companies; but the banks, railways, and cotton factories are not yet in their possession. Still, with the opening of the Canal, what a rush there will be to develop countries such as Chile and Peru to their greatest possible extent! And nowadays the merchant summons the soldier to his aid.
III.

The Proclamation of the Constitution

Up till that time there was most cordial co-operation between Turkey and England; but it was rumoured that Italy was going to undertake her Tripolitan adventure and that England, that was understood not to do any work on behalf of Turkey without wages, was to declare a protectorate over Egypt. We Nationalists in Egypt became hostile to the Young Turks for their alliance with England. We demanded that Turkey should mediate between us and England in favour of an Egyptian Constitution; but the Young Turks intimated that Turkey was not in a position to do anything on behalf or in favour of Egypt. Thus the new Anglo-Turkish entente was so much resented in Egypt that there was panic caused by fear of protectorate or annexation. It was then rumoured that there was a secret arrangement between Turkey and England to the effect that Turkey should recognise the Entente Cordial in the fashion of France, namely, she would pledge herself not to demand of England the evacuation of the Nile Valley, and she would not recognise a British Protectorate over Egypt, in favour of compensation of a loan ranging from £20,000,000 to £50,000,000, by means of which Turkey could introduce reforms. Disappointment was painted on every face. Shortly before that time, I sent my "Proposals for the Solution of the Egyptian Question" to H.E. Ghazi Mokhtar Pasha, in his capacity as "Ottoman High Commissioner for the Settlement of the Egyptian Question," which post he retained for over twenty years. He was virtually an exile in Egypt and could not go to Constantinople until the Constitution was proclaimed. My proposals aimed at the gradual development of self-government in Egypt, and its gradual neutralisation by means of internationalisation.

I went several times to see Nuri Bey, first secretary of Al-Ghazi Mokhtar Pasha, but could not find him! I sent to him the following telegram: "I do not know till now what has become of my proposals which I had the honour of sending to H.E. the Ghazi, nor could we grasp at the definite fate of your Egypt which shall be so sacrificed on the altar of your Constitution." But no reply came. At last I found a way out of my difficulty. For to me, in those heated days of youth and patriotic enthusiasm, not to receive a single reply to many messages, was something unbearable. The first time I saw Mahmud Bey Salem, the prominent barrister-at-law, and eminent editor of the French-Islamic magazine called "Arafat," I found that he shared my complaint. It was arranged that I should carry to Nuri Bey a copy of "Al-Lewa," the most widely spread paper in Egypt, containing an article in eight columns as hot as fire and entitled, "The Ill-Fate of the Egyptians Caused by the Negligence of the Sultan." I left the copy with the porter, with the hint that if he did not grasp at the definite fate of your Egypt which shall be so sacrificed on the altar of your Constitution.

But no reply came. At last I found a way out of my difficulty. For to me, in those heated days of youth and patriotic enthusiasm, not to receive a single reply to many messages, was something unbearable. The first time I saw Mahmud Bey Salem, the prominent barrister-at-law, and eminent editor of the French-Islamic magazine called "Arafat," I found that he shared my complaint. It was arranged that I should carry to Nuri Bey a copy of "Al-Lewa," the most widely spread paper in Egypt, containing an article in eight columns as hot as fire and entitled, "The Ill-Fate of the Egyptians Caused by the Negligence of the Sultan." I left the copy with the porter, with the hint that if he did not grasp at the definite fate of your Egypt which shall be so sacrificed on the altar of your Constitution.

At last I heard a voice like the roaring of a lion, and the gentleman was amazed. I could not recognise a single word of what he said at first, but he changed his tone and became more amiable; only reprimanding me for giving the newspaper, with such a "bad title of an article marked" to an ignorant porter whose eyes it might open!!! But to this I said calmly: "I have not come here for that; I want to know the amount of truth in the rumours about which I wrote to your Excellence." He then became more conciliatory, and proceeded to dismiss my uneasiness by saying that Turkey would give anything in the world, but not Egypt.

After hearing that, I departed, bearing the happy tidings to my compatriots; but they would not believe, and the curse of the Turk was powerless, without any prospect of foreign assistance; our sentiment could not do anything to compel English obstinacy to yield to our desires, although a feeling of Anglophobia was spreading throughout the country. Yet the British Government, having of its own choice (perhaps not without ulterior reasons) rejected every demand for enlarging self-governing institutions in Egypt, might have "bluffed" to oblige them to do something. A few days after the Ottoman Constitution was proclaimed, I wrote a brief article in "Al-Ahram," under the heading, "Either the smoke or the fire," in which I stated that England was obliged, by the logic of facts, to allow a moderate Egyptian Constitution. Otherwise Egypt should, by right, demand admission into the Ottoman Chamber. I talked
the matter over with many people, but could not secure many adherents. Then, Sheikh Ali Yusuf, editor of “Al-Moayyad” and leader of what was called the Constitutional Reform League, gave a lecture on the subject; in which he ably proved that Egypt has had the right to declare that Egypt had had her own legislative power. The Young Turks were then friendly to England. My own reasons for adopting the plan—as I did in my article in “M££-El-Fatat”—were as follows:—

(1) The Sultan has bestowed the legislative power on the Ottoman Chamber. The Khedive, being the Sultan’s viceroy (vassal), ought to bestow his share of this constitution a part of the same body.

(a) By political international considerations of the Imperial firms and other international laws relating to Egypt, the Khedive is, at least in theory, the Sultan’s nominee representing the sovereignty over Egypt, and does not, as some suppose, stand on the same legal footing as the Prince of Bulgaria before declaring his independence.

(2) The Egyptian army, with its rank and file, constitute a portion of the Ottoman Chamber. The Liberal Press were, of course, excluded.

(3) The Foreign Consuls-General and agents are not confirmed unless they are approved by the Sultan.

(4) The Legislative Councils and General Assembly are purely Egyptian bodies; and the Grand Cadi of Egypt (like the Lord Chief Justice), who is directly appointed by the Sultan, has his seat on those bodies.

(5) In the state ceremony held annually, in honour of the Nile Flood reaching an average, to make the levy of taxes legal, the Grand Cadi of Egypt makes the Sultan, in the name of the Ottoman Chamber, declare that the Egyptian Government is legally entitled to collect the taxes.

(6) The Ottoman Chamber has supreme control of the relations of the Empire with foreign powers, which necessarily and greatly affects the destiny of Europe; as it constitutes a part of the Ottoman Dominions. Therefore it is only reasonable and logical that Egypt should be represented in the Ottoman Chamber.

It will thus be realised that however independent Egypt may be of Turkey, the Khedive derives his authority directly from the Sultan, which is renewed and confirmed or even modified, on the accession of each fresh Khedive. Yet, in all probability, the plan was, in itself, quite unworkable. Egypt was quite independent of Turkey; but, should physical force require it, it can be incorporated in Turkey without any modification in the recognized international law. The Party of the People who expressed, from the commencement, their avowed desire to become absolutely independent of Turkey, strongly opposed the suggestion, and made a counter-statement in a letter given by Ahmed Bey Abdul Latif, Chief Advocate, that Egypt was quite independent of Turkey in fact as well as in theory. However, my arguments for the advantages of the suggestion may be summarised as follows:—The Young Turks were not prepared to add an Anglo-Egyptian question to the many questions which they had to solve. Besides, it may be that they had no intention of strengthening the Arab influence by adding to the weight of Europe, and thus increasing the votes of the Arab deputies in the Chamber; for matters would have been complicated in diplomatic English and Turkish quarters when the Egyptian delegates were seen in Constantinople. Granting the more than probable result that the Turkish Government would have rejected them, it might have been obliged to declare that Egypt had had already her own legislature, or might have made friendly representations to the Anglo-Egyptian authorities to allow Egypt a moderate Constitution.

The Cabinet Again.

By Conclavist.

"He had read explanations of why he did not turn up—all of them authentic—for as they would realise, the Tory papers had reporters at all the Cabinet meetings. The Liberal Press were, of course, excluded. There were at least three explanations—that the Cabinet table was cleared out of the way and the Cabinet formed a ring while Mr. Churchill and he fought out the death for the number of Dreadnoughts and the 60 per cent. standard."

The above, employed by Mr. Lloyd George at Glasgow, is a good example of his method of getting out of a nasty situation. He selects for ridicule the inerent ravings of the political hermaphrodite, half Orangeman, half Fenian, who inflicts his megrims upon the unfortunate readers of the Palae-Male-Gasser.

In my authentic report there is not a word about "the table being cleared out of the way while he and Mr. Churchill fought a duel"—but the duel was fought for all that—that is, if one may characterise as a duel a contest which on one side was sheer blackguardism, an ass to the other side, without some intimation that Mr. Lloyd George (let him try to dissemble his feelings as he may) was both defeated and disgraced.

And then notice the quip:—"The Liberal Press were, of course, excluded." Of what consequence is it if they were? Have we not seen, for the past five or six years, on the morning following a Cabinet Council, Mr. W. Wilson, in the columns of the "Daily News," rolling forth reams of stuff "on the highest authority," retelling every incident of a supposed intention of the Chancellor? Who was the "highest authority" that supplied Mr. Wilson with the secrets of the Cabinet?

And, again, here we have Mr. Nicholson, who has not yet been in the pay of Nonconformity for three weeks, supplying us with the details of an Education Bill which has never been before the public or Parliament, and doing it, too, with an orthodox anathema that would not disgrace the great Pee-Wee himself. Who is the high authority that's picking Nicholson's leg? Ah, Mr. Chancellor, you think that no one should tell tales out of school but yourself! Well, most of your colleagues have hitherto preserved the traditions of their office. But when they have seen thatbase purposes you can turn out, they conclude it is high time they put a spoke in your wheel. In future, pending the happy day when you will be finally driven from public life, I shall on every notable occasion publish a faithful record of what transpires at the Cabinet Councils. As I intimated in my last, the Council at which the "duel" between the First Lord and the Chancellor was fought, was left inconclusive by the Premier, Mr. Asquith, promising to call the Cabinet together again to give his decision on the matters in dispute. This he did last week and decided entirely in favour of the First Lord. But between the two meetings many important events had occurred, the South African upheaval and the call of Mr. Redmond at 10, Downing Street, in particular.

At this Cabinet Council again it was noticeable that the Premier took the lead as head of the Government, and assumed authority to regulate the matters for discussion. Addressing his colleagues, he reminded us Gentlemen, and I think the Empire by adding to the weight of the European, and thus increasing the votes of the Arab deputies in the Chamber; for matters would have been complicated in diplomatic English and Turkish quarters when the Egyptian delegates were seen in Constantinople. Granting the more than probable result that the Turkish Government would have rejected them, it might have been obliged to declare that Egypt had had already her own legislature, or might have made friendly representations to the Anglo-Egyptian authorities to allow Egypt a moderate Constitution.

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reached a complete understanding on all debatable points connected with the Irish Situation. What those agreements are you will learn in good time. That is to say, when they are revealed to the House during the discussion on the Home Rule Bill.

I come now to a much more serious matter, namely, the deportation of the Labour leaders from South Africa. In this connection I have expressly invited to our Council to-day our venerable colleague Lord Morley. I felt that his ripe wisdom, his long connection with affairs, and his sound judgment should be requisitioned to guide us through this unwonted business. Let us therefore listen to the words of Lord Morley, and let our attitude be in accordance with the conclusion to which he may have arrived on the subject.

Lord Morley: Mr. Premier and Gentlemen, I had hoped that in my declining days my activities, like my interest in public affairs, would be confined to the passage of the Home Rule Bill. Never for a moment did I anticipate that the Imperial Power would be confronted with such a problem as is now presented for our consideration by the action of the Union Authorities of South Africa. Disguise it as we may, nothing of equal importance to the unity of the Empire and nothing more likely to disrupt it, has occurred since the day when the tea was thrown into Boston Harbour.

The right and proper thing for the Imperial Power to do would be to send a "Dreadnought" to meet the "Umgeni" as far away from our shores as possible, and to try to persuade the Boers to control or exterminate the Boers themselves. Don't let us have a repetition of last week. Where were you, a fitter, when T.O interferes would be to throw her out of it the better. It would, of course, be a loss to my Jewish friends; but they would soon discover other countries in which to make their investments.

Mr. Asquith: I now call upon the Chancellor.

Mr. Lloyd George: Mr. Premier, I am in complete agreement with the Postmaster. All the world knows that I never cared the value of a farthing dip south of Africa. Cape Town, from the point of view of the French and the King of the Zulus is good enough for undesirable Englishmen—well—let them, and we will re-deport them.

Mr. Churchill: Where to?

Mr. Lloyd George: Where did we deport Napoleon to? Where did we deport Dinizulu to? Surely a country that is good enough for the Emperor of the French and the King of the Zulus is good enough for undesirable Englishmen.

Mr. Churchill: Country be damned, you are speaking about a barren rock.

Mr. Lloyd George: Indeed! You astound me. I thought St. Helena was a vast country off the coast of South America.

Mr. Churchill: Suffering Agatha! And this blater is entrusted with the government of Empire?

Mr. Lloyd George: I must confess they do not teach geography in Wales. We consider there is only one country in the world worth knowing—our own. Having a knowledge of that we are satisfied. That being the case, Gentlemen, it is absolutely necessary that their places should be taken by others.

Mr. Asquith: Now, Gentlemen, please. Calm yourselves. Don't let us have a repetition of last week.

Mr. Burns: That is all very good, Mr. Premier, but are we to sit and listen to the cant and ignorance of this Welshman while he coolly proposes to deport English working men beyond the seas? I would remind you, Sir, that I have carried the Red Flag and fought in Trafalgar Square to uphold the same rights for which these men are being deported from South Africa.

Mr. Samuel: 'Tis a pity you ever left your class!

Mr. Burns: 'Tis a damned pity we in England have been so tolerant of yours.

Mr. Harcourt: To-day they have the whole of South Africa, with all its resources, under their direction—and as we have seen, to our utter astonishment, all are armed, whilst our own people are, in reality, what they were only a few years ago, when they were only falsely said to be before the war—helots.

It is an ignominious conclusion, I sorrowfully admit; but, under the circumstances, my advice is—do nothing. The response to any action on our part would be for the Africans to proclaim South Africa from Table Bay to the Zambesi to the Zulus to the coast of South America in the same time, into the hands of America. Further, the difficulties they are experiencing in Australia in enforcing the defence laws, would be easily solved if they began to deport all those who object to enrol for union defence. So you see, Gentlemen, my advice, though I admit, unheroic, is that of age and experience.

Fortunately for us, the proletariat here is unarmed, and, therefore, powerless. They of course will clamour. Well—let them clamour. Our concern is to keep the Empire bound together as long as possible for the mutual benefit of those who own and control it. This can only be secured by authority supporting authority. Rightly or wrongly sustain authority and the masses shall be kept in due subjection.

Mr. Asquith: Now, Gentlemen, you have heard the voice of wisdom speaking through our venerable colleague, Lord Morley. I hope his suggestions will find acceptance. However, I do not think I can place any restrictions upon you, or force you to a course of action contrary to your consciences. So we will hear your personal opinions upon the matter. The Postmaster, I observe, is anxious to address us—Mr. Samuel.

Mr. Samuel: Mr. Premier and Gentlemen, I am in entire agreement with the views and conclusions of our venerable colleague Lord Morley. Our policy should certainly be to do nothing. You may be aware, Gentelemen, that a Commission has lately reported that the Rand Gold Mines will be exhausted in a few years. That being the case, Gentlemen, it is absolutely necessary for the benefit of the mine owners that white men should be retrenched, discharged, and, if necessary, deported, or, got rid of by some means or other. We, of course, that whose places should be taken by their natives. We see how admirably this arrangement works in the case of the Kimberley diamond mines, the natives, being "compounded" under strict supervision, have no nonsensical notions about rights. We will tell them off by the thousands but who is there to −−? The world never hears of it and none return home to tell the tale. This system we must establish on the Rand, and it will enable us to obtain from them all that we desire—Gold. As for South Africa, it is in the white man's country. Worn, to have extracted the precious metal, let us abandon it to the beastly Boers and natives.

Mr. Burns: Spoken like a true Jew.

Mr. Samuel: And why not? Did you expect me to speak like an English mechanic? Every man to his trade. When you were a fitter, you acted as a fitter. I am a money maker and I am still following my calling, you have abandoned yours. But having joined the society of gentlemen and drawn the salary of one, do, for heaven's sake, try to adopt your ideas.

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The whole tone of our public life has degenerated to such an extent that the name of member of Parliament has become a mark of contempt. I cannot imagine what my late father would have thought of the present state of affairs. To hear it suggested that Englishmen should be abandoned by the Imperial Authority for any cause whatever would have brought the blush of shame to his face. I should much like to hear the view of the Foreign Secretary upon the situation.

Sir Edward Grey: Mr. Premier, I had no intention of speaking here to-day; but, having been directly appealed to, I will offer a few remarks and make my position perfectly clear. The talk of the Chancellor and the Postmaster regarding the abandonment of South Africa is utter rubbish. The possession of South Africa is essential to the Empire, and I would willingly undertake another three years' war to retain it. With regard to the deported Labour men, I advise caution. There are issues at stake in this question which will force us to handle with the utmost delicacy. Organised labour is watching every move, and if it conceives the idea that the home and colonial authorities are in league to suppress it, we shall witness an upheaval equal to any which has not experienced for centuries. My word is—go slow.

Mr. Asquith: Now, Gentlemen, I think we have discussed the matter sufficiently for one day. I think it will be best to wait till the deportees arrive. And then we can arrest them again or otherwise as will suit us best.

The Genesis of French Syndicalism—and Some Unspoken Morals.


II.

The vision of the coming Society which inspired the 'militants' of the Bourses du Travail was the natural outcome of their environment. Like the Herald Leaguers of to-day, they had to base their hopes on the revolutionary enthusiasm of a few; the possibility of the 'Great Change' depended on the power of these few to draw after them 'the recalcitrant mass.' The theory of the 'conscious minority' naturally appealed with peculiar force to men so circumstanced: it appeared as the right, even as the duty, of the few that they should assert themselves on behalf of the unconscious many. In the embryonic Trades Unions and Syndicates, from which the C.G.T. and the A.F. were evolved, they saw the germ of the new society. Face to face with a social structure which denied them their elementary rights, they were prepared to sweep everything away, and to put in its place the institutions they had themselves created.

The theory of Guild Socialism, with the system of national Guilds which it implies, could only arise in a society where Labour was organised in strong national Trade Unions. Syndicalism, at least in its early forms of which the later are, as we shall see, only readjustments, was based throughout upon the small, independent local Trade Union. The foundation of the Bourses du Travail with municipal subsidies afforded an opportunity for the linking up of these Unions, but still on a local basis. Trade Unionism, instead of developing a system of national craft Unions, as in Great Britain, and, while it grew and took shape, as the Independent Labour Party and its successors, they developed a complicated network of Trades' Councils, covering all the important industrial centres.

Anarchist Communism, we have seen, had always been strong in France. It had looked to a great political revolution, and all its dependences would be overthrown, and to the substitution of a new union of free groups or Communes, which were to be the units of production and social organisation in the future. Under the guidance of Pelloutier and others like him, the Bourses whole-heartedly accepted this theory of Communism, only modifying it by making the local Trade Unions the future units of production and the Bourses the co-ordinating forces and the units of social organisation. The Society to which they looked forward was essentially still Bakunin's federation of free Communes, and the workers were to be linked up nationally and internationally not on the basis of their particular industry, but solely by a system of local federation, having the free and independent Commun as its foundation and its dynamic conception.

Such a theory, as it is set forth in the reports of the congresses of the Bourses du Travail and in Pelloutier's famous history, was obviously not open to many popular objections to modern Syndicalism. There was no question of a great National Union of Miners or Railwaymen holding up or exploiting the community as a whole. Indeed, the whole question of the rights of the consumer, on which the Collectivist criticisms of Syndicalism is mainly based, has no application to this earlier form. The Bourse du Travail, which is to determine the amount and character of production, is the free local community, reconciling the interests of the various sections; the national Federation of Bourses is the national community, co-ordinating the various local interests. In Pelloutier's book, and in the reports prepared by the various Bourses, ultimate control over production is claimed, not for the Individual Trade Union, but for the Bourse itself, which is in effect the majority of the future. The essential features of Syndicalism are present: the control of industrial processes is demanded for the sections of producers, and Communism has been transformed by taking Trade Unionism as its basis; but the theory is still purely local in character. It looks, for the overthrow of Capitalism, not to the economic power of great national industrial Unions enjoying a monopoly of labour, but to the local organisation of a conscious and militant minority; and, while it sees in the Bourses the germ of the future Society, it still contemplates a political and catastrophic revolution, less a general strike than a general insurrection similar in type to the revolutions of 1789, 1830 and 1871.

There is doubtless in this statement some artificial simplification; but I believe it fairly represents the point of view of the leaders of the Bourses du Travail in the earlier period of their existence. Out of this germ grew by gradual stages the developed theory of the leaders of the C.G.T., which was eventually accepted by the Federation of Labour. Out of this came the Comité Général du Travail, which was the organic link between the Bourses and the C.G.T., the C.G.T. being as well the dominant partner. Both in membership and in prestige it was far ahead of the C.G.T., which consisted at this time of...
The adoption of this double basis of affiliation shows that the leaders of the working-class movement had already realised the inadequacy of the purely local bond and had seen the importance of linking up nationally the local Unions in each industry. But they did not at all anticipate the disappearance, or even the weakening, of the local bond, which they still regarded as the more fundamental of the two. Yet, in fact, the whole history of the C.G.T. since 1902 is the history of the decline of the Bourses and the rise of the national Federations. This has been the outcome partly of essential and partly of purely accidental causes: its general result has been a far-reaching modification of Syndicalist practice and theory alike. From the ideal of local solidarity such as Mr. Larkin seems to have had in mind in forming the Irish Transport Workers' Union, the C.G.T. passed to the ideal of national solidarity of Labour such as the more advanced Trade Unionists of Great Britain have set before themselves the task of achieving.

One cause of this transformation was external and accidental. The Bourses had grown to greatness by means of municipal subsidies granted them in their capacity as Labour Exchanges and either to demand higher dues from their members, or else to give up their most valuable activities, the Bourses were compelled in many cases to take the latter course. Many were ejected from the buildings which the municipalities had placed at their disposal, a few were forced to leave their own, most of them lost their character of general workmen's cubs, and became mere Trades' Councils of delegates, with all the weaknesses we have learnt to associate with Trades' Councils in England. In their migration, the Bourses lost their function of Labour Exchanges and lost also their name: they became local Unions de Syndicats, alongside of which the old Bourse often persisted merely as a municipal Labour Exchange.

The Bourses would have been better able to survive the withdrawal of municipal assistance had not the natural development of the C.G.T. itself also tended to undermine their position. The national Federations were all the time steadily gaining in power and influence; they were developing national policies of their own, and coming to be the centres of trade union action and organisation. National movements of a single industry were seen to be as a rule more effective than local movements of all industries, and the old ideal of the local, general strike began to demand higher dues from their members, or else to give up their most valuable activities, the Bourses were compelled in many cases to take the latter course. Many were ejected from the buildings which the municipalities had placed at their disposal, a few were forced to leave their own, most of them lost their character of general workmen's cubs, and became mere Trades' Councils of delegates, with all the weaknesses we have learnt to associate with Trades' Councils in England. In their migration, the Bourses lost their function of Labour Exchanges and lost also their name: they became local Unions de Syndicats, alongside of which the old Bourse often persisted merely as a municipal Labour Exchange.

In French theory, this transformation is by no means complete, just because the national organisations in the various industries are nearly all Federations, and not Unions. The local Union has still, in most cases, most of the funds and most of the power, and the whole bias of the French mind is still in the direction of preserving, as much as possible, local independence, and local initiative. But, willing or unwilling, the Unions are clearly tending to greater centralisation; and, as they grow in numbers and importance, the centres of labour action are naturally forced on them largely by the breakdown of the Bourses, will inevitably become stronger.

Syndicalists and their critics very often talk at cross-purposes because the Syndicalist is dreaming of a mainly local form of organisation, while his critic is assuming a developed system of national trade Unions. I know of no ostensibly Syndicalist work which faces, or seems likely to face, the importance of this point. Some British Syndicalists, with more consistency than common sense, have advocated the absolute ownership and control, by the national Union, of the means and methods of production in its particular occupation: French Syndicalists have, as a rule, omitted to face the difficulty. Yet Syndicalism can only stand by its power to adjust itself to this new situation, and to develop, out of a theory based on Anarchist Communism and the local Trade Union, a new theory grounded on the acceptance of the national Union as the necessary unit of industrial action and organisation. But this new theory, whereby the so-called Syndicalism, if another name can, only arise in some country which is industrially more developed than France. It will be evolved wherever strong national Unions, confronted with important problems of industrial action, can be brought to regard their function if they have understood what was happening; but undoubtedly the general effect has necessitated a very considerable reversal of Syndicalist theory and practice. The breakdown of the local bond has been caused by weakness which the growth of the national Federations has failed to counteract: the period of the greatest strength of the C.G.T. included the few years after 1902 when both systems were in full action; then, as the Bourses declined, the C.G.T. became less efficient, and the rapid progress of the earlier years sustained a check. This has been clearly seen by the leaders, and they are now attempting to meet the want by means of Unions Departmentales, linking up the Unions on a local basis, but covering a wider area. It is too early to judge the new scheme; but clearly some method must be adopted. The local bond is still of the greatest importance, and, as long as it is neglected, the movement will make no progress. The weakness of our own Trade Councils is largely responsible for the failure of Trade Unionism in Great Britain (where the national Unions are really strong) to penetrate sooner into the unorganised trades.

With the growth of the national industrial Federation and the decline of the Bourse du Travail, the simplicity of the older Syndicalist theory was bound to give place to a more complex doctrine. Syndicalism could no longer leave the national organisation out of account and build solely on a local basis; for the inadequacy of the local bond by itself, had been clearly manifested. If Syndicalism was to maintain itself as a theory tenable under modern conditions of production and working-class organisation, it had to find a place in its scheme for the great national Unions. But as soon as it came to be proposed to vest control in the national Union or Federation, the Bourse ceased to be an adequate owning and co-ordinating force. The old facile reconciliation of producer and consumer in the Bourses no longer met the need; the new reconciliation must instead be national. Syndicalists therefore came to anticipate the vesting of ownership, partly at least in some such body as the C.G.T. itself, the Trade Union Congress of the future, the legitimate successor of the Capitalist State, but organised still on the basis of production.
A Duel in Dialogue
Between the Soiled Eagle and the Smirched Lion.
By Arbitrator.

It was publicly declared yesterday by Assistant District Attorney Frank Moss that "graft" permeated all American society in general, but especially in New York.

—Daily Paper.

AMERICAN:
Still I dispute it—for the charge aggrievestrue
Your charge that all Americans are thieves,
For I, though small my circle, know a few
Honest Americans and one or two
Who have held office cleanly, and for aught
I know, are honest, or at least—uncaught.

BRITON:
Such is your nasty creed of wrong and right—
Be rascal, rogue or thief—but out of sight.

AMERICAN:
They're "out of sight," indeed—and I opine
You'll find no finer artists in their line.

BRITON:
I do not speak your slanguage, but 'tis certain
I've had a peep or two behind the curtain
And where the great majority are stealing,
What danger or what shame in the revealing—?

AMERICAN:
O, none—unless it be the shame of "squealing."

BRITON:
In every poisoned limb of legislature
Your office-holders loot by second nature;
Your rats of politicians, filching gold,
Are bought and bribed so oft the cry grows old.
Town, city, state or nation—all is one—
Big thieves or little thieves—an ounce or ton—
From vermin pillering in a district small,
Postal or pension thieves to Congress Haul.
Your papers lay one stew's corruption bare
Or smoke a single jackal from his lair—
Happy to heap, since maladroit the fool,
Upon one bungling tongue and ulcerous heart,
Because not "smart" enough, they make him smart,
Whilst thousands—fancy totters when it thinks
Of thousands thevishing in their hidden sinks.
To them its sheltering shield that extends—
Rotten police and "pull"-exerting friends,
So much for public honour. As for Trade,
We know how your bloat millionaires are made.

AMERICAN:
True, we have many Trusts whereat to laugh
In cartoon, column and in paragraph.

BRITON:
A leper laughing at his scales—a dread
Laugh from a carcase something more than dead.
But Trusts are scarce the worst—they but exceed
Their envious victims both in size and greed—
How many ample proofs to my belief
Most patent—each American's a thief!

AMERICAN:
Softly, my British friend, for much I fear
Your words may kindle in some tinderry ear;
For though American, I believe not. You
Are reckless—they may hear you, they who do.

BRITON:
Through all your land corruption's rivers crawl;
Their mud is not in one heart, but in all.
In every corner of the land 'tis hid,
And only needs a hand to lift the lid.
It needed but a glance o'er ledger ledgers
And lo! Insurance titans turned to thieves,
Whilst vainly honest Cleveland lent his light
To bleach dishonest corporations white,
Your Lawson flays the frenzied gaming crew,
And Steffens stirs the nauseous civic stew;
Jerome still hounds the myrmidons of spoil,
And Tarbell paints the devil selling oil,
Roosevelt with gleaming teeth and champing jaws,
Went down in shouting for the people's cause,
And gentle Wilson from his White House seat,
Entreats you not to swindle, bribe and cheat;
But what avail their yells and thunder-tones
To stir a sense of honesty in stones?

AMERICAN:
And yet what mighty qualms, what sturdy throes
Our sense of public righteousness still knows!
Did not our pulpits and approving pews
The tainted money of John D. refuse?

BRITON:
Your cant of tainted money makes me spew
The money is not tainted—it is you.
You are the sole begetters of your shame,
You and your people—why evade the blame?
Fruit has its root—and if law-makers swerve,
You have as good a lot as you deserve.

AMERICAN:
We hold that boodlers are a special race,
And pure and stainless is the populace—

BRITON:
From which the boodlers come—

AMERICAN:
To this we cling;
We'll stand the boodlers, but we hate a king.

BRITON:
Yet two—the glutton tyrants Craft and Trust,
Squat on your necks and jam you in the dust.
Your "sense of honour"—for you mouth it well—
That pretty phrase!—offends my sense of smell.
Boldly your bogus American outface
The "public scorn," and laugh at their "disgrace."
Unwhipped they go, unbranded from the chair
Of "Justice," and are welcomed everywhere
With open hand by every worthy brother—
(Some pocket very likely claims the other)—
And thinks the varlet: "I'm as good as you
Or any of my fellows." It is true—
True by the potent "pull's" protective scope
Which pulls against the law and not the rope.
The devil gives them ethics and their text
Is: "None can ever know who may be next."

AMERICAN:
Pardon me just a moment while I knead
The contents of my anxious purse. Proceed.

BRITON:
Your purse is safe from me, my friend. Your nose
Were far unsafer—should we come to blows.

AMERICAN:
What! this from you, John Bull? Did we not lick
The British Lion till we made him sick?
And send George Third a-skipping o'er the wave,
And raise this Commonwealth so free and brave?

BRITON:
Yet another the glutted tyrants Craft and Trust
Send to the London Mosque a peck of humming birds,
And call them importations?

AMERICAN:
With whom you hold the lions of the earth,
And with them you are as dead as they.

BRITON:
Yes, and as for Canada—

AMERICAN:
And gentle Wilson from his White House seat,
Entreats you not to swindle, bribe and cheat;
But what avail their yells and thunder-tones
To stir a sense of honesty in stones?

BRITON:
Yet what mighty qualms, what sturdy throes
Our sense of public righteousness still knows!
Did not our pulpits and approving pews
The tainted money of John D. refuse?

AMERICAN:
No, we do not, for we are the children of the God of justice
And as for Canada—

BRITON:
No, that is for you.
### Hygienic Jinks

**By Andre B.**

[ Debate between Miss Margaret Douglas and Sir Victor Horsley (under the auspices of the Women's Tax-Resistance League), held at the Caxton Hall on January 19, at 8 p.m., the former proposing and the latter opposing the resolution, that "This meeting declares the Insurance Act to be undemocratic in character, unjust in operation, and that its greatest hardships press most heavily on women." Sir Edward Busk, LL.D. (?), Z.Y.X.**, in the chair.]

**Unknown to the audience, a slight difference of opinion between the three principals (behind the scenes) has resulted in the two male performers stepping on to the platform in very bad tempers. Sir Edward Busk steps on first. Nothing more like a consumptive goat can be imagined than this prominent citizen, of whom no one has heard. In a vacuous voice he proclaims his intention of remaining impartial throughout the debate, and calls upon Miss Douglas, who, rising amidst loud cheers, at once commences to attack the Act. In brief, her arguments are that compensation applied to a section of the community and the degradation of the card are undemocratic in nature; that the card is merely a licence to work; that under the Act bureaucracy takes possession; that it sometimes presses hardly on women, statements which are, of course, greeted by loud cheers by the women present. Sir Victor Horsley is then called upon to reply. Before the debate he had attempted to side-track the issue by proposing to add an amendment to the resolution, that as women had no voice in the passing of the Act, its operation should be held over until women were granted the vote, or something to that effect. To his great surprise, Mrs. Jacks, through the shuffle and refused to allow it; all of which may account for the following:—

**SIR VICTOR HORSLEY:** After careful consideration I have decided that the Act is in accord with the best principles of democracy. (Laughter and loud cheers.) I am a democrat. (Derisive yells.) I am a suffragist. (Pierced with a much keener fragist than Miss Douglas and a much stronger democrat. (Here the whole hall lies back and bays to the roof helplessly. Sir Victor has lost his temper.) If you don't believe me, here's the Poor Law Report to prove it. (Loud cheers.) Thousands of dear, poor, children used not to be fed at the County Council schools—now they are! (Shouts of "Stick to the subject.") How can we work the Act when women haven't got the vote? I admit there are defects in the Act—("Go on!") but they can be overcome. The Act is the greatest financial measure ever passed on behalf of the poor. (Loud shrieks.) It is the result of Lloyd George's extraordinary constructive capacity and financial ability. (Cries of "Marconi.") We cannot go back to the old system: there is not a single man in the medical profession who would like to go back to the old method. (Loud cheers and roars of laughter, during which Sir Victor's eye-glasses fall off and his moustache quivers with emotion. If you had seen the awful sights and misery among the poor—("We have")—if you knew anything about the conditions of the poor, you would agree with me. But you none of you know—I know. (Roars of laughter.) Yes—(dramatically)—yes, I know—Ha! ha! ha! "The Act makes for the redistribution of wealth. (Cries of "Rot," "Idiot," etc.) The recent increase in the membership of Friendly Societies and Trade Union is due solely to the Act. ("No! No!" "What about the Prudential?"") Anyhow, none of you know anything. (Sits down.) Cries of "Encore!" Miss Douglas, a little bewildered by the amazing display, then returns to the attack, charging Sir Victor with having dealt with none of her arguments and with having tried to side-track the issue. A further string of arguments are strongly put forward in favour of the resolution and then Sir Victor is asked to reply.)

**SIR VICTOR HORSLEY:** (rising amidst loud laughter—Bernard Shaw must look out for his laurels now): What a ridiculous person Miss Douglas is to argue with. (Loud cheers.) I showed you that the Act was democratic. ("When?"") I showed you conclusively—I said "The Act is democratic." Therefore it must be! (Roars of laughter.)

**CHAIRMAN:** Please let us have a little quiet—we are learning most important things—I never knew this. (General shouts of "Oh!" and loud laughter.)

**SIR VICTOR HORSLEY:** I'm surprised that no one mentioned that this is a German Act. ("It is.") Nothing of the sort. The German workman who earns 30s. a week pays no rates, the English workman pays four. (Yells of laughter.) And I'm telling yer! So there! . . . The greatest curse of this country is drink. (Wearie gasps of "Stow it," "Sit down.") . . . Rural housing . . . (yells) Democracy (yells) . . . buttercups (yells) . . . beer (yells) . . . Places of Worship (yells) . . . Votes for Women (yells, loud laughter, cheers and more laughter). Sir Victor Horsley sits
The South African Labour Manifesto.

[The following “manifesto to the people of South Africa” was issued on January 10 by order of the Executive Committee of the South African Labour Party, signed by the Chairman (Mr. W. H. Andrews, M.L.A.)]:

The Government knows well that a cessation of railway traffic must cause immense loss and suffering to the people of South Africa. The Ministers hope to escape the public condemnation for the policy they have pursued, which has led to this inevitable result, by treating the railwaymen as dangerous criminals and imprisoning them at this critical juncture.

Let every South African, by extending his sympathy and confidence, and let Ministers remember that they are the servants of the public—not its masters. If they really fear public disorder, let them, instead of arming one section of the people against another, invite the co-operation and assistance of the workers themselves, through leaders in whom the workers have confidence.

Let them confer with these leaders instead of arresting them, and release those who have been already arrested and imprisoned.

We consider that peace can only be secured and disaster averted by renouncing the attempt to pay for concessions to farmers and mine-owners out of the earnings of railway workers. The retrenchment policy should be abandoned.

We urge that the interests of railway servants should be permanently represented in the actual Administration, and that to this end the Railway Board should be reconstituted, and should include elected representatives of the organised railway workers.

The Government is using the inconvenience to the public as a lever to detach sympathy from the just cause of the railway workers. Do not allow your judgment to be blighted by a display of arbitrary power, but remember that you will be crushed by the same methods that occasion arise.

Let every South African, by extending his sympathy and support to the railway workers, show his detestation of the high-handed arrests and imprisonments, and his abhorrence of the violent and provocative methods adopted by the Government.

By order of the Executive Committee.

W. H. ANDREWS, Chairman.
The Barcelona Guilds.

[Quoted from Capmany's "Historical Memoirs of Barcelona" by the Rev. J. Balmes in his "European Civilisation." (Murphy: Baltimore, 1866.)]

No memoir has hitherto been discovered which might serve to guide us in fixing the exact epoch of the institution of the trades associations at Barcelona. But according to all the conjectures furnished by ancient monuments, it is very probable that the political erection or formation of the bodies of labourers took place in the time of Don Jaime I, under whose glorious reign the arts were developed under a favourable influence; whilst commerce and navigation took a higher flight, owing to the expeditions of the Aragonese arms beyond the seas. Increased facilities in the means of transport have given an impetus to industry; and an increasing population, the natural result of labour by its reaction upon labour, augmented the demand for it. At Barcelona, as everywhere else, trades corporations naturally arose when the wants and the tastes of the people, grown so multifarious that artisans were forced, with a view to secure protection to their industry, to form themselves into communities. Luxury, and the tastes of society, like every other object of consumption, are subject to continual change; hence, the branches of trade are continually springing up and displacing others; so that at one period each separate art runs into various branches, whilst at another several arts are combined into one. At Barcelona, corporate industry has passed through all these vicissitudes in the course of five centuries. The hardware trade has comprised at different periods eleven or twelve branches, and consequently afforded subsistence to as many classes of families, whilst at the present time these same branches are reduced to eight, in consequence of certain changes in fashions and customs.

In accordance with the social system which generally prevailed at the time in most European countries, it was found necessary to bestow liberty and privileges upon an industrious and mercantile people, who thus became a great source of strength and support to kings; and this could not be effected without classifying the citizens. But these lines of demarcation could not be maintained distinct and inviolate without a political civil reunion of the various corporations in which both men and their occupations were classified. This division was the more necessary in a city like Barcelona, which, ever since the middle of the thirteenth century, had assumed a sort of independence in its municipal affairs. Thus, in Italy, the first country in the West that recovered from its depredations, these communities, comprehending and representing the various corporations, combined under a single banner, and their usefulness was accordingly increased.

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By a happy effect of the security enjoyed by families in their different corporations, and thanks to the aid, or monopoli-de-pité, established in the very womb of the corporation for its necessitous members, who, without this assistence, might have been plunged into misery, these economical establishments at Barcelona have directly contributed to maintain the prosperity of the arts, by shutting out misery from the workshop, and preserving the operatives from indigence. Without this corporate police, by which each trade is surrounded, the property and the fortune of the artisan would have been exposed to the greatest risks; moreover, the credit and stability of the trades themselves would have been perilled; for then the quack, the unskilled operative, and the obscure adventurer might have imposed upon the public with impunity, and a pernicious lawless mischief might have taken the place of liberty. On the other hand, the trades corporations being powerful associations, each one by itself being governed by a unanimity of intelligence and a community of interests, could purchase their stocks of raw materials, tools, and utensils, and, by these means, supplied the wants of the workers, the trade advances, or stood security, for those of their members who lacked either time or funds for making great preliminary disbursements of capital at their own cost. Besides, these corporate associations, comprizing as they do the industry of the nation, and consequently feeling an interest in its maintenance, addressed from time to time memorials to the Municipal Council, or to the Cortes, relative to the injuries they were sustaining or the approach of which they, as it often happened, foresaw from the introduction of counterfeit goods, or of foreign productions, which is a cause of ruin to our industry. In fine, without the institution of trades corporations, instruction would have been void of order and fixed rules; for where there are no masters duly authorized and permanently established, neither will there be any disciples; and all regulations in default of an executive power to see them observed will be disregarded and trodden under foot. Trades corporations are so necessary to the preservation of the arts, that, when the several branches of industry have been classified at the present day in this capital have derived their apppellations and their origin from the economical divisions, and from the arts established by these corporations. When the blacksmith in his shop made ploughs, this was his name, nails, keys, knives, swords, etc., the names of the trades of the blacksmith, the nailer, the cutler, the armourer, etc., were unknown; and as there was no special and particular instruction for the students of the various arts, formed so many new arts maintained by their respective communities, these trades were unknown.
The second political advantage resulting from the institution of trades corporations at Barcelona was, the esteem and consideration in which at all times these institutions of trades corporations at Barcelona was, the permanent order in the State. Hence it is that the cooperative classes, by constituting them a visible and privileged body (for the trades corporations draw a circle around their members, and let them know what they are, and what they are worth), these people learned that there was honour and virtue within their own sphere, and laboured to preserve these qualities; so certain is it that social disjunction in a nation has more influence than is sometimes believed in upholding the spirit of each social class.

The respect for the artisan of Barcelona has never been diminished on account of the material on which his art was exercised, whether it was silver, steel, iron, copper, wood, or wool. We have seen that all the trades were equally eligible to the municipal offices of the State; none were excluded—not even butchers. Ancient Barcelona did not commit the political error of establishing preferences that might have produced some odious distinctions of trades. The inhabitants considered that all the citizens were in themselves worthy of esteem, since all contributed to the growth and maintenance of the property of a capital whose opulence and power were founded upon the industry of the artisan and the merchant. In fact, Barcelona has not committed the same error from that idea, so generally entertained, that every mechanical profession is low and vulgar—a mischievous and very common prejudice, which, in the provinces of Spain, has made an irreparable breach in the progress of the arts. Assuredly the popular form of the ancient government of Barcelona could not fail to imprint itself generally and forcibly on the manners of the people; indeed, where the citizens and the artisans both held the same political interest in the concourse of all orders in the State, gave birth to the dignity, the lofty and inviolate probity of the artisans of Barcelona; and this character they have maintained to our own times, to the admiration of Spain and of foreign nations.

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To these causes may be attributed in great part the esteem which the artisans have acquired. Nothing could be more salutary than this obligation they were always under of comporting themselves with dignity and distinction in public employments, whether in the corporation or the municipal government. Moreover, the constant example of the master of the house, who, up to the present time, has always lived in common with his apprentices in a praiseworthy manner, has made the person children in ideas of order and dignity; for the manner end habits of a people, which are as powerful as law, must be inculcated from the tenderest age. Thus, in Barcelona, the operative has never been confounded by the slowness of his dress with the mendicant, whose idle and dissipated habits, says an illustrious writer, are easily contrasted when the dress of the man of respectability is in no way distinguished from that of the rabble. Nor are the labouring population ever seen wearing those cumbersome garments which, serving as a cover for rags and a cloak for idleness, cramp the movements and activity of the body, and invite a life of indolent ease. The people have not contracted a habit of frequenting taverns, where example leads to drunkenness and moral disorders. Their amusements, so necessary for working people to render their daily toils supportable, have been always innocent recreations, which either afforded them repose from their fatigues or varied them. The games formerly permitted were either the ring (la fague), nine pins, bowls, ball, shooting at a mark, fencing, and public dancing, authorised and watched over by the authorities.

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Views and Reviews.

The plague of novels is that we can neither live with nor without them. We read them in our youth; we criticise them in our maturity; and when old age comes upon us, we speculate concerning their future. I was probably born old; for the very first debate in which I took part had for its subject the English novel. Extreme meets, for Monsignor R. H. Benson has just been lecturing on the English novel; and, in spite of my increasing youth, I have a fellow-feeling for him. This is not a mere whirligig of nonsense. It is criticism, and sound criticism, of H. G. Wells for Monsignor Benson to prophesy that he who began as an Agnostic and Democrat will end as a Catholic and Feudalist. The defect of the modern mind is that it first becomes conscious in opposition; it accepts too easily the scientific generalisation that “man’s ontogeny is the epitome of his phylogeny,” and falls into the error of supposing that evolution is merely a categorical term. When we discover that the conscious faculties are the last to be added (we conveniently forget that they are the first to be lost), it seems easy to live the higher life of reason. But to abrogate evolution (which, in the individual, is inherited reasoning, or reason instinct) is impossible; to attempt to live the life of reason before one has lived the life of instinct is to attempt to know life without the experience of it. It is easy to be progressive where nothing blocks the way: “to blot out cosmogony, geology, ethnology, what not,” by supposing that the human race, like the Wandering Jew, has only to go on. But man’s ontogeny is the epitome of his phylogeny in more than a merely intellectual sense; phylogeny will not be denied, the life of the race has to be lived in the individual, as in the case of H. G. Wells, an apparent return to the realities which were abolished only by an act of reason. “Yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward,” said Hamlet to Polonius; and not so madly either, for the world is not young, and the little child that shall lead us is the oldest of us all.

I have wandered very far from the English novel. “What a party, where the countess was absolutely driven to speculate on the possible destinies of a Lord Hull!” Like Dismal’s countess, I feel that the speculation in the novel is the one that novel, that one should wish for it any end but oblivion? It is the most amorphous of all forms of art, except modern painting, and it trenches on so many other spheres of activity, literary and intellectual, that it must be an integral part of our civilisation. Its practical origin in England was an evasion of the law; and Walpole’s invention of the Censorship of plays has had the practical result of abolishing the distinction between literature and drama. Dramatists treat theatrical audiences as though they were public meetings, and into the novel goes all that they dare not say in public.

The autobiographical use of the novel is the one that most appeals to women. “Some play the devil,” and then write a novel,” is as true now as when Byron wrote it. But surely autobiography per se has a plain right to existence; it satisfies legitimate curiosity about people who are in some way remarkable. Why, then, should the autobiographer adopt the form of fiction, make a fiction of fiction, and so confuse the mind of the reader that he does not know what truth is any better than Pilate did? Is it that these people are in no way remarkable, that “The True Story of Mary Ann Scroggins” (as most women novelists are named) is of interest only to Mary Ann Scroggins; while “Hearts and Crosses” is the usual fiction of the reading public? Autobiography is the fruit of fame; the question: “Who is Mary Ann Scroggins?” would make her true story unsaleable, but the pretence that it is fictitious, and therefore of universal interest, enables it to act as a substitute for experience with the reading public. Autobiography as pseudonym and euphemism is a perversion which, I hope, will not obscure the illustrious, or make the illustrious obscure.

The historical novel, except in the hands of a man like Dumas, is a parasite on history. Historians themselves are novelists; Carlyle’s “French Revolution” is a finer historical novel than, say, Hugo’s “Ninety-Three,” while Gibbon’s “Decline” is written with a literary power that is not possessed by modern “literary” men. It is true that Wordsworth has said that Gibbon could not write English; Byron said that Wordsworth could not write poetry; and other critics would deny Byron’s right to criticise, on the ground that, in spite of his admiration for Pope, he could not write poetry. But criticism is art, and the most accomplished novelist could write an historical novel of the same period which would have a right to existence. To read Gibbon through a microscope is not to see more of the period than Gibbon did, and the historical novelist who abstracts something or notion (not easily repeated) has entered impossible any satisfactory “novelling” of our democratic despot.

But the “critical” novel, the “sociological” novel, like the work of Mr. Well Well-Wells, surely that has a future before it. If Mr. H. G. Wells were a smokeless England, where the whole coast-line is a marble quay and the whole interior is beautifully town-planned, where everybody is not only hygienic but aesthetic and is always occupied with free, independent criticism of works of art, surely there would be an incentive to invent Remington and a love affair to make his dream intelligible. The fictitious form adds nothing but indeterminateness to the vision; and there is always the essay for the statement of personal opinions and judgment. Indeed, when we think of the literary forms that exist, the essay, the autobiography, the memoir, the biography, the history, the subject book, we can only regard the novel as a pot-pourri, and find the reason of its amorphous nature in its very comprehensiveness. Eliminate all these forms, it is historical (more or less) adds nothing to its value or interest; who cares whether Chicot the Jester, or D’Artagnan, or Ange Pitou, ever lived outside the pages of the book? But Carlyle’s “Cromwell” (a feat of biography in the autobiographical manner, not easily repeated) has rendered impossible any satisfactory “novelling” of our democratic despot.
FITZROY SQUARE. BY RUTH THORNHILL DOGGETT.
Readers and Writers.

ANGLO-ORIENTAL NOTES.

I agree with "C. E. B." of the "Indian Notes" (issue of January 29) that the idea that Mr. Tilak is at all regarded by Poona peasants is a fallacy—a chuckle-headed fallacy. I have been reading Mr. Reynold Nicholson's "Literary History of the Arabs," which, for the beginner, is a permissible introduction provided that he has gone to an expert first and had all the expressions of opinion carefully excised and only the framework of facts left. Mr. Nicholson is such a diligent and (comparatively) dependable researcher that it is a pity that he should have imagined it necessary to add the rôle of interpreter to that of chronicler, the two things being as hardly co-operative as the honeycomb and haddock which only make a satisfactory meal once.

Dealing with the poetry of the second period in the history of the Arabs—the pre-Islamic period (500-622 A.D.), Mr. Nicholson in an unfortunate attempt to show the importance and significance of this poetry to the Arabs themselves during the period of its production, falls into the same chuckleheaded fallacy as Mr. Keir Hardie. "The influence," he says, "of these hundred and twenty years (i.e., 500-622 A.D.) was great and lasting, they saw the rise and incipient decline of a poetry which most Arabic-speaking Moslems have always regarded as a model of unapproachable excellence; a poetry rooted in the life of the people, that insensibly moulded their minds and fixed their character and made them morally and spiritually a nation long before Muhammad welded the various conflicting groups into a single organism, animated, for some time at least, by a common purpose. Thus in the midst of outward strife and disintegration a unifying principle was at work. Poetry gave life and currency to an ideal of Arabian virtue (murawwa), which, though based on tribal community of blood and insisting that only ties of blood were sacred, nevertheless became an invisible bond between diverse clans, and formed, whether consciously or not, the basis of a national community of sentiment." That is chuckleheadedness of the worst description—almost. I have yet to deal with the translations Mr. Nicholson gives of this clan-cementing poetry.

No account of ancient Arab poetry could be considered sufficient and sound that did not give a prominent place to the seven famous "Mu'allaqât" or "Suspended Poems" (as they are generally but wrongly called). But what the song of Solomon is to the average writer—or preacher on the books of the Old Testament, these Mu'allaqât have been to Mr. Nicholson, and worse. He has brought a pedant's brain to them instead of a poet's blood, and with infinite chuckleheadedness confesses in one breath "that no rendering of the Mu'allaqât can furnish European readers with a just idea of the originals," and in the next gives us translations of extracts from each of them. What in heaven or earth or the waters in the earth can the man imagine the worth of unjust ideas of the originals to be? The ways of a well-qualified misunderstander are unutterably labyrinthine. Talk about Hermann Schellauer and the lost red fire of Heine's sinister mockery; his rendering of "Ata Troll." Here is an example from Mr. Nicholson's rendering of a passage from the Mu'allaqât of Irmu' u'l Kays, which, according to the "Orient Review" would "convince the reader that Mr. Nichol-son has achieved as great a success in translating the difficult poems of the pagan Arabs as in his well-known admirable renderings of the mystic poems of Jalâl-ûd-Din-Rûmî," and which as a matter of fact is simply hellish—

Once on the hill, she mocked at me and swore, "This hour I leave thee to return no more." Soft! if farewell is planted in thy mind. Yet spare me, Ïmâm, dispair unkind. Because my passion slays me, will thou part? Because thy wish is law unto my heart? Nay, if thou so mislikest aught in me, Shake loose my robe, and let it fall down free. But ah, the deadly pair, the streaming eyes! They pierce a heart that all in ruins lies."

My next example is from a recent article by F. Hadland Davis in "T. P.'s Weekly." Would I qualify for a line under "Current Cant" if I psychologically described this style of grouping, baptismal droppings—

"the idea of the originals," and in the next gives us translations who has got the "glad eye" from Beauty and E. Battiscombe Gunn for Egypt and E. Battiscombe Gunn for Egypt—

"It is the very colour of rubies, which, according to the Orient, falls into the same chuckleheaded fallacy as Mr. Keir Hardie. "The influence," he says, "of these hundred and twenty years (i.e., 500-622 A.D.) was great and lasting, they saw the rise and incipient decline of a poetry which most Arabic-speaking Moslems have always regarded as a model of unapproachable excellence; a poetry rooted in the life of the people, that insensibly moulded their minds and fixed their character and made them morally and spiritually a nation long before Muhammad welded the various conflicting groups into a single organism, animated, for some time at least, by a common purpose. Thus in the midst of outward strife and disintegration a unifying principle was at work. Poetry gave life and currency to an ideal of Arabian virtue (murawwa), which, though based on tribal community of blood and insisting that only ties of blood were sacred, nevertheless became an invisible bond between diverse clans, and formed, whether consciously or not, the basis of a national community of sentiment." That is chuckleheadedness of the worst description—almost. I have yet to deal with the translations Mr. Nicholson gives of this clan-cementing poetry.

But Yone is not only a true poet, as Mr. Davis remarks, who has got the "glad eye" from Beauty and never forgotten his petty conquest, but he is a magnifi-cient prose artist, as befits one who "has gazed so often on the supreme loveliness of Mount Fuji," starved and struggled in Brixton, and now sitteth on the right hand of Mr. Ainsin Harrison and contributeth impressions to the "greenery-yallery" "Westminster Gazette." I almost forgot. That bile-coloured journal recently celebrated the nupitals of a son of Oscar Wilde by turning white. Well, one of Yone's books is on "Lafcadio Hearn in Japan." "Surely," he says, "we could lose two or three battleships at Port Arthur rather than Lafcadio Hearn," Yet Japan lost Lafcadio Hearn and beat Russia, and that is what Japan will continue to do as long as Yone Noguchi and Yosho Markinos multiply. Even Lafcadio Hearn would have detested this de-nationalised posturer, as unJapanese and unanything but vulgar, as Harry Lander's Scottish sentiment is un-Scottish and unanything but vulgar. Who does not hate this cuckoo litterateur of Brixton and Japan? Even the people who are becoming him just now are simply too undiscriminating to distinguish between quaintness and idiocy, and withal have to keep on bribing their powers of contempt with a conception of things Japanese based on "Mousmé."
Modern Art.—II.
A Preface Note and Neo-Realism.
By T. E. Hulme

As in these articles I intend to skip about from one part of my argument to another, as occasion demands, I might perhaps give them a greater appearance of shape by laying down as a preliminary three theses that I want to maintain.

1. There are two kinds of art, geometrical or abstract, and vital and realistic art, which differ absolutely in kind from the other. They are not modifications of one and the same art, but pursue different aims and are created to satisfy a different desire of the mind.

2. Each of these arts springs from, and corresponds to, a certain general attitude towards the world. You get long periods of time in which only one of these arts and its corresponding mental attitude prevails. The naturalistic art of Greece and the Renaissance corresponded to a certain rational humanistic attitude towards the universe, and the geometrical has always gone with a different attitude of greater intensity than this.

3. The re-emergence of geometrical art at the present day may be the precursor of the re-emergence of the corresponding general attitude towards the world, and so of the final break up of the Renaissance.

This is the logical order in which I state the position. Needless to say, I did not arrive at it in that way. I shall try to make a sweeping generalisation like the last a little less empty by putting the matter in an autobiographical form. I start with the conviction that the Renaissance attitude is breaking up and then illustrate it by the change in art, and not vice versa. First came the reaction against the Renaissance philosophy, and the adoption of the attitude which I said went with the geometrical art.

Just at this time I saw Byzantine mosaic for the first time. I was then impressed by these mosaics, not as something exotic or "charming," but as expressing quite directly an attitude which I to a certain extent agreed with. The important thing about this for me was that I was then, owing to this accidental agreement, able to see, on the side, from the inside. This altered my whole view of such arts. I realised for the first time that their geometrical character is essential to the expression of the intensity they are aiming at. It seemed clear that they differed absolutely from the vital arts by pursuing a different intention, and that what we, expecting other qualities from art, look on as dead and lifeless, were the necessary means of expression for this other intention.

Finally I recognised this geometrical re-emerging in modern art. I had here then very crudely all the elements of the position that I stated in my three theses. At that time, in an essay by Paul Ernst on religious art, I came across a reference to the work of Riegl and Worringer. In the latter particularly I found an extraordinarily clear statement founded on an extensive knowledge of the history of art, of a view very like the one I had tried to formulate. I heard him lecture last year and had an opportunity of talking with him at the Berlin Æsthetic Congress. I varied to a certain extent from my original position under the influence of his vocabulary, and that influence will be seen in some, at any rate, of the articles.

To turn now to Mr. Ginner's defence of Neo-Realism. His article having somewhat the character of a painter's apologia, inevitably raises points over the whole range of the subject. I confine myself therefore to the main argument which, put shortly, is that (1) All good art is realistic. Academicism is the result of the kind, springing from the conversion of Cézanne's mannerisms into formulæ. (2) The only remedy is a return to realism. Only a realistic method can keep art creative and vital.

These statements are based on such an extraordinarily confused and complicated mass of assumptions that I cannot give any proper refutation. I shall just try to show exactly what assumptions are made, and to indicate in a series of notes and assertions an opposite view of art to Mr. Ginner's. I can only give body to these assertions and prove them much later in the series.

Take first his condemnation of the new movement as academic, being based on the use of formulæ. My reply to this is that the new movement does not use formulæ, but abstractions. Mr. Ginner's misconception of the whole movement is a failure ultimately arising from the assumption that art must be realistic. He fails to recognise the existence of the abstract geometric art referred to in my prefatory note.

If you will excuse the pedantry of it, I think I can make the matter clearer by using a diagram:

\[ \text{R} \ldots \ldots \text{p}_{\rho} \ldots \ldots \text{a}_{\eta} \ldots \ldots \text{A} \]

I take (R) to represent reality. As one goes from left to right one gets further and further from reality. The first step away being \( p_{\rho} \), that is the artist's interpretation of nature. The next step \( a_{\eta} \) being an art using abstractions (a), with a certain representative element \( \rho \). The element (a) owes its significance to, and is dependent on the other end (R), and not the other way round. Mr. Ginner's misconception of the whole movement is a failure ultimately arising from the assumption that art must be realistic. He fails to recognise the existence of the abstract geometric art referred to in my prefatory note.

Looking at the matter from this point of view, what is the source of Mr. Ginner's fallacy? He admits that \( p_{\rho} \) the personal interpretation of reality, but as he would deny the possibility of an abstract art altogether, any further step away from reality must appear to him as decay, and the only way he can explain abstraction (a) in \( a_{\eta} \) is to look on it as a degeneration of (p) in \( p_{\rho} \). An abstraction to him then can only mean that decay of mannerism in formulæ which comes about when the artist has lost contact with nature, and there is no personal first-hand observation. When, therefore, Mr. Ginner says the adoption of formulæ leads to the decay of an art, it is obvious that this must be true if by art you mean realistic art. Inside such art, whose raison d'être is its connection with nature, the use of formulæ, i.e., a lack of personal, creative and sincere observation, must inevitably lead to decay. But here comes the root of the whole fallacy. Realistic art is not the only kind of art. If everything hangs on the (R) side of my diagram then the (a) in \( a_{\eta} \) must seem a decayed form of (p) in \( p_{\rho} \). But in this other abstract art the (a) in \( a_{\eta} \) gets its whole meaning and significance from its dependence on the other end of the scale A, i.e., from its use by a creative artist as a method of expression. Looked at from this point of view, the position of abstraction is quite a different one. The abstractions used in this other art will not bring about a decadence, they are an essential part of its method. Their almost geometrical and non-vital characters is not the result of weakness and lack of vitality in the art. They are not dead conventions, but the product of a creative process just as active as that in any realist art. To give a concrete example of the difference between formulæ and abstraction. Late Greek art decays into formulæ. But the art before the classical made deliberate use of certain abstractions differing in kind from the formulæ...
used in the decadence. They were used with intention, to get a certain kind of intensity. The truth of this view is conventionally illustrated by the history of Greek ornament, where abstract and geometrical forms precede natural forms instead of following them.

To these abstractions, the hard things Mr. Ginner says about formulae have no application. We shall never get any clear argument on this subject, then, until you agree to distinguish these two different uses of the word formula. (i) Conventional dead mannerism. (ii) Abstraction, equally unlike nature, but used in a creative art as a method of expression.

The first effort of the realists then to give an account of abstraction comes to grief. Abstractions are not formulae. In their effort to make the matter seem as reasonable as possible the realists have a second way of conceiving the nature of abstractions which is equally misleading. They admit the existence of dead formulae but says about formulae have no application. (ii) Abstraction, equally unlike nature, but used in a creative art as a method of expression.

Now to apply the first distinction between formula and abstraction to Mr. Ginner's argument about the new movement in art. His art undoubtedly uses abstraction. Are these abstractions formulae in his sense of the word or not? If they are, then his argument is valid and we are in presence of a new academic movement. If they are not, then abstractions must inevitably be either conventionalised mannerisms or decorative. They are neither.

The first thing to be noticed is that even supposing that Cezanne was a pure realist, that he most frequently repeats. "It is only this intimate relation between the artist and the object which can explain the pre-existing elements of abstraction, and that the poor man could not even use his mother tongue. The simplification of planes itself, then, does seem to be a tendency to abstraction which is working itself free. (i) But the fact that this is not simply tireless realistic and does come from a certain feeling after structure, seems to me to be demonstrated in a more positive way by pictures like the well-known "Bathing Women." Here you get a use of distortion and an emphasis on form which is constructive. The pyramidal shape, moreover, cannot be compared to decoration, or to the composition found in the old masters. The shape is so hard, so geometrical in character, that it almost lifts the picture out of the realistic art which has lasted from the Renaissance to now, and into the sphere of geometric art. It is in reality much nearer to the kind of geometrical organisations employed in the new art. That is a theoretical statement of the errors Mr. Ginner makes. I think the principal one is that he might as well have begun by asserting that there are different kinds of mistakes which are responsible for the survival of these errors themselves, to explain the prejudices which are responsible for their survival.

As a key to his psychology, take the sentence which he most frequently repeats. "It is only this intimate relation between the artist and the object which can produce original and great works. Away from nature, we fall into unoriginal and monotonous formulæ." In repeating this he probably has at the back of his mind two quite different ideas, (1) the idea that it is the business of the artist to represent and interpret nature, and (2) the assumption that even if it is not his duty to...
represent nature that he must do so *practically*, for away from nature the artist’s invention at once decays. He apparently thinks of an artist using abstractions as of a child playing with a box of tricks. The number of interesting combinations must soon be exhausted.

The first error springs from a kind of Rousseauism which is probably much too deeply imbedded in Mr. Ginner’s mind for me to be able to eradicate. I merely meet it by the contrary assertion that I do not think it is the artist’s only business to reproduce and interpret Nature, “source of all good,” but that it is possible that the artist may be creative. This distinction is obsurd in Mr. Ginner’s mind by the highly coloured and almost ethical language in which he puts it. We are exhorted to stick to Mother Nature. Artists who attempt to do something other than this are accused of “shrinking from life.” This state of mind can be most clearly seen in the use of the word simplification. There is a confusion here between the validity and origin of simplification. The validity of simplification is held to depend on its origin. If the simplification, such as that for example you get in Cezanne’s treatment of trees, is derived from Nature and comes about as the result of an aim which is itself directed back to Nature, then it is held to be valid. I, on the other hand, should assert that the validity of the simplification lay in itself and in the use made of it and had nothing whatever to do with its descent, on its occupying a place in Nature’s “Burke”. Take notice—the idea that whatever he may do theoretically, at any rate practically, the artist must keep in continual touch with Nature—“The individual relying on his imagination and his formula finds himself very limited, in comparison with this infinite variety of life.”

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was old and thin in face and body, a scholar, but the other was as fat as fifty good years of gorging rice and ghee and champagne would make him. These two were supposed to be Sannyasins—renouncers of the world. If so they really were, there is still hope for the Fat Boy of Peckham and for me.

A more wicked-looking set of men than these thirty Brahmans I never saw in India. Think of thirty Alverstones, or thirty Ridleys, or thirty Philibrooks, or thirty Darlings, or thirty Isacks! Never did any of them, except the fat Sannyasi, who meekly regarded his huge belly, look but sideways—I wondered if they ever strayed from the path, then I realised that they never did anything but steal. After these Brahmans came a group of important people, among them the abbo (a coward and a fraud); the chief priest of the temple (a rogue and a humbug); the warden (whose private wealth has increased fifty-fold, since first he took it into his trust the temple lands); a rich banker from Haidarabad (popularly supposed to be Sannyasins—renouncers of the world); or he would be mounted upon the holy Kite, Garuda, represented by a great tiara of lustrous emerald, as large, I declare, as the palm of a man’s hand. It was to show that he ever held his wife in his heart. And Brahmans, like the Holy Hill will be ever as much the emerald is worth and all the other wonderful jewels of the god—his ropes of pearls and diamonds, his gold and his silver, and the amount of his yearly offerings—even a mere Presbyterian curate could realise the sanctity of the litter. Before it marched the band and the torch-bearers and a man bearing a long, thin trumpet, which, every now and then, some in the crowd would seize and through it would blow off the Ghost straight away up the octave until it fizzled out. Such an apparition make the Shadows flame and the reavers of the night whine and rattle their young black tails. As the procession went by, they joined their hands and prayed. When it had passed, they went home. And, after duly observing the only difference was that the fat Sannyasi grew fatter, the temple richer, the abbot more fearful, and the god appeared each time in some new and even superber display. Now he would be perched on a silver tree, hung with the golden garments Krishna stole from the milkmaids when they bathed, the milkmaids looking down upon the people in solid silver nakedness. Or he would be mounted upon the holy Kite, Garuda, represented by a great tiara of lustrous diamonds, swathed with finely embroidered robes and hung with hundreds of pearls. Or he would be mounted on the sun or moon, or upon a silver horse or elephant.

But on the ninth day of October, the ninth day of the festival, came the car-festival.

Usually the procession would pass round the temple in about two hours, then the district is a mile wide. But the car started at nine in the morning and did not get back until evening; for although with its two hundred hired pullers and the thousands of willing pilgrims, it clattered swiftly down the straight streets, the corners were the very dead points in the wooden structure. The top of the tower, about forty feet from the ground, was covered with a canopy, which was decorated with holy marks. On the Holy Hill there is life-long squabbling between the Brahmans born to the U-mark and those to the Y-mark. The difference referring, it is said, to the respective patron saints of each sect. However, the Brahmin of each division paints its mark upon his brow and his arms and his breasts and his back and upon the door of his house, and, naturally enough, each gang wished to decorate the car with its own sign. The year before there had been so much disorder on this account that the police had at last forbidden either of the marks to be painted on the car. The difference between the two marks is slimmer than between a “U” and a “Y.” A “U-mark” Brahmin paints the base of the mark between his eyebrows and the vertical sides rise up from that. Now the “Y-mark” Brahmin does precisely the same, but with this addition. He paints another line between his eyebrows and the vertical sides rise up from that line. This year, some genius had suggested for the terrible problem of decorating the car that the “U-mark,” common to both, and will likewise rejoice. Nor was he mistaken, for everybody was thus content.

The car was swathed in cloths of different bright colours; great wooden horses, rampant and obscene, were fastened, one to each corner of the tower, which rose up from the platform on which the car stood. These were provoking the ire of the earthly devotee who, from the broad top of one of the mighty stone temple walls, had been watching the advance of the procession in a most sedate manner. It maddened him and drove him frantic. He sprang up and down in the air, it up by the red flag above, he rushed along the wall in rage, to and fro, gibbering and gesticulating. Never have I seen such an apparition of fury as that monkey. Suddenly one of the crowd looked up and saw how gladdened he was, he drew up the string of his hames of prayer, and, exclaiming, “O! see the happy monkey, how he dances in his glee; so pleased is he to see the god.” And thus the monkey joined the ranks of the Great Misunderstood.

So the festival continued for eight days, with a procession at noon and another at midnight, and each procession heralded half an hour before by the bracing through the four streets of a small palankeen enclosing the discus of Vishnu which was to drive away all evil from the road. There was the same profusion of cheap rockets, the same din, the same sacred music; the only difference was that the fat Sannyasi grew fatter, the temple richer, the abbot more fearful, and the god appeared each time in some new and even superbe display. Now he would be perched on a silver tree, hung with the golden garments Krishna stole from the milkmaids when they bathed, the milkmaids looking down upon the people in solid silver nakedness. Or he would be mounted upon the holy Kite, Garuda, represented by a great tiara of lustrous diamonds, swathed with finely embroidered robes and hung with hundreds of pearls. Or he would be mounted on the sun or moon, or upon a silver horse or elephant.
rupees, while behind the car was borne his tasselled umbrella, all of gold, the gift of the Mysore rajah.

The car left its accustomed stand before the temple-gate and was pulled to the first corner in a few minutes. There gathered, massive lumps of timber, ringed with thick iron—lumbering across the pavement of the way with a tremendous roar. There men threw great clogs of wood beneath them to stop it, and it stopped. So far, very good. Now they commenced to make wedges thus to turn it round the corner, for the front wheels were too massive and too firmly fixed to be turned independently of the back. Hundreds of shouting men flung themselves upon the two mighty ropes, and climbed up steps and little alley-ways and on to the top, and and screamed and pressed forward and back. With a great creaking the wheels would be pulled across a wedge and the car would bear round an incongruous sharp turn, and the temple-walls and the houses. For twenty yards it ran straight, then a dip in the road inclined it to the inside. Then the crowd of people who were running beside it grew afraid of being crushed against the temple-walls or beneath those dreadful wheels (a holy death and occasionally sought, but yet painful), and screamed and pressed forward and back.

Here I left it and wandered into the surrounding country in the company of a young Brahmin of the place, author of a much-discussed seditionist letter at fifteen (the age beyond which the intelligence of most seditionists ceases to advance), at seventeen of a “Life of Krishna,” and sensibly impressed that the new “Review of Reviews” was far inferior to the old, and, a far more useful accomplishment, well skilled in cracking cocoanuts without spilling their water. So with this young man and his cocconuts I walked out to see the sights. I saw the Sin-Washing waterfall, but there was not much water in it—it was uninformed through latitude induced by overwork, I presumed. I saw the Cow’s Womb tank, but there was not much water in that, perhaps the aspirants to heaven were few. I saw the Five Pondava’s Tank—but no! I lay down two miles short of it and slept. When at four o’clock I returned to the Holy Hill, I found the car no further than the third corner, the god almost as afoot, for hundreds had dispersed to see the sights. But soon they returned, guests politely belching to delighted hosts, and all the Brahmins much too full to be useful in the procession. However, they soon reached the fourth corner, and by six o’clock the god was lowered with a great clapping of hands and taken safe again inside the temple and the massive car stood still before the temple gate, and all that night, under the moon, the U-mark and the Y-mark Brahmins reviled one another, and the pilgrims cried “eco-vinda,” and thieves stole and policemen caught the women thieves, and the sanitary inspector thought of his silver spoons, and far too frequent were the “lentes sub nocte susurri,” bringing woe to many a peaceful home.

“Verily,” thought I, beneath my mosquito-net, “these Brahmins have a fine breed-o, but a poet credo,” and I yawned and my mind forgot time and I slept.

The next day I left the Holy Hill.
Her versatility by itself reveals her area covered. Perhaps we have got the cart before the horse! Her area covered reveals her versatility and by itself. Never mind, Mrs. Woods will believe us that we meant something complimentary. When we compare Mrs. Margaret L. Woods with Guy de Maupassant, Arnold, and Mrs. Thomas Hardy we shall have named four not altogether despicable men. We would compare her with Sappho, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Hemans, and Carmen Sylva if she preferred, but somehow we feel that she would sooner prove her creativity against the childish male artists aforesaid than be exalted above the Nine Muses.

In the dark underground the mother lay weeping. Through the deep underground a devil was creeping. "Hush! hush! hush! What are you crying about?

Your gravestone is carven with cherubim faces, Your pall is enwoven with silver laces" By the bridge, o'er the stream, up the path, through the shadow. Like a bird, like a gleam, through the wind, through the shadow. She runs while the devil looked out from her tomb. She smiles 'twixt the cherubim faces and wings, And winds her long hair round her fingers for rings.

Read it aloud and see how Mrs. Woods' genius takes to co-exist with its operations. The son enters it, except when it touches politics or religion, on for all practical purposes, by, let us say, nature. They're too good. People will only go to your part of the meal is over he steer, as a rule, to bound from side to side. There is no space-shyness there. There is room for a cubist to circle the square. He'll arrange you in black and blue.

The other knows exactly what to expect from the father, and long practice has enabled them to steer, as a rule, safely past the danger of his interruption. THE YOUNG MAN: Have you seen the review of Shaw's new prefaces?

THE MOTHER: I suppose Masefield is the best living poet.

THE MOTHER: It shows great weakness of character to be a pessimist.

THE MOTHER: Some of his things are fine.

THE MOTHER: What good are optimists?

THE MOTHER: They make you think things are going to be all right. Browning was an optimist.

THE MOTHER: The Young Man: Of course, he's all right in his way, but I don't think much of him, really.

THE MOTHER: Of course, everybody knows that.

THE MOTHER: The Young Man: He's all right; but he's too much of a pessimist.

THE MOTHER: I think he's fine.

THE MOTHER: The Young Man: I don't like pessimists. I think great men ought to be optimists.

THE MOTHER: Oh, that's commonplace, all one's friends are optimists.

THE MOTHER: The Young Man: It shows great weakness of character to be a pessimist.

THE MOTHER: What good are optimists?

THE MOTHER: They make you think things are going to be all right. Browning was an optimist.

THE MOTHER: The Young Man: Browning's all right; but I don't think much of him, really.

THE MOTHER: O, I think he's fine! Look at the Ring and the Book, that's not optimistic! THE YOUNG MAN: He couldn't write poetry, you know, and he hadn't any ideas really.

THE MOTHER: The Young Man: I suppose Masefield is the best living poet.

THE MOTHER: Some of his things are fine.

THE MOTHER: The Young Man: Oh, I don't think much of Masefield.

THE MOTHER: Queen's College, Cambridge.

THE MOTHER: Who's their greatest writer, Anatole France?

THE MOTHER: Did you know that Anatole France wasn't his real name?

THE MOTHER: Of course, everybody knows that.

THE MOTHER: The Young Man: He's all right; but I don't think much of him, really.

THE MOTHER: O, I think he's fine! Look at the Ring and the Book, that's not optimistic! THE YOUNG MAN: He couldn't write poetry, you know, and he hadn't any ideas really.

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THE MOTHER: Queen's College, Cambridge.

THE MOTHER: Who's their greatest writer, Anatole France?

THE MOTHER: Did you know that Anatole France wasn't his real name?
Drama.*
By John Francis Hope.

When Landor said of Wordsworth that "he wrote a poem without the aid of war," he uttered no great praise; for many other poets had done the same. But to say that Mr. Zangwill has written a play without the aid of adultery, is to denote a characteristic that is remarkable in these days. Mr. Zangwill is not the prophet to say that Mr. Zangwill has written a play without the praise; for many other poets had done the same. But

WHEN

example, ,if anyone tries to express the idea of the King-poem without the aid of war," he uttered no great

ter stretching along the Atlantic seaboard

sort of perversion of a mystical idea. Christ is reported

need not invent new definitions for Mr. Zangwill's

sake; America is incapable of arousing the moral in-
dignation of Europe. The name appeals only to the
practical imagination of Europe. Leigh Hunt said that he

ought to have said that "the Kingdom of God cometh not

King

with observation"

. Mr. Zangwill makes one of his

character for us to think that in America all the races of the

world will "unite to build the Republic of Man and the

Kingdom of God." In an appendix, Mr. Zangwill
gives us another example of this sort of parable: "there

be neither Jew nor Greek," he says. Turn back to the

utterance of St. Paul from which this phrase is quoted, and read: "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus": and it is obvious that if Mr. Zangwill is serious, he is sup-

posing that America foresees that in America all the races of the

world on the Statue of Liberty were to be inscribed the text:

"Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest": Mr. Zangwill would see no in-
congruity in the fact; indeed, his conception of America necessitates such an alteration of the inscription.

But where have we got to? Are we in a theatre, or a mis-

sion-hall, or a Nonconformist political meeting?

I need not offer any examples of Mr. Zangwill's fusian; Mr. Walkley has called it 'romantic clap-

trap," and it is no answer to such a criticism to assert, as Mr. Zangwill does, that the Kitchenf pogroms were horrible, etc., and that Mr. Walkley is ignorant of reality. How many massacres has Mr. Zangwill wit-

nessed? Let us admit that the massacres of the Jews at Kishineff were accompanied by every circumstance of depravity, and that, as social facts, they deserve the utmost condemnation of all civilised men; this admis-
sion does not imply that anyone is justified in writing

rhapsodical rubbish about America, and calling the result a play. The style that is proper to an "indigna-
tion" meeting is not proper to the theatre, nor have these ebullitions of sentimental sympathy any necessary connection with art. How far Mr. Zangwill has lapsed from grace may be seen in his retorts to Mr. Walkley. He protests that he has recognised "art for art's sake" in other works (which is a tacit confirmation of Mr. Walkley's criticism), and says in proof of the statement that "The King of Schnorrers was even read aloud by Oscar Wilde to a duchess." Think of that!

He even quotes with apparent gratification the state-
ment of a Christian clergyman to the effect that The Melting-Pot is "calculated to do for the Jewish race what 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' did for the coloured man."

If we think of this, we shall remember that Tolstoy re-
garded "U.I.C." as one of the greatest works of art that
have ever been produced; and can offer to Mr. Zangwill Tolstoy's approval by way of criticism? Surely this commendation should console Mr. Zangwill for the criticism of Mr. Walkley! But, once again, where have we got to? Are we in the nursery, pacifying little boys who do not like boys?

Let us ignore the rhapsodies, and come to the play. David Quixano is a young Russian Jew, who saw his family slaughtered at Kishineff; but himself escaped to America. In America, he meets a young Russian lady of noble birth, who had been a Revolutionist in Russia, but is only a settlement in America. She is, so to speak, an artistic Sonya Kovalevsky. In addition to being a refugee, David is a musician of genius; and is also the prophet of America. Vera Revendal falls in love with his music; then falls in love with his pro-
phesy; then falls in love with him; then becomes jealous of his prophetic visions, and of his music, but is finally melted into marriage with him. Same old play, same old conclusion! There is, of course, more melting than this. The play opens with a disagreement between an Irish servant and if the old gentleman; the Irish Jewish is Yiddish and is punctilious about the Jewish ritual. The Irish servant is about to leave when David melts her heart with his sentimental portrayal of the old grand-
mother perishing with cold because Kathleen will not be there to make up the fire for her on Shabbos; at the end of the play, Kathleen has melted into an Irish Jew, and talks Yiddish with an Irish accent. The old grandmother swallows this to this extent, that she attends the expanded son of the American millionaire's concert and descends from the rood-garden in a fift, although the day is Shabbos. Even Vera's father, the butcher who superintended the Kitchenf massacres, is melted by Vera into meeting her Jew lover, and later, is melted by David into repentance for his part in the pogrom. David himself is melted by Vera's forceful-
ness of Kitchenf by a kiss from Vera; and Vera melts several times during the play. In fact, everybody melts but the son of the American millionaire; he dismisses the conductor of his orchestra because he (the con-
ductor) applies the American national anthem to the young Jew refuses to allow it to be played before the millionaire's friends. Having melted everybody but the son of the American millionaire (whose morals were merely liquefied by the presence of Vera), the curtain falls as David calls upon "the God of our children" to give peace to America.

The conclusion is certainly strange, for the ideal American marriage is childless; the crucible seems only to melt people into Maltheismus. But apart from this fact (which is of as much social import as the crucible idea), what contribution to thought has Mr. Zangwill made? The idea that a new race will arise in America, is a commonplace of Theosophical speculation; that the race will be a race of redeemers, is asserted much more clearly by the Theosophists than it is by Mr. Zangwill. Nor are we all as ignorant about the Jews in Russia as Mr. Zangwill supposes; Stepiak's works are in the hands of most people who are interested in revolu-
tionary history, although I admit that the Kitchenf pogroms occurred after Stepiak's works were written. But one pogrom is like another; the melodramatic horrors of Kitchenf can be matched by the horrors of the Boxer rebellion in China, by the horrors of the Indian Mutiny, by the horrors of the French Revolution. Mr. Zangwill's propaganda has destroyed his sense of proportion; there is no savagery peculiar to the persecution of the Jews. Wherever the spirit of murder enters the heart of man, there will be based every insanity of which man is capable; and it is by no means certain that miscegenation will preserve only the good qualities of the races. In the general del-
quescence desired by Mr. Zangwill, virtue itself may be

* "The Melting Pot." By Israel Zangwill. (Heine-
mann. 28. 60. net.)
melted; and the world be over-run by a race of devils. On what grounds Mr. Zangwill bases his optimism, I do not know; he is aware of the fact that negroes are sometimes lynch’d in America, he even quotes in his appendix the remark of Sir Sydney Olivier that "in Jamaica the white is far more on his guard and his dignity against the hall-white than against the all-black." America may melt, but an artist would look for some place where selection was being exercised for the purpose of re-creation. Mr. Zangwill's figures resemble too much the witch's kettle, his prophecy is too much like the witch's incantation, for them to be commendable to artists.

Art.

The Art of India.*

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

One of the worst and perhaps most irreparable consequences of social disorder, of discontent among the masses, and of the oppression of the masses, will sooner or later, I feel sure, be shown to consist of the disturbance of a tendency, almost prehistoric among men, to preserve and intensify certain aptitudes, certain native talents in a family line by means of the steady pursuit through generations of what we may here call blood

 appended notes and comments by Ananda Coomaraswamy. * "The Arts and Crafts of India and Ceylon." By Ananda Coomaraswamy. (Foulis. 6s. net.)
might almost be said that in the meanest of all occupations, in the business of buying and selling for profit, a certain grand tradition is being established in thousands of families which, for many generations now, have been urban. The only question that naturally occurs to one is, whether the outcome of such a tradition, however long-established and however severe, can possibly prove an asset to a nation which could once boast of having men for its sons. It may be asked, I think, with some relevancy, what is the use, the purpose, of these scions of families who have been faithful for many generations to their blood-occupations?

So little heed is paid nowadays to the value of garnering and storing valuable ability wherever it may manifest itself, that the very notion of mating with one's like, as opposed to the notion of mating with one's complement, one's corrective (the modern view supported, for instance, by Weininger), is now almost, if not completely, extinct.

The Incas, the Brahmans, and the Egyptian aristocracy understood perfectly well how important tradition was if talent and will were to be preserved and increased in the body of a nation. By mating of 'half-caste' people, it is meant the mixing of the castes, each of which had its particular occupation, was loathsome to the ancient Hindu. It was also loathsome to the ancient Egyptians, Diodorus says: "For among these people only is the whole artisan class accustomed by law, and says that it was merely customary, "as it is, in India and China, where the same trade employment is followed in succession by father and son."

A certain Inca, Tupac Yupangi, is actually reported to have decreed that, "Among the masses, everyone should learn his father's trade"; whilst, speaking of the Egyptians, Diodorus says: "For among these people only is the whole artisan class accustomed to take no part in any occupation other than that which is prescribed by their laws and handed down to them by their ancestors."

Wilkinson denies that this principle was insisted upon by law, and says that it was merely customary, "as it is, in India and China, where the same trade employment is followed in succession by father and son."

It is sufficient for my purpose, however, to know that it was so general a practice as to be regarded almost as an unwritten law, and the fact that Diodorus took it to be compulsory lends some colour to this view. In any case, Dr. Henry Brugsch Bey supplies an interesting piece of evidence, showing that the Egyptians sometimes went in observing the custom of blood-occupations. It relates to the pedestrian of the architect Kumm-ab-ra (998 B.C.), chief minister of works for the whole country. This man was the twenty-fourth architect of his line; his remote ancestor Imhotep, who lived on the third dynasty, having been an architect of Southern and Northern Egypt and a high functionary under King Zasar.

Dr. Coomaraswamy's profoundly interesting book—the subject of this series of articles—offers ample conformation of the existence of blood-occupations in so far as ancient India is concerned, while I believe that even in the history of ancient Greece examples could be found indicating a similar prejudice against change or infidelity to family tradition. Hippocrates for instance, it is said, was the seventeenth medical doctor in his family line. The Guilds of the Middle Ages, too, have no doubt, fostered a like reverence for blood-occupations. Indeed, the voices of ancient peoples seem to have been unanimous on this one point, and my contention is that science, in its conclusions, applauds rather than questions their wisdom. The manner in which the views of the Weissmants and the transmissionalists can even now be reconciled in order to support this wisdom of the ancients, I must, however, explain in my next article.

THE LION-TAMER.

(Leipsig, October 29, 1913.)

Oh, do not kill them! Look at them, Sirs, and pause; Such rare and splendid things. Oh! if they would stop, The people shaking and bringing out their guns, I'd bring my pets so quietly to the cage. Foolish woman, then, call me; but only hear! I'll not get out of the way if I can. No love of my kind will make me cling to life. Let go of me, brute! My lions, then, go on! Scatter this pack of dogs, then, a frenetic mob. All struggling now to get into any door, And the doors slammed by the others safely in. Go bounding down the street, great cats that you are, And roaring make them share your bewilderment; Some honour too with a flash of tooth or claw. Oh Sirs! my lovely lions you would not kill? You could not be so cruel! Think what you do! Because they frightened you would you take revenge? But why so frightened? is it their innocence. So strange, has driven all of you from your wits! Indeed, Sir, did they burst into your hotel? You heard a scratch outside and opened to find The savage beast, who plunged, not noticing you, Into the room.... What, out of the window? Don't! He landed on an old cab-horse! ha! that's good. And, Madam, were you then very much alarmed When up the stairs he bounded? you slammed the door, But dropped a shoe, which he swallowed, foolish beast... Yes, foolish to take the leap! No, I'll not go up! Go crashing into their stations and hotels, Spring on the motor-omnibus, make them jump And shoot their bullets at immediate command. Oh look, my favourite here! No, don't run away.... Don't shoot! Your city and all its furniture, Oh, what compared with this beauty are they worth? What all your lives? Oh no, I do mean it! Think: That suppleness, that strength and that majesty You'd make a heap lifier in your modish street. What arguments shall I move this people with? If only they were wild, if they'd anything Of wildness, I could make them obey me. Oh! My lion dead and mangled! Oh, my lovely lions you would not kill?...
...you can get it if bound to modify "what you want" in discussions of this kind. What was being dealt with by The New Age was the process of transition from capitalistically organised industry, and what The New Age may "fear" may happen, and what it may "anticipate," will both be regulated, in practice, by "what you want." If "Press-cutter" still disents from the accuracy of my reading of article No. XV, will he himself re-state the gist of the five columns, including the dialogue, and make it briefly in the form of an oratory business proposition?

It was possible for The New Age's correspondent, "Press-cutter" to have stated his view in more kinds of language. He failed to see that "another irritating affair," "the distortion of Guild Socialism," and of a certain weekly periodical and its correspondents as "jealous for the maintenance of those elemental rights of the case, including the actual causes of the Labour struggle." The reconstructed undertaking: would then be to look at the "Guild Writers" opinions and suggestions, which to the "New Statesman," if he is to pursue any New Age proposals was pointed out in these columns on January 22, and although he has since written to the "New Statesman," Mr. Reid has not corrected his own misrepresentations.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS COMMITTEE.

Sir,—I shall be obliged if you will grant me space in your columns to announce the formation of a South African Constitutional Rights Committee, and to invite all those who sympathise with our objects to send me their names and addresses immediately. Those objects are as follows:

1. To protest against the unconstitutional action of the Botha Government in proclaiming "martial law," in abrogating civil rights, in calling out armed Boer commandos, in arresting and sentencing citizens by court-martial, and in depriving others of their personal violence to the men of the Union for which they have been working.

2. To enlighten public opinion in the United Kingdom—both by meetings, pamphlets, and leaflets—as to the facts of the case, including the charges of the South African Government and the rest among British working men in the South African Dominions, to explain the demands of the workers in those vast territories, and to counter by all constitutional and legitimate means with our fellow-subjects—both British and Indian—in the South African Union in the uninhibited preservation of their civil rights.

3. To inquire into the participation—If any of the Governor-General, Lord Gladstone, with regard to these actions of the Botha Administration, and, if proven, to demand both in and out of Parliament his immediate recall.

The South African Constitutional Rights Committee is strictly non-party, and is composed of men and women of all shades of political opinion who are jealous for the maintenance of those elemental rights of citizenship without which any form of free government becomes an impossibility.

VICTOR FISHER, Hon. Sec.
29, Buckingham Street, London, W.C.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Sir,—I am afraid the poor labourites are in for another ticking although, at the moment of writing, we are all pretty well in the dark.

The authorities have done everything possible to aggravate and irritate the men. But you will have had all particulars by cable long before you receive this. It must be remembered that this is a very big country, and even if the labour leaders were clever, there must be extraordinary difficulty in arriving at anything like unanimity and co-ordinated action. From all appearances, the Cape railway men are cowards and traitors to their own class—but they never had much spunk down that country and his own ends is to choose his own time, there will be such a to-do in financial circles generally.
both hands. A general dislocation could easily be managed without calling a general strike.

The present instance, if the men give in now, will, of course, be cited as a further and final proof that the great Greek sculpture is not necessarily moral conduct. Then it may be that economic conduct

economics and Ethics," he says:

"Let us at the outset clearly understand what Political Economy is, what it deals with, what is its aim, and what it should seek to accomplish. The term Economy comes from the Greek 'Oikos'—the house, and 'Nomos' the law; then therefore the law regulating the house-hold—a term which to the Greeks signified all the goods in possession of the family. Political comes from 'Polis' the State. Political Economy therefore signifies the Laws or Laws governing the goods in the possession of the State or of Society; or as we would now say Laws governing Social Wealth. The term 'Wealth' is of Saxon origin and means 'wealth' or 'well-being.'

Political Economy deals with the production and distribution of those material things that tend to social wealth or well-being. It will now become evident that a true Science of Economics must necessarily be a moral science, and any system of wealth distribution that is contrary to the principles of justice cannot be a system of Economy at all, but of extravagance and wastefulness.

"To begin with, moral conduct is that line of human action, conformity to which tends to promote the life, happiness, and well-being of society and its members. And as we have seen, Economics deals with the production and distribution of those material things that tend to the life, happiness, and well-being of society and its members. Hence the same test that is applied to ethical teachings should be applied to economic teachings."

The author then proceeds as follows:

"Do they tend to the accomplishment of a complete social life for all? And does the prolongation of social life to its full extent? To answer 'Yes' or 'No' to either of these questions is implicitly to pronounce these teachings true or false."

"To say that moral considerations have nothing to do with Economics is to imply that economic conduct is not necessarily moral conduct. Then it may be immoral conduct. And to say that immoral conduct is conducive to the economic production and distribution of wealth is to say that immoral conduct promotes human happiness, which is contrary to the definition."

THE JEWS.

Sir,—"If I do not like them (Jews), I shall say so," replies your contributor "Romney." This attitude is most typical of honest English anti-Semites. Good Christians give solid reasons for their hatred of Jews—the crooked ugliness of our great big noses (some of us have little snub ones, by-the-by) offends their aesthetics; and if of us—a kind of Jew—Plymouth Brethren, I take it—who on great occasions drink the blood of Christian children; Jews never wash, etc., etc., in his Military Notes "Romney" gives up just and reasonable criticism in his little attacks at this Jews he deems it sufficient, like a great many others, to rely on the residue of blind prejudice left over from superstitions bigotry of the priests of the Middle Ages. Well, I don't grudge a man his passions and prejudices; but it is another question whether they are of interest to the reader of a review of general literature, such as The New Age. If they are, I shall ask you in fairness to give expression to my opinion about parsnips. I abominate parsnips."

ART AND SOCIAL REFORM.

Sir,—In reply to Mr. Mitchell's comments on my article on the above subject I would in the first place say that there is no trick in what I wrote, and that in my judgment the greatest literature is religious literature, the greatest sculpture religious sculpture, the greatest music religious singing, and the greatest architecture religious architecture. In support of this contention I would say, in respect to literature, that it appears to me that the secular literature deals more with the nonmoral while the religious literature deals more with the phenomenal. To some extent they overlap, but the division is, I think, roughly correct. In respect to sculpture, it is not true to say that the greatest Greek sculpture portrayed the Greek gods, while the subject matter of the greatest painting of the Renaissance invariably treated of religious subjects, whether Christian or pagan in conception? While all, again, the greatest architectural monuments of the world tend to religious or secular architecture, it appears to me, largely derivative, and at its highest is of a lower order. Moreover, this is in the nature of things, for the most utilitarian aspect of secular architecture does not lend itself to those flights of the imagination which are only possible with buildings which serve the purposes of ritual.

FEMINISM.

Sir,—The writer of the "Notes of the Week," January 22, objects to the men striking for wages, and objects to the women for status. Thinking for a moment, was it the man who state what he means by "home," and how it is to be obtained?

E. Barnard.

The writer of the "Notes of the Week" replies: "Women's status is fixed by nature, so that there is no use in striking"
to change it; but the present status of the proletariat is better or for the worse. By Fox, who recently led a deputation to the Archbishop of Canterbury, one feels that it can only be said that I, as a sick man, at that old man, the one feeling which was uppermost in my mind was that of contempt. I will tell you why. I thought of his office, and the thought of the Leader he was supposed to follow, who said: 'Love one another.'

S. T.

**WOMEN'S HUMOUR.**

**HARLEY STREET.**

Sir,—At a recent meeting of the W.S.P.U. Mrs. Darcey Fox, who recently led a deputation to the Archbishop of Canterbury, reported her feelings on the woman's question. She said: 'I can only say what I saw that at old man the one feeling which was uppermost in my mind was that of contempt. I will tell you why. I thought of his office, and the thought of the Leader he was supposed to follow. I am content to leave it at that.

S. T.

BRITISH MUSIC.

Sir,—I have read the articles on this subject with immense interest, and find that the truth, as it appears to me, lies between Mr. Holbrooke and Mr. Evans. Mr. Holbrooke is right when he says that the public shows little curiosity about British music. To my mind, there are several reasons for this apathy. In the first place, in England music is not considered a part of general culture in the same sense as it is on the Continent. I have met business men in other countries who were not naturally musical, but who readily recognised its immense artistic value. Few would have supposed that they did not know what Shakespeare, Dante, or Molière stood for. But if a man were to own to a total ignorance of them, it would be supposed, as knowing nothing of the British music, to be a mark.

What he says appears to me to be entirely beside the point. It is utterly puerile to suggest that Mr. Barker should give up his practice for five long years, and allow the public to go on suffering, while he submits himself to a course of study and instruction which can teach him nothing. This is the whole point. Mr. Barker knows something and practices something that the schools do not know, and, therefore, cannot teach—and do not teach.

Mr. Barker asks to teach the schools gratuitously for the sake of humanity, and the truth is, they want to do it. What policy do you call this? I call it dog-in-the-manger. The "Times" has said: 'Mr. Barker is a benefactor to the public, and ought to be honoured as such.'

I am content to leave it at that.

M. A.
If they are all exhausted, what use is there for to-morrow? And those men would be the first to deny that music had reached the utmost of which it was capable, either in their own time or in any other. If Bach were living to-day, he would be writing music which would dismay the hundred worst of our worshipers who solemnly pretend to know all about it. On one occasion I heard a lecture by a distinguished English musician who is regarded as a pillar of the art in London. In the course of it he referred to "Tristan and Isolde" in such a manner that he made the audience titter. He said, in effect, "I am told if you go to hear 'Tristan' you come away physically and mentally exhausted." Has this man, then, not yet reached the "Tristan" stage? Has he never read the letters of Wagner concerning it? Is he ignorant of the conditions under which it was composed? Personally, I felt thoroughly ashamed that one whom I had hitherto regarded as an eminently sane musician should speak thus slightly of an immortal masterpiece.

If English music is to capture the affections of the public, our composers will have to be a great deal more vital. For myself, I should rejoice if I heard half a dozen orchestral works which were greeted with enthusiastic applause. It is better to have a man who flies in play the notes. It is better to have a man who comes not sighted by the audience, and makes you sweat with emotion. For a riot is a tribute, and hissing, like genuine applause, can be called forth only by work which has conviction behind it. My complaint is that the bulk of English music leaves you unmoved. Certainly, many of the conditions under which Holbrooke and other British composers have taken, and make a fuss of it, as the others make a fuss of it, the absence of any centres. Musical England suffers from centralisation, and the festival idea is something to which we must give more attention. Our composers will have to be a great deal more vital. We must to-day, passionate respect for Handel-Mendelssohn, and let our writings reek with the odor of the German art. Our composers will have to be a great deal more vital. We must to-day, passionate respect for Handel-Mendelssohn, and let our writings reek with the odor of the German style.

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