NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It might have been expected that after sneering at the South African Trade Unionists for being driven to rely upon his political assistance, Mr. MacDonald in Parliament last week would have made the most of his opportunity. The case against the South African Government was so strong as to be unanswerable, he had the secret or open support of a good deal of public and political opinion, and, in addition, there was his chance to show those damned Syndicalists how a political expert like himself sets to business. All these advantages, however, proved to be of no value to Mr. MacDonald; for in the end he not only ruined his case, but he has added to the difficulties of the whole situation and knocked another nail in the coffin of political action into the bargain. The case against the South African Government was of the simplest. There not only was no plot on the side of the men, but all the evidence goes to show that the South African Trade Unions. We are amazed that even so corrupt a Press as our own should have given credence to these lies about their own flesh and blood, for the truth is that there is not and never was a word of truth in the reports. Had there been any native peril, it is monstrous to suppose that in the midst of the strike the white Trade Unionists would not have joined even with their masters against it. They too have lives to lose and wives and children to defend—as dear to them as the lives and wives of the capitalists are to their class; and in the face of a common peril, had such existed, the strikers would have put their grievances as they have done thousands of times in history before. As for the dynamitards among them—where were they? We know that the very first offer of the Transvaal Federation was of police to keep order. Did this seem like encouraging dynamite? We know also that short work was made of the only Labour speaker who ventured to hint at sabotage. If this was the kind of spirit among the men, the charges brought against them by the Boer generals are not only without foundation, but they are calculated criminal libels. It is a bad sign for England when even the stupidest of our public can be persuaded to believe them.

The dastardly plot having, however, got itself believed, the South African Government could then make use of it for their strokes of revenge. Martial law, as we all know, was declared and, in addition, imprisonment of all the leaders, and deportations for some of them, were resorted to. And here in the Act of Indemnity proposed in the South African Parliament and requiring to be endorsed in our own, was Mr. MacDonald's opportunity. The indemnity against all the crimes committed under martial law we should our-
selves have been prepared to see Mr. MacDonald accept and to have refrained from criticising him for it. After all, the thing was done, it related to the past, and nothing can by our own Parliament could have altered matters. But the case was very different with the deportations. There, as anybody can see, it is no longer an act of oblivion and indemnity that is in question, but a fresh act of commission. The very gravest of questions of politics are raised by an attempt to slay a Bill of Attainder referring to the future through the body of a Bill nominally referring only to the past. That there was a clear distinction to be drawn between the martial law and the deportations not even Mr. MacDonald could fail to see. Indeed he observed that the South African Parliament was actually legislating by means of the Indemnity Bill, and squeezing a profit, so to say, out of an apology for a loss. But to have observed this was not only not enough, it involved the necessity of rendering a good deal more. Among other things, it certainly necessitated, in our opinion, an amendment of the resolution by means of which, while the Indemnity clauses could be accepted, the clauses referring to the deportations could have been either formally censured or even deleted.

* * *

Mr. MacDonald would probably reply that even so amended his resolution would not have been carried. But, in the first place, its mere publication would have indicated pretty clearly to South Africa where precisely the line of censure was to be drawn; and, in the second place, we are almost certain that the resolution, if not carried, would at least have been better supported than the actual professional politician. Such a professional politician Mr. MacDonald might have been supposed to be capable of reading the signs of opinion in this direction long before the debate itself took place; and their manifestation during the debate was nothing short of remarkable. The "Times," for example, from the first news of the deportations, did more even than reserve judgment until General Botha's defence should appear; it declared that only the most proven peril could justify such a step. And when General Botha's defence was published, the "Times" comment on the deportations was to the effect that their necessity was, to say the least, very doubtful. Is Mr. MacDonald so ignorant of his trade that he is not aware that a hint like this was a hint to the South African Government may be dismissed in consequence of the deportations will appear in the light of treachery. For Africa, be it noted, is already divided upon the subject. General Hertzog, for one, a most political politician and anti-British at heart, was opposed to the deportations. So is Mr. Merriman. It is probable, we should say, that at the coming Autumn elections the South African Government may be dismissed in consequence of the deportations and more than a quarter of what General Botha has done. Was there no appreciation of this in the marvellous political mind of Mr. MacDonald? But there was in the minds of at least a half of the members of the Cabinet!

* * *

And as the "Times" says, still more serious questions were involved. The most serious, perhaps, is that of the limits of autonomy in the case of the self-governing dominions. We certainly shall not be accused of wishing to restrict unduly the responsibilities of the corporate members of the Empire, since to the category of autonomous bodies we would add, as our readers know, the great industrial guilds of the nation—yes, and preserve them in their charters through thick and thin. But an autonomous body within a larger body can only be relatively independent; for its absolute independence ceases with the limits of its charter. But what are the limits within which the autonomy of the Dominions is confined? It would be well, perhaps, if the question were raised in a practical manner, for the incident of the tea-party at Boston can never be forgotten, nor how the limits of the two areas were then fixed. On the other hand, without limits of any kind, the Empire is simply an illusion, cemented by words only. Is the Empire wagging has been about? Does the Empire mean no more than that? It will be seen, however, that Mr. Harcourt was practically driven into this universal and negative position through the simple stupiditity of Mr. MacDonald, who is no capitalist, and who will not be surprised with Mr. MacDonald's ill-considered resolution and assenting to the Indemnity Act, deportation clauses and all, Mr. Harcourt, however anxious to except these latter from consent, had really no alternative but to
swallow General Botha’s demands holus-bolus. That they were unpalatable Mr. Harcourt made clear; that a majority of the House even would have reserved the deportation clauses we think probable; but what is certain is that by accepting the whole Bill and under such circumstances, the Imperial Parliament has now committed itself to a precedent not of regulated but of certain is that by accepting the whole Bill and under the sake of Labour politicians in the future (if, as we doubtless bring home to us its consequences. But, for the sake of Labour politicians in the future (if, as we fear, the wretched breed be permitted to remain. We have no doubt whatever that in letting down the Government, as he thought, lightly, he fancied himself a very subtle fellow on whom the larger appeals of Empire had not been lost; he knew that the Labour man and therefore (if he only knew it) honourably bound to speak for his class on this occasion, he could transcend their narrow views and rise to the heights of statesmanship. Never was there a worse occasion for the exercise of statesmanship, if he was before, his failure in statesmanship was more complete. For we repeat that England expected on this occasion that the Labour Party would do its duty! What other party in the State could voice the protest of England without for its own party? And the protest been initiated by either the Liberal or the Tory Party officially or even by group, the fat would have been in the fire, and the Dominion would have closed up and the curfew would have rung for the Imperial statesmanship. It knew that this was the situation and the Press and leaders of each were busy in anticipating it. But what could not safely be done by either of the governing parties could be, and is, done, in my opinion, would be done by the Labour Party. The Liberal Party had no impartial significance; its protest, however loud, would have imperilled nothing. On the other hand, had its protest been loud enough, the voice of England might have been heard but without the open censure of any official party. Thus General Botha might have been moved to reconsider his blunder and, while absolving Parliament from any offence, have withdrawn the deportations to the satisfaction of the whole English world and the laying of an immense problem now momentarily opened. Unfortunately, our cunning little Labour politician, eaten up with snobbery and having all the feelings of a cad towards his own class, must needs take the warnings addressed to the Liberal and Tory Parties as warnings addressed to him. Though not in their position of responsibility and though professedly and in the sight of all men the spokesman of the English working-folk and of no party in particular, he must needs think that the statement which every other Labour Party official must make, that the other parties, it is obvious, cannot but praise him, since apish sycophancy is still a form of flattery; but respect him—it is not in human nature! There is no respect possible for Mr. James MacDonald. In mitigation of his snobbery, he must needs make the excuse that his behaviour is, because of his failure his fanatical hatred of Syndicalism. What the man means by it is beyond his power to explain; but whatever it is, he stands towards it as Sir William Bull stands towards Socialism. Mark how this intellectual, this brain of Labour, this Marx-Engels-Jaurès rolled into one, treats the charge of Syndicalism brought against the Trade Union leaders of South Africa! Does he pause to consider whether the charge is true or even probable? Does he anxiously inquire whether, even if Syndicalism exists in South Africa (which it does not), it is the Syndicalism made known to him by the “Daily Express” and other organs of the higher sociology? Not he; the word is enough, and, before you can say knife, he is denouncing Syndicalism as the worst enemy of organised labour.” Pronouncing the Syndicalism to be the cause of the strike in South Africa, and apologising while professing to plead for his colleagues whose sin is only more honourable than his own. The sight of Mr. Mac- Donald excusing men whose character is at least one of manliness is, let us hope, the nethermost depth of political Labour’s humiliation.

Nothing, however, is settled that is not settled right; and we may certainly expect that both here and in South Africa the event of the deportation of nine men without guilt of nine Trade Union leaders will have its sequel. In England, if Mr. MacDonald does not move hell to stop it, the tour of the deported men will, we imagine, stir up the Labour movement to do what Mr. MacDonald was too much of a flunkey to do—namely, to compel the Government, secretly or openly, to “advise” General Botha to re-admit the ostracised leaders and to pay them such compensation as he can. Nothing short show that though the deported men can satisfy, we are sure, either the sense of justice or the sense of pride which are in our race. General Botha may have been to Oxford, General Smuts may be British in all but name; both may imagine that England, twenty years hence, on July 27, 1881, it rankled in the English mind until it was wiped out by the events of 1900. It is an ominous coincidence that a fresh defeat of the British—this time our civil traditions—at the hands of the Boers will culminate on the same date in Plymouth, this year, when white men will land on our shores kicked out from South Africa for no offence known in any civilised law.

But we have quite a good reason for supposing that the event is not dead in South Africa either. The possible fall of General Botha’s ministry, the resignation in disgust of Lord Gladstone, the significant division of opinion in and out of Parliament, and the curfew opened. Unfor-

[...]

February 19, 1914

The New Age
Current Cant.

"Mr. Justice Eve, in the Chancery Division yesterday, 'Some people think that the loss you look at these old masters the better. Old masters—Velazquez and so on. What were they? I should turn them into cash if they were mine.' (Laughter.)"—Daily Mail, February 12.

"Mr. Dooley is one of the greatest modern writers of English."—RUDIARD KIPLING.

"My relations with foreign Powers... My Government... My negotiations..."—KING GEORGE.

"The Press can, perhaps, do more than politicians to soften the temper of parties... it can proclaim a truce of God."—The Star.

"Official Liberalism has come, not without difficulty, to an appreciation of the question of what the future of the British Race is to be."—The Times.

"We English are the most adaptable people in the world."—The Spectator.

"Oh for one hour of Great Botha in Great Britain. There was no Larkin with Labour loot where Boers are the bosses."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"The working man is selfish, foul-mouthed, ill-behaved, and violent."—GEORGE BERNA RD SHAW.

"Progress is the order of the day, and we are of the opinion that the passing by Parliament of the Daylight Saving Bill would be another rung in the ladder of Progress."—The Leytonstone Express.

"F. E. Smith's brilliant career is but opening..."—A. P. N I C O L S O N , in the Nineteenth Century.

"The journalist must be in earnest, he must dream dreams and see visions..."—J. S. P H I L I P S.

"The working man has more time to-day than ever he had."—REV. W. COLETT.

"Knowing how Mr. Frank Harris justifies his Christian name..."—Daily Mirror.

"The Crown remains unirribable, unassailable, powerful, and still broad-based upon the people's will."—Daily Express.

"We have the essentially British instinct for law and liberty which detests everything that savours of Muscovite arbitrariness and of not playing the game..."—LUTZEN WOLF in the Graphic.

"Happily, the business world is as vitaly interested in the production of pupils of the right type as the Educationist is, or ought to be... Happily, a good start has already been made in many quarters for securing cooperation between the school and employer..."—COURTSEY BREXTON in the Contemporary Review.

"Not even the proceedings instituted against Crippen alter his dramatic flight and capture could equal the sensational tension of the Summer case..."—Liverpool Courier.

"The United States, with a vast area, bangs, bolts and bars the door against free immigration..."—ARNOLD WHIT.

"The King's Speech has transformed the whole political situation..."—The Star.

"The clanging of a tram-car bell in the Jerusalem streets is to us, not a warning of the coming of the vandals, but a sign of progress..."—Jewish Chronicle.

---

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

Last week a curt telegram from Constantinople announced that an imperial irade had been issued, formally sanctioning the arrangement reached by Sir Edward Grey and Hakki Pasha in London a few months ago. This is the latest proceeding in connection with the Bagdad railway; and, like every previous step in the negotiations, it has left the Triple Entente a little weaker and Germany and her allies a little stronger. England now consents to the extension of the line to Bassora—our face is saved by the provision that the extension shall not be undertaken without our consent. England gives up all claim to participation in the construction of the railway, and merely asks that she shall be represented on the board of directors by two members, who will see, as far as possible, that no rates likely to damage British interests are imposed.

Only one grain of comfort, a very small one, is left us. Turkey is assured of the sovereign rights she has exercised over the Sheik of Koweit, that little domain bordering on the Persian Gulf; but, in return for this recognition of her suzerainty, she recognises the "autonomy" of the Sheik—a pleasant splitting of words, meaning that so long as England can maintain her supremacy in the Persian Gulf and the adjacent waters the Turkish Government will not attempt to interfere with the Sheik of Koweit. The rights of the English shipping companies concerned are also "safeguarded."

France is no longer a party to these negotiations; for so far back as 1909 the French Government decided to devote its energies to looking after the more important French interests concerned in the Tripoli-French Bagdad section of the line, leaving the Bagdad-Gulf section to England. These latter negotiations have not come to a conclusion, or anything like one, and Djavid Bey and the German financiers are still discussing the various of the line in Berlin. Since the Balkan war a new country has come on the scene, and Italy now claims her rights as a conqueror and demands participation in the Syrian railways. Her demand has already been granted in principle, and it is now known that the task of the French Foreign Minister will be much more complicated than the Government expected four years ago.

I have already referred to the concessions which the Powers expect to get from Turkey for the exploitation of Asia Minor—concessions, indeed, which have in many cases been granted already. The railway privileges, although they are highly important, must be reckoned as only part of other privileges which will in the course of time prove much more valuable. The Germans, for example, have the concession for exploiting the forests "in the neighbourhood" of the Bagdad railway—an elastic term of which full advantage is now being taken. It may be assumed that the coal and other mines near the route will not be neglected as soon as capital can be raised. The German Government always works with the next four or five generations in view, and its acquisition of the Bagdad line is only part of a very well-laid scheme.

Of Italy, France, and this country the same remark cannot be made. The German Government has one advantage over the countries just mentioned in that the feelings of the ruled need not be taken into consideration. Our own foreign policy is fairly continuous, but an election may cause a good and strong minister to be displaced for a weaker man. This, of course, has happened in France time and again since, in the 'eighties, Germany set seriously to work on the Bagdad scheme; and the coming and going of French Ambassadors and Foreign Ministers had a disastrous effect on
the policy of France in the Near East. At one time the French populace appeared to favour a strong forward policy in Asia Minor; at another time a spirit of distrust fell upon the people, and fears of the sudden advance of a German force, or of trickery by the Spaniards in Morocco, or of an alteration in the attitude of England, resulted in a change of policy. The German Government never allowed itself to be dissociated in this way. I am not insisting that this is a good method of rule if it be generally applied: no doubt I shall be told that social reforms in England and France have made greater progress under more enlightened forms of administration.

The country that knows its own mind and is prepared to support its designs by forceful means is at a great advantage in the Near East as compared with countries which pursue a vacillating policy. Italy is a newcomer in Syria, but whatever she may decide to do is not likely to interfere with the plans of her powerful "ally" in the north—how these alleged allies love one another! The Germans think that Italy should have stuck to Tripoli. On the other hand, France and England have been known in Asia Minor for years, and their recent policy there has detracted considerably from their none too large prestige. They will be able to develop the small interests they have, no doubt; but they will do so in future with the knowledge that German officers of the Turkish army are aware that Russia is too busily occupied with Armenia and with Persia to furnish them with assistance on the spot in time of trouble.

I may as well mention here what the next step in Germany's foreign policy is to be—her foreign policy, I mean, so far as Asia Minor is concerned. In connection with the Morocco dispute Germany made us familiar with the ominous expression "compensations," and in the same way she is likely to impress upon us the different meanings which may be attached to the phrases "sphere of interest," "enclave," and "zone." It is the last word, I think, which is likely to give rise to the greatest amount of discussion. In brief, Germany is about to seek a zone of territory on either side of the Bagdad railway which shall give her as much authority, for a specified distance on either side, as is now being exercised by the United States for a specified distance on either side of the Panama Canal. It is no longer sufficient for the German Government that the Bagdad railway shall, for the most part, be German-owned and German-managed; it must run through territory which is as much German as is the soil on which the Sans Souci Palace is built. This introduces an entirely new factor into Near Eastern affairs; but a factor which is certain to be discussed with acrimony during the next few years.

As a complement to the development of railway lines (and, in consequence, the development of land also) in Asia Minor, an agreement has already been reached between the Greek Government and a French Company, the Société des Batignolles, whereby a new railway of great international importance and strategic value will be built in the new Greek territory annexed as a result of the Balkan war. This new line is to link up the railway at present running to Larissa with some convenient point on the Oriental Railway—Verria, perhaps, which is on the line to Salonika. It will in consequence be possible to travel from Paris to Athens, via Uskub and Nish in two days and a half. (Since the Servians took over Nish the Turkish railway has been changed back to the old Servian form of Skoplje.)

Following upon this, of course, it is hoped that the traffic to India may be diverted from Calais-Brindisi to Calais-Athens; and, even if this scheme cannot be immediately proceeded with, there remains ample opportunity of economic development in Epirus and Northern Greece.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

Among my military recollections is one of a promising young officer reproved by a senior member of the General Staff for reading Schopenhauer. Schopenhauer, according to the wisdom of Camberley, was morbid and unprofitable. Far better were the time devoted to "professional literature," by which term I suppose the aspirant is to understand the "Red book," or one of those studies of campaigns upon the geometrical system beloved of Hamley, in which a happy lack of imagination and general incapacity to think have permitted some text-book writing hack to discourse learnedly upon "lines" and "positions" and "communications" and "re-entrants," and every conceivable thing except what matters—the skill and energy of officers and men. Well, well! A light is thrown upon our Staff by all this kind of thing.

The young officer's idea was perfectly correct, although I do not think that he was wise in his choice of Schopenhauer. He saw that to understand soldiering you must understand life—which may seem rather a large order, but is an indispensable one. The biggest fool of a foolish time in the specialist. You cannot shut off the things of this world into water-tight compartments, labelling one "Religion," and the other "Philosophy," and the third "Soldiering," and the fourth "Art," and so on. To understand any one department one must acquire at any rate a working knowledge of all. The man who confines himself to one subject—who, like our friend from Camberley, reads nothing but "professional literature"—forces himself into a groove. And grooves lead inevitably to error.

It is a failure to grasp this important fact which is to blame for the modern cult of the specialist—the "expert," as he is called. It is seen that the subject is large and complicated. It is seen that to practise in it requires a long and intimate acquaintance with the details of which it is composed. So much for the one side of the medal on which we are so fond of gazing. The reverse, however, is not less striking. Thereon you find it written that it is easy not to see the wood for the trees: that the great mistakes of history have originated not in some error of detail (for such are comparatively easy to repair, and are soon detected because so many persons are looking for them), but in a false assumption at the root of the problem—some omission so gigantic that everybody talks of it, and none of those who did perceive it scarcely dared to question it. Now since the specialist is nearly always immersed in detail—and, indeed, it is his business to be so—it is upon the man with a knowledge less minute, but more far-reaching, that we rely for the correction of these fundamental mistakes—upon the man who can see things as a whole, who has not lost sight of the wood, and who understands the place of the wood in a yet larger system. Such men are never too common. Today they are less common than usual because we deliberately discourage them.

The classic instance of the specialist's failure is found in the Revolutionary epoch. The close of the eighteenth century found the standing armies of Europe in the control of men who knew the details of their business as thoroughly as anyone can ever hope to know them. War had been, or was thought to have been, reduced to a science. Every possible advantage had been foreseen—and provided for. Persons of considerable knowledge, both theoretical and practical, hadenumerate every move and the counter to it. The teachers of Ju-jitsu who will show you how to break an opponent's neck with your thumb and forefinger, and will show you how to expose him to your right ankle as soon as you try to do it, are not more omniscient. To imagine the helplessness of the military pundit of
1792-3, confronted with the Revolution, we must imagine a Ju-jitsu wrestler acquainted with all the moves that are open to a man fighting with his naked hands, suddenly confronted by an opponent with a rifle— with a possibility, that is, which they had not provided for because it seemed to them either impossible or outside the rules of the game. It is obvious that in such circumstances the more acquainted with Ju-jitsu a wrestler was, and the more steeped in Ju-jitsu traditions he had become, the less likely he would be to foresee the rifle contingency or to provide for it. All his art would not be worth a little common sense and the most amateurish acquaintance with the possibilities of rifles.

Now it is the problem of the future not how to make our officers more learned—they are already about as learned in their profession as Englishmen are likely to be—but how to cultivate their grip of reality, their knowledge of men, their power of using their wits and adapting themselves to circumstances—powers which are apt to become atrophied by years of routine in time of peace. I am told by my instructor that the Englishman already possesses these qualities in abnormal measure, and that they will reappear at the first breath of danger just as they appeared in the Indian Mutiny and the Napoleonic wars. I should like to point out that those events took place before the British subaltern had been compelled to deaden his brains by "professional literature." The England of those days had two classes of officer. One read—and read with a philosophic insight; the other did not. In short, all the contents of those country-house libraries which he founded, and which—significant fact—are not being renewed. The other did not read at all. But he lived and moved among men. He had a knowledge of the latest fads of the military schools. If he lived in India, he had often acquired administrative experience of a remarkable nature; and had organizations, conducted negotiations and overturned thrones. In either case, therefore, the officer was a man of the world in the best sense of the term. His successor surpasses him in acquaintance with the niceties of drill and fieldwork and in a knowledge of the latest fads of the military schools. But if in the hour of trial that knowledge fails—as a considerable part of it is bound to fail—I doubt whether he would be equally capable of improvising methods to suit the situation.

Acquaintance with detail, unless it is corrected by knowledge of essentials, deadens as much as it enlighens. That knowledge of essentials, so far as it can be acquired from books at all, is to be sought in wide and catholic reading. I do not mean that the soldier must be a competent literary critic. Matter must be his aim rather than the form in which it is presented. But both in theory and practice officers should be encouraged to put themselves in touch with life. The way not to make soldiers is to isolate them on Salisbury Plain and tie them down to "professional literature."

I see that my Hebrew antagonist has returned to the charge with a demand that should justify my dislike of his people. I have neither time nor space to do so, nor does the case demand that I should. Our controversy turned not upon whether Jews were nice or nasty, but upon whether contributors to the Press have the right of expressing an opinion in the matter. I contend that they have. I can express opinions relative to Catholics, Protestants, Turks, and infidels without arousing a tempest of silly and unreasoning squealing, and it should be the same with Jews. It is quite intolerable that in an age when neither tradition nor sacrament inspires reverence, and when freedom of speech is alleged to be within the right of everyone, that immunity from criticism which has been denied to God should be revived for the benefit of an obscure tribe of Asiatics.

The Fate of Turkey and Islam.

By Ali Fahmy Mohamed.

IV.

The Egyptian Nationalist Party.

I think it is necessary to explain here a force in Egyptian politics which has had the greatest influence, directly and indirectly, on the fortunes of Turkey. For it must not be forgotten that Cairo has become, more especially since 1907, the centre—the metropolis of all sorts of Oriental intrigues and counter-intrigues. As a country occupied by the troops of a foreign Power, there is in Egypt, naturally, a Nationalist movement to drive the foreign usurper out of the motherland. In the Akaba incident of 1910, the villagers caused a fight between England and Turkey, the Egyptians sided with Turkey and the masses. We believed that the Turkish Saviour was coming to drive the unbelievers out of the land. In fact Al-Giazi Mokhtar Pasha announced in the "Al-Youm" that the British troops were camping near Akaba, and that his son, Mahmud Pasha Mukhtar, was to march at their head right to Cairo. Matters thus became more complicated, Lord Cromer became more obstinate, and the British fleet was hurried to the Levant. Although the affair was peacefully settled, a campaign was begun in the English Press against the "ungrateful Egyptians," perhaps not without reason. For England was surprised to find that all Egypt turned so suddenly against her and sided with the Turks whom she had ruined Egypt, while she (England) had saved the Nile Valley from anarchy and chaos, and had endowed it with prosperity. In short, the Egyptians were punished for their ingratitude in the Denshawi Incident, by hanging four unfortunate peasants and sending many others to various terms of penal servitude and flogging; for the nominal cause that an English officer, a certain Captain Bull, died of sunstroke after having been beaten by the unfortunate villagers as he tried to shoot without their permission. This affair was destined to have an unfortunate effect on Egyptian politics and the Anglophobe movement. A sharp but admirable Press campaign was carried out in the Egyptian Press, and we, the youthful generation of the land, were easily convinced that everything good was done by our compatriots, the elder Egyptians, and everything bad was done by the English. Not only had we the example of Denshawi, but here had obvious failures in all educational institutions and other departments, for which the Nationalist Press advocated a remedy to which the English displayed their objection. We had not been given sufficient and progressive history—at school—to train us in the evolution of nations; and we accordingly believed that the English were the curse of the land and that every evil done not only in Egypt, but in the whole East, was caused by them. And thus every movement unfavourable to the English was always applauded by the public—the ignorant and innocent public! To us in Egypt the friendly relations between England and Turkey were not only a bad omen for Egypt, but for Turkey, too. We all believed that England had no business in the East except to destroy Islam, and exploit the resources of Mahometan countries; and that she would do nothing to help Islam or any Moslem people unless she was paid for it, in manifold.

At that time, I wrote two articles in "Misr-el-Fatat" entitled "The Warnings of History"; and these caused much sensation. The subject of one of these, which was in six columns, was the rôle played by Great Britain in the Berlin Congress; how she betrayed Turkey, who was then her ally by virtue of the Cyprus Convention; and brought about the dismemberment of the Ottoman dominion in the manner already mentioned. I do not remember exactly the subject of the other article, but it tended to the same conclusion, namely, that the faith of English politics could not be relied upon.
Up till that time, I did not go beyond the Oriental method of theories. I then believed that everybody, high or low, who advocated reform was devoted to the cause of reform. I knew nobody working in politics except the enthusiasts of the Nationalist Party; but I remember well that when I was invited to a wedding of a young Englishman, called the “Entente Regime,” between the Court and Sir E. Gorst, that I thought it would be profitable to all concerned, both those who are quitting and those who are exchanging office to hear a general outline of the matters at present engaging their departments. This will enable you, to some extent at least, to familiarize yourselves with questions which you may be called upon to answer in the House or on the platform. We will first take the report of the Home Office. Mr. McKenna.

Mr. McKenna: Mr. Premier and Gentlemen, I am pleased to report that the militant movement of the Suffragettes is dying down.

The Premier: From the application of the Cat and Mouse Act?

Mr. McKenna: Oh, no, Sir. Neither that measure nor forcible feeding would have killed the movement. The Press notices enjoyed by those women subjected to forcible feeding or the in-and-out-of-prison treatment would always have kept up the supply of heroines anxious for the advertisement of martyrdom. But from the moment one of the leaders proclaimed herself an authority on the subject of pox the militant movement began to decline. So, Sir, we may reasonably anticipate an early dissolution of the movement.

The Premier: That, I think, Gentlemen, is a most satisfactory report. In addition, it appears most fitting that as it was these Pankhurst creatures who created the movement, so they are the proper people to kill the thing. We will next take the report of the L.G.B. Mr. Burns.

Mr. Burns: Mr. Premier and Gentleman, seeing that I am about to have a successor at the office of the L.G.B., I am delighted at this opportunity of informing him of the matter I have in hand at present. There is every prospect of my new Star Chamber method for the internal management of workhouses getting into operation without the knowledge of the general public.

The Premier: What do you expect will be the result, Mr. President?

Mr. Burns: Well, really, Sir, I cannot say for certain. But I was assured that under my new system we should be able to kill off five paupers for every three we kill off at present. Of course, Gentlemen, that is nothing like what we could accomplish if we had the lethal chamber, or the free use of prussic acid. But I am afraid we dare not at the moment risk the introduction of these.

The masses unfortunately have not yet reached that stage when they will view with indifference the destruction of the surplus poor as they do surplus dogs and cats. Still, Sir, I am pleased
to say everything is steadily tending in that direction. The constant pressure which we are applying to the working classes will eventually force the man of twenty-five to support as, when he sees that no one will employ his fifty-year-old father, and he is left with no choice but to kill or keep him. I feel convinced he will view the destruction of his father without regret. That prospect, I feel sure, Sir, will gladden the hearts of my successor and the Chancellor.

The Premier: A capital report, Gentlemen. Let us all hope the new President of the L.G.B. will carry to a successful conclusion the good work so happily initiated by the old one.

Mr. Samuel: I will do my best, Sir.

Mr. Asquith: I am sure you will. These paupers are a terrible burden on our rates and must be thinned out. I think we may safely leave their destruction in the hands of the new President. Why, gentlemen, if they have reached the age of fifty and being of no further use to any employer should hesitate to die, is one of those things I could never understand. However, now we know what action is being taken against them, a may reasonably hope to see a steady reduction in old and middle-aged men of the manual class. We will now hear what the Chief Secretary has to say.

Mr. Birrell: Mr. Premier and Friends, I am happy to say, on the whole, the situation in Ireland is greatly improved. In Dublin, thanks to a felicitous combination of priests, police, politicians and publicans, Larkinism has been crushed and the revolt of labour defeated. And further, thanks again to carefully selected juries and magistrates, we have succeeded in preventing any being made amenable for the murders of the men Byrne and Nolan and the girl Brady. During that late trouble it was delightful to see how all those in authority worked together. The Lord Lieutenant, myself, Archbishop Walsh and his clergy, Mr. Murphy, and Jacobs the Jew, Mr. Dillon, Nugent and his Hibernians, the Orange gentry of the Kildare Street Club—we all had one aim and object—to confine the development and the acquisition of greater independence of the Vo- lunteers and the acquisition of greater independence of the Catholic priests, as in Dublin, would join the master class against the workers and, with the support of a National executive sitting in College Green, would crush out all effete of Labour taxes. I have, therefore, Mr. Premier, somewhat reluctantly. I confess, come to the conclusion that we shall be forced to give the four Northern Counties something like Home Rule within Home Rule. Being a Nonconformist I do not contemplate with pleasure the possibility of any community being placed under the heel of clericalism. Actual persecution I do not fear. There is really no danger of that. But actual repression, the stifling of the voice of the people; active opposition to mental development and the acquisition of greater independence amongst the working classes I do apprehend. I therefore think, for the protection of the Northern Catholics themselves against the tyranny of clericalism, some special arrangements regarding Ulster should be made. My solution of the problem would be that the council representing the four Northern Counties sitting is Belfast, possessing the right of veto on all legislation which they thought injurious to themselves, for a matter of twenty years. At the expiration of that time we should have a generation which would have learned to act for themselves, without the direction of the clergy on either side. These men I have no doubt would join together and put down all clerical pretensions to power. That I venture to offer as a solution of the Ulster problem.

Mr. Asquith: Gentlemen, I think the suggestion of the Chief Secretary is excellent; much better than Sir H. Plunkett's and others I have heard. I will submit it to Mr. Redmond, who I know at bottom has no particular love for the priest in politics. We will now take the report of the Chancellor. Mr. George is present.

Mr. Lloyd George: Hon. Mr. Premier, Friends and Enemies. Since our last gathering here I have participated in a most exhilarating series of events. Amongst other things I have been to Glasgow. On my way thereto I stopped at Carlisle and told the jumpers of the border town that I would free them from the yoke of feudalism. And they were fools enough to believe it. Of course, I did not explain that I intended to substitute for the conventions of aristocracy the manacles of ploto- cracy; and the men of Cumberland have not gumption to scent it for themselves.

I then proceeded to Glasgow and had great sport. I called one duke a liar and the son of another duke a sharp. This latter fellow was trying to pose as a flat. But I was able to replace either him or his property at his valuation. I have a natural affection for everyone and everything. If anyone dare refuse to accept it, I say: "Yah—you're a son of Ananias." Next, aint it? Mr. Burns: Rats!

Mr. Lloyd George: Ah: that is just like the President. Not even five thousand a year has enabled him to cultivate a taste that can appreciate such exquisite wit as mine. Ah, well, the connection between pearls and swine still holds good. As I was saying, Sir, these Scotchmen are queer fellows. They pose before the world as being men of penetration. Well, they had before them "The People's Small Holdings Act," "The People's Budget," and "The People's Insurance Act." All frauds, as you know; so patent, indeed, that even the Cow of Lansdowne could see through them. And then, such is the power of codology, my fairy tale about land taxes was gulped down by these Scotchmen as eagerly as their native toddy was sweetened. When I returned to London I discovered Ramsay MacDonald sitting weeping on my doorstep fit to break his heart. Poor fellow, he was in a terrible state as to the course he should pursue regarding these deported Labour men from South Africa. I took him in to breakfast and sat him down to some porridge, and such was the flood of tears which fell into the bowl that he found the use of milk unnecessary. He declared that he would rather be out of the country when these men arrived; and hinted that we might create some kind of a Commission on which we could give him a seat. Like all of us his appetite has evidently been whetted. At first I was inclined to oblige him and suggested a Commission to ascertain the exact relation between the dog-star and the dog-fish. But then I reflected. MacDonald can be most useful to us in the House, so I told him to come and make a resolution and put up a furious speech. "That's all very fine for you," he retorted. "But anything I may say now will be cast in my teeth when I take office." "Never mind, my dear fellow," said I, "Look at Burns." Thus encouraged, he consented to come down and play his part. So you will take anything he says at its true valuation.

Mr. Churchill: That's all very interesting—but what about finance?

Mr. Lloyd George: Finance?

Mr. Churchill: Yes, finance! That's your department. Have you forgotten it?

Mr. Lloyd George: Now, Sir, I call that real nasty. The First Lord of the Treasury, without looking in this respect as well as anyone. He knows that my knowledge of finance is so small that I cannot distinguish between a gamble and an investment. And yet, he demands that I should deal with finance. Tut, tut. Mr. Churchill who would he sit down and stow your gas. You evidently know no more about anything that matters than a stuffed duck knows about sage and onions. I do not see any reason, Mr. Premier, why this fellow should pester us eternally with his wretched fudge.

Mr. Asquith: I feel it is time that I should intervene. You cannot complain, Mr. Chancellor. You have had a long innings and added nothing to our knowledge.
The Genesis of French Syndicalism—and Some Unspoken Morals.


III.

Wherever it manifests itself, Syndicalism has two distinct aspects. It is at once a policy of Direct Action in the present and a vision of the coming Society. Of late years, Syndicalism in France has curiously confused these two points of view; professing to repudiate all theory about the future and to be merely a plan of campaign for immediate use, it has continually affirmed, almost in the same breath, its faith in a new Industrial Commonwealth, based solely on organisations of producers. The confusion is plainest in the work of M. Sorel, whose philosophy of Violence, for all its denial of prophetic intention, is but the continuation of his first work, “L’Avenir Socialiste des Syndicats,” a distinct and definite attempt to found a new Society on a Trade Union basis. M. Pouget, again, reproduces the idea of forecasting the future and gives an exposition of Syndicalism as a method of Trade Union action, but also writes, along with M. Pataud, the elaborate prophetic romance “Comment nous ferons la Révolution.” But on the whole, it cannot be disputed that there has been in France a considerable reaction against long views and Utopian speculations.

This change can hardly be dissociated from the actual change in industrial organisation. It will be found that, where French Syndicalism remains prophetic, it still cleaves in the main to the old concepts of local autonomy and Anarchist-Communism. “Comment nous ferons la Révolution” is, in most of its essentials, a Communist romance; it might almost have been written, long before Syndicalism was heard of, by a disciple of Kropotkin or even of Bakunin. Syndicalists, in fact, have tended to give up theorising largely because a great deal of their theory has already become obsolete. They have not thought out a new system of organisation capable of supplanting Capitalism in such a way as to accept as its basis a national Trade Unionism. They have not carried their speculations beyond the embryonic stage of local organisation: they have produced no theorist great enough to work out the conception of Poulout, the light of more recent developments. We shall not be wrong in maintaining that they have kept silence because they have nothing new to say—because, realising the inadequacy of their first sketch of the future, they have failed to put in its place a profounder analysis and a more complete reconstruction.

Syndicalists in the country would do well to realise the full meaning of this change in the attitude of their friends in France. Syndicalism in England has been too apt to exalt the unessential: a good many English Syndicalists, mainly recruits from the Anarchist ranks, have gone on preaching the principle of federation and local autonomy as the basis upon which the whole movement rests. But Trade Unionism in England is so strong and the local bond so weak, that no theory which aims at a federal system based on general local associations of producers can possibly make headway. The really vital doctrine of Syndicalism is the doctrine of producers’ control; it asserts fundamentally that the producers must secure the control of their work, if the work is to be honourable and the community real. Anything that undermines this doctrine is contrary to the whole aim of Syndicalism; but, if this be accepted, the question of machinery remains secondary, to be settled according to the actual conditions under which modern industry is, or can be, carried on. The federal basis of Anarchism is no essential part of Syndicalism; it came to be regarded as vital because Syndicalism arose in France at a time when local organisation was easiest,

---

ThePortrait of a Gentleman.

He was born—as most, in the main—
Except his mother knew less pain.

No nurse and doctors watched beside
He, who became his mother’s pride.

He grew: went to a proper school—
His father’s one. (He followed the rule.)

School days past, he went to college,
In due time acquired knowledge.

Then, he passed to his proper place,
Moral— with all the rest.

All things fitting and all things right
In his own and his neighbour’s sight.

Though favoured by fortune and loved by fate,
He carried no riches beyond the gate.

W. V. D.
and because there was already there a strong Anarchist movement to serve as a basis.

The Syndicalism, therefore, which is most commonly preached by those who call themselves Syndicalists, is, if they would but realise the fact, essentially a national product of French conditions. Moreover, it is at the present time, particularly in the matter of a back number. It can only emerge revitalised and fruitful if its advocates consent to re-examine their first principles and to rebuild in view of national differences and modern conditions.

If we have seen, there is at least one school of Syndicalists in Great Britain which has attempted this reconstruction; but most schools still persist in denying its necessity. The French type of Syndicalist often becomes impatient when he is told that his aim is to secure "the mines for the miners, the railways for the railwaymen, and the patients for the doctors." He maintains quite truly that he has never upheld the right of any section of the community to even the means of production, or to use them for the exploitation of the community as a whole.

By the local Union in Pelloutier's ideal, and in this manner create a new Syndicalism based on a national Trade Unions. This reconstruction, however, lacks the pivot on which the whole Commonwealth, as Pelloutier saw it, would have to revolve. There is no national organisation to take the place of the Bourse du Travail.

Where, then, Pelloutier advocated a form of Anarchist Communism, these new Syndicalists stand for an Anarchism that is fundamentally individualistic. It was possible to suppose that, if sectional organisation remained chieflly local, the Bourses would be able to hold the balance among the different bodies of producers; but clearly national Trade Unions demand a far stronger co-ordinating force. The power of the national Unions would be so unequal, and there would be much possibilities of the exploitation of the less by the greater that it is no longer possible, if the controlling force of producers is national, to dispense altogether with an authority standing for the community as a whole. The attempt is sometimes made to supply this force in the body of the Trade Union Congress, or, in France, the Confédération Générale du Travail itself; but clearly such a body would either be too weak for the purpose, or would be in fact the State which the Syndicalist professedly seeks to supplant. A Syndicalism capable of holding the balance between the national Unions is an impossibility, unless it acquires such powers as to transform it, in effect, from a Federation of national Unions into a body no longer federal, but practically a State or confederation on a local basis. Such a Congress would be repudiated no less vehemently by the new Syndicalist than by the old Parliamentarian.

But the objection to this new Syndicalism goes deeper. It is not desirable that this ultimate reconciling body should be elected on a sectional basis, or that it should directly represent the various bodies of producers. In that case, it would only reflect, instead of reconciling, their divergence. What is needed is a body standing for the community as a whole, a representative of daily life, not merely of its industrial life, but of all its national purposes and aspirations. Syndicalists make the mistake of imagining that the State of the future must necessarily resemble, in all its essential features, the State of to-day, that it must remain a bureaucratic and oppressive. But the State is the expression of the essence of Nationalism; as the class-structure finds its natural expression in the class-State, so true democracy, based on Trade Unionism, will find its expression in the national State, which will be the expression of the national will. Confronted with Trade Unions which are their own masters in the industrial sphere, the State will cease to be the natural enemy of the worker, and will become the natural partner of the producers' organisations in the ordering of the national life.

If, then, it is regarded as fundamentally anti-political, not merely in the sense that it holds the State of to-day to be Federal and national to dispense altogether with an authority standing for the community as a whole, but also in the sense that it aims at the entire destruction of every vestige of communal expression outside the producers' organisations themselves, Syndicalism is a theory of which no serious account need be taken. It was the desire of a few to-day to be only an instrument in the hands of the oppressor, and not merely in the sense that it holds the State as the expression of the class-struggle, but also in the sense that it aims at the complete expulsion of the profiteering of a few. The weakness of his point of view and that which they are defending is therefore contemptuous of the criticism of the Syndicalism, which is most commonly confessedly sets out to abolish. A Trade Union Congress, or, in France, the confederation Generale du Travail itself, would then have to revolve. There is no national organisation to take the place of the Bourse du Travail.

As we have seen, there is at least one school of Syndicalists in Great Britain which has attempted this reconstruction; but most schools still persist in denying its necessity. The French type of Syndicalist often becomes impatient when he is told that his aim is to secure "the mines for the miners, the railways for the railwaymen, and the patients for the doctors." He maintains quite truly that he has never upheld the right of any section of the community to even the means of production, or to use them for the exploitation of the community as a whole. The attempt is sometimes made to supply this force in the body of the Trade Union Congress, or, in France, the Confédération Générale du Travail itself; but clearly such a body would either be too weak for the purpose, or would be in fact the State which the Syndicalist professedly seeks to supplant. A Syndicalism capable of holding the balance between the national Unions is an impossibility, unless it acquires such powers as to transform it, in effect, from a Federation of national Unions into a body no longer federal, but practically a State or confederation on a local basis. Such a Congress would be repudiated no less vehemently by the new Syndicalist than by the old Parliamentarian.

Towards the Play Way.

By H. Caldwell Cook.

I.

In these notes will be found many disconnected thoughts on education which it is my hope some day to shape into a practical system. The central idea of the whole theory is simple enough: We are to Play. But why we are to play, and, especially, how we are to play, will take me long to tell.

The natural means of study in youth is play, as anyone may see for himself by watching any child or young animal when it is left alone. A natural education is by practice, by doing things, and not by instruction, the hearing how as you may see in the flight of a young bird. And telling can only be the servant of trying, not its substitute. Certainly preliminary advice and warning might save us from many a sore trial, but we rarely profit by any experience other than our own. The burnt child dreads the fire, but the child that has only been warned will not be timid. Therefore wild oats are more approved by men of the world than moral lectures. But instead of leaving a child to gain wisdom by painful as well as pleasant experience, it is well to let him try as much as he can for himself under guidance. It is instead of an instrument to be put in the child's hand and child innocent into the big world, and talking is of poor avail. But it is possible to hold rehearsals, to try our strength in a make-believe big world. And that is Play.
The main concern in a child's life is that manifold business understood clearly by him, and dimly by his elders, as Play. He wakes up in the morning, and out of a fairyland of play-doings for the day until he is allowed to get up. Then while the fires are still crackling on the wood he can hear him patterning about the landing or singing on the stairs. Dressing is a nuisance because it requires his presence in one place for some twenty minutes; toys must come to table; food itself must furnish a game. Porridge is an island in a sea of milk, and he would be rather more interested than shocked to find a chicken in every egg. School, above the first form, is a nuisance because there is no play. So he lives out throughout the day-light hours, playing many parts, as pirate, or king-in-a-crown, or beast of prey; in the treetops, or under ground, or sailing merrily on the salt sea, until that little nightly tragedy of bedtime. After dark, nurse, hugging to be all a game, as a fury with abhorred shears.

As an onlooker at the drama I always regard her coming as the prelude to an affecting finish. She is the executioner whose summons must be obeyed. Have you, not admitted to this, for fortitude with which the little hero—though there are cowards, we know—goes on his round of farewell to the waking world? Have you not observed that he always carries an air of detachment, salutes even his mother as though he were thinking of something else; and how he looks back from the door? However, one shall find upstairs certain friends who can float in a bath; and after all? My bed is like a little boat; Nurse helps me in when I embark. She girds me in my little coat, and starts me in the dark.

And so to dream.

It must have occurred to everyone that since a child's life under his own direction is conducted all in play, whether else where in school he is carried on in that medium, or at the very least connected with play as closely as possible. Why should there stretch such an abyss between the nursery and the class-room? Ah, yes, they tell us, but life is not necessary it be, blunts honesty, dulls the zeal of whole-hearted endeavour; and if it come in much strength it will spoil all. The Child is the true amateur, he does what he likes for the love of it. Among all workers he is the player, and alone is fit to stand beside the genuine artist, the self-sacrificing physician and the inspired poet or seer. His hearty interest is a powerful engine which will carry a heavy load ever to its appointed destination. What though you claim to know where that may be, and to know also of a shorter route? Is it not better to follow the engine that pulls the train, rather than enter it, even though it is well with him to his roundabout? It may be that the way will prove more level and the countryside more beautiful. A child fol-

owing his natural bent will play. His whole power is in play. Beware of trying to make rivers run up hills instead of flowing the way they know.

To me it seems obvious where the trouble lies: the teacher works, whether consciously or unconsciously, on his own lines, and not in and for his children. The teacher may have a beautiful system, a course of work scheme, graded, and ordered in admirable shape, and thoroughly approved by his or her chief, and by his Majesty's inspector to boot. But what if the child's mind does not work orderly—that which happens to be the case. What will his Majesty do then, poor thing? What if a growing mind seems systematic progress (which also is true), and leaps back and forth over the field of study, now shining with the brilliance of a light full focussed, now showing as black as the back of a lighthouse lantern? Let us have outline schemes by all means, but leave the details to the hour in which it shall be told us what we shall do. Let us remember that without interest there is no learning, and since the child's interest is all in play it is necessary, whatever the matter in hand, that the method be a play-method. Otherwise there will be no guests at the table, and the feast will lie stale in our hands.

A Note on Second Chambers.

The Supplement on Second Chambers presented with a recent number of the "New Statesman" has been better, I think, if it had been edited with some purpose in view. It is as it is a series, not of essays, but rather of stiff and formal Fabian consular reports, and a few remarks by Professor Morgan and Mr. Snowden. Mr. Morgan writes, and large, and Mr. Snowden, as usual, writes like a minor pedant. Lord Esher is extremely disappointing; we shall come back to him presently.

So far as a few facts and correspondingly limited deductions go, Mr. Morgan's article is clear enough. It is true, as he says, that the "chances of life" of a Bill under the Parliament Act "depend on its being born in the first or second (at the most the third) session of a parliament," and in consequence "as many Bills as possible must be introduced in the first two or three years of a government's existence... The early sessions are thus, beyond all precedent, prolonged, while the debates themselves are no less exceptionally shortened." It follows that even if no other factor were taken into consideration—if it were admitted, for instance, that a vast mob of voters at election times were never carried away by the clamour of the moment, and that the measures they supported need never be reconsidered—this shortening of debates in the Lower House necessitates ample scrutiny, careful revision, in the Upper.

It is the principles underlying this revision, with all respect to Mr. Morgan, which form the real bases for the constitution of an Upper Chamber. In whose interests shall the revision of bills be made? In some countries, such as South Africa, Australia and Canada, it is clear that the Upper Chamber serves only the purposes of the wealthy classes: the Senators correspond to the rich men's club, and their main important task is to see that the working classes are held in check, politically and economically, as far as possible. Mr. Morgan says that "the chief function of Upper Houses in most foreign countries is to support the Ministry against the Lower House." This, it seems, was not at all a sound observation; the contrary is rather the case. In France and the United States, to give two well-known instances, the Senate is frequently in collision with the Lower House, which is equivalent to saying that it is in direct opposition to the Ministry.

The case of the Income Tax Bills, which have not yet been completamente forced through the Upper Houses in these two countries after years of agitation, is well known. In both these instances the vast majority of the nation is against the decision of the Lower House and in favour of the Upper House.
In one part of his article Mr. Morgan has introduced a little light; but he does not throw it directly on our own problems. He says: "The tendency in politics, as in economics, is towards the concentration of power in a few hands." There is a statement the significance of which is hardly realised by its author. It has always been the contention of writers in this journal that, generally speaking, economic power precedes political power; and if we find, as we do now find, that economic interests are being concentrated in fewer hands, it will be only natural for us to expect that political interests are also being gathered into fewer hands. Hence we have the dependence of the House of Commons on the Cabinet, and the Cabinet itself, uncontrolled, ordering the destinies of the country. Indeed, when we say Cabinet in this connection we cannot even refer to the whole Cabinet, but only to the Prime Minister. It was Mr. Asquith himself who, at the present time being controlled by Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Winston Churchill, and Mr. Lloyd George. The other Cabinet Ministers are not necessarily in the confidence of these four, until afterwards.

It happens, however, that the caucus system in England applies definitely, as yet, only to the House of Commons; and, although the influence of the orthodox political leaders is strong in the Lords, there is sufficiency of independent members among them to vote as they please; and they may even absent themselves from every debate without incurring the displeasure of a party whip, or of their constituents. It is clear, then, that purely economic interests are not yet dominant in the House of Lords. There are several other interests to be reckoned with there—the interests of the land, the interests of those peers who have not, perhaps, much land, but who possess the social influence that comes from long descent; the territorial influence that depends on a small as much as on a large estate; and, above all, the solid English character which—to take only one example of it—has made our civil service administration abroad so excellent, if not perfect, an instrument of government.

The whole history of the strength of England, and of England's great families, lies in those two words: territorial influence; and this brings us back to the question: In whose interests is our legislation to be revised in the Upper House? Since the rejection of the Budget, the readers of this journal are in the situation of those in the old peasantry who find that the noble or otherwise rye of their ancestors has been trampled under foot—Bills sent from the Commons to the Lords run the risk of genuine criticism and of insincere, hypocritical criticism. The first type of criticism comes from the less-known peers, the "Backwoodsmen," who represent the old, local and territorial interest; the insincere criticism comes from the rather financial Whig group of peers, headed by Lord Lansdowne and his colleagues, who work hand in glove with the party leaders in the Lower House. There are two comments to make on this first group of peers. To me they are preferable, infinitely preferable, to the second; but their influence is becoming smaller, and their instincts are not sufficiently sound to atone for their intellectual stupidity. It is no doubt true, as Nietzsche said in one of his later works, that intellect must be qualified by blood (i.e., descent, good birth) before it can be of much use for cultural or any other high purposes; but blood without sufficient intellect to make up for lack of instinct is as useless as a venture to submit to the Nietzscheans, as intellect without blood. While the Whig criticism of Bills is insincere, the "die-hard" criticism usually misses its mark—it is ill founded, it is unscientific; or something happens in the trend to upset it.

In spite of all, the local influence of these territorial peers is still so strong that it cannot be neglected by any one who is aiming at a complete reconstruction of our Second Chamber. Mr. Morgan thinks that "we are forced to consider a system of indirect election by electoral colleges." He goes on to imply that we shall draw upon the county councillors, the district councillors, delegates of parish councils, and the county or county borough members, to obtain electoral colleges. It seems to me that this suggestion is as inept as the comparison between England and France. We have had no revolution here to alter completely the number, influence, and importance of our great county families, noble or otherwise. The French people are bound, in most cases, to draw upon the equivalents of our county councillors and parliamentary boroughs, in order to have other local worthies. In England we are very differently situated; and the experience of foreign peoples with second chambers, although of some interest to the political scientist, is of little guidance to us. Nationality is more important than the multiplicity of institutions which have been made by Englishmen, not by pedants. Our old families, I repeat, rich or poor, are still powerful; and cognisance must be taken of this fact when the revision of our House of Lords is being considered.

In two respects practically all the other contributors to this Supplement appear implicitly to agree with Mr. Morgan. In the first place, they would give us to understand that the Second Chamber, under whatever name it may have been formed, is the final arbiter abroad, and that occasional conflicts between the two Houses are almost inevitable. Mr. Robert Dell writes four columns on the French Senate without mentioning the Conseil d'Etat; Mr. Sydney Brooks writes nearly five columns about the American Senate with only a casual reference to the Supreme Court. The Supreme Court, however, is the interpreter of the American Constitution; and it may, as such, condemn any act which does not seem to be in accordance with the spirit of the Constitution. To note all the instances in which it has exercised this power would fill a "New Statesman" Supplement—I commend the suggestion to the Editor. As for the French Conseil d'Etat, it is presided over by no less a distinguished body than the Minister of Justice for the time being, and it is consulted on various legislative and administrative questions. In practice its powers are seldom exercised in opposition to the Government of the day, because it gives the Government hints before Bills are finally passed; and no Government, however strong, can afford to ignore this Napoleonic institution.

I think the writers of the Supplement ought to have kept these facts in mind and communicated them to their readers, who have no sense of the situation. Mr. Morgan, in the first place, they would give us to understand that the Second Chamber, under whatever name it may have been formed, is the final arbiter abroad, and that occasional conflicts between the two Houses are almost inevitable. Mr. Robert Dell writes four columns on the French Senate without mentioning the Conseil d'Etat; Mr. Sydney Brooks writes nearly five columns about the American Senate with only a casual reference to the Supreme Court. The Supreme Court, however, is the interpreter of the American Constitution; and it may, as such, condemn any act which does not seem to be in accordance with the spirit of the Constitution. To note all the instances in which it has exercised this power would fill a "New Statesman" Supplement—I commend the suggestion to the Editor. As for the French Conseil d'Etat, it is presided over by no less a distinguished body than the Minister of Justice for the time being, and it is consulted on various legislative and administrative questions. In practice its powers are seldom exercised in opposition to the Government of the day, because it gives the Government hints before Bills are finally passed; and no Government, however strong, can afford to ignore this Napoleonic institution.

In the second place, the contributors appear to assume—Mr. Snowden states his belief explicitly—that foreign countries have adopted the bicameral system only because England did so; and the possibility of Single-Chamber government in England brings with it the consequent probability of Single-Chamber government abroad. This is also bad reasoning on our information. It is surely well known that all Europe, and not merely England, is indebted to Rome for its constitutional practice; and even in the time of the Kings, at the very foundation of the State, we were nearer Rome had a senate as well as a popular assembly. This principle, of course, was maintained under the Republic.

Lord Esher disappointed me because his facts were wrong. He says, for example, ""Political power—that is to say, power of government and of legislation—has passed under the ultimate control of the masses of people who work for their daily bread, all day and every day."" Tell this to the rank and file of the trade unions! Again, the information on current events poured out daily for the people, information far more extensive and accurate than our oligarchic forefathers ever got by gossip and pamphlets, is a very formidable
and quite new factor.” It was this sentence that led me to loosen my collar. The gossip that made its slow way from the coffee-rooms and clubs of London up to a century ago was, in essentials, more accurate by far than the distorted information supplied by our modern newspapers. We have only to read the report of any political event, such as the South African strike, to realise that. Rapidity in the transmission of news and the circulation of newspapers has not been accompanied with care in regard to facts or comments; and if frequently happens in newspapers nowadays that social and political exigencies necessitate the telling of lies.

"Il s'agit de faire penser," concludes Mr. Morgan, quoting Montesquieu. If he had written "d'ennuyer" he would have correctly described the effect of the Supplement on at least one of its attentive readers.

S. VERDAD.

**Art and National Guilds.**

By Arthur J. Penty.

The writers of the articles on National Guilds ask whether under the name of "Guild Collectivism"—under which, in my recent article on "Art and Social Reform," art would not prosper—I or refer to National Guilds; and, if so, what is the feature in it which, being shared in common with "Bureaucratic Collectivism," is fatal to art?

In this article, therefore, I propose to state my position with regard to "National Guilds." At the outset, then, let me say that art would presumably be gathered from the context, by "Guild Collectivism," I refer to the scheme for the "control of industry" which the Fabian Society is now engaging in formulating. I called it "Guild Collectivism" because I view their activities in this connection as a step in the attempt to rehabilitate Collectivism in the eyes of Socialists; for the Fabian Society is Collectivist by temperament, and in practice opportunistic, though its members may find it expedient to profess a belief in Guilds. I am convinced that they are entirely destitute of the Guild spirit, and that any scheme which they formulated would in practice be bureaucratic. This will result inevitably from their underlying thought, which is quantitative rather than qualitative, in its conceptions of society. Moreover, as Mr. and Mrs. Webb are to write the final report of the commission of inquiry, and as their article which I analysed recently shows them to be utterly destitute of any conception of the true relationship which art bears to society; it is evident that any proposal of theirs will be inimical to art. Do figs grow on thistles?

My attitude towards National Guilds is different. With regard to the articles in The New Age, I do not look upon the scheme there set forth as a final statement of the case for Guilds, but I do feel them to be a most valuable contribution to the subject. If I do not agree with all the conclusions of the "Writers of the Articles," I do feel them to be possessed of the Guild spirit, and such differences as I have with them, arise, I think, more from a difference of emphasis than from a fundamentally different way of thinking such as separates me from the Fabian Society. This difference of emphasis induces, I think, from our having approached the problem from different points of view. I came to believe in the need of restoring the Guilds by a consideration of the problems which surround the practice of architecture and the crafts in the modern world, whereas the New Age writers arrived at the same belief from a more general consideration of the needs of democracy.

Now it is to be observed that though the interests of architecture and the crafts and the interests of democracy are ultimately identical, it is nevertheless true that in the interests of the crafts, which are considered, the immediate need of architecture and the crafts is to re-establish their authority. This is, of course, a peculiarly modern situation. No such question could possibly have arisen in the Middle Ages, because at that time, when a knowledge of the arts was a common possession of the whole people, it mattered little to the arts how power was distributed within the community, for beauty was then as inevitable and customary as ugliness is to-day. But in our own day, when the knowledge of art is literally an esoteric doctrine known only to a very limited few, and when the artist carries on a very precarious existence, any slight economic or political change may easily end in catastrophe; for if anything is done which alters the economic position of art, its wealth is reduced to a minimum, and it soon disappears entirely from the modern world, and with it all hopes of peaceful reform, for as I tried to show in my last article, the revival of the arts and crafts is indispensable to social reform.

To every architect the question of the way in which the arts and crafts are administered is of the utmost importance. The arts are commercials measures must at the same time be adopted to relieve the pressure which does not belong to the arts themselves, and to convert the system of industry would be united. Hence it is that I regard the Guild System as the only system under which industry may be properly organised, I regard it more as a goal at which to aim than as a practical policy of immediate reform. Before Guilds are established commercialism will remain. I am not denying that I question the possibility of establishing them until this has been achieved. In the accomplishment of this indispensable step time is an all-important factor. We do not believe in commercialism as much as we did. With a great number of people to-day commercialism is a matter of necessity rather than choice. Hence, while it is necessary to insist upon the moral reformation which must precede the abolition of commercialism measures must at the same time be adopted to relieve the pressure which does not belong to the arts themselves, and to convert them to non-commercialism against their choice, and this it is possible to do if we think the matter out.
Firstly, as regards a reformation of morals. Recognising that the love of money is at the root of commercialism, how can we keep this motive in check? In his efforts to secure the unity of the Athenian state, Solon sought to achieve his ends less by means of economic legislation than by the regulation of habits and customs. He was wise enough to have discovered two and a half centuries before Aristotle that it is more important to form good habits than to frame good laws. Accordingly he legislated against luxury, which in his day showed a tendency to increase; he acted upon the principle that the best way to get control of an evil is to remove its cause. He reasoned that inequalities of wealth owe their origin to the love of money, which in its turn owes its origin to an undue craving for pleasure and luxury. Aristotle thought that the position of women in society should be clearly defined and that their lives should be carefully regulated in view of the fact that a strongly marked tendency towards luxury is characteristic of the sex. He argued that this desire for luxury on the part of women when they have too much liberty brings about the ruin of States, inasmuch as it results in a competition for wealth on the part of men. Suffragists might do worse than ponder on this.

Applying to industry the principle of Solon that the regulation of manners is necessary to moral reform, an effort should be made, for example, to regulate advertising. The "manners" of trade must be reformed before it will be possible to reform its morals.

Then, we must destroy that worship of bigness and success which vitiates modern life. It has much to do with the growth of large organisations which are the strongholds of commercialism, while it undermines our capacity for resistance to evils of all kinds. It is unnecessary for me to do more than mention this, as I analysed the problem in three articles entitled, "The Peril of Large Organisations," which appeared in The New Age on January 11, 18, and 25, 1912.

We must also face the question of machinery, for the increasing pressure which its ever extended use places on the individual is the greatest of all the factors which make for the growth of the commercial spirit. Here again I must refer the reader to a recent article in The New Age, in which I analysed the problem. *Behind all this there is the still larger problem of the growth of towns and the depopulation of the countryside. If we are to abolish commercialism we must reverse this process. As land reform is not my subject, I can do no more than emphasise its importance. The time is not far distant when even landlords will come to recognise that land reform is imperative to rational stability. Emigration should be encouraged in order that we may not be dependent upon foreign markets. This dependence is another of the roots of commercialism. "A nation, says Mr. Lowes Dickinson, "that is politically stable must be economically independent." Such, then, it appears to me are some of the root causes of commercialism, and I am persuaded that it will be impossible to rid ourselves of the commercial spirit so long as these causes remain. The Socialist propaganda is on too narrow a basis. It deals more with effects than with causes. We must get rid of the supposition that by merely superimposing systems all evils can be regulated. This certainly is not the case. Not until we widen the scope of our propaganda shall we be really effective."

My criticism of National Guilds is directed less against the aim of the proposal than against the manner of procedure. The propaganda, as I have already said, should regard Guilds more as a goal to be aimed at than as something to be immediately accomplished. There is a tendency to place too much reliance upon strikes. It would be far better to aim at building up industry from new centres by co-operative organisation of small workshops. Small workshops and local markets provide the indispensable basis for the survival of the arts and crafts, and in so far as the "National Guilds" idea is in favour of these it has my support.

As a generalisation the "abolition of wagery" touches the central defect of the present system, but that, I am inclined to think, is not because wages are necessarily and inevitably evil, but because under a system of large industries wages involve slavery. With small industries the evil would not be felt, for a man would then only work for wages for a part of his life, and as he would at any time be in a position to engage in business on his own account he would be able to bargain for a just wage. The alternative of "pay" seems to me to involve bureaucracy, and that, to my way of thinking, is fatal. Further, it would be impossible to regularise wages unless commercialism were first abolished, and the arts revived, for, as I pointed out in my last article, the instability of fashion, which is such a disturbing element in so many industries has its roots in the degradation of taste.

Finally, I would say that though I have criticised the "National Guilds" it is not in a disparaging spirit. Though I am unable to accept the proposal as a complete solution of our problems, it has this to its credit — that it has revolutionised thinking upon social questions and raised the tone of discussion. It has within itself the germ of growth, and the best guarantee of this is that the writers of the articles welcome criticism rather than resenting it.

**Present-Day Criticism.**

Our readers will recollect an opinion given by Mr. Caldwell Cook, the master of the Perse College, affirming the superior value of the Norse traditions above the Greek as poetical subject. Our own opinion, of course, is the reverse; and although we would not argue bitterly against Mr. Caldwell Cook's use of the Norse mythology for his boys, there seems to be small reason for his preference on the ground that the Greek traditions are less crude than the Norse, for this is their superiority. The boys belong to a civilisation which, at its best, stands upon Greek culture. If they are not to be as aliens, they must carry forward this civilisation with its complex culture, and to turn them towards a tradition which has been rejected by the genius of England is turning them from their destined task and depriving them of familiarity with the high standards raised by their forefathers. Cultural education is not simply a matter of teaching, but of awakening the mind to its highest heritage. Our heritage, needless to say, is not the violent and sentimental Norse tradition, which concerns us as little as the tradition of the cruel and feebile Druids, those abortive culturalists of these islands.

Leaving aside the question of what may be given without too great waste and injury to young boys, we may consider the decline of many modern men of talent upon the crude and barbaric, and, on the other hand, the signs of inherited high culture among the proletariat.

The preference for the barbaric is false in people who have transcended the barbaric, and, if such an inclination be not temporary, soon to be examined and set aside as narrowing to the judgment, the result must be decadence. Not courage or clear mind sends us seeking in barbarism for inspiration, but inability to support and use the stupendous culture which our unenlightened, un-bewildered ancestors mightily supported, and used, and added unto for bequeathal to us. If we cannot bear


† See concluding article on "The Restoration of the Guild System," September 4, 1913.
this culture up, it will bear us down—for to get rid of it is not in our power! A sufficiently terrifying position is this to have caused the collapse, partial or complete, of hundreds who have realised how vast the world is compared with Atlas. On every hand, our little Atlases are trying to edge away from the world of culture upon their mental shoulders. It were a spectacle to move the gods if gods could interfere with destiny. In a fashion there is bravery—the bravery of the insane—in the modern imaginary flight from culture; for, since the exasperated heirs of culture cannot move from under their heritage, they do, with a sort of maddened exasperation, attempt impatiently to shift a part of that which has often been suffered and, sometimes, has been surpassed. When it is surpassed, a nation is with its cultural re-birth. The symptoms of cultural panic may be two, namely, intense fear of stirring from formal tradition, and, more rarely, craving for release from all forms. Out of such a state of cultural panic, Dante led the Italian, the English, Rousseau the French: each took the way towards nature, towards simplicity, towards patriotism. We may consider briefly the cultural power in these three men. Each succeeded in saving his nation from cultural decadence. One basic similarity of method characterised each of the three—natural, simple, patriotic defence, selection and use of his native language. In so far as Rousseau failed as a man, he failed as a saviour compared with either Dante or Spenser. He left chaos in many respects where the others left exemplary order. Whereas they led always upward and away from artificial barbarism, he went often so near to it that those that followed him became bewildered and demented, and Rousseau was blamed for the excesses of even revolutionary France. He did not, indeed, bear the cultural heritage of France as Dante bore that of Italy, or Spenser that of England. He attempted impatiently to shift a part of that which they raised complete on their genius. His lead was from no great predecessor, as Dante led from Virgil and Spenser from Chaucer, but he tried to lead from himself alone, with the consequence that all his cultural efforts were partial, egotistic and provincial. Whereas they characterised each of the three—natural, simple, patriotic—nature was receptacle of culture from which our own English artists have drawn—then the Greek culture will profit the English proletariat whose progress is under the genius of England. The ignorant, upstart and doomed plutocracy desires to despise the Greek culture. It would suit them perfectly for the proletariat to follow Nordic traditions. But every patriotic artist and publicist will see to it that the culture from which our own genius is a re-birth shall be well understood among the rising people.

By Tesserae.

O yesterday, difficult even to remember, where hast thou gone, bearing away my unheeded acts and speech? Alas! Thou wilt return unto me my sum of doings surely as yester-year now heaps within my reluctant arms the monsters I then created, heedless of Time.

* * *

If one is attached to truth this must be for its own sake, for so seldom that one may say, never, is truth-speaking to one's immediate interest. There is such delight in the pursuit of truth that persons who are habituated to this pursuit do not easily let it go. And although, for the reason that we do not know what truth is, a man has no claim to die for his idea of it, yet he has a claim to determine all his personal acts according to his idea of truth; for we know very well what truth is not in most instances even if we do not know what it is in all instances: We know that truth is not in theft, flattery, slander, profiteering, way-laying or murder, since all these acts require deception for their sanction. Yet even habitual truth-speakers often fail to push their opinions even to legitimate extremes in conduct. It is so easy to let oneself off with a recognition of the truthful course, saying, "I know what I ought to do, though I may not do it," and taking one's knowledge for the deed. The penalty for this is a loss of dignity which leaves one at the mercy of chance.

It is a rare soul that is in disinterested love with truthful conduct in regard to liberality, charity, mercy, and control of mind and body as many of us are in love with the mere recognition of truth. Not many persons have a love of subduing their personality in the service of, even, Art, which has visible results and rewards, let alone in the service of the Creation that can with difficulty be seen except in so far as it appears grossly to serve man. No wonder that the great Teachers and heroes are regarded as incarnate gods and portions of gods, for to serve Creation is a culture we mortals can scarcely glimpse.

* * *

It is the way of most of the popular writers to mention all things commonly; that is, to write of noble and ignoble things in terms which divert perception from the difference in the things themselves. Thus the author runs no risk of the reader throwing down the book from the terror he would feel if he were brought in con-
tact with what is horrible and also undecorated, or from the mysterious fear of beauty which seizes "those that hate the Muses." But all gates to hell are the same breadth. The reader is lost who accepts the presentation of ugliness when it is veiled in words stolen from beauty.

May the following observation be printed in invisible ink, or I shall certainly lose life-long friends. I see married women with a certain artistic talent commercially exploited under conditions of servility which you would suppose would drive them to their knees polishing floors by honourable preference; and it is all done precisely to escape polishing their very own floors! This, to my mind, is very mad. I was present once while a great female genius instructed another woman, and she was spoken to by that woman for whose wretched libretto she was engaging to supply music to suit. I agree that a wife needs a woman companion; but a man has a home but merely a house where he falls over superfluous females at every step. Where are those women who should be companions, taking their place unobtrusively in the household, saving their salt at every handsturn, and respectable as only a woman can be? Is it not thereby excused, but is resting on self-deception, for she invites indignities merely to provide economic independence for a servant, another female. The married man will urge that she disliked housework, as though this were quite enough to justify her in falling as a housewife after accepting the office with all its privileges, securities, and emoluments.

I agree that a wife needs a woman companion; but a man has a home but merely a house where he falls over superfluous females at every step. Where are those women who should be companions, taking their place unobtrusively in the household, saving their salt at every handsturn, and respectable as only a woman can be? Is it not thereby excused, but is resting on self-deception, for she invites indignities merely to provide economic independence for a servant, another female. The married man will urge that she disliked housework, as though this were quite enough to justify her in falling as a housewife after accepting the office with all its privileges, securities, and emoluments.

I agree that a wife needs a woman companion; but a man has a home but merely a house where he falls over superfluous females at every step. Where are those women who should be companions, taking their place unobtrusively in the household, saving their salt at every handsturn, and respectable as only a woman can be? Is it not thereby excused, but is resting on self-deception, for she invites indignities merely to provide economic independence for a servant, another female. The married man will urge that she disliked housework, as though this were quite enough to justify her in falling as a housewife after accepting the office with all its privileges, securities, and emoluments.

I agree that a wife needs a woman companion; but a man has a home but merely a house where he falls over superfluous females at every step. Where are those women who should be companions, taking their place unobtrusively in the household, saving their salt at every handsturn, and respectable as only a woman can be? Is it not thereby excused, but is resting on self-deception, for she invites indignities merely to provide economic independence for a servant, another female. The married man will urge that she disliked housework, as though this were quite enough to justify her in falling as a housewife after accepting the office with all its privileges, securities, and emoluments.

I agree that a wife needs a woman companion; but a man has a home but merely a house where he falls over superfluous females at every step. Where are those women who should be companions, taking their place unobtrusively in the household, saving their salt at every handsturn, and respectable as only a woman can be? Is it not thereby excused, but is resting on self-deception, for she invites indignities merely to provide economic independence for a servant, another female. The married man will urge that she disliked housework, as though this were quite enough to justify her in falling as a housewife after accepting the office with all its privileges, securities, and emoluments.

I agree that a wife needs a woman companion; but a man has a home but merely a house where he falls over superfluous females at every step. Where are those women who should be companions, taking their place unobtrusively in the household, saving their salt at every handsturn, and respectable as only a woman can be? Is it not thereby excused, but is resting on self-deception, for she invites indignities merely to provide economic independence for a servant, another female. The married man will urge that she disliked housework, as though this were quite enough to justify her in falling as a housewife after accepting the office with all its privileges, securities, and emoluments.

I agree that a wife needs a woman companion; but a man has a home but merely a house where he falls over superfluous females at every step. Where are those women who should be companions, taking their place unobtrusively in the household, saving their salt at every handsturn, and respectable as only a woman can be? Is it not thereby excused, but is resting on self-deception, for she invites indignities merely to provide economic independence for a servant, another female. The married man will urges that she disliked housework, as though this were quite enough to justify her in falling as a housewife after accepting the office with all its privileges, securities, and emoluments.

I agree that a wife needs a woman companion; but a man has a home but merely a house where he falls over superfluous females at every step. Where are those women who should be companions, taking their place unobtrusively in the household, saving their salt at every handsturn, and respectable as only a woman can be? Is it not thereby excused, but is resting on self-deception, for she invites indignities merely to provide economic independence for a servant, another female. The married man will urges that she disliked housework, as though this were quite enough to justify her in falling as a housewife after accepting the office with all its privileges, securities, and emoluments.

I agree that a wife needs a woman companion; but a man has a home but merely a house where he falls over superfluous females at every step. Where are those women who should be companions, taking their place unobtrusively in the household, saving their salt at every handsturn, and respectable as only a woman can be? Is it not thereby excused, but is resting on self-deception, for she invites indignities merely to provide economic independence for a servant, another female. The married man will urges that she disliked housework, as though this were quite enough to justify her in falling as a housewife after accepting the office with all its privileges, securities, and emoluments.

I agree that a wife needs a woman companion; but a man has a home but merely a house where he falls over superfluous females at every step. Where are those women who should be companions, taking their place unobtrusively in the household, saving their salt at every handsturn, and respectable as only a woman can be? Is it not thereby excused, but is resting on self-deception, for she invites indignities merely to provide economic independence for a servant, another female. The married man will urges that she disliked housework, as though this were quite enough to justify her in falling as a housewife after accepting the office with all its privileges, securities, and emoluments.

I agree that a wife needs a woman companion; but a man has a home but merely a house where he falls over superfluous females at every step. Where are those women who should be companions, taking their place unobtrusively in the household, saving their salt at every handsturn, and respectable as only a woman can be? Is it not thereby excused, but is resting on self-deception, for she invites indignities merely to provide economic independence for a servant, another female. The married man will urges that she disliked housework, as though this were quite enough to justify her in falling as a housewife after accepting the office with all its privileges, securities, and emoluments.

I agree that a wife needs a woman companion; but a man has a home but merely a house where he falls over superfluous females at every step. Where are those women who should be companions, taking their place unobtrusively in the household, saving their salt at every handsturn, and respectable as only a woman can be? Is it not thereby excused, but is resting on self-deception, for she invites indignities merely to provide economic independence for a servant, another female. The married man will urges that she disliked housework, as though this were quite enough to justify her in falling as a housewife after accepting the office with all its privileges, securities, and emoluments.

I agree that a wife needs a woman companion; but a man has a home but merely a house where he falls over superfluous females at every step. Where are those women who should be companions, taking their place unobtrusively in the household, saving their salt at every handsturn, and respectable as only a woman can be? Is it not thereby excused, but is resting on self-deception, for she invites indignities merely to provide economic independence for a servant, another female. The married man will urges that she disliked housework, as though this were quite enough to justify her in falling as a housewife after accepting the office with all its privileges, securities, and emoluments.
TEMPLE OF THE SIBYL. By Fred Richards.
Readers and Writers.

By all accounts the next few months will see the addition of a number of weekly and monthly journals to the already over-crowded market. Let me hasten at once to disclaim the deduction that I am jealous of their appearance in competition with The New Age. I am not. We can never be overcrowded with necessities or even with luxuries. What produces the sense of overcrowding is the multiplication of the identical, the mere repetition; and it is precisely this effect that I most fear and anticipate. Without pretending to omniscience I may nevertheless say that there is scarcely a writer living in England with whose work I am not acquainted; and if my judgment is equal to my opportunities some value should attach to my conclusion that among them all there is no group capable at present of creating a new journal of an original character. The comparative ease, however, with which journals can be started nowadays is a great temptation to add to their number without much consideration. The improbability of so frequent a complex of happy circumstances as are required really to "found" a journal is forgotten; and thus one new paper follows another with the rapidity and ephemeralism of intellectual rhymes and fancies.

Of the two new Quarterlies, the first issues of which have just appeared, neither, in my opinion, is strictly necessary. "The Candid Quarterly" (5s. net), edited by Mr. Gibson Bowles, is very able in the accepted sense of Carlyle's "able editor"; but none of its views are of such a character that they could not otherwise have found expression or were not, in fact, already being expressed. Mr. Bowles' opinions of a positive nature fall into two classes, those finding weekly expression in the New Witness and those finding weekly expression in The New Age. Outside these two areas the "Candid Quarterly" has not only nothing to say, but its range within them is circumscribed. I will say nothing—for there is nothing to be said—of the "literary and artistic" side of the "New Witness"; but the "literary" affairs included specifically in the prospectus and on the title-page of the "Candid Quarterly" simply receive no mention in the first issue. The three hundred pages are given up to political and economic subjects completely. By definition the "Political Quarterly" (5s., or 10s. annually) restricts itself to these departments; but, once again, with no originality to justify a fresh publication. Is there one of the articles in the current issue that would not easily have found a home in an existing Review? I cannot say. Even if it were not so it is evident that "Quarterly" is a wasteful superfluity. I go a little further in the case of one article—that of Professor A. D. Lindsay on "The State in Recent Political Theory." Its ignorance is disgraceful in a new review. Among his statements regarding the recent Socialist revival is this, that "the men who five years ago would have called themselves Socialists and given everything to the State now call themselves Syndicalists and can find no place for it." That is the information we expect from the "Times" or General Smuts; it is unforgivable in a professed student.

In the midst of his trivial reactions of his trivial observations among trivial people, Mr. George Moore in the "English Review" makes one remark the discussion of which might be useful. "The source," he says, "the sayability, to which language is refreshed—rural English—is being destroyed by Council Schools; and God help the writer who puts pen to paper in fifty years' time." I do not agree with either the implied propositions, but I do not deny that there is something to be said for the sources of literature in the dialect are indeed in danger of drying up, if they are not dried up already; the great "Dialect Dictionary" has, in fact, as good as reported on the post-mortem of local variations. But on the other hand, the colloquial is always with us and offers the prospect of a boundless reciprocity with literary language. Admitting for the sake of the argument that literary language is the synthesis of dialects, its perpetuation is only possible when the hand of art is interposed and in their turn restored to common colloquial currency. Literature, so to say, takes up dialect and, after using it, restores it to speech in a purified and universal instead of local form. Thus the perfection of ancient Greek was to be found, I should say, in Plato and Demosthenes, two of the simplest and most colloquial writers that ever lived. Swift in English is often indis-tinguishable from careful conversation; and, generally, style becomes perfect as it becomes natural—that is, colloquial. Thus the future of the wind may be fog. Mr. Scott-Jones' talent for vulgarity, his place is amply filled by Mr. R. A. Scott-James. Under the title of "The Real Decadent" Mr. Scott-James ventures into denunciations of people who either do not exist or of whom himself is a specimen. Who, I wonder, are the "tub-thumping supermen" whom Mr. Scott-James describes, without naming, as standing on Nietzsche's stilts and arrogating to themselves the direction of culture? Out with their names! No beating about the bush in such a hunt! But it is not of these affairs that Mr. Scott-James is really contemptuous, he says; but of the pedants, mandarins, and men of university culture who, ostrich-like [original phrase!] refuse to see the great popular movements, men and opinions, of our day—Larkin and Larkinism, to wit; Giovannetti; Haywood and the I.W.W. ! For loftily refusing to feel the significance of these, culture to-day is damned. Yet was it not Mr. Scott-James who only a week or two ago in a long contemporary history of the British Press managed to omit The New Age and yet to include "John Bull"? It was.

The coming-of-age of the "Westminster Gazette," being an event without parallel in its history, was made the occasion of congratulation from its competitors—among them the "Daily News." But it is perhaps natural that "Quarterly" should say, in Plato and Aristotle's terms, good fellowship and even common fairness are rare among them and are growing rarer. Will the "Daily News" note that among all the Press-references to the exhibition of cartoons by Mr. Rosciszewsky, not a single journal, including itself, mentioned that the drawings had appeared in The New Age, though one journal (the "Daily Sketch," I think), in gossip said to have been written by Mr. Titterton, did discover that "Tom-titt" had once contributed to "L'Assiette au Beurre," a French magazine.

I think if I were M. Bergson I should begin to recount my philosophy; for to the extent that it is pragmatic its disciples condemn it. His lectures at the Paris University are now so popular amongst the ladies that not only has he had to protest against the unbearable odours
of perfume brought in by them, but on account of the crush of fashion and the keenness of his audience to his colleagues, as he has now been compelled to alter the time of his recent lecture to 2.30 instead of 5 p.m. when ladies are at lunch.

Things culminated last week when his audience, to ensure seats for his lecture, took up their places at the lecture by M. Leroy-Beaulieu who preceded him; and this they interrupted and, in fact, stopped, by chattering, wrangling and singing the Marseillaise. "From a popular philosophy," said Coleridge, "Good Lord deliver us." But the prayer should be reserved for a philosophy and a philosopher popular among women.

The points contained in Mr. Ludovici's long letter published elsewhere are really of more importance to Nietzscheans than to National Guildsmen. It was with the foolish hope of diverting Mr. Ludovici from his bogey pursuit of airy notions that I called his attention to Nietzsche's aphorism on the future organisation of industry. That aphorism I still maintain contains the germ of what Mr. Ludovici would have the Guilds could its requirements be carried out. That an Army and a Guild are not on all fours I am, of course, aware; but their similarities are sufficient to justify the drawing of a proximate parallel. Rent, Interest and Profit, for example, are eliminated from both. So is the folly of divorcing the Guilds from the presidential institutions actually change together and so inseparably.

Both, in my opinion, are wrong, for values and interests exist to produce wealth. But Mr. Ludovici is after a plutocracy of to-day with any street-corner ranter, he would not imperil the existence of a wealthy class by abolishing the wage-system on which wealth, as he knows, assumes that values arise from the institutions, we know, assume that values arise from institutions. Mr. Ludovici, a Catholic strayed into the domain of wealth, would not imperil the existence of a wealthy class by abolishing the wage-system on which wealth, as he knows, assumes that values arise from the institutions, we know, assume that values arise from institutions. Mr. Ludovici, a Catholic strayed into the domain of wealth, would not imperil the existence of a wealthy class by abolishing the wage-system on which wealth, as he knows, assumes that values arise from the institutions, we know, assume that values arise from institutions. Mr. Ludovici, a Catholic strayed into the domain of wealth, would not imperil the existence of a wealthy class by abolishing the wage-system on which wealth, as he knows, assumes that values arise from the institutions, we know, assume that values arise from institutions. Mr. Ludovici, a Catholic strayed into the domain of wealth, would not imperil the existence of a wealthy class by abolishing the wage-system on which wealth, as he knows, assumes that values arise from the institutions, we know, assume that values arise from institutions. Mr. Ludovici, a Catholic strayed into the domain of wealth, would not imperil the existence of a wealthy class by abolishing the wage-system on which wealth, as he knows, assumes that values arise from the institutions, we know, assume that values arise from institutions.

In the case of the living, however, they suffer by it. Having made inquiries already why I so often hate to read the eulogies of the dead. This Mr. Watt now— with his rhetoric about the dead Burns and his throb-bing this and flaming that—what would he make of Burns alive yet obscure? Probably nothing; and his case is common. Critics feel it safe to write about the dead, for nobody cares to correct them. Besides, they need only to read a dozen or so essays about a dead man to come without effort to an apparent judgment of their own. In the case of the living, however, they both risk a little, and are compelled to be original; and hence usually their failure. On the whole I prefer the criticisms written during an author's life to any written afterwards. So, I believe, do authors.

It is just occurred to me why I so often hate to read the eulogies of the dead. This Mr. Watt now—with his rhetoric about the dead Burns and his throb-bing this and flaming that—what would he make of Burns alive yet obscure? Probably nothing; and his case is common. Critics feel it safe to write about the dead, for nobody cares to correct them. Besides, they need only to read a dozen or so essays about a dead man to come without effort to an apparent judgment of their own. In the case of the living, however, they both risk a little, and are compelled to be original; and hence usually their failure. On the whole I prefer the criticisms written during an author's life to any written afterwards. So, I believe, do authors.

It is just occurred to me why I so often hate to read the eulogies of the dead. This Mr. Watt now—with his rhetoric about the dead Burns and his throb-bing this and flaming that—what would he make of Burns alive yet obscure? Probably nothing; and his case is common. Critics feel it safe to write about the dead, for nobody cares to correct them. Besides, they need only to read a dozen or so essays about a dead man to come without effort to an apparent judgment of their own. In the case of the living, however, they both risk a little, and are compelled to be original; and hence usually their failure. On the whole I prefer the criticisms written during an author's life to any written afterwards. So, I believe, do authors.

After my recent notes on the sins of other journals in the matter of mixing advertisements with literature, it was a great shock to me to find this journal guilty of a lapse. In the issue of February 5 an insignificant letter was broken in two to make room for an advertisement of Mr. Allen Upward's new novel, "The Divine Mystery." I have read the "Divine Mystery" as I read every book by Mr. Upward. He is an author who in many respects is a mystery himself, at once fascinating and repellent, stimulating and depressing, incredibly wise and incredibly silly; a study of him would be an admirable test for the powers of any contemporary critic, and I hereby invite them. But an advertisement of one of his works is not advantaged by a breach in the good manners of THE New Age. On the contrary, it suffers by it. Having made inquiries I am happy to say that neither Mr. Upward nor his publishers had any hand in the matter. I am further assured that such a thing will not occur again.

More translations of Croce, I hear, are shortly due; and I am looking for two in particular: his "Logic," and his work on Marx. Meanwhile, I have read his "Philosophy of Giambattista Vico" (Howard Latimer, 1os. 6d. net) with much pleasure. It chances that my recent comments on the difference between childishness and childlikeness are fully discussed in this volume; for Vico spent twenty-five years of intense study and reflection in endeavouring to re-enter the primitive and simple mind of the early race. Twenty-five years! Think of that, and of the seriousness and devotion of such a man as Vico; and then contrast this effort with the ease with which our latter-day primitives hope to enter heaven as little children. Vico's conclusion, I may add, was that after all he was only comparatively successful.

Now that Mr. Lansbury is back from America his long overdue explanation of his sudden dismissal of Mr. Lapworth from the editorship of the "Daily Herald" ought to appear. I cannot say that the "Daily Herald" has perceptibly improved under the new regime—whatever that may be. With less spirit than Mr. Lapworth put into it, the paper is even worse edited...
Towards the sunny plateau that lies between the Lebanon and the Anti-Lebanon. An exquisite green valley, surrounded by snow-capped mountains, unfolds itself at your feet. It is a valley smooth to the eye as a lawn, and, as I saw it then in March, soft with the touch of early spring. Upon its banks grow the vines of Syria, and farms are dotted over the low meadow land. Here, at a wayside station, on the edge of the plain, from a little ragged boy hard-boiled eggs (stained yellow with onion juice), coarse salt, and flat Arab bread, and made an excellent meal.

Spring in Damascus.

By Richard Curle.

In March the stony uplands of Palestine are covered with wild flowers and the barren wilderness blooms again. It is this, together with the Easter celebrations at Jerusalem, that draws travellers hither at a time of year when the nights are apt to be very cold. Even in Syria, where flowers are scantier and spring comes late, you will find cyclamen and dark red anemones flourish at Jerusalem, that draws travellers hither at a time of year when the nights are apt to be very cold. Even in Syria, where flowers are scantier and spring comes late, you will find cyclamen and dark red anemones flourish.

The habit of plastering advertisements on every page should also be given up; and if necessary the price of the paper should be raised to a penny.

R. H. C.
ancient and historic Damascus—here, is the green-tiled minaret of a mosque standing gracefully against the blue sky, there, in a marble-paved court, seen for an instant through a half-closed door, in which a fountain is bubbling.

I have said that the area of Damascus is remarkably small, and this, in fact, becomes at once apparent if you walk up to the suburb of Salahiyeh and look down upon the city spread beneath you from the side of that barren hill you see at once its close, compact formation. There are but two wings to Damascus, the street leading up to Salahiyeh and that of the Middan that straggles out of the town for about a mile of houses and granaries, and beyond from behind runs into the flat and beautiful plain to which Damascus is the key. Two days' journey to the south-east it loses itself in the desert, where the Barada, the city spread beneath. From the side of that barren hill you see at once its close, compact formation. It is from a neighbouring summit that Mohammed is said to have gazed upon the city and to have turned from it reluctantly with these words, 'Man can have his fancy on this beautiful city, but as long as the earth is left to an enemy as I should visit the Catholic as well as the Protestant cemetery. I stood a few minutes by Buckle's grave, where the tiny English cemetery whose unruffled stillness is), on the high road that still carries so much of the Aleppo traffic, you will travel for mile after mile through the finest fruit garden of Asia. In March it is still chilly beneath the laced and laden boughs where the sun cannot penetrate, but a little later when the universal green will have grown more profound, and when the peach blossom will have added its lustre to that of the trees, you can watch the figures of gardeners moving silently amongst the trees.

If you leave Damascus by the Bâb Tûma (the other side of the town from Salahiyeh), on the high road that still carries so much of the Aleppo traffic, you will travel for mile after mile through the finest fruit garden of Asia. In March it is still chilly beneath the laced and laden boughs where the sun cannot penetrate, but a little later when the universal green will have grown more profound, and when the peach blossom will have added its lustre to that of the trees, you can watch the figures of gardeners moving silently amongst the trees. If you leave Damascus by the Bâb Tûma (the other side of the town from Salahiyeh), on the high road that still carries so much of the Aleppo traffic, you will travel for mile after mile through the finest fruit garden of Asia. In March it is still chilly beneath the laced and laden boughs where the sun cannot penetrate, but a little later when the universal green will have grown more profound, and when the peach blossom will have added its lustre to that of the trees, you can watch the figures of gardeners moving silently amongst the trees.
In Damascus there are ancient Roman remains, and, no doubt, also, some of the memorials of Islam are very old. But at the best the age of Mohammedanism is but a breath. The pyramids of Egypt were hollow, thousand years before the Hegira; and Christianity itself was already an established religion at the birth of Mohammed. Curiously enough, the most excellent private example of an antique dwelling in Damascus belongs to a family of Jews, who are probably more careful of it than most Mohammedans would be. For Mohammedans are not touched with our modern ardour of preservation. They care for their souls and for the good things of this world, but they are neither artists nor antiquarians. The well-known Damascene bazaar is crudely garish and of a type that admits of little originality. Nasser, by the Bab Tuma, employs about 500 people in the making of gold, silver, brass and copper work and in the inlaying of tables and boxes in mother-of-pearl, rare woods, and camel bone. Many of the workers are little girls of five and upwards, and the more select inlaying is largely in the hands of Jews. They sit in rows, their black heads bent over the trays, every now and again glancing up with their shining, black eyes, and begging for baksheesh with vulgamar smiles.

Indeed, from the youngest to the oldest, the desire of profit is strongly ingrained in the Damascenes. Here, if you like, is a race of shopkeepers. Not only do they manufacture their own goods, but they have made Damascus the centre of a great Eastern trade. Hither come caravans laden with tobacco from Bagdad and silk carpets from Persia. And here, also, is the Northern terminus of the Hedjaz railway. It is singular how the railway but emphasises the conservatism of the Moslem Creed. For it is a line built to carry pilgrims towards Mecca, in the hope of eternal life, in the longing to gain the promised rewards of a voluptuous paradise. Indeed, the Oriental spirit lingers still within Damascus. In the dim byways and in the outlying parts little change can have fallen for hundreds of years. The electric tram and the cinematograph have made Damascus the centre of a great Eastern trade. It is remarkable, this feeling of freedom engendered by the sea, and I have felt it nowhere more mightily than at the spot where Harris sits in a fearful hole—what on earth are we going to do?—he exclaimed irritably.

"None that I can see, any way. All these disguises, too—sheer waste. How on earth did they detect Ross? That's what beats me." The elderly gentleman smiled sadly. "We have no definite explanation," he replied. "We never saw such a crowd enter into the joys of Heaven."

Though Damascus has so alluring a fascination, nevertheless, if I had to live in Syria, I had rather it were in a seaport like Beyrout than in the interior. For the apathy and lassitude of a purely Oriental atmosphere overwhelm one like an insuperable tide. But on the coast you hear ever the faint murmurs of the busy Western world. Where the lazy sea ruffles exhausted on the rocks you know that there starts the highway of the universe.

It is remarkable, this feeling of freedom engendered by the sea, and I have felt it nowhere more mightily than when I returned to Beyrout after my visit to Damascus. Beyrout is a town very deceptive to the casual traveller, who sees only the sordid and repulsive streets around the port, and judges of it accordingly. But up amongst the pine woods, amongst the flowering gardens and the lush, upward vegetation of its high outskirts, there is an exotic charm. Especially is this true at night when the frogs are croaking in every pool and darkness hides the snowy summits of the Lebanon.

But for sheer romance it is of Damascus I would speak first and last. Its very name conjures up all the glamour of the Arabian Nights. Is it not true, indeed, that Abou ben Adi, in the story of "Nourreddin of Damascus and the Damzel Sitt el Milah," exclaims rapturously "Damascus is all gardens for the pleasure of the eyes"? Its fame is no mushroom growth. The ground that Paul trod and where Saladin lies buried knew also the feet of the Roman conquerors. And now, at length, after its long Turkish subjection, it looks as if it might outlast the celebrated cities of Europe. For while the disintegrating influences of modern unrest do but ruffle its surface, and presently, in the height of obscurantism, it will slumber again. Let the Turks but depart without successors and we will hear no more of Occidental Civilisation. By the help of Allah and the Prophet the True Believers will stamp it out.

The Last of the Urbanasians.

By Arthur F. Thorn.

I ran into Snaith just as I was dodging up Adam and Eve Court. "Which way are you going?" he gasped, clutching me by the arm. "The club," I whispered. He gave a terrified glance round the corner into Oxford Street and then jumped back into the shadow. "For your life," he cried, and together we bolted into the darkness of the alley. "Are you quite certain of your bearings?" I gasped as we raced along. "Quite," he replied; "it'll take us just four minutes at this pace, providing—we are not followed." I was too breathless to inquire exactly how the position charge of what the other chaps had decided to do. "Ross was caught this morning," panted Snaith as he dragged me through a dirty little shop and up some unsightly stairs. "God knows where he is now. I stumbled up after him as best I could. "Is this the new branch?" I panted. Snaith did not reply, but shoved me into a very spacious room which was crowded with men of all ages, many of whom were complete strangers. "This is the last," exclaimed a tall, elderly gentleman, fighting his way from the further corner where he had been talking to a group of very excited members. "Glad to see you both safe. Have you heard about Ross?" Snaith nodded quickly and removed his hat. "Yes, we got a message this afternoon at the Charing Cross Branch. It's a damned shame. Just fancy, poor old Ross, one of the initiators too. Was he disguised when they caught him?" The elderly gentleman nodded. "That's just the extraordinary thing about it," he answered; "and it puts us in a fearful hole—what on earth are we going to do?" He shook his head. "The game's up," I interrupted. "They know the disguise now; you don't suppose it will hold good in the future, do you?" Snaith sat down and mooped his face with his hands. "There's no chance of escaping from London now," he exclaimed irritably. "None that I can see, any way. All these disguises, too—sheer waste. How on earth did they detect Ross? That's what beats me." The elderly gentleman smiled sadly. "We have no definite explanation," he replied. "Ross, as you know, was an exceptionally stout man, and above the average height. His make-up was adjusted with the usual care—anyhow, whoever it was that spotted him must have been very intimately acquainted with the male physique." He twiddled his thumbs in a forlorn manner. At that moment a little red-faced man burst into the room and locked the door behind him. "It's Harris," exclaimed Snaith, "he looks pretty done up." We made our way round him and waited for him to recover his breath. "I've just rushed over from the Kennington Swimming Baths!" his eyes bulged from his head. "What do you think," he cried, "they've burnt down the Charing Cross Branch!"

I fetched him a chair and endeavoured to calm him. "Well," exclaimed everybody excitedly, "what happened?" Harris moistened his lips, and struggled into a sitting posture. "They've captured them all—save Sarner—he's safe in the Kensington Branch. He's been there since one o'clock—and there's no food!""
in the Strand," he remarked in a feeble voice, as I loosened his blouse strings. "Tell a crowd about a crow—you'll need two Trafalgar Square walls, and I'll give you some idea, twelve of 'em had climbed up the Nelson Column with double-handed saws"—he paused, and his eyes bulged more than ever. "They've removed—they've removed Nelson!" The crowd fell howling, and Merrivale was in a perspiration of fear. "You'll hardly believe it," he continued, "but Peel's gone, too. There isn't a statue left standing in London bar Queen Elizabeth and Victoria." He struggled out of his skirt and drank a glass of brandy which Snaith had procured from downstairs. "That's going to happen next," he inquired Merivale nervesly, a fine, broad-shouldered youth of about thirty.

"God knows," replied Harris. "Frankly, I don't think we shall be able to hold out much longer; in the first place, there's the grub coming from with.

"Well," replied Harris, leaning forward. "I should say as many as there are in this room, and Sarner," he paused; "there's no doubt about it, they've got all the rest." The elderly gentleman made a calculation in his note-book. "Two hundred and one—hundreds and thousands—of the arms of the enemy"—he lowered his voice "of the enemy? We're boarded up in some other house," he said.

"How many of us do you suppose are still free?" He looked around him with a pathetically

"They simply swarm; you've no idea." 

Then he crawled back again with an expression of activity. "Millions," exclaimed Harris emphatically. "They've re- got us; it's all up; they heard us talking—fifteen of 'em waiting outside. It's all up," he added with a sigh. There was just sufficient to carry us through till the morning. Immediately there was an uproar. "Quiet, quiet," cried Harris, "they'll hear us. There was a sudden silence during which he crawled over to the ventilator and peered through into the street below. Then he crawled back again with an expression of terror upon his face. He held up his five fingers three times in succession. "Disguise," he whispered, rolling his eyes. "I value your freedom, disguise. They'd cut us; it's all up; they heard us talking—fifteen of 'em waiting outside. It's all up." There was an immediate rush for disguises; and in the chaos that followed, no single costume was properly adjusted. Harris was try- ing to form the distant shadow and sight, and Snaith, with the statement of a dictionary definition of a miracle,

"Miracles are acts of will, or purpose, or intelligence behind the senses. The presumption in favour of the occurrence of a miracle is an event, said Harris, "but it is not a Roman Catholic miracle. In the prologue and the first act, G. K. C. is concerned to establish a pre-

"Do Miracles Happen?" and Mr. Chesterton concluded that the resurrection of Jesus Christ was so stupendous a miracle as to compel him to believe that the church was commissioned by God to save the world and Mr. Chest-

"Miracles are acts of will, or purpose, or intelligence behind the senses. The presumption in favour of the occurrence of a miracle is an event, said Harris, "but it is not a Roman Catholic miracle. In the prologue and the first act, G. K. C. is concerned to establish a pre-

In spite of the fact that the discussion was opened with the statement of a dictionary definition of a miracle, which G. K. C. amended for the purposes of debate, the dis-putants could not even agree concerning the nature or characteristics of a miracle. G. K. C.'s amended definition was this: "A miracle is an event happening perceptible to the senses which indicates that there is a will, or purpose, or intelligence behind the happening thing." According to this definition, it would be a miracle if Mr. T. E. Hulme, accepting the challenges offered him in this journal, handed Jack Johnson the k.o., as the boxing experts phrase it. In G. K. C.'s loose rendering, this would be an "even," it would be perceptible to the senses, and it would in-

* Do Miracles Happen? A copy of the Recent Debate at the Little Theatre. ("Christian Commonwealth" Co. 6d.)
G. K. C. and Mr. Joseph McCabe) would fall down and worship Mr. Hulme, and, in addition, accept his 'elliptical symbols' as a new creation of the universe. Yet we find, according to G. K. C., similar contingencies attaching to a miracle; it is not merely the happening, the perceptibility, and the indication of a will, that describe a miracle. That a miracle must possess the power of compelling worship, and must prove some proposition about the universe, are assumptions not clearly stated by G. K. C., but which are none the less manifest in his speeches.

But if this be so, G. K. C.'s own example of a miracle is useless. If the mountains suddenly fell down, and something happened afterwards as if there were purpose in it, we should not be, as G. K. C. supposes, face to face with the problem of a personal God. If the problem of a personal God does not arise while mountains stand, and avalanches hit or miss the huts of the mountaineers, it will not arise because mountains, avalanches, huts, and mountaineers are all whelmed into an inextricable confusion. Let God hang out a sign proclaiming that alone he did it, the evidential value of this declaration would depend entirely on the nature of the individual mind. When a country house is burnt, and Suffragette literature is found near the scene, only the huts of the mountaineers, it will not arise because mountains, avalanches, huts, and mountaineers are all whelmed into an inextricable confusion. Let God hang out a sign proclaiming that alone he did it, the evidential value of this declaration would depend entirely on the nature of the individual mind. When a country house is burnt, and Suffragette literature is found near the scene, only the huts of the mountaineers, it will not arise because mountains, avalanches, huts, and mountaineers are all whelmed into an inextricable confusion. Let God hang out a sign proclaiming that alone he did it, the evidential value of this declaration would depend entirely on the nature of the individual mind.

When a country house is burnt, and Suffragette literature is found near the scene, only the huts of the mountaineers, it will not arise because mountains, avalanches, huts, and mountaineers are all whelmed into an inextricable confusion. Let God hang out a sign proclaiming that alone he did it, the evidential value of this declaration would depend entirely on the nature of the individual mind. When a country house is burnt, and Suffragette literature is found near the scene, only the huts of the mountaineers, it will not arise because mountains, avalanches, huts, and mountaineers are all whelmed into an inextricable confusion. Let God hang out a sign proclaiming that alone he did it, the evidential value of this declaration would depend entirely on the nature of the individual mind. When a country house is burnt, and Suffragette literature is found near the scene, only the huts of the mountaineers, it will not arise because mountains, avalanches, huts, and mountaineers are all whelmed into an inextricable confusion. Let God hang out a sign proclaiming that alone he did it, the evidential value of this declaration would depend entirely on the nature of the individual mind. When a country house is burnt, and Suffragette literature is found near the scene, only the huts of the mountaineers, it will not arise because mountains, avalanches, huts, and mountaineers are all whelmed into an inextricable confusion. Let God hang out a sign proclaiming that alone he did it, the evidential value of this declaration would depend entirely on the nature of the individual mind.

When a country house is burnt, and Suffragette literature is found near the scene, only the huts of the mountaineers, it will not arise because mountains, avalanches, huts, and mountaineers are all whelmed into an inextricable confusion. Let God hang out a sign proclaiming that alone he did it, the evidential value of this declaration would depend entirely on the nature of the individual mind. When a country house is burnt, and Suffragette literature is found near the scene, only the huts of the mountaineers, it will not arise because mountains, avalanches, huts, and mountaineers are all whelmed into an inextricable confusion. Let God hang out a sign proclaiming that alone he did it, the evidential value of this declaration would depend entirely on the nature of the individual mind. When a country house is burnt, and Suffragette literature is found near the scene, only the huts of the mountaineers, it will not arise because mountains, avalanches, huts, and mountaineers are all whelmed into an inextricable confusion. Let God hang out a sign proclaiming that alone he did it, the evidential value of this declaration would depend entirely on the nature of the individual mind. When a country house is burnt, and Suffragette literature is found near the scene, only the huts of the mountaineers, it will not arise because mountains, avalanches, huts, and mountaineers are all whelmed into an inextricable confusion. Let God hang out a sign proclaiming that alone he did it, the evidential value of this declaration would depend entirely on the nature of the individual mind. When a country house is burnt, and Suffragette literature is found near the scene, only the huts of the mountaineers, it will not arise because mountains, avalanches, huts, and mountaineers are all whelmed into an inextricable confusion. Let God hang out a sign proclaiming that alone he did it, the evidential value of this declaration would depend entirely on the nature of the individual mind. When a country house is burnt, and Suffragette literature is found near the scene, only the huts of the mountaineers, it will not arise because mountains, avalanches, huts, and mountaineers are all whelmed into an inextricable confusion. Let God hang out a sign proclaiming that alone he did it, the evidential value of this declaration would depend entirely on the nature of the individual mind. When a country house is burnt, and Suffragette literature is found near the scene, only the huts of the mountaineers, it will not arise because mountains, avalanches, huts, and mountaineers are all whelmed into an inextricable confusion. Let God hang out a sign proclaiming that alone he did it, the evidential value of this declaration would depend entirely on the nature of the individual mind. When a country house is burnt, and Suffragette literature is found near the scene, only the huts of the mountaineers, it will not arise because mountains, avalanches, huts, and mountaineers are all whelmed into an inextricable confusion. Let God hang out a sign proclaiming that alone he did it, the evidential value of this declaration would depend entirely on the nature of the individual mind. When a country house is burnt, and Suffragette literature is found near the scene, only the huts of the mountaineers, it will not arise because mountains, avalanches, huts, and mountaineers are all whelmed into an inextricable confusion. Let God hang out a sign proclaiming that alone he did it, the evidential value of this declaration would depend entirely on the nature of the individual mind. When a country house is burnt, and Suffragette literature is found near the scene, only the huts of the mountaineers, it will not arise because mountains, avalanches, huts, and mountaineers are all whelmed into an inextricable confusion. Let God hang out a sign proclaiming that alone he did it, the evidential value of this declaration would depend entirely on the nature of the individual mind. When a country house is burnt, and Suffragette literature is found near the scene, only the huts of the mountaineers, it will not arise because mountains, avalanches, huts, and mountaineers are all whelmed into an inextricable confusion. Let God hang out a sign proclaiming that alone he did it, the evidential value of this declaration would depend entirely on the nature of the individual mind. When a country house is burnt, and Suffragette literature is found near the scene, only the huts of the mountaineers, it will not arise because mountains, avalanches, huts, and mountaineers are all whelmed into an inextricable confusion. Let God hang out a sign proclaiming that alone he did it, the evidential value of this declaration would depend entirely on the nature of the individual mind. When a country house is burnt, and Suffragette literature is found near the scene, only the huts of the mountaineers, it will not arise because mountains, avalanches, huts, and mountaineers are all whelmed into an inextricable confusion. Let God hang out a sign proclaiming that alone he did it, the evidential value of this declaration would depend entirely on the nature of the individual mind. When a country house is burnt, and Suffragette literature is found near the scene, only the huts of the mountaineers, it will not arise because mountains, avalanches, huts, and mountaineers are all whelmed into an inextricable confusion. Let God hang out a sign proclaiming that alone he did it, the evidential value of this declaration would depend entirely on the nature of the individual mind. When a country house is burnt, and Suffragette literature is found near the scene, only the huts of the mountaineers, it will not arise because mountains, avalanches, huts, and mountaineers are all whelmed into an inextricable confusion. Let God hang out a sign proclaiming that alone he did it, the evidential value of this declaration would depend entirely on the nature of the individual mind. When a country house is burnt, and Suffragette literature is found near the scene, only the huts of the mountaineers, it will not arise because mountains, avalanches, huts, and mountaineers are all whelmed into an inextricable confusion. Let God hang out a sign proclaiming that alone he did it, the evidential value of this declaration would depend entirely on the nature of the individual mind.
south; because, from its peculiar form, the sun would
heat every part alike and prevent the circulation of air,
which, becoming rarefied and heated, causes the evap-
oration and dilution of the corporeal juices. On these
accounts unwholesome situations must be
avoided, and healthy spots carefully selected."

And so throughout, whether he be describing public
or private buildings, Vitruvius, at least, seems to have
realised that building is a matter which concerns
primarily the health and welfare of the citizens at large,
and the ancients generally recognised the importance
of health considerations, as witness the very existence
of such places as the Asyummy and Agoraonami, wher-
evver their precise functions may have been. But it is
good to be able to judge, at any rate in part, how
these ideal theories were carried out by an ancient prac-
tice. Professor Haverfield’s book, though this may
not have been his intention in writing it, helps us to
frame our answer. He himself describes it in the pre-
face as “a scholar’s contribution to a modern move-
ment” and the original essay upon which it has been
based was submitted to the London Conference on Town-
planning. We are always, though in spite of the splendour
of Percelian Athens and Augustus’ boast about finding Rome a city of brick
and leaving it one of marble, that the ancient city was
generally one of splendid public and mean private build-
ings. Does a picture of Rome with its narrow, dirty streets and mean tottering houses
which even a modern jerry-builder could contemplate with complacency? As Professor
Haverfield says, “Town-planning is an art of intermittent activity.” For
its full realisation two conditions are needed. In
an age must be one in which, whether through growth or
through movements of population, towns are being
freely founded or freely enlarged, and almost as a
matter of course attention is drawn to methods of
arranging and laying out such towns. And secondly,
the builders of these towns must have wit enough to
care for the well-being of common men and the due
arrangement of ordinary dwellings. That has not
always happened. In many lands and centuries—in
ages where civilization has been tinged by an under-
current of barbarism—one or both of these conditions
have been absent” (p. 11). (This “undercurrent of
barbarism” rises pretty well to the surface in the slums
of our large towns to-day.) Now in classical Greek
towns matters were very different. We have already
read Aristotle’s πολιτικόν έγχρω—hence in the classical period the
individual as such is badly housed. But as the idea of the πόλις or city-State vanished in the Macedo-
ian era, the claims of the individual emigrant citizen begin
to be recognised, and this shows itself even in town-
planning. It is rather strange that Socialists, those
fools who will not see that man is an individual and
that the only things of value are the things of indi-
viduality or personality, should be so interested in an
art which was first taken up in Greece when the claims
of the individual first began to be recognised! Not that
town-planning begins in the Macedonian era. We
find it right back beyond the historical period, and perhaps
the most interesting part, to the general reader, of
Professor Haverfield’s book, is his description of the
terramare of North Italy, which date back to the
Bronze Age, where we see already that “chess-board
arrangement of streets and rectangular house blocks
which are so dominant throughout his survey.

We find, too, that Herodotus’ famous description
of Babylon is confirmed, in all save dimensions, by the
cave excavations which have been made; but this is not the
place for a critical review of the evidence produced by
Professor Haverfield. We prefer to point the moral
from a few instances.

On page 70 we read, “The Roman augur who asked
the will of Heaven marked off a square piece of sky or
earth—his templum—from corners; in them he
sought for signs. The Roman general who encamped
his troops, laid out their tents on a rectangular pattern
governed by the same idea. The commissioners who
assigned farming-plots on the public domains to
emigrant citizens of Rome planned these plots on the
same rectangular scheme—as the map of rural Italy
is witness to this day. And again on p. 77: “The two
main streets appear to follow some method of orienta-
tion connected with augural science.” It is a splendid
instance of the fact, well known to those who study
religion and other superstitions, that much of ancient
ceremonial was merely good hygienics. Godliness was
originally next to cleanliness, but not always we are
primarily godly—as witness our capitalists.

It is interesting to notice how the Romans dealt with
over-crowding. Their “Colonies,” though primarily
military outposts, were often accidentally occasioned by
over-crowding in the city itself. We have not solved
the problem at all. Silchester (p. 129) is an example to
put beside our garden-cities except that instead of
attempting to bring the country into the town it turns
town-features into the country. The reverse has taken
place of which we often see to-day in England. Our
modern builders use it, all by itself, in the most desolate
country districts. I came across one
such not long ago, when driving over a lovely valley in
Exmoor. “There it stood, without other house near
it, yet with its two sides blankly waiting for the street
that ought to form itself to the right and left” (p. 131).

The book concludes with pointing out the difference
between the difficulties of the ancient and modern world
in town-planning, but we are grateful to Professor
Haverfield for his very lucid exposition of what archæo-
logy has to teach us about ancient town-planning. We
feel the beam in our own eye.

R. B. A.
Pastiche

MODERN REVIEWING.


François Villon was at his worst when he wrote court poetry. Yet for some strange reason Francis I. delighted in him. Surely Francis I. must have been aware of our opinion: Villon was at his worst when he wrote court poetry. Francis ought not to have delighted in Villon, unless he had some reason stranger than that Villon was at his worst when he wrote court poetry. It is awfully annoying! Marot, too, whom Francis employed to explain Villon to him (for, although he delighted in Villon, in him. Surely Francis ought not to have delighted in Villon, of him!-and how he condescended to appeal himself, such as Marot never dreamed Villon's remains.

of trifling fact about Villon's career is for. It is awfully waking hours to gleaning even the most apparently bullied some scriveners and stuck with a dagger the he, with three none too reputable friends (what a aged master who sallied out to defend his clerks fromchers, cannot hold himself sometimes from a meaningless -beginning, it is loving labour. With Villon modern French poetry be-

parallel and inferior. He had not the benefit of our study; creative art of presenting Legatees. Stevenson has represented him as the genius of insincerity. Really, we struggle between the spirit and flesh of Villon), and that explains him for anyone called a liar! He is shameful! He saw the realities. of all ages. The hanging corpses,  arise and salute—the Master!

he thieved and murdered instead of weakly and dis-

honestly trying to enjoy the little lease of life before the final danse macabre, that dance at the end of a rope to which we must all come, nos chers! Let others die in their beds if they please. Villon was a Great Poet because he had not the lie in the soul. Any man seeing the world to be not as Villon saw it has the lie in the soul. Any man who pretends to be a greater poet than Villon has in the soul. Villains and would-be villains, arise and salute—the Master!

R. A. P.

INTERLUDE IN A LIBRARY.

. . . . . philologists who trace
A panting syllable thro' time and space."

This crotchety and half-unwashed don Shuffles about with wagging pate and hangs Lexicons to his frozen heart. He peers Thro' triple goggles, with the purblind stare Of some strange fish. He pounces on a haul Of faded roots as feathly as the winter's snows of last year—truly, where are they? Many great progress has been made. It is now exactly fifty years, exactly, since M. Longnon dis-

covered the famous documents which inspired Stevenson's brilliant (but wrong-headed, nôs chers!) essay. This work a Magnificient Beginning to a knowledge of the man was a Magnificient Beginning to a knowledge of the man. Even he, modern French poetry be-

gins. To recognise the great art which directed that of antecedent literature ran to the clouds have got him.

Forty years ago he framed an emendation in the text: Of some dark Alexandrine papyrus page fourteen hundred odd. And thereupon he begins to the music whose Latinity Leaves not a doubt that old Theocritus Blundered in laws of Syntax, and, in fine, Knew not his Greek. Then some Academy Upon the height of his might, joy thereat Hailed him with rapture and a Ph.D.

This was a feat, in sooth, but divers years Of luminous research have made it naught— A tawdry bauble like the exercise Of some young forward stripping, still intent On Latin construes.

His Compendium

And Indexed List of genealogies Of them who gorged at Alexander's feast Still remains peerless. His Acolic gloss And metric Targum to the book of Psalms (Done from the Hebrew finally restored) Was joy to proselytes unnumbered. Then he hipped in Sanskrit for the Sanskrit came. He probed Upanishads and Vedic Hymns To track defective verbs. He pored upon the myrrad-lined Mahabharata, where With unexcelled sagacity he found Three cases of Abnormal Ablatives, And nothing else.

So he by dint of zeal And stolid scholarship, discovering What others failed to see, and missing that Which many cherished, garnered in renown That will secure him wondrous necrolecros In twenty Learned Journals, and a name For every cunous guarding Wisdom's couch To hate his breath at

Friend, let's come away, And watch the sparrows frisking on the steps. . . .

P. SILVER.

IN WANTON MOOD.

I live in a house And a mouse Like that, too: It's very nice And the mice won't ever be poet For they nibble the cheese When I lie at my ease And they wander abroad When I nap, But the trap strikes them dead Where they gnawed.
I'm a bachelor living alone, and a bachelor.

Of lamb Canterbury I chew:
So may you;
It is good for the blood
As the sap for the bud,
It keeps things together you see;
But those mice
Are not nice;
They gnaw in the night
Till it's light
And sleep is a stranger to me.

It's a funny world, don't you think?
If you don't, let me say so in ink;
The world is a blunder
And also a wonder;
It is true
The sky's blue,
But why is it true it is blue?
And things come and go,
But why is it so?

Ah, those mice gnawing wood!
I'm sure 'tis not good
For my sleep, if it's good for their life.
I'd far better get up and marry a wife.

It's a funny world!
'Praps the whisky I had
Has made me so bad;
Lord, what a night!
See the stars in their flight!
What a sight for a man, what a sight!
But I'll get back to bed,
For to-morrow—why, to-morrow
I may be with yesterday's sev'n thousand years!

So I slept the sleep of him who wakes
At nine, with many pains and aches,
And finds the old world just the same,
A new heaven nor earth to blame;
An old, old world not understood
Because it speaks of bad and good;
And has two faces, like the man in "The Pilgrim's Progress."

But those mice
Are not nice,
Nor the fleas
And cockroaches.

What is a man
More than a little tin can?
Who's to know why trees are trees,
Or why boots aren't made by bees?
Or why man prefers to live
Though the world is "take and give"
As much as much about these things as we do!

H. E. FOSTER-TOOGOOD.

HISTORICAL IMPRESSIONS.—No. 7.

THE NEW METHOD.

The sale of "Harper's Weekly," and the consequent retirement of Colonel Harvey from a hebdomadal editorial appearance, was commented on at length by most American journals, particularly as Colonel Harvey (who was the discoverer and perhaps maker of President Wilson) took the opportunity of writing a valedictory, in which he confessed that the weekly had been run at a loss by the discoverer and perhaps maker of President Wilson.)

The Grand Rapids Press, in May, took the opportunity of writing a valedictory, in which retirement was commented on at length by most American newspapers.

No. 1.—OUR FUTURE.

Our birthday! Changed for good! New leaf turned, old skin burned! We stand now for Progress, Peace, and Purgency. All who oppose are Renegades, Decadents, and Liars! Long live the King! !

No. 2.—RELIGION (CHRISTIAN SCIENCE).

Are you aware, Mr. Reader, of Slone Square? Finest slap-up piece of 'tecture in the country! That's outside! Inside, the soul of man, and Mr. Bishop. Mr. Minister Quantum K. Bishop. You've been waiting for it, Mr. Reader! It's waiting for you! Just one word. Go!!

No. 3.—HOME RULE.

Cut-throat Redmond! Fenian Asquith! Jack-a-napes Winston! Georgie Porgy, and Bibulous Birrell! We don't want you, but we just won you. We'd like to know where you are after that last blow in the eyes from Bonar. We know where you'll be. In the country, growing vegetables. That's what you're fit for. Pull up everything by the roots and call it progress. Dismember and call it growth. It's time you went home for good. And you're going, you're going, slow but sure.

(Lord Northcliffe, who at first was smiling, has now an uneasy, almost anxious expression.)

No. 4.—THE SUFFRAGETTES.

Will no man rid us of these female vermin? That screeching she-cat Christabel, is there no man brave enough to seize her and bring her to justice? If we had men governing the country, instead of a packet of silly gollywogs, by now there would not have been a Suffragette from Land's End to the Orkneys. We call on every man, who is a man, to repudiate at the polls any support to the Dáosce Society which calls itself a Government, and thus help to stamp out this pest which afflicts us.

No. 5.—SPORT.

In another column we give a third of a million sterling to the first Englishman across the herring pond and back. Fools talk glibly of our decay in sport. There's no decay, except elsewhere. In Germany, France, Italy, the Telegraph, Germany. Paris, New York, London, the Times, the Independent. But I always thought that's what sold it! People could start in the morning, and it would last out the day. (Northcliffe chuckles.) What was that?

EDITOR: Oh, only a rat! We keep them to eat the MS. sent in. My dear chap, they weren't referring to the size. The fellow was a wag. I know him.

SUB: But he couldn't be representative; he must be quite an exceptional.

(The door opens, and Quartermaster Nathaniel P. Chewgum, billionaire proprietor and editor of the Daily Telegraph, enters.)

CHEWGUM: Night, gentlemen!

EDITOR and SUB: Good evening, Mr. Chewgum!

CHEWGUM: Quartermaster Chewgum.

EDITOR and SUB: Quartermaster Chewgum.

CHEWGUM: Everything O.K.?

EDITOR and SUB: We're only waiting for the leaders.

CHEWGUM: So, I'll begin right here. Seals, gentlemen!

(Lord Northcliffe in his corner shifts from one foot to the other. The editor and sub take chairs after the sub has arranged the machine.)

CHEWGUM: I've got five pars, and each par has a punch in it. No long-winded twaddle about nothing. Short, snappy grapeshot from the editorial gun on five or six chief topics.

Punishment does fit the crime. However, he quickly perceived that the editor and a sub were already there, and, with a sigh of relief and gratitude, he began to watch proceedings. The editor took a letter from the table and reads it aloud: "I shall come at 9.5. The paper shall be conducted as usual to the last tick. When I come I shall spout the leaders into the machine."

EDITOR: Can't we throttle him? Just fancy old Burnham selling the show, and with such conditions!

EDITOR: Got about ten times its worth, I expect. It was getting a bit heavy. One of the clubs wrote privately that it had broken down some of their furniture. They'd have to get specially strong legs put on the "Daily Telegraph" table.

SUB: But I always thought that's what sold it! People could start in the morning, and it would last out the day. (Northcliffe chuckles.) What was that?

EDITOR: Oh, only a rat! We keep them to eat the MS. sent in. My dear chap, they weren't referring to the size. The fellow was a wag. I know him.

SUB: But he couldn't be representative; he must be quite an exceptional.

(E. FOSTER-TOOGOOD.)
and hired detractors. That is why we give a third of the pages of the "Herald" to stories which we hope will bring about a general election, what guarantee is there that the leaders would appear to acquiesce in their party's policy?

The democrats, Lansbury, ardent for votes, will have no votes for "Herald Leaguers." Similar to the W.S.P.U. the League must be controlled by himself and officers, and appointed by the committee through which the "League" could ever express any opinions dissolved just before Mr. Lansbury left him to order others that he defined to be elected. When it was elected, neither he nor the paper would recognize it.

Sir,—There is little reason for Nietzscheans to claim that the aphorism quoted by "R. H. C." contains the germ of the National Guild System. The aphorism in question contains four definite ideas, each of which Nietzsche probably derived from Carlyle, who he professed to despise set forth expectations to be found repeatedly in "Past and Present," written forty years before "The Will to Power."

The following quotations may not be the best, but will serve:

Nietzsche: Workmen should learn to regard their lives as soldiery, and, according to John Scurr, the routineer, while woman is essentially creatively original. It does not matter, if you are worthy enough, that all history seems to prove the opposite. That all history seems to prove the opposite will have no votes for "Herald Leaguers." Similar to Carlyle, A Chivalry of Labour... far nobler than any Chivalry of Fighting was...

Nietzsche: There is no relationship between work done and money received.

Nietzsche: Cash-payment never was, or could except for a few years be, the union-bond of man to man. Cash never yet paid one man fully his deserts to another; nor could it, nor can it, now or henceforth to the end of the world.

Nietzsche: The individual should, according to his kind, be so placed as to perform the highest that is compatible with his powers.

Carlyle: Labour, wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to Heaven. Sweat of the heart; which includes, a little too early in the controversy to make use of such bitter reproaches as are to be found in these letters of my opponent. Neither of us has exactly the same views... Nietzsche: There is no relationship between work done and money received.

Carlyle: Cash-payment never was, or could except for a few years be, the union-bond of man to man. Cash never yet paid one man fully his deserts to another; nor could it, nor can it, now or henceforth to the end of the world.

Nietzsche: The individual should, according to his kind, be so placed as to perform the highest that is compatible with his powers. Carlyle: Labour, wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to Heaven. Sweat of the heart; which includes, a little too early in the controversy to make use of such bitter reproaches as are to be found in these letters of my opponent. Nietzsche: There is no relationship between work done and money received. Carlyle: Cash-payment never was, or could except for a few years be, the union-bond of man to man. Cash never yet paid one man fully his deserts to another; nor could it, nor can it, now or henceforth to the end of the world.
terms one uses, and, therefore, one must use some phrases summing up whole doctrines, the explanation of which one assumes one's opponent knows, and knows one knows oneself because he knows the phrase National Guild System without explaining what he meant by it, I were to imply that he was merely using New Age tags, I would be meaning no mistaking the germ suggested by the aphorism quoted" (i.e., Aphorism 763, Will to Power). If this be so, then, by implication, "R. H. C." concludes that the best reply of reference in reading the Aphorism, to mean the germ of the National Guild System, and not to any other system, "R. H. C." would be right; but since it is possible to read the germ of other systems as the germ of this aphorism, but also to point to at least one striking difference between its conditions and those of the National Guild System, according to my reading of the Aphorism, he is wrong. For instance, how do soldiers regard their duties? I am speaking of the soldiers which Nietzsche obviously had in his mind: for he had served in the German Army, and this experience could not be entirely unfamiliar to him at all times when army or military questions were uppermost in his thoughts: their duties, in addition to being bound by constraint and uniformity, are worthless without those qualities which are imposed upon them by certain superiors—is the spiritual product of values and valuation of all values has so much reality for me that I cannot understand what purpose is served by making this more fundamental, as determined as he is to get at the facts in order of precedence. It is modern ideas are given fresh and chastened definitions (see, for instance, "My Concept of Genius,") Aph. 38 Twilight of the Idols. "My Concept of Genius," Aph. 44. "Progress in my Sense," Aph. 48. "The New Age's Principles," I find statements which imply the contrary. This, indeed, is the change gradual and slow, and in the surface, appears the more immediate method of reform, is, I submit, not necessarily the more genuine or the more fundamental. In his second note, "R. H. C." accuses me of twisting, distorting and misreading Nietzsche in pursuit of the wish which Nietzsche calls his doctrine. I cannot understand whether the purpose is served by making such a charge. I "R. H. C." believe for a moment that I am as determined as he is to get at the facts in this matter? I shall not accuse him of twisting, distorting and misreading Nietzsche. If this be granted that he is much too anxious to arrive at the truth about the question. Can he credit me with similar earnestness?

Over this matter of wealth, let me assure "R. H. C." that though he is perfectly at liberty if he chooses to read "modern plutocracy" wherever Nietzsche in his works refers to "wealth," use what sort of the word wealth up to this present moment the principle, "R. H. C." might argue that wherever Nietzsche spoke of aristocracy and the aristocrat, he meant the German Junker, or whenever he spoke of Higher Men, he meant the men in the highest positions of his day. To anybody who reads Nietzsche with understanding as I do, it is a superfluous task to say that I would have us believe. He writes: "Wealth as an institution meant obviously to Nietzsche exactly what it means to Mr. H. C. H. C.'s" to be necessarily and exclusively wealth as an institution, that Nietzsche affirmed it necessarily excludes anything else.

"R. H. C." is entitled to this opinion if he chooses; but seeing that it is a perfectly arbitrary interpretation of Nietzsche's words, he cannot well expect everybody to share it with him; and I, therefore, think that when in a more confidential tone he continues: "I am certain, and, so may your readers be, that Nietzsche assumed that the existing wealth class, which in any case was no more than a plutocracy, and it was of this class and not wealth as an institution, that Nietzsche meant obviously to Nietzsche exactly what it means to Mr. Ludovici, namely, a plutocracy, and it was of this class and not wealth as an institution cleansed of its present pollution, are, first, that Nietzsche was so constantly revaluing modern values that one has as much right to understand and read a revaluation here as in a host of other instances where modern ideas are given fresh and chastened definitions (see, for instance, "My Concept of Genius,") Aph. 38 Twilight of the Idols. "My Concept of Genius," Aph. 44. "Progress in my Sense," Aph. 48. "The New Age's Principles,"

"The New Age" and the Press.

Sir,—"Press-Cutter" says, in last week's issue: "Our New Age principle, as I understand it, is that the assets should be vested in the State. The shares represent the assets, so that Mr. Reid was charging The Guild Writers" with serious inconsistency when they were assumed to be asking for the transfer of the shares.

The New Age's principle as to State ownership is not mentioned in Article XV, nor, as far as I can ascertain at present, is it alluded to in the articles on "Guild Socialism," I to XIV. I have referred to my file of the articles to XV (which is not, however, complete), and instead of any indication that the assets are to be vested in the State, I find only the phrase: "They may be." If your writers have not included the proposal about State ownership in the articles, I am not to be blamed. If they have, will you quote me from your articles? With regard to public controversy, it is unusual to controvert statements about which doubt is felt by means of a letter to the journal from which the statements were made. Owing to the pressure of work, I had temporarily given up some periodicals, including The New Age (regrettably, as a reader since the first issue), and I heard, accidentally, that my "New States-

* * *

ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI.
man" letter about the "original" scheme of The New Age was under discussion. I have not yet seen The New Age for January 1914. ["Pres-Cutter" replies: It is no kindness on the part of Mr. Reid to misrepresent the National Guilds in another journal; and it is no excuse that he has not read all the articles you have published. He is obviously too busy for public controversy, and I advise him to give it up.]

Sir,—According to "Public Opinion," your propaganda of the National Guilds is "the most discussed constructive new idea in the world of Labour." For the most part, however, it appears to be sub rosa. But we name; for Mr. Webb positively announces in the current issue that the Guilds assume the abolition of wage slavery. It is a masterly article in the latter on "Science and Life," containing the following passage:

"Amid all the sneers at the impracticability and visionary character of communist schemes, let it not be forgotten that science is a communism, neither theoretical nor on paper, but actual and working. We are the result of those who labour in the fields of knowledge for its own sake are published freely and pooled in the general stock for all. The fruit of all its acquisitions is the breath of its life. Secrecy or individualism of any kind would destroy its fertility. Even the great industries of the Continent have already learned this lesson to a remarkable degree, and the openness and freedom with which they frequently allow their special knowledge to become public is a matter for surprise among those who are engaged in the same field of work."

And in the eighth article of his series on "Wealth and Life," Mr. Stephen Reynolds has the following passage:

"No matter how industrialism may be mollified, no matter how it may be gilded with the illusion of liberty, the status of the worker remains that of a Wage-slave he is often called, but tool is more descriptive. . . . The mendacious stupidity of regarding the worker as the free and independent agent which has been maintained, but that so much self-interest is bound up with it. First and foremost, the human tool has to live. Industrialism comes down bringing new forms of power. "You will work on my terms, or be left to die." He can make himself troublesome, but not effectively. . . . Not all the efforts of organised Labour have raised real wages. They never substantially will do so, as long as the workers remain tools; the most organised tools can do only what tools can.

The above passage, and, indeed, the series in which they appear, convince me that either Mr. Reynolds has been reading The New Age—or possibly writing it!

PRESS-CUTTER.

RELIGION AND ART.

Sir,—Replying to Mr. Mitchell's point as to the im-
possibility of providing a new religious tradition—say, by return of post—one might remark that in the present age it is necessary above all things to be prepared for the unexpected. The usual method of discussing the art problem, or—better, the problem of foundation of the arts (under a new form in the future, and obviously that which is the furthest behind us in the old world, must be the nearest to us in the new).

If Mr. Mitchell is concerned about religious traditions, he may easily satisfy himself that they are springing up all around him. Take, for example, Christian Science, the Higher Thought, the Bahai Movement, not to speak of the numerous "occult" societies in existence; indeed, one of these, to which I have the honour to belong, is even praised with faint damns in the issue in which Mr. Mitchell's letter appears. Not only is there need of a new religious tradition in Art, but there is also much more of the said commodity in existence at the present moment than living artists will be able to digest in a considerable time to come. However, by the next generation, this difficulty should be overcome.

Frank J. Merr.

HARLEY STREET.

Sir,—The argument employed by several of your corre-

 dent that Mr. Reynolds has been reading The New Age—or possibly writing it! It is a question of history. If Mr. Reynolds has been reading The New Age, Mr. Stephen Reynolds has the following passage:

"No matter how industrialism may be mollified, no matter how it may be gilded with the illusion of liberty, the status of the worker remains that of a Wage-slave. He is often called, but tool is more descriptive. . . . The mendacious stupidity of regarding the worker as a free and independent agent which has been maintained, but that so much self-interest is bound up with it. First and foremost, the human tool has to live. Industrialism comes down bringing new forms of power. "You will work on my terms, or be left to die." He can make himself troublesome, but not effectively. . . . Not all the efforts of organised Labour have raised real wages. They never substantially will do so, as long as the workers remain tools; the most organised tools can do only what tools can.

The above passage, and, indeed, the series in which they appear, convince me that either Mr. Reynolds has been reading The New Age—or possibly writing it!

PRESS-CUTTER.

RELIGION AND ART.

Sir,—Replying to Mr. Mitchell's point as to the im-
possibility of providing a new religious tradition—say, by return of post—one might remark that in the present age it is necessary above all things to be prepared for the unexpected. The usual method of discussing the art problem, or—better, the problem of foundation of the arts (under a new form in the future, and obviously that which is the furthest behind us in the old world, must be the nearest to us in the new).

If Mr. Mitchell is concerned about religious traditions, he may easily satisfy himself that they are springing up all around him. Take, for example, Christian Science, the Higher Thought, the Bahai Movement, not to speak of the numerous "occult" societies in existence; indeed, one of these, to which I have the honour to belong, is even praised with faint damns in the issue in which Mr. Mitchell's letter appears. Not only is there need of a new religious tradition in Art, but there is also much more of the said commodity in existence at the present moment than living artists will be able to digest in a considerable time to come. However, by the next generation, this difficulty should be overcome.

Frank J. Merr.
members of any given union there are two kinds: those not good in skill, training or character when they go in, and those too good. The former are usually known by the fact that they command less wages than their organised fellows, and only find employment when the latter are locked out or on strike. The latter, on the other hand, can never be said to blackleg the members of the union, since they do not accept lower fees, nor, in fact, perform the acts of the common blackleg. They are, in short, monopolists on their own.

Now, I think it will be admitted that Mr. Barker belongs to the second and not to the first of these two classes. The skill he possesses is bone-setting and is not something common to the medical profession, or of a character too low for them to acquire; it is a skill which at present is beyond them. By excluding him from their ranks the doctors are excluding not only a blackleg, but what I venture to call a whiteleg—one who, in fact, can do something the ordinary profession ought to be able to do, but cannot do.

On the supposition that the medical profession is a guild chartered by the State to cure all national diseases by the best means available, it is the duty of the profession, of course, to protect itself from inferior competition. But is it its duty to protest against superior competition? Compare, for example, on this point the appearance of the genius among men of talent anywhere. No doctor can ignore the fact that professional men, responsible for their status, are justified in closing up against the charlatan, but are they wise to close upon injustices? The doctors are often similar in method, but by their works ye shall know them! Is the medical profession so stupid that it cannot discriminate between an exceptional genius and a quack? Or the case of the New Age itself may be cited. You have told us that the New Age is boycotted by the press, from the "Times" downwards. I have no doubt that one reason is that your journal is regarded as a kind of blackleg. But we know very well that it is not Tiere Na Na, regarded as a blackleg. But we know very well that it is not Tiere Na Na, regarded as a blackleg. As a matter of fact, it is jealousy and not professional prudence that inspires the hatred of you that exists. I say, I think, it is not in the interests of medicine that Mr. Barker is boycotted by the profession of which he is a distinguished though an unacknowledged member; but out of sheer jealousy of the superiority. The little men of talent hate him as the heir of Purcell and Bishop sweating voluntarily under the whip of the Nibelung of Music.

Of Mr. Barker's skill there is, I presume, no possible doubt in the mind even of professional doctors. They dare not, indeed, attack him on that ground. But equally of his character. Is he not Tiere Na Na regarded as a blackleg. But we know very well that it is not Tiere Na Na, regarded as a blackleg. As a matter of fact, it is jealousy and not professional prudence that inspires the hatred of you that exists. I say, I think, it is not in the interests of medicine that Mr. Barker is boycotted by the profession of which he is a distinguished though an unacknowledged member; but out of sheer jealousy of the superiority. The little men of talent hate him as the heir of Purcell and Bishop sweating voluntarily under the whip of the Nibelung of Music.

Mr. Barker has been an organised fellow, and only find employment when these blacklegs, the usual silly associates of the Strike, is the tribute paid by Labour to the honest immobility of the employers. I say that the strike is a tribute to the power of the employers. I say that it is false that the employers are so stupid as to believe in the efficacy of their certificate, the doctors would sooner they claim Mr. Barker as an honoured member of their profession the better. J. S. Oxley.

Sir,—The classic effusion signed "D. C. Parker" argues me also to yoke my cliques together and rush to the fray. I know nothing about music, but I am not going to retrot with Parker. Now, sir, the truth of all this controversy, as it appears to me, lies somewhere midway between me and Parker. Parker says that many young composers envied Mr. Holbrooke's chance in "The Children of Don." But I say that there never was any chance with that libretto. Parker is right in saying that music is not merely something with which elegant young ladies fill their leisure. I say that nobody ever thought it was. Parker says that music is an emotional art. I say that it is a product of the contemplation of an idea. The little men of talent hate him as the heir of Purcell and Bishop sweating voluntarily under the whip of the Nibelung of Music.

P.S.—The midway fact is that I neither boycott nor retrot against "Tristan." It is middling comic to see the heirs of Purcell and Bishop sweating voluntarily under the whip of the Nibelung of Music.
LORD MURRAY.