NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In recent issues of The New Age we have laid unusual emphasis on certain elementary aspects of English nationality and English law; and if confirmation of what we said were necessary we should appeal, with every certainty that our appeal would be recognised and understood, to the results of the elections just held in South Africa. Those results have been so remarkable that even the most anti-Labour newspapers have been forced to take cognisance of them; and they provide a complete refutation of General Botha's belief that all classes in South Africa are ready to support him in the emphasis on certain elementary aspects of English education. It is significant that after the declaration of the poll the crowds sang "Rule Britannia" and there was the utmost the governing classes were prepared to allow; and no one, not even the Labour leaders themselves, suspected for a single instant that an enraged public had turned against the Government to such an extent. There were, however, reasons for this remarkable decision, which we can consider more fully when, in the second place, we have referred to an even more striking electoral result, viz., Liesbeek.

Liesbeek is one of the suburban constituencies of Greater Capetown; and it is, as the "Daily Telegraph" correspondent informs us, inhabited chiefly by middle-class and upper-middle-class families: the coloured vote, according to the same authority, counts for little or nothing, and there are very few working-class families in the constituency. This constituency, at the end of last week, chose a representative, not for the Provincial Council, but the Parliament of the South African Union. On the assumption that dog does not eat dog, we may depend upon the newspaper just mentioned to make out as good a case for the mineowners and their supporters as possible; yet even the "Telegraph" admits that this seat, "always a Unionist stronghold," has now passed into the hands of Labour by a staggering large majority; by a vote the utter decisiveness of which cannot be questioned. Mr. Maginnis, the Labour candidate, polled 1,258 votes; Mr. Eddy, the official Unionist, 474; and Mr. Brydone, the Independent Unionist candidate, 337. It is significant that after the declaration of the poll the crowds sang "Rule Britannia"; yet, however, with its customary jingoistic interpretation, but with the feeling that the "white ideal," which had been imperilled by the action of the Boer Government, had been rehabilitated. There is only one comment to make on this result; but it is very important. The middle-classes voted for Mr. Maginnis, not so much because he represented the workmen in the constituency, for there were none to represent; but because the Labour Party in South Africa represents at present everything that is truly English, all that is based on our national traditions. If our Opposition at Westminster had the sense of a well-trained parrot, they would take note of this result and everything it involves.

For, it may be asked at once, why did not the middle-class people who live in Liesbeek vote for the Unionist or the Independent Unionist? The answer is that during the debates on the Indemnity Bill and the new anti-Trade Union measure introduced by General Smuts the official Opposition steadily refrained from criticizing the Government or causing it the slightest inconvenience. There are men with English names, and presumably with English habits also, among the Opposition; and undoubtedly the Conservative Press here gave the
country to understand that these men were the only people representing England, and everything that English civilisation means, among a crowd of Boers and a sprinkling of—well, Anarchists, Socialists, or any other offensive epithet you may care to hurl at Mr. Creswell and his followings. But the Labour difficulty arose; the voice of the Jew was heard in the land, and its commands were obeyed as effectively by the Opposition as by the Government benchers. And is there no parallel to that in our own politics? We all know that if a capitalist like Lord Cowdroy says, "I am Sir Oracle," even the mongrels on the Opposition side of the House refrain from barking. We have certainly no wish to emulate Scottish ministers; but again and again we would lay emphasis on what they call "the lesson." Labour is supreme in the Transvaal; Labour has added another member to the South African Parliament at a by-election. What are the prospects for the Government, and for the Opposition, at the next general elections, which are to be held in a few months? There is no need to stress that point further. Every voter in South Africa to whom English civilisation means anything has risen in revolt against the deportations without trial, against the brutality of the capitalist class, against the Government that supports that class, and against the miserable and cowardly Opposition, which, as we must judge from its actions, is in the pocket of the Government, and consequently of the aliens who exploit Englishmen in the Rand mines, on the railways, and everywhere an opportunity presents itself.

We realise, nevertheless, that the Labour Party in South Africa would not be thus supported if it had not shown a better appreciation of its political position than the mugwumps who misrepresent Labour at Westminster, and the Artful Dodger who leads them. Therefore the Labour members were compelled to allow the Indemnity Bill to pass through the South African Parliament, they fought it tooth and nail, line by line, for twenty-six hours.

The Government did not attempt to answer their criticisms; for they were unanswerable. General Smuts made cynical admissions; and his serried rows of backvelders awoke from their slumbers at the word of command and defeated the Labour amendments one after another. The answer to this attitude on the part of the Government may be found in the election results published at the end of last week. When one series of Provincial Council elections results in a solid Labour majority, and when an admittedly strong Labour Party in the Transvaal elected Mr. Creswell, and another in the Orange Free State elected Mr. Will Dyson, the artful Dodger who leads them, it is hard to believe that the Labour members are likely to vote against a Bill laid by Mr. Will Dyson's jocular pictorial suggestion that they should invite Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to lead them. Besides, the conditions in South Africa demand men, and jellyfish, we gather, are not encouraged by any political group. When we remember what the present Labour conditions in South Africa are, and that the railwaymen there recently struck for status rather than for higher wages merely, we are bound to look forward to the eventualisation, sooner or later, of our policy of National Guilds. For the Guilds, as we have always maintained, are as much an elementary principle of the English social organisation as a fair and speedy trial is an elementary principle of English law.

We cannot pass away from this topic without one further word. We pretend that so large a number of Cape Town electors voted blindly and out of sheer rage for the Labour candidate. If they had merely been irritated by the attitude of the Opposition, they could have voted with a safe conscience for the Independent Unionist; but they did not. They rallied to the Labour candidate because the Labour candidate represented what, to their minds, was English: in other words, they neglected class distinction. Thepolicy of national, banker, merchant, lawyer, small capitalist, clerk, craftsman: they have actually voted for a working man! And, in the language of Burke, we claim this as the judgment of the people, the judgment of men. The multitudes acting together under the discipline of nature—nature being some place wherein men are so situated that reason may be best cultivated, and where it most predominates. This, we maintain, and we know that all who have studied our ancient guild system will agree with us that the English society: it is the alien, capitalist influences which, to quote Burke again, have "broken up this beautiful order, this array of truth and nature, as well as of habit and prejudice." Where the "natural habit" of alien capitalists is, we do not profess to be able to say. But we do say that when such men worm themselves into a supreme position in the midst of Englishmen, they—and the system they spread among renegade Englishmen—the Cowdrays, the Joiceys, the Furnesses, the Levers, the Cadburys, the Frys, and the Eppes—are responsible for an amount of crime, misery, degradation, and want which no one but a capitalist can contemplate unmoved.

The weak state of mind produced by plutocratic influences is not, we observe, confined to out-and-out capitalists and their hirelings. Last Thursday a vote was taken in our Upper House on Lord Willoughby de Broke's Bill to make military service compulsory on the wealthy classes and optional for the middle classes. If military service, said Lord Willoughby de Broke in effect, is a burden, let us bear the first to take it upon our shoulders, and let it be compulsory on us to do so; but, if it is a privilege, then let us take it upon ourselves and make it optional for the remaining classes to join us if they wish. We need hardly add that this suggestion, sound enough in itself, was rejected by 53 votes to 34; though we do not think that this represents the proper proportion of parvenu peers with no sense of responsibility and the few remaining peers who think they owe something to their fellow-men. The supporters of the Bill laid some stress on the necessity for the wealthier classes taking the lead in social service; but this suggestion was scouted by a peer who, so far as we know, does not belong to the capitalist class, Lord Lucas, who first preached about nineteen centuries ago, since when it had fallen into comparative disuse until it was sought to be revived by the noble lord in the Bill. "In trying by this Bill to make the rich serve the poor the noble lord was endeavouring to do something that has never yet been achieved by any country, civilised or savage; by any nation, eastern or western; by any form of government, constitutional or despotic, by any kind of religion, Christian or pagan."

There are short histories of the world which Lord Lucas, in a leisure moment, might be advised to consult. No doubt his secretary would look up the relevant passages for him. He might also remember that the principle which the Bill does not call upon merely rich men to help the poor; it calls upon men of influence and authority, such as peers, to set an example in character and conduct to the other classes, and to lead the other classes when a lead is required. It is too much the habit of rich people nowadays to think that they can satisfy the public conscience, and their own, by paying a few shillings more of super-tax, or a few pounds more of death duties, than the average man. We ourselves do not regard money as of any consequence; and it is not enough for the Cadburys, for example, shall escape condemnation merely because he can fling the public a gold coin or two by
way of an extra tip. We must have more than that. If a duke can show his fellow peers that the wage-system is a curse to mankind and should be abolished, he shall for our part gladly take all the death duties which pass from the Will ses and the Devonports to the Exchequer in the course of a century—if he wants them, but if a duke supports capitalism because he thinks it is in his interest to do so, or because he thinks the people should be "kept down," then he shall not escape our censure even if he contributes enough to the Exchequer to pay off the National Debt. * *

The truth is, and Lord Lucas must have overlooked it only by crass ignorance or carelessness, that no aristocracy in the world has ever survived for a generation unless it helped the lower classes or castes every day in the year and every hour of the day; and aristocracies were not necessarily healthy. In fact, genuine aristocracies have, on the whole, been poor. The Brahmins, for example, and the class immediately below them, the Rajputs, were seldom so wealthy as the richer third caste in ancient India, the vaishyas or traders. They did not even pay for the simple reason that wealth did not enter into their calculations. They held such a position of spiritual and moral authority that the richest vaishya would have given all his chances of absorption into the infinite in exchange for the privilege of serving his chief at a dinner table. Similarly, if you skip a few thousand years, the modern German aristocrat is not nearly so wealthy as the modern Ger man trader. Yet the enormous rich families of Bismarck, Rathenau, Thyssen, and so on, though they may be received by the Kaiser unofficially, as they frequently are, cannot attend Court functions, because all their wealth does not enable them to belong to the aristocratic order—an order which has, in its time, lower classes and castes. They still do so where the plutocrats have not undermined its influence and driven families by the thousand across the Atlantic. More than that: so pronounced is the instinctive distrust with which the nobles regard the tradesmen for even the best of trades degrade to some extent those who participate in them—that not even the meanest army lieutenant with a "von" to his name can be induced to brighten a plutocratic tea-party by his presence, though, if he wished, the purses of the head of the house would be placed in his hands to untie. That is setting an example; that is carrying out one of the principles of noblesse oblige! Now, now can Lord Lucas understand why some aristocracies have preserved their influence, their influence, and their power, and why some have not? Under no French king, we imagine, would it have been possible for a Jockey to have been ennobled; but we still warrant that Lord Lucas would not despise an invitation to shoot on Lord Jockey's estates—somewhere on top of those three-shift mines of his. Reciprocal service has always characterised the aristocracy and the classes below it; and when our own aristocrats were able to take an intelligent interest in crafts and to help their craftsmen, they had no cause to grumble because they were not supported. It was the English aristocracy that first suspended the old social order; and it is for the aristocracy, if there is one, to attempt to renew it. * *

The more we read about Ulster the more we regret that Mr. Asquith did not take advantage of the crisis, when it first became evident, to put forward a federal solution of the whole question. The Imperial Conference and the Committee of Imperial Defence are two new bodies which arose in response to a definite demand; they form no nucleus, like the House of Lords, of a Central Federal Government for the whole British Empire; and the definite organisation and regulation of the subsidiary governments is only a matter of time. We do not, of course, agree that under the Home Rule Bill Ulster is being penalised and imposed upon, as so many Unionists are trying to make out; but, even if we admit that a plausible case can be put forward on behalf of Ulster, we may take it as certain that no such case could have been put forward if Mr. Asquith had laid his federal cards on the table. For Ulster, let it be noted, insists upon being left within the Empire; and, we are given to understand, even if a General Election should again go in favour of the Liberals and give the Unionists a good excuse for a difficult position from which, at the moment, they only need to keep down, then he shall not escape our censure even if he contributes enough to the Exchequer to pay off the National Debt. * *

In the meantime, we think it is above all important that the authority of our actual Central Government should be upheld, though we fully realise that the upholding of it puts the Cabinet in a difficult position—a difficult position which, if anything, has been made easier by the frugality of the Kaiser. A federal solution of the question would still extricate them—and which is due, in the first place, to their own stupidity. More than four months ago a member of the Cabinet told the writer of these Notes that any officer who refused to serve against Ulster would be treated as a criminal. More than four months ago, in other words, trouble with the army was apprehended—and not provided against. We think that the resistance shown by a few officers, though we should be the last to defend it on military grounds, will be a lucky enough accident if it postpones actual fighting for a few days in order that Mr. Asquith may have time to come to a decision. The employment of armed troops against our fellow-subjects would, in our opinion, be approved of by the country only if the knowledge that all other means of upholding authority had failed; and the average voter does not yet know that all other means have failed. He will, likely enough, accuse Mr. Asquith of not having taken steps months ago against the Ulster leaders. Whatever the consultations of the Government and the Opposition may have been, they appear to the public to have been remarkably haphazard, slow, and insincere. Insecurity, indeed, has characterised the present Government and the Cabinet has been careful to put the Opposition in connection with this Ulster business. When insecure people meet insecure people the result can be predicted with minute accuracy; and if Ulster is really sincere and determined the electors of this country will want to know when the Government could not have ascertained the facts last autumn, or even sooner. Did the Cabinet, one wonders, rely upon P. W. W.? Or, worse still, did they rely upon the tautological and verbose predictions of a man whom the British Isles have disgraced themselves by treating as a serious and authoritative politician, Mr. T. P. O'Connor? * *

We are not dissatisfied to find that the Government still expresses its determination to go on; for, as we have said, we believe that the authority of the Central Government must be upheld. And we are not dissatisfied that Mr. Lloyd George, the most insincere and hypocritical figure in English politics, should have been the latest person chosen by the Cabinet to open the eyes of the people of England to the new Federal Government of the whole Empire. He will want to know why the Government could not have ascertained the facts last autumn, or even sooner. Did the Cabinet, one wonders, rely upon P. W. W.? Or, worse still, did they rely upon the tautological and verbose predictions of a man whom the British Isles have disgraced themselves by treating as a serious and authoritative politician, Mr. T. P. O'Connor? * *

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ing determination.” It is true that Mr. Lloyd George afterwards spoke about the Parliament Act in much the same way as we wrote about it in these columns a week or two ago. That is not now the point. The question of immediate urgency is the employment of troops in Ulster; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer could not deal with this simple question without ranting about “popular liberties.” It encroaches on our patience, we own, when we find Mr. Lloyd George talking in this ignoble strain, and when he does so he cannot be criticised too severely. We shall not forget that it was he who on two great occasions, apart from innumerable smaller ones, did all in his power to crush and strangle not only our “popular liberties,” but the spirit among Englishmen which gave rise to those very liberties. If Mr. Lloyd George had been all that the railwaymen of this country could have been made. But we know perfectly that if the Corporation had applied to the local Labour Board, they had wished to take the first step towards a system of National Guilds, have made the trade unions responsible.

Leeds has been seized with a brilliant idea. The Special Committee of its Corporation has decided, as a result of the recent Labour troubles there, to appoint an “Commercial Manager” to control the labour employed by the Municipality. The plan is not novel; for several big American departments have experimented with it. It is, however, that one man in the Corporation should make himself responsible for employing, dealing with, and discharging all the labour used —and the results thus achieved by such an one commend themselves, after years of experiment, to the heads of those establishments. Such a manager, in our view, is in a position not unlike that of a Commissioner for Native Affairs; and he is usually characterised by all the haughtiness, ignorance of humanity, stiffness, and adherence to red-tape that distinguish the worst specimens of such officials.

Knowing the recent history of Leeds, we regard the appointment of a certain Mr. Hamilton, who appears to be designated for the post, as a declaration of war on Labour; an attempt on the part of an inefficient Corporation to shift the responsibility for dealing with the workers on to the shoulders of a human machine. The control of its own workmen but the power and influence in the Cabinet and the country which Mr. F. E. Smith is in a position not unlike that of a Commissioner for Native Affairs; and he is usually characterised by all the haughtiness, ignorance of humanity, stiffness, and adherence to red-tape that distinguish the worst specimens of such officials.

If the members of the Corporation had been genuinely desirous of making fair terms with their workpeople, they would, as we have often advised, have entered into direct negotiations with the secretaries of the various trade unions concerned; and they could, if they had wished to take the first step towards a system of National Guilds, have made the trade unions responsible for the efficiency and work of the men belonging to them. This would have been a real attempt to solve the local problem of labour unrest. We do not forget that, thanks to the Insurance Act, many well-established unions are now in the habit of handing their “vacant books” over to the Labour Exchanges, and that if the Corporation had applied to the local Labour Exchange complete arrangements satisfactory to the city could have been made. But we know perfectly well that the Corporation has not done anything to give the workers almost as much as the Insurance Act itself, and we are not surprised that only the direct need induces a skilled workman to turn to them for assistance. This is a statement to be taken to heart; and not only by the members of the Leeds Corporation.
Current Cant

"Imagination."—Selfridge Advertisement.

"I am an author of several sorts."—Arnold Bennett.

"The Prime Minister is clearly correct in refusing to discuss further details."—"Daily Chronicle.

"The genius of Mr. Selfridge."—"Daily Mail.

"Our Socialist rulers."—Arnold White.

"The greatest minds contribute to 'The Times.'"—"The Times.

"Without the vote we have no power."—Beatrice MacKird Carey.

"The arch-adventurer of our times is Mr. H. G. Wells."—"The Nation.

"'The Star.' Bigger and brighter than ever. Take it home to your wife."—Advertisement in "News and Leader.

"The Press is fully alive to its loss of political power."—George R. Sims.

"All our opportunities come up from the Sunday-school."—"The International Bazaar.

"In view of the grave importance of the present political situation, 'The Times' will be reduced in price to a penny."—The Press Association.

"If Mrs. Lloyd George shot an editor."—"Daily Sketch.

"The King has a host of admirers among Press photographers."—"Daily Mirror.

"Money-making may be a form of asceticism."—The Dean of St. Paul's.

"The uncompromising commercial honesty of London is the most astonishing thing I know."—A South African in the "Daily Mail.

"As the acknowledged leader of a Socialist intrigue, Lloyd George would be splendidly in his element."—"Daily Express.

"The Socialists . . . exceedingly busy . . . reduce our great Empire to mere chaos."—Old Moore.

"The 'Morning Post' . . . built up on great traditions . . . living organism, with an identity distinct from that of the human instruments by which its existence is carried on . . . serene . . . steadfast . . . dignity . . . principles."—"The Globe.

"Give the workers decent comfort for their leisure . . . growth of discontent . . . largely checked."—"Morning Post.

"It is our business to try to find out which of the living writers are worth our attention, and which are not."—"The New Weekly.

"How to Write a Novel."—"T. P.'s Weekly "Advertisement.

"Why be content with four per cent.?"—"New Weekly "Advertisement.

"Anyone who has watched the 'Daily Mail' in recent years can see that it has been shifting itself to the tastes, not of a purely sensation-loving, mercurial crowd, but to a crowd whose tastes are supposed to be more exacting."—"The New Weekly.

"Paris, like London, is ceasing to be commercial in literature."—W. B. Yeats in "New York Times."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdud.

The murder of M. Gaston Calmette, editor of the Paris "Figaro," by Madame Caillaux, wife of the Minister of Finance, is an event which, in view of its probable political results, may yet have to be called historical. I think it will be advisable for me this week to sum up briefly the causes of the crime and its consequences.

"* * *

It is admitted that M. Caillaux, acting both independently and in conjunction with other politicians, was involved in financial transactions from time to time which, to express it calmly, did not add to his credit as a Minister. In particular, readers of Tax New Age will remember the emphasis I had occasion to lay upon his dealings with Germany at the time of the Agadir affair in 1911—dealings which were made on without the knowledge of the Prime Minister and M. Caillaux' other colleagues in the Cabinet. In late years, let me recall, M. Caillaux has always advocated an Income Tax; and the repeated rejection of Income Tax measures by the Senate only seemed to have the effect of making M. Caillaux more and more determined to have some such measure eventually passed.

"* * *

It was naturally to the interest of any enemies the Finance Minister had that he should be, if possible, discredited by the publication of the documentary evidence of some of his transactions. Several months ago such evidence came to the knowledge of M. Calmette, who published, in the "Figaro," accusations supported by names, dates, facts, and figures. M. Calmette, although not himself unfamiliar, from personal experience, with the ways of finance and financiers, was known to be a sincere patriot; and, further, as an adversary who, in matters of controversy, would stop at nothing that was likely to damage his opponent. M. Caillaux formally denied the attacks as the articles appeared day by day; and a few weeks ago it was thought that the "Figaro" had decided to let the matter drop. Those who held this opinion did not know their Calmette. Early this month the attacks were renewed, and they culminated a few days ago—Friday, March 13, to be unlucky precisely—in a letter, published in facsimile, written by M. Caillaux to a lady in which appeared the phrase: "I have squashed (écrasé) the Income Tax while seeming to defend it."

"* * *

This letter caused an extraordinary sensation; for its genuineness was acknowledged, and M. Caillaux merely replied that, though he had not believed in the imposition of an Income Tax when the letter was written (about 1901), he had since changed his mind, and had changed it with more reason than most people could show for changing their minds. The acknowledgment and the explanation were simple and straightforward.

"* * *

In 1901, as it happened, M. Caillaux was not married to his present wife—his third—who was then Madame Léo Clartée, wife of the son of the famous Jules Clartée, recently deceased, who was so long Administrator of the Comédie Francaise. Madame Caillaux believed that she recognised the letter; and from this point the affair assumed an aspect which, for want of a better expression, we may term romantic. French women—let it be mentioned that there are exceedingly few suffragists among them as yet—enjoy an enormous amount of power, social and political; but they never attempt to make a public display of it or to have it acknowledged by law. It is tactfully understood that French women shall be allowed, or rather expected, to wield their purely feminine influence as much as they like, and that they shall remain in the background, in
return for which their names are never dragged into controversy on the platform or in the Press.

M. Calmette, it is admitted broke this rule to the extent that he published a letter written by M. Caillaux to lady by, though he did not publish the lady's name. (The "Figaro" adds that only the political and not the personal part of the letter was reproduced and published.) But Madame Caillaux, on making inquiries, appears to have been informed from an authoritative quarter that M. Calmette had come into possession of a bundle of letters written to her by M. Caillaux a few years before their marriage, and that he intended to publish these letters one by one with the object of showing that M. Caillaux was invariably false to his political promises. The letter suggested (the "Figaro" states that no such letters were in his late editor's possession) were couched in a purely personal tone, but dealt largely with political affairs. Madame Caillaux consulted the Public Prosecutor, and was told that she had no remedy. Her husband's position as Finance Minister forebade his engaging in a duel with M. Calmette; and, as there is practically no libel law in France, long before any legal proceedings could have been brought to an end, the letters would have been published.

Conceive now the position of Madame Caillaux in view of another factor. It is admitted that M. and Madame Caillaux had not been living happily together for some time, because, although Madame was greatly combined with her extraordinary calmness and deliberation of what she regarded as her wounded honour--i.e., the publication of the letters--in the second place, to secure her husband's escape from the attacks of M. Calmette, which were slowly ruining his political career and driving him to distraction; and, thus, in the third place, to regain his affection and dispose of her rival?

A few of these details have reached me from sources not yet accessible to the general public; but the rest of the story is known. Madame Caillaux went to the office of the "Figaro," ordering a new costume and engagement of a friend of M. Gaston Calmette. Would it not be possible, Madame Caillaux appears to have thought, would it not be possible for her in the first place to avenge what she regarded as her wounded honour--i.e., the publication of the letters--in the second place, to secure her husband's escape from the attacks of M. Calmette, which were slowly ruining his political career and driving him to distraction; and, thus, in the third place, to regain his affection and dispose of her rival?

Either he himself, just before his death, or, more probably, some quick-witted clerk just after his death, sent the letter to M. Briand, the ex-Premier and enemy of M. Caillaux, and the Public Prosecutor, to a friend, found its way to the astounded Chamber. Immediately afterwards, add the delicately written newspaper reports. M. Monis, in spite of his wish to remain, was induced by his colleagues to resign from the Cabinet.

The Radical party without M. Caillaux is like what the Liberal party would be without Mr. Lloyd George. The party relied upon his personality, oratory, ability, and sound knowledge of one or two subjects to bring them back to power at the next general election, which is to be held in about six weeks. M. Caillaux was undoubtedly a force, in spite of his liking for Germany and his hatred of England. He has now retired, at least for the time being, from politics altogether; but in the present temper of the French people it would not be politically safe for a party to set him up as leader. The financial scandals in which he, with other Ministers, were involved have increased the disgust with which the French people regard the game of politics in general. Hardly a year passes without some financial scandal, running into millions, in which Ministers are in some way implicated. The Rochette affair has, three years after it was discovered, had the effect of ridding Germany of a friend in Paris, as the German Press comments on M. Calmette's murder sufficiently indicate. Germany's loss is our gain. But, having given the main facts as shortly as I could, I must postpone further comment until next week.
The Passing of the Home Rule Controversy.

"The Union is Dead! Long Live the Union!"

By L. G. Redmond-Howard.

[An article commenting on the Prime Minister's offers to Ulster, pointing out that Home Rule is no repeal of the Union, and drawing attention at once to the dangers and the hopes of the present situation.]

The pronouncement of Mr. Asquith, offering the last concessions to Ulster, marks at once a very definite and the hopes that follow an accomplished fact.

It was, to my mind, one of the greatest examples of statesmanship ever displayed by an English Prime Minister in his dealings with Ireland; and this for the following reason—namely, that it avoided one more of those futile General Elections, which seem to be the last resource of intellectual bankruptcy.

When you have a bad hand, shuffle again, seems to be the principle of modern partisanship: when in doubt, dissolve: quite forgetting that each deal is intended to be played out, and each election is intended to solve, not shelve, difficulties which present themselves to the electorate.

Now it would have been as unfair to England as it would to Ireland to have a General Election at the present juncture: it would have meant the repetition of the same old confession: an Irish local reformat would have dominated an Imperial issue; an Imperial issue would have complicated an Irish local reform; and I consider that by relegating the ballot to the few provinces that form the only real crux to the measure, the Prime Minister has struck the first blow at that artificial party-spirit which is becoming the stumbling-block of all sane government.

In the first place, he has cleared the way for the next General Election in England, in a way which should earn him the gratitude of all parties—but of no party more than the Tory Party, whose programme at the present moment can only be accepted in Irish affairs at the cost of all their traditional principles. An Irish policy, in other words, has ceased to be the dominating question in English politics, and it was worth attaining this end even at the cost of a Pyrrhic victory. Henceforth whatever Celtic influence exists in its four will be logically divided between each, instead of nationally antagonistic to both the great English parties; for it can never be forgotten that the alliance of the most conservative country with the most progressive party must, by its very nature, be artificial.

In the second place, it shows great constitutional wisdom in that, making the attitude of England purely that of a disinterested spectator, it grants either section of the present the high-water mark of political sagacity. It will be a Parliament of one party. Further, all the Protestant Unionists of the South will be left entirely at the mercy of their religious and political opponents—and though there is no reason to believe that they will receive better or worse treatment than the Catholics would have received in a 'Trinity' composed of all sects and classes, certainly no one can find fault with the logic of their fears after the behaviour of the Bishops on education.

Ireland, however, seems for ever doomed to live on in water-tight compartments, each class isolated as if every other were a plague germ, such as we have seen bottled in a hospital museum, instead of all mixing freely together in the healthy amity of mutual respect.

The Orange men, however, to my mind, will considerably damage their own cause by not coming forward at once as pioneers in the demand for the immediate progressiveness of which their religion is but the theological expression.

The formation of a strong opposition in Dublin, composed of men advocating those principles for which Ulster is supposed to stand, namely, industry, aristocracy, and I should be sorry indeed to see a Parliament in Dublin in which every other were a plague germ, such as we have seen bottled in a hospital museum, instead of all mixing freely together in the healthy amity of mutual respect. Nay, by the time six years have elapsed, they may be far more eager to take part in the council of their common country than any Nationalist county was to establish it—and possibly they may form far more valuable assets.

One thing the Prime Minister's offer has done, and done effectively: it has taken the ground entirely from under the feet of Sir Edward Carson: the volunteers must philosophically cease to exist after the declaration on the part of Mr. Asquith that their future is in their own hands, and Sir Edward Carson, by trying to anticipate the verdict of six years hence, is himself interfering with the policy of a future Parliament at Westminster to treat with the situation that will have arisen by that time.

We have always maintained, and still maintain, that Sir Edward Carson's tactic is one which is far more dangerous to the cause he has at heart, than to the enemies he has at hand: though it is to a certain extent the only dignified answer he could make to the high-handed way in which his opponents were seeking to establish a constitution over his head: I should be very sorry indeed to see a Parliament in Dublin in which he did not figure to fill the place to which he has a sort of natural right, in order to restore or rather to establish that balance of thought without which deliberative government becomes an absolute tyranny.
I always think that it is a great pity that the problems of Ireland have been allowed to get into politics at all—for if ever there was a country which needed only encouragement, that country is Ireland. For one, the old party tags of "Catholics and Protestants," "Nationalists and Orangemen"—phrases which are becoming every day more futile, if not absolutely odious in the eyes of serious thinkers—and there is hardly a single concrete problem on which there is any real difference of opinion between educated laymen. And the deputation shortly to await upon the Prime Minister with regard to the calling of the great English liners at Queenstown, which is to consist of Mr. John Redmond, Sir Eddy de Courcy, and Mr. William O'Brien is a rather typical example of what is an everyday occurrence in Ireland in all such matters as Trade, Commerce, Agriculture, and every kind of Industrial Reform.

In a word, the whole bias of politics is entirely traditional, and were the Recording Angel to suddenly burn some badly-needed copy while he was writing the history of the past hundred years—let us find a new term for it, for it was nothing but a printer's error, or a moment of panic—which has given his complaint to us, for it was nothing but a printer's error, or a "wait and see" policy. They waited, but they did not see, because this "dramatic" advent into the arena had so completely obliterated the old social and political principles that it was the fact that the humblest riveter on the Queen's Island had "scamped" his weekly "goose-stepping" to go and see a football match.

In his opening remarks he states that he would not have Home Rule at the cost of a single Ulster Orangeman's life. Nationalists will heartily agree with him up to a certain point and subject to qualifications. In the first place the resistance of the Orangemen and Unionists to Home Rule is a direct denial of the principle of constitutional government, that the will of the majority must prevail. Will Mr. Redmond-Howard assert that he would not have the living wage for the toiling masses at the cost of a single worker's life? Recent events in the labour and political worlds have proved that reform comes, not as a result of a sudden philanthropic wave over Capitalism or Ascendancy, but as the result of a perpetual warfare on the part of the toiler for better wages and better conditions. What has been the price of the ameliorated condition of the worker of to-day, circumscribed though it be? Will Mr. Redmond-Howard deny that it has been at the cost of hundreds of lives just as precious to the community if not more so, than those of Ulster Orangemen?

But why, might I ask, is the sacred Orange life to be forfeited at all? Has Orangeism taken a vow to im-
molate itself in atonement for the atrocities of Cromwell, for the Penal Laws of Elizabeth, or for the treachery of Castlereagh? Nationalists are at a loss to know why the Orangeman has so heroically doomed himself to death.

Of course, Mr. Redmond-Howard starts off on the presupposition that civil war in Ulster is inevitable if Home Rule is passed. He, therefore, places himself in a false and prejudiced position at the outset. If he were to come to Belfast for a few days without the label of a "visiter to be converted" ostentatiously attached to his coat-tails, and moved about amongst the business men of the city, in the streets, in the cafes, in the tram-cars, or any place where men are apt to shed their political reserve and express their plain and free opinions, he might hesitate before taking up such an unprofitable line of argument. I say the business men of the city, because they are the censors in this matter, as we might possibly realise some of these days.

He bewails the fact that leaders of all parties have thrown logic to the winds and endeavours to thrust this home upon us by becoming utterly illogical himself. He declares that it is what he calls the "realisation of paradoxes" that has made it possible for him "to sign a declaration in favour of the General Election and the Union." It must be remembered that he is remaining a Home Ruler all this time, although ordinary, everyday intelligences might be inclined to forget it.

According to Mr. Redmond-Howard, the Orangeman is "stripped of the Castle system with which he has been associated," represents "the spirit of independence of thought, both in religion and politics, the spirit of industry as opposed to sentiment, the spirit of Imperial brotherhood instead of racial hatred." I confess it took me considerable time to take that all in. It is inclined to be rather of a strain if one tries to swallow it all at once.

"The spirit of Imperial brotherhood instead of racial hatred." Shades of Sir Edward Carson!

For the past two years the Unionist leader has stumped Great Britain describing the majority of the people of Ireland as "those whom we loathe and detest."

Mr. Redmond-Howard regrets the spirit in which the present controversy has been approached. "Each party," he says, "is not for peace, but for victory." That is why, I suppose, Irish Nationalists in the North of Ireland have consented to risk being cut off from the national life of the country in order that Sir Edward Carson and his followers may have full sway over their lives and interests. And that is why Mr. Redmond, short of sacrificing the fundamental principles of Home Rule, has offered to Ulstermen every concession and safeguard in reason, in order that we may enter the portals of Self-Government together in peace and good-will. With regard to Mr. O'Brien's share in the policy of "Conference, Conciliation and Consent," his only hope of gaining the confidence of Irish Unionists was to lose the opportunity of heaping vitriolic abuse on the heads of Mr. Redmond and his colleagues. "Robbing Peter to pay Paul" seems to be Mr. Redmond-Howard's idea of conciliation.

Further, to demonstrate his conception of logic, he states, with regard to civil war, that he is "profoundly convinced of its uselessness in the present crisis." Why then has he joined the Ulster Volunteers, whose avowed intentions are to resist Home Rule by force of arms? Why does he take upon himself the task of defending a course of action in which he disbelieves?

He wants a "free consenting Ulster" to show, he says, that Nationalists do not approach the question in a spirit of party triumph, but of national settlement. I think I have dealt with that point pretty clearly. Nationalists are not anxious to sacrifice their principles for the sake of winning that consent. He promptly takes away one hand what he gives with the other by declaring that "if a hundred thousand men in arms cannot make themselves respected, what hope has a miserable handful in a Dublin Assembly?"

Fancy approaching "a hundred thousand men in arms" in a spirit of peace and national settlement. It is like handing your weapon to the man who is armed to the teeth on the condition he won't shoot you.

Ah! no, Mr. Redmond-Howard must try some other method of explaining away an indiscretion and of convincing Unionists and Nationalists that he has found a solution of the Ulster question. He gives no suggestion, in a modification of his own words, let him try and convince Ulstermen, if they need convincing, that Ireland is an asset, without which Ulster would be poor indeed.

The Fabian Insurance Report.

Despite certain fundamental defects the Interim Report on the working of the Insurance Act, which was issued last week by the Fabian Research Department, forms a useful addition to the armoury of those who are fighting this detestable piece of legislation. If we discover in it nothing new, we find that we have come across someone whose "benefit" has been delayed, another whose case has been wrongly diagnosed by the panel doctor, or a third who has been discharged from a sanatorium while still unfit for work, those engaged in social or charitable work have found such cases to be very frequent, and in the "New Statesman" Supplement these individual experiences are, as it were, brought together and passed under review. Taken collectively they provide an overwhelming mass of evidence against what was always a discredited Act of Parliament.

The very fact that Mr. Sidney Webb, Chairman of the Committee of Inquiry, never questions the principle on which the Act is based—the divine right of the bureaucracy to control the lives of the poor—but confines his criticism to financial and administrative details, is not without a certain value, since it has permitted some mention of the report and its findings to appear in quarters that have been carefully closed to more damaging attacks. It is important however for those who are opposing the Act on principle to remember as they read, that were the machinery efficient and its finances sound, the most objectionable features of the Act would still remain, because the Fabian Society would find little to condemn. As it is, however, it is proving as indefensible in practice as it has always been in theory; all things are working together towards a break-up of the Act in its present form.

Every page of the Report serves but to expose once more the fallacious and fraudulent basis of Compulsory, Contributory, National Health Insurance. Take, for instance, the question of sickness benefit. The State armed with all power and might, has for nearly two years been forcing thirteen millions of working people to lay aside a fixed amount of money every week, yet finds itself to-day, as Sir Edward Brabrook foretold, unable to define the conditions on which they can get their money back! The situation would be Gilbertian were it not so tragic for the victims. The late Chief Registrar has repeatedly pointed out that the State has no knowledge of what is "sickness benefit." "The physiological condition giving a person a title to benefit is not defined in the Act, it cannot be defined," were his words on one occasion. The statutory definition of the ground for benefit is "Incapacity for work," but the phrase is capable of a thousand different interpretations among the officials of the twenty-three thousand Approved Societies entrusted with the working of the scheme. A coal miner may be unable to follow his arduous occupation, but he is not therefore
incapable of any work. In one Society his claim might be admitted, in another disallowed. A woman about to be continually and similarly be allowed, unless the Society for her incapacity to work, and refused it another on the ground that pregnancy is not sickness. If we examine the Medical benefit we find that millions of pounds are being spent on the Panel system, only to perpetuate the worst evils of club and contract practice, and that an even more limited service than before is being required of the doctors for an enormously increased expenditure.

Under the heading “Sanatorium Benefit,” by which an enlightened nation sought to stamp out consump-
tion by offering treatment to persons in possession of stamped cards, but none to their sisters, children or de-
pendants, the report shows that as a result of two and a half years’ activity eight thousand beds have been secured for the fortunate possessors of passports. It is a little discouraging to find that most of these beds were available to the poor before the passing of the “healing” Act, but, inadequate as the provision is, it might at any rate have been administered honestly as far as it would have been justified. It is important not to mount importance, and so we find that instead of treat-
ing a small number of cases thoroughly, from 20,000 to 30,000 persons have been hurried through the various institutions in a year, to return half cured in most cases to the slum or factory that bred the disease, and of those indeed to be dispatched to the workhouse infirmary to die. The vast majority of the consumptives never get within sight of the “sanatoria” for which they have been specifically taxed. God liver oil is doled out to them in their own homes, where they remain to spread the in-
festation amongst their families and friends.

Of such base metal is the much-vaulted ninetenoise! In such great poverty and insecurity do the mass of the people live that a sham of this kind is still a bribe! In truth, the report is a deplorable document. By the first page to the last it is the record of a cruel de-
ception and deliberate fraud upon the poorest of the poor, for national undertakings must be judged by their pro-
portion of failures. The fraud, the deception, and the failure were as clearly foreseen in 1911 as they are cate-
gorically proved in 1914. Mr. Sidney Webb and his ninety-five solemnities sit round their table and record their discoveries with “regret”; they shake their heads over one thing, they deplore another; they suggest, re-
commend, “regret to have to report,” and then again regret. But these sapient and self-righteous individuals might spare us their sighs and lamentations. The report they have issued might have been written two years ago as easily as this year. It was indeed written for all practical purposes. Do they deplore the excess of sickness claims over the estimate? Was it not written in 1911 that “the fallacy on which the conclu-
sions in the present Bill rest is that the experience of voluntary insurance is the measure of the risk incurred by compulsory insurance.” (Sir E. Brabrook, “Morning Post,” December 3, 1911.) What need have we of any further witness?

Does the Committee note the approaching insolvency of many of the societies? The Government has chosen to mark with its “approval”? Did not Mr. McKinnon Wood declare in the House of Commons in December, 1911, that there never had been any question of the Treasury guaranteeing the minimum benefits for which compulsory contributors were to be made, and was it not pointed out in thousands of leaflets that the absence of a guarantee undermined the whole principle of en-
forced compulsory contributions? Our critics make much ado about the hardships of the poll-tax on the poorest paid workers. They print a headline “The Abstracted Loaf,” and burst into italics in their horror at the thought that the State by diminishing the scanty earnings of the poor is thereby “starring them still further into illness.” The Fabian Society themselves issued pamphlets showing that this would inevitably happen if the Act came into force, but I am not aware that they have lifted a hand to prevent the occurrence.

I called once—a first and last visit—at the Society’s office early in 1912 and was informed by one of the “War against Poverty” officials that the society was law-abiding and would certainly not resist the opera-
tion of the Act. Our pompous Committee prays that some relief may be given to these poor people and that justice may be done to those known as the Post Office Depositors. I feel glad now at the recollection that the first leaflet I composed had on it these words, “In practice therefore those whose need is greatest get the least help. Refuse to Pay!”

The startling discovery has been made in this report that there is a complete absence of democratic control of administration by the insured: they once more “regret to report” that any such reliance on democratic self-government is practically a delusion and a snare. What else did they expect? Did they imagine in their wildest moments of fond and foolish Radicalism that the Prudential would allow itself to be placed under the control of working men and women? From the moment Mr. Handel Booth’s resolution admitting the Insurance Companies was accepted, all talk of democratic control became mere words, of no practical interest to the poor. Yet when an Act is framed for their oppression, by which they are taxed as he himself says “still further into starvation,” by which they are bullied by well-paid officials, and by which their hardly earned money is laid out to the worst advantage, he does nothing to help those whose souls revolt at such abominations being done in the name of the State. He sits still, and like the schoolboy with a butterfly on a pin, watches the effect on the poor of this experiment in social reform, makes notes, files, indexes, catalogues their sufferings, and—issues this Report!

Next week I hope to deal with the Committee’s sug-
gestions for reform. MARGARET DOUGLAS.

**Guilds and Versatility.**

*By Arthur J. Penny.*

Mr. H. G. Wells, in his recent book “An Englishman Looks at the World,” has proclaimed himself antagon-
istic to the idea of restoring the Guilds because he believes in the “necessity of versatility.” “A. E. R.,” in reviewing the book recently in *The New Age,* con-
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satility. Mr. Wells, I hope to show, stands for false versatility. Mr. Wells’ objection is that he is
pression to what a decade ago was the popular faith of the people—its belief in the sufficiency of science and mechanism as a basis of our national life. Since then the sufficiency of science has been called in question, while the advent of machinery has brought all manner of problems in its train. Industry has become increasing unstable. It has created the problems of boy labour, undermined technical competence, has placed enormous power in the hands of capital, is tending to get too intimate for the home, and has created the women and labour revolt. While side by side, as a result of all this, there has come a gradual loosening of the grip which men had on the realities of life, we have become mentally and morally unstable. All this instability and changeability are reflected in Mr. Wells' writings. He sympathises with all the modern moosd, and realises all the modern injustices. And he would find a remedy, if he could. In his confusion he seizes first at this and then at that in the hope that it will prove the remedy. But it is all in vain, for he is powerless. He has lost the master-key.

Now it is precisely because Mr. Wells is so representative of the modern spirit that he is not versatile in the true sense of the word. For the modern world is not versatile: it is changeable, and so is Mr. Wells. And versatility differs from changeability in the same way that art differs from fashion. The analogy is a good one, as fashions arise from changeability in the community of living traditions of art, so changeability arises from the absence of convictions. And this is so because of the absence of any great established tradition of culture or order in society and because modern society is rooted in a very rapid extension of machine production has brought all manner of problems in its train. Industry while the rapid extension of machine production has brought all manner of problems in its train. Industry has placed enormous power in the hands of the mass. The result is that modern man has become up-rooted. He has lost the master-key.

Now, if we are ever to restore to society a great art we shall have to get back this instinctive art which men must insist that a man should in the first place understand his craft thoroughly. Mr. Wells thinks that this narrows a man. What it really does is to give him the key to all things. The secret of this modern changeability lies in the fact that this modern changeability lies in the fact that industry has become organised on a basis which prevents nearly all from understanding a craft thoroughly. The system of the division of labour has destroyed this possibility for most men. The result is that the man has become up-rooted. He has become at the mercy of his hooly. He has lost the structural sense of things. His mind, instead of being organic, has become an aggregation of atomic ideas, which refuse to coalesce. It is here that we see what has been the root of the problem, for its aim in the first place is to fix things by erecting barriers, as it were. No great art or culture, or even social order, are possible so long as everything remains in a state of flux. We must become rooted, and that the Guild is the key to this. Mechanisation has been an amazing mass of contradictions from which we can find no escape. Once I thought he was getting near the truth of things, for in an article in the "Daily Mail" he was attributing the Industrial Unrest to dull work, and he was eloquent on the monotony of the work men were compelled to do nowadays. But, lo and behold! not long after this he was back at his old game of advocating more and more machinery. In another article he actually advocated the revival of the Guild, and within a fortnight he was decrying Trades Unions, which, of course, are the base on which Guilds are to be built. How to explain these contradictions? The contradiction is less it be that at the back of Mr. Wells' mind is an utterly impossible dream which is now being shattered to fragments by the ruthless force of facts. For facts are giving the lie to modernism in every department of activity. It needs little insight to see that we can go no farther on the road we are now on. Modernism which denied the existence of limits, has paradoxically reached its limits in a very short space of time. Sooner or later shall we return to the old order of things, and painfie though the transition may be for us to-day, it will be more painful to-morrow. The remedy for all people suffering from this modernist malady is to do some practical work. If Mr. Wells, instead of writing about modern problems as, for example, he has come a machine tender in a factory, I venture to think that his illusions about the blessings of machinery would vanish in a day. His soul would rise in rebellion against the degradation to which he had to submit. And it is only by actually having one's hands in the machinery offers many advantages to them. It has brought them many conveniences and given them opportunities for travel. They forget the existence of the millions whose degrada-

The defect of most of our literary men is that they entirely lack such a base. In China, where the people reverence above all things literature and learning, the literary class is rooted in the basis of a craftsman, a painter or a musician. The idea of the pursuit of literature as a separate profession is not favoured, and I think the Chinese are right. For literature pursued as a separate profession is apt to lead to superficiality, and is as bad as the pursuit of art when divorced from craftsmanship. This has been a danger at all times, but it is much more so to-day, where the division of classes and the sub-division of function have reached a degree of development hitherto unknown. As it is, our literary class, separated from actual work, has tended more and more to become purely negative in its attitude towards things. When at last they have succeeded in destroying what little faith we possessed, interest in the old line of Guilds is the filth of the day, and men are separated by the nature of their occupations from the actual society of the world, they naturally tend to become preoccupied with the problems of sex, which is the one reality left to them. So that when we get to the bottom of it all we find that the kind of versatility which Mr. Wells is so anxious to preserve owes its origin to the materialism and emptiness of modern life. And so he naturally distrusts the revival of the Guild.
Education for the Workers.

By Rowland Kenney.

I. Have divided working-class education into three kinds, which I will call technical, civic, and revolutionary. To say that the first can make any appreciable difference in the conditions of the masses is to insult what little intelligence labour has got, and the technical education is surely aware of that fact. Under present conditions, a technical education for the labourer is simply a means of making him into a more profitable machine for his employer; it will not make him free or raise his status at all, it will simply lower the status of the man who has served his apprenticeship to a trade.

The skilled labour market is overcrowded just as is the unskilled labour market. A competent craftsman even now may tramp from London to Dundee without getting one day's work at his own skilled trade. Carpenters, metalworkers, skilled workmen of every kind are driven to take jobs as labourers, and no further improvement in their knowledge of their trade will lift them out of the unskilled labour rut. I need say no more about technical education.

To come next to the working-class educators who are out to produce "decent citizens." I think we can take the Workers' Education Association as representing this type, and to it we can add the Ruskin College movement in Oxford. The latter, it will be remembered, was founded about fourteen years ago by two Americans. Its object was to give discontented workers an education in politics, economics, and in all sociological matters. In 1909 there was a strike of students against the management of the college because of the latter's attempt to hitch the institution on to the skirts of the University. The strikers wanted "Ruskin" to keep more closely in touch with the militant labour movement outside. The result was that the malcontents were cut adrift, and "Ruskin" proceeded to imbibe more and more of the University spirit; University diplomas were offered to its students, and a reactionary gang obtained control. How anxious "Ruskin" is to steer clear of the labour movement.

The secretary of the Workers' Education Association, Mr. Albert Mansbridge, tells us that this body is a body non-party and unsectarian. It has "helped workpeople and scholars on their way, and fought many of the wrongs that come with the war against the forces of evil of our time." But "it has never attempted to deal directly with economic or political reform." To it, according to Mr. Mansbridge, trade unionists such as Mr. Shackleton and Mr. Henderson, and Socialists such as Mr. Philip Snowden and Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald, have always held out helping hands. The discontent of the W.E.A. "will not cease until each child, adolescent, and adult is receiving that education, in measure and kind, which is essential for the complete development of his or her individuality."

Whatever else one may say of Mr. Mansbridge, one must admit that he is one of the most strenuous workers any organisation was ever blessed with. His energy is surprising, his capacity for evil, so far as labour is concerned, is monstrous, and his honesty is unimpeachable. He sincerely believes that the hatch-potch of notions he turns out are really of use to the dear "workpeople." He refuses to see that the draining off of what brainy men the labour movement possesses is the turning up slimed prigs, one of the most terrible wrongs a man can inflict upon the working classes. And so he is lumped up against one of the brutal facts of our modern social system.

So the W.E.A. is non-partisan. That must mean that it either does not believe that there is any antagonism between capital and labour, or, if any antagonism exists, it refuses to range itself upon the side of labour. It is concerned with "life, not livelihood." Education is to be desired by the workman for its own sake and not because it has any "direct bearing upon his wage-earning capacity." It is not that we "wish to think with at least the groundwork of university culture." And this non-sectarian attitude is necessary to the continued existence of the W.E.A., as a glance at the list of names of men who have helped to finance it will show. In a list before there are, for instance, the like-tingling revolutionists as Percy Alden, M.P.; A. J. Balfour, M.P.; the Archbishop of Canterbury; S. C. Buxton, M.P.; W. Hamilton Fyle; Rupert Guinness; the Right Hon. J. W. Lowther, M.P.; Viscount Milner; Sir W. H. Edwardes; Viscount Milner; Mr. Buxton, Balfour, Hamilton, etc.

By "True study is its own sufficient reward." I do not want to overburden my point, but I must emphasise it. The growing feeling among the workers of antagonism to the capitalist is being paralysed by the "Ruskin" attitude. The W.E.A. and Ruskin College must be indicted and condemned. Two of the strongest supporters of the official clique at Ruskin College, when an attempt was made to turn it on to the side of militant labour, were David Shackleton and Richard Balfour. An official attitude is being held. Mr. Bertram Wilson, who sacrificed himself to labour on the altar of a Labour Exchange, Mr. H. B. Lees Smith, another of the crew, is upholding the banner of the workers as a Liberal M.P. The late secretary and Vice-Principal, Mr. Henry Allsopp, was appointed Secretary of the Workers' Education Association as representing education in politics, economics, and in all sociological matters. In 1909 there was a strike of students against the management of the college because of the latter's attempt to hitch the institution on to the skirts of the University. Mr. Mansbridge is able to claim that his organisation "has unified in one body, without conscious difference (whose consciousness?) of All's men—the pe'er's sons rejoices in the friendship of the miner's son, and the casual labourer in the friendship of the don."

Now I must again remind readers of The New Age of the present tendency to accentuate the difference in the conditions of the masses; this is to be desired by the workman for its own sake and not because it has any "direct bearing upon his wage-earning capacity." It is not that we "wish to think with at least the groundwork of university culture." And this non-sectarian attitude is necessary to the continued existence of the W.E.A., as a glance at the list of names of men who have helped to finance it will show. It is concerned with "life, not livelihood." Education is to be desired by the workman for its own sake and not because it has any "direct bearing upon his wage-earning capacity." It is not that we "wish to think with at least the groundwork of university culture." And this non-sectarian attitude is necessary to the continued existence of the W.E.A., as a glance at the list of names of men who have helped to finance it will show. In a list before there are, for instance, the like-tingling revolutionists as Percy Alden, M.P.; A. J. Balfour, M.P.; the Archbishop of Canterbury; S. C. Buxton, M.P.; W. Hamilton Fyle; Rupert Guinness; the Right Hon. J. W. Lowther, M.P.; Viscount Milner; Sir W. H. Edwardes; Viscount Milner; Mr. Buxton, Balfour, Hamilton, etc.

The secretary of the Workers' Education Association, Mr. Albert Mansbridge, tells us that this body is a body non-party and unsectarian. It has "helped workpeople and scholars on their way, and rallied many to the banner of "true study is its own sufficient reward." I do not want to overburden my point, but I must emphasise it. The growing feeling among the workers of antagonism to the capitalist is being paralysed by the "Ruskin" attitude. The W.E.A. and Ruskin College must be indicted and condemned. Two of the strongest supporters of the official clique at Ruskin College, when an attempt was made to turn it on to the side of militant labour, were David Shackleton and Richard Balfour. An official attitude is being held. Mr. Bertram Wilson, who sacrificed himself to labour on the altar of a Labour Exchange, Mr. H. B. Lees Smith, another of the crew, is upholding the banner of the workers as a Liberal M.P. The late secretary and Vice-Principal, Mr. Henry Allsopp, was appointed Secretary of the Workers' Education Association as representing education in politics, economics, and in all sociological matters. In 1909 there was a strike of students against the management of the college because of the latter's attempt to hitch the institution on to the skirts of the University. Mr. Mansbridge is able to claim that his organisation "has unified in one body, without conscious difference (whose consciousness?) of All's men—the pe'er's sons rejoices in the friendship of the miner's son, and the casual labourer in the friendship of the don."
his fears are relics of barbarism, and that the leopard at profiteering is rapidly changing its spots. We come now to the third of the groups of educationists: the revolutionary. Apart from what may be done in the columns of a few papers, the organisation which is achieving the most important result is that of which the Central Labour College is the centre. The C.L.C. was formed by the malcontents who broke away from "Ruskin" about five years ago. As the W.E.A. and "Ruskin" organisations, the C.L.C. is fiercely partisan. It concentrates upon social and industrial subjects and strives to impart to its students a knowledge of the facts of their economic servitude. History has largely been written to the order of the exploiter. Economics and social science have nearly always been taught from the point of view that the interests of capital and labour are identical. The worker who has sought to grasp the principles upon which all rules of social conduct have been built has materially bound himself in some sort of a dilemma which the orthodox professors have never even tried to explain away. Each ruling class has held sway in the past because it has developed its own system of philosophy in line with its economic needs. Established orders have been overthrown by other classes which were striking against exactly, or to what end their blows and campaigns were waged. Each struggle has seemed something apart from the general course of their lives; a sudden disaster, some strange phenomenon. In short, revolting labour has been an almost blind and unintelligent working class. It has found that a battle between themselves and the profiteers is no strange outburst due to some sudden change in their relations, or increase in the price of bacon, but simply an incident in one long campaign that must and either in the overthrow of wagedom or in their own eternal enslavement. And, as we have seen, labour has so far been the losing party in the campaign. The process of enslaving the worker is now going on, and the working-class education which is effective in the progress of education is helping it along: the technical educators are, at the very best, doing nothing to prevent or hinder it; the revolutionary educational institution, the C.L.C., is opposing it.

As far as organised bodies are concerned, the C.L.C. says: It is not enough to feel oppression in order to remove it. We must know how this oppression arises and continues if we would overcome it, and the act of overcoming must be an act of the working class. It cannot be performed by philanthropists or by patronage of any kind. It must be a partisan and class achievement. The victory of the working class involves the disappearance of all classes, but it means the victory of a class nevertheless. So long as the economic foundations of society are such as to make exploitation, and therefore classes, possible, it is mere humbug and cant to talk about neutrality and non-partisanship. So the C.L.C. does not talk about neutrality. It teaches its students that the master must face the master as an antagonist, or be robbed because he is a fool or a coward. It has no use for Labour Exchanges or Insurance Acts, or other State organisations for the provision of blacklegs and the regimentation of industrial serfs. It says that wherever profit-making is the aim of production, there is the fighting organisation of labour necessary. Strikes are common to workers of all branches and all nations where capitalism reigns, whilst the capitalists in all branches of industry employ common means to stem the revolts of wage slaves. Conciliation and arbitration are methods adopted by capitalists in general. They are parts of the same swaddling band of labour as was the "identity of interests" of some time ago.

I do not wish to say that the C.L.C. is perfect, but I do mean that it represents the only educational institu-
tion (again excepting The New Age in a less degree, one or two other journals) which is striving to keep the minds of workers clear from the cant and lies that are being so widely disseminated by and in the interests of the profiteering classes. We are rapidly approaching the time when this question of working-class education will have to be considered seriously by everyone interested in the checking of the development of the Servile State, and I submit that the C.L.C. should be helped, and the other working-class educationists fought.

Towards the Play Way.

By H. Caldwell Cook.

VI.

Self-Government in Class.

Mr. Penty says: "While art has one of its roots in religious tradition it has another in the social structure.

"Is it not likely enough that a renewal of life in one root may revive the whole tree? Is it too simple-minded of us to hope that the National Guilds system for the reconstruction of society may initiate a process which will culminate in the restoration of this religious tradition? Just as there can be no thought of Play in elementary education so long as sixty children have to be drilled together in bondage by one teacher, so there can be no thought of that joy in life which must for art, so long as the wage-system continues in being, demanding a man's whole labour in return for bare subsistence. Grant leisure, grant life, and it will soon be found that men, coming back out of mere existence into life, will surely, in the words of Ruskin, "find that men, coming back from mere existence into life, will surely turn their hearts and hands to the communal ideals or religious tradition of which we are speaking." Mr. Penty truly says: "How to restore a religious tradition is itself a mystery which is not to be solved by dialectics. And yet the revival of art ultimately depends upon such a restoration."

And now, having expounded something of the principles upon which is founded the Play Way as a theory of education, I propose to describe how the theory has been to some extent carried out in practice, and to show how a true feeling for art values may be expected to arise out of such practice. Having neither hope nor fear of being regarded as a dialectician, I submit, as a possible help to the solution of the mystery, our games and our work, and the dreams which unite them as Play.

The writer of Present Day Criticism, in reviewing one of our playbooks about a year ago, said, "In our schooldays inquirers were an affair between Jones minor and Mr., Herr, or Monsieur. . . . . . . One was not also priggishly judged and reproached by one's contemptible peers. To provoke temporarily obedient children to however feebly and constrained disapproval of a temporarily turbulent companion is a detestable device." Can you imagine in any class-room such an episode as the following, which happened here this morning and is quite in accord with every-day practice? (In these papers I must be understood as speaking for myself, incriminating no one else.) Twelve and a half being the average age of the form, any teacher will realise that many of the brighter members are younger than that. They are known to me collectively as "Littleman." While one of the boys is calling the assembly to order before the lesson begins, another stands up and asks him if he may make a speech. Obtaining permission, he mounts the rostrum and proceeds to harangue the several members of the class who have had the misfortune to incur detention any time during the past week. Of course, in the serious atmosphere usually associated with classrooms such a proceeding would be even too barbarous ever to
take place. But I have only quoted the reviewer to point my illustration. The playboy's two-minute speech was all part of a big game, and he concluded, with all earnestness, in some such words as these: "I think, sir, the house will agree that those members of the Cabinet who have got detention are no longer fit to remain in office, and I, therefore, propose a vote of censure on the Government." Several members sprang up to speak, and the one who was called upon lost no time in pointing out that the last speaker had himself met with the same misfortune while recently in office. Not a person was able to keep in the hearing of both sides, not much to the purpose. A neat reply from the original speaker put the question beyond debate. It was perfectly true, he said, that he had somehow come by an hour's detention while in office, but it was on that very account that his party was turned out, when the present government came in. The result was a general election in which a new Prime Monitor came into power, who appointed his cabinet from among the best of the Old Stagers. Some teacher may object that all this is bad teaching, because it gives the boys an entirely inaccurate notion of how the government of the country is carried on. But my aim is not to teach "Civics" in the second form; and may help us all if ever I should a child to describe to small boys what every man knows of how the government of the country is carried on. No, the boys are simply doing as all children will do if allowed freedom of fancy. As children of long ago imitated in the Song of Songs, the ritual which they saw their elders observe so intimately, so the children of to-day can find play in party politics. In order to be sure whether the boys are really interested in what is afoot, it is a good plan to let them write "real" letters. Here is one which has the idea of the sport in question. "Dear Mr. Cook,—The form at this moment is in great excitement. B, with 18 votes to 2, won the post of Prime Monitor. That was on Friday. To-day, Tuesday, I think nearly half are back on the old band. Before we have the certainty that A will regain the chief post, Spies were spoken of. It was said that a boy had gone on to A's side and was going to get detention and wreck A's supremacy. Yours truly, [Signature]." That letter appeals to me, I have written it, I hope toward the end they have the confidence of workmanlike style a boy can use when he knows what he wants to say. The play side of politics is well shown in the plan of the spy. But Play, as I am quite tired of speaking of, is not merely a comparative quiet, the Prime Monitor in the solemn hush holds aloft a pin, and until that pin has not merely a comparative quiet, the Prime Monitor in the solemn hush holds aloft a pin, and until that pin has not merely a comparative quiet, the Prime Monitor in the solemn hush holds aloft a pin, and until that pin has not merely a comparative quiet, the Prime Monitor in the solemn hush holds aloft a pin, and until that pin has been heard to fall many a time indeed it is not much to the purpose. Active Play in the class-room is not conducted without turmoil, and as everyone's interest is centred in what he is doing, it is not always easy to obtain a hearing when singing Odes. The quickest way, as well as the most effective, is to ask the Prime Monitor, "Get me a silence." The tap of his mace is the most enthralling revel.

Definition of play as a principle of education in some place may perhaps be allowed for the interests of the youngsters. And if you study their interest in school you may safely count on it out of school as well. Over and above the routine work of the officials, committees are appointed from time to time to bring something particular business, such as the making of rules for a concert. One of the Littlemen, twelve years of age, recently gave a lecture on Tudor architecture. It amounted to a talk about the houses of Shakespeare's England. On the town may be found examples of timber-work, chimneys, gables, fireplaces, panelling, windows, and no doubt the green-and-white, the golden-and-white, of the same style. The committee appointed in this connection was not permitted to keep all the fun to itself, but specifically directed to organise a competition in which all might take a part.

The librarian's office is no sinecure, for it sometimes takes him a week to trace a borrowed volume that has gone from hand to hand, and sometimes he must needs beguile the search to his successor. But of all the ministerial posts, I chiefly envy that of the Prime Monitor, or Knight Captain, as he used to be called "or ever the knightly, and when the Littleman, who has the joy that comes of wielding the mace, is not quite clear as to the purpose of the bauble they keep in the Prime Monitor's rostrum, and the parts assigned, all in some odd moments when I was either not present, or busied with..."
On Swiftness.

By Walter Sickert.

We have seen that the basis of drawing is a highly cultivated sensibility to the exact direction of lines and their rapid location by eye within the 180 degrees of two right angles. With this faculty, trained to theoretical perfection, we should arrive at having formed a draughtsman whose translation into line of visible objects was absolute, and with this, fortunately, unattainable consummation art would be an end.

But as nature is not only innumerable as the laughter of the sea, and mobile as the leaves of a poplar, a correct and complete record is not within human power. Therefore one definition of art, and perhaps the most profoundly true, might be formulated somewhat thus: Art may be said to be the individual quality of failure, or the individual coefficient of error of each highly skilled and cultivated craftsman in his effort to attain to the expression of form.

How reasonable this view of art is, may be at once seen by the layman if we bring analogies to bear from other arts, or sports. For art is but a sport, for art is a high falutin ground for art.) Let us suppose that all the fish in a stream could, by some perfection of tackle and bait, be induced to align themselves in a queue before the bait, and to bite in turn, till they could all be lifted out, one by one, and the river emptied of fish. The whole art of angling would be at an end. A reasonable layman would therefore take for granted that this must be true of art. The artist knows it by life-long and bitter-sweet experience. He knows it so well, to his cost, and his pleasure, that the profound purpose of art is pretty clear to him.

He knows that art is a form, at once of sport and training, an unavenging vice, if you will, of which the interest never flags. It is a vice, a pastime which differs from some of the most pleasant vices and pastimes by consolidating and intensifying the organs which it exercises. The artist can be no Liberal, no Socialist. He knows with Santayana that the Liberal ideal, "The greatest happiness of the greatest number", means "The greatest laziness of the lowest possible population.", He will have nothing to do with philanthropy, and he knows that altruism is the unkindest virtue of all. His contribution to politics is to stick to his own job and enjoy it. If his example in their studies, there would be no social questions left to solve. If the artist need moral justification for his occupation, he can plead that his work gives intellectual pleasure and courage, and a wish to live to countless fellow creatures.

The sword, the mace, the crown imperial, the throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp and circumstance running fore the king. The farced title running fore the king, I do not know who was the profound observer to whom we owe the authorship of the following criticism of the results of Board School education. "The result," he said, "of the Education Act seems to me, as far as I can make out, that I see the word . . . written up on the wall, oftener and lower down thau used to." And oddly enough, the result of our intensive and electioneering Art scholarships and Art education is tending to the same thing. The Contemporay Art Society is beating the pathetic and philanthropic drum for the young men of genius whom no one will buy. Having got our intenerated pennies, it cocks (c'est le cas de le dire) an inverted snook at us by buying a religious picture which represents Eve, with Adam standing on his head! We hear a great deal about non-representative art. But while the faces of the persons suggested are frequently sil, non-representation is forgotten when it comes to the sexual organs. Witness Mr. Wyndham Lewis's "Creation," exhibited at Brighton, Mr. Gaudier-Brezska's drawing in last week's New Age, and Mr. Epstein's last drawings. That such intention is not read into the works by me, but is deliberate, we may gather from the Cubists' own defence of themselves. Mr. Lewis writes in the preface to the Brighton catalogue of December 1913: "Hung in this room as well are three drawings by Jacob Epstein, the only great sculptor at present working in England. He finds in the machinery of procreation a dynamo to work the deep atavism of his spirit. So that the Pornometic gospel amounts to this. All visible nature with two exceptions is unworthy of study, and to be considered pudendum. The only things worthy of an artist's attention are what we have hitherto called the pudenda! Solvuntur risu tabulæ. Basta cosi!"

Let us return to the serious study of drawing. We have seen that complete and accurate record of a scene in nature is impossible, and that the character, quality, life, bulk, weight, dramatic intention, beauty, movement and fleeting character of nature have to be expressed by a sensitive, intuitive and rapid estimation of the direction of lines. But as these lines are infinite, and as the greatest draughtsman is finite, it will be a small percentage of the lines in nature which the artist has to make a mark at his existence. I know of no dynamometer like a drawing. Dealing, of course, only with men whose method of expression is the pictorial, a drawing will tell you what a man's eyesight is worth, and what his hand. It will tell you only this, whether his brain is swift or slow, whether he is sympathetic or callous, profound or superficial, tenacious or soft, empty or full. Great draughtsmen have been diffuse and great draughtsmen have been terse. But all great draughtsmen are swift—that is in their studies.

I wish I could lay my hand on a passage in Flaubert's lately published letters, of which I can only suggest the drift from memory. He says it is imperative that a sentence should flow, whatever of its subsidiary clauses may be, from the beginning to the end with one sustained impulse. The impression that Flaubert's idea made on me was that a writer must so write, that when he begins a sentence, its close must be found at its end. Here, for instance, is one sentence:—

'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball, And i know the sword, the mace, the crown imperial, The intetedrobe robed of gold and pearl, The faced tile running froe ep to king, The throne he sits on, nor the tile of pomp That beats upon the high shore of this world.
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony, Not all these, laid in bed jestedeal, Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave, Who, with a body filled and vacant mind, Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread, Never sees horrid night, the child of hell; But like a lackey, from the rise to set, Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night Sleeps in Elysium: next day, after dawn, Deth kill the life, and help Hyperton to his horse And, follows so the ever-running year, With profitable labour to his grave:— And, but for ceremony, such a wretch, Winding up his days with toil, and nights with sleep, Had the forehand and vantage of a king.

A passage like this as paddled out by the modern actor-manager gives not the slightest anticipation, at the beginning, of the sustained flight that is coming; the hierarchy of the subordinated clauses and phrases is not established, and long before the last line, every echo of the beginning has faded from the voice of the actor, and therefore the sequence of the enchaunched whole is lost on the audience. On the English stage of the present day, only under Mr. Granville Barker's management have I seen these considerations understood.

As I read over these verses I find in their sustained subordination, and in their speed without haste, in their calm without rest, the most precise analogy that I can think of, and the closest, to the kind of furnished sequence there is in the higher exercises of the draughtsman's act. I think that this concrete example in literature is more illuminating, since it can be transported on to these pages, than would be any description of mine of a pictorial operation. Such description would run the danger of being incomprehensible.

In my article of last week the name of Mr. Freer of Detroit was misspelt. This is the fault of my detestable cacography, and no error of mine. A painter does not misspell the name of an American collector!

Louise de la Vallière.

By Beatrice Hastings.

What waked thy love? Was it some sideway glance Showed thee the light of gainless paradise, That gleamed—and was not there—and came again: Or, curve of cheek or brow, as fine as love, Fair as the star-set arc of happy heav'n, That seemed thy bridge across the passless gulf? Wast thou made 'over by his sudden voice With tones like rhythmic ladders to the spheres? Or was it hand's involuntary clasp Drew up thy heart, unkowning, towards his heart? Whilst he stood over thee, the world forgot, Clear lost in love: but thou knew'st not the thing Until from dream-sleep thou didst waken thrilled, While every sense in turn re-played the scene.

Touch, tone and glance wake love, but glance is first: And glance is purest fire when lovers look. Thereafter, ails an image in the eye, Sevran above all senses, lord of dreams! But when the dream doth verify, who knows Whether 'tis eyes or signal stars which shine, Or voice or circling air melodic sings— Or what is eye, or ear, or hand at all? Life is but death where love doth vainly dream. No state's more piteous than love's chagrin, Yet, is no wish to have them closer come. Which, though they ripen, never do delay: But when love's found in indeliberate hour, Blame, then, not charméd mortal, but the god! Here is a sign of love all-favouring: When sweet thoughts fly away before they're caught— Yet, is no wish to have them closer come.

Beware’ is word which lovers never hear Of what might love beware when only woe Is ceasing from the simple sweet of love? Waste wisdom is in warning while love burns. Tell her he kissed you—him, she is not true! She loves him not for kissing you, but her: He loves her for her heart upon his heart. Hint them no hints—'were all one, true or false! Love reckons nought wherein is not its charm. Poison was ne'er distilled that hindered love— For love is less than sense incorporate, Has not so much of matter as a thought, But is a virtual, magic dream of dreams, That when 'tis realised, is at an end.

O gainless heav’n! O guarded paradise! Not even love may reach thee, pass thy gates! O lost dear looks, lost hands, lost melody— Lost all that may be lost by love fulfilled! * * *

She waits, attired and fair, and sweet for love. The hours creep by, then fly, oh, fast they fly— And the last comes whose wings show blank of hope, Which seem to blame someone for love's mischance— This night gone loveless! So, she goes to dream. From heart to lips endearing names upspring And what is speechless on her lips is signed. She sleeps upon a thought of morning's joy! But cometh joy as sure as sun doth rise?

Yet she was one whom love did ne'er unseal— This human violet that loved a king: A winged girl—a bird—a soul in flow'r, Incarnate grace, and tempered all of love. Hatred she never knew, or envy's gloom— Her quenchless tears were only pleas for love. And when she sank at last, at long last, crushed—This hapless, plant thing so hard to break— Immortal sweetness issued, sense divine! Her gentle, sorrowful hands updid the curls Of one that was her foe. She drapped the lace, And clasped the jewels, tied the riband's knot Upon a breast that was to beat in love Beneath his heart where hers would lie no more.

The more love raves, the more it seems obscure. There sound no words for love; but this is true That schemes and wishes be not guiltless love, Which, though they ripen, never do delay: Yet, is no wish to have them closer come. Be sure, then, love is laughing at delay. Love knows not time or place, honour or age— But whom it touches is forever sweet: Nor deem that love which turns to woeful hate, Or leaves upbitten, any gentle grief.
HELAS! By R. Ihlee.
The “New Weekly” with its apriac title-drawing is now out, and I suppose that by this time most of my readers have seen it. “We want,” says the editor, “to rope in as many as we can.” Well, that is undoubtedly the way to do it. Look at the names of the new contributors, for example—all of them alive, energetic, and sincere—Mr. Gosse, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Thomas Seccombe, Mr. R. C. Lehmann, Mr. E. M. Forster, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Rutter. I fancy I remember having heard of most of them twenty years ago; and most of them were dead then.

I have been commissioned to clear up the mystery a dozen correspondents observed in last week’s issue in the printing of one of Blake’s best-known jeux d’esprit over the name of a living contributor, Mr. Caleb Porter. But a mystery differs from a secret in not being fully explicable; and assuredly the incident for all my explanation must remain in some of its wrappings. The editor, I may say, was innocent, for he was away on the only holiday he has taken for several years. But so, too, was Mr. Porter, who offered the verses as written after dreaming them as he thought, and with no recollection of ever having read them. But who was responsible for publishing them? Ah, there is the mystery—for one copy of the page was actually handed to Mr. Porter with a note to the effect that they were Blake’s! Now where are we? The episode recalls some phenomena common to all whose dreams are noteworthy—the reading in sleep, for instance, of books which appear to be strange and only on waking become familiar. Thus I have read in a dream with delight and surprise passages from the Bible which in waking life I find I knew by heart. At other times the dream fragments are echoes as, for example, this sentence which I wrote down exactly as it came to me: “They shall beat their sorrows into song and their mirth into instruments of music.” Mr. Edward Carpenter told me that he dreamed the following verse—which, for all I know, may be found printed in some book which he had read and forgotten—

Call in the tip-cat, cut off its tail,
Fold up some eggs in a saucepan,
Sit on the rest like an elderly male,
Gulp (gallop) down the whole as a horse can.

An early dream effort of my own was, as near as I can remember, the following—the fruit, I imagine, of late reading of Rider Haggard’s “She”:

Dagwaso hung in the Pyramids,
Hung by his clammy hooks,
Dagwaso, king of a lifeless race,
Asleep in a body of sleep.

Platted no shadow across the place,
For light trod dreadly by;
And feared to look... Walled in by Dagwaso’s tribe.

Nobody, however, will discover that I have dreamed Blake!

in the clothes of giants, these phrases are worth a place in an exemplary grammar. Oh, Mr. Headweak!

In a recent footnote quoted by Mr. Wells to the “uneasy intelligence” of the editor of this journal. Both the selection and the placing of the adjective are worth a moment’s examination, since, if I am not mistaken, we can estimate Mr. Wells’ weight from them. Mr. Wells’ uneasy—what does it mean in this phraseology? Well? Can we gather nothing definite from it, certainly not in the way of definition, and scarcely in the way of quality. My ear detects it in its use a faint intention to express suspicion and even suspiciousness; but so timidly as if it weighed to disappear at a straight question. On the other hand, it is the sole epithet employed in a sentence that stands isolated from the text; and must needs therefore carry all the burden of Mr. Wells’ meaning. But what is that meaning? The Exaggeration, frankly, it turns out, as I say, to be no meaning at all. Now compare this deliberate and prominent employment of a merely vaguely suggestive word with Mr. Wells’ advocacy, in the article of which it is a footnote, of what he calls versatility. Defective versatility, we are to understand, is Mr. Wells’ last word of condemnation of the National Guilds System. But is not versatility of exactly the same insubstantiality in a criticism of a social scheme as uneasy in a description of an intelligence? In short, do not the two words reveal Mr. Wells’ self-occulted and only half alert to the outside world, perceives as through a glass darkly, and then fumbles for the indefinite word to which he never finds the image, but to match its blur. I recall now another word of Mr. Wells—futility. How often does it not occur in his works? And then, of course, there are his dots Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes.

AMERICAN NOTES.

Friends and relatives of the Celtic Renaissance will (perhaps) be grieved to learn that Mr. W. B. Yeats has resigned his post as leader of the Confederates.

The sad occurrence took place at Chicago recently in most unromantic circumstances. Mr. Yeats, in the course of an address to the “business men” of that city, informed his hearers that the poet’s difficulties increased in ratio to his distance from Paris “whence nearly all the great influences in art and literature come.” Shades of Cuculain and Deirdre! Was it for this that Synge was persuaded to leave Paris and devote himself to Wicklow and Aran? Have Lady Gregory’s translations been written in vain, so that even Mr. Yeats has forgotten them, together with his own own enthusiastic prefaces? Unofficially, of course, it has long been known in Ireland that Mr. Yeats was lost to Anglo-Irish literature, that he had deliberately violated the best of his mind by forcing his energies into the work of the National Theatre. Nevertheless, in spite of Mr. George Moore’s narratives, the feeling prevailed that Mr. Yeats at all events stood for and sympathised with the aims of the Irish Literary Revival. Now there is no longer any doubt that, with the commercialisation of the Irish theatre, Mr. Yeats has been compelled to modify his views of literary geography. Obviously, there can be no hope for the Irish poet who finds his inspiration in the legends and stories of his country’s heroic age. Until he has made the acquaintance of Mr. Pound’s Unanimists and Paroxysts he will look in vain for Mr. Yeats’ approval.

While in Chicago Mr. Yeats hazarded the statement that “all subscribers to artistic monuments are poets
themselves," an aphorism clearly manufactured for American consumption, and certainly worthy of first place in "Current Cant." I can imagine how gratefully it must have been received in the canning circles of Chicago. That it was accepted almost as an argumentum ad hominem is indicated by the editorial comment of a New York journal which immediately cited the Chicago monthly, "Poetry," as an instance of such artistic endowment. I have already referred to this review as having awarded a prize of $250 to Mr. Yeats for the best verse published in its pages during the past year. The awarding of prizes and the endowment of scholarships for young poets are features of the review's policy, and help to increase the obviously respectful pride with which it is regarded in this country. Incidentally, I may add that Mr. Yeats has since decided to accept only $50, and the remaining $200 have been sent to Mr. Ezra Pound, presumably for his services to French literature. If the founders of this phenomenal review were "themselves poets," it is a pity they did not infuse some of their poetic fire into its pages. The editoress, Miss Harriet Monroe, occupies the first ten pages of the February number, six of which are devoted to an ode to the Panama Canal:—

O Panama! O ribbon-twist
That ties the Continents together!
Now East and West shall slip your tether
And keep their ancient tryst.

Mr. Robert Frost, who, it appears, is resident in England, contributes a diluted Masefieldian concoction:

So when he paired off with me in the hayfield
To load the load, thinks I, look out for trouble!
I built the load and topped it off; old Sanders
Combed it down with the rake and said "O.K."

How one regrets that Mr. Frost did not remain in his own country. Finally there is Mr. Orrick Johns, a poetry prizewinner, who suggests undigested Whitman, with an up-to-date Futuristic veneer:—

There is nothing in me save mutation and laughter;
My laughter is like a sword,
Like the piston-rod that defies oceans and grades.
When I labour it is a song of battle in the broad noon;
For behind the muscles of a man—
They are piston-rods; they are cranes, hydraulic presses,
powder magazines:
But though my body be as beautiful as a hill crowned
with flowers,
I will despise it and make it obey me...

Fortunately, Mr. Johns adds:—

No man shall ever read me...
Fair," by Dr. Rossiter Johnson, as an example of the "critical attitude" of the American professor. Mr. Richard Burton, Head of the Department of English at the University of Minnesota, now supplies me with a further example. Speaking of Gerald Stanley Lee's "Crowds," Mr. Burton cries: "Here is a book that I would no more expect to be popular than Carlyle's 'Sartor Resartus,'" and, indeed, it sells!" So beautiful and so appropriate has this phrase appeared, that Mr. Lee's publishers quote it broadcast in their advertisements. The pedantry of Dr. Johnson and the musical comedy boisterousness of Mr. Burton are fairly representative of the two extremes between which American style oscillates. Who is to save America from the criticism of the one and the enthusiasm of the other? E. A. B.

Present-Day Criticism.

It will be only too easy during the coming years for the despair of artists to break into hatred of the plutocracy; the hard thing is to keep any sort of hold over the feelings in the face of the despoliation of the country and the people. It is not that any portion of the land may ever belong to the artists as real estate: nor do they desire such possession. The beauty and prosperity of England is the share desired by the artist. He wants natural spaces, fertilised countryside and fine cities, and not—as the land is becoming—a pauper plot, a living grave for the countryman, a prison and a circus for the townsman. The artist wants to live among a free and leisureed people, and not—as the English nation has become—on the one hand, a bower of political sharpers and commercial debauchees, and, on the other, a multitude of brooding dupes.

The English plutocracy is mad and damned. Go where it lives, a vast swine among the once pleasant places, and you will see how mad it is. Go where it lives not, but from whence it sucks its means, into the slums of both town and country, you will see how damned it is. Psychologists know of the trouble which is slowly encircling England. Something is closing in which will make here a Black Hole, where courage will not avail the courageous, nor weakness the pitiable, but if chance favour. This something is the spirit of revenge, created not by inequality of state, for men know that they are unequal, but by the swindling legislation of the plutocracy. These words are not the words of a knave: The plutocracy itself is aware—and preparing! London is arming. Any traitor can become an armed man before this week is out! The plutocracy is willing for more than slow murder; it is willing for massacre: it will provoke the circumstances where unarmed men may be shot like partridges. You will see it, reader, for it will come in your day.

And on which side will you be? Think—on which side do you belong? If you can look with satisfaction at dragooned workmen—go to your own side! If you can accept the government of lawyers—go to your own side! If you are willing that your nation shall be called a conquered race—go, declare yourself! Begin with the first and the rest will be added unto you; for these things are historical in that succession. There are many chances in national destiny, but the might of the proud depends upon the might of the simple, and national fall is certain when the simple are no longer patriotic.

But if your spirit is such that it will not endure even the sight of enslavement—come on our side! If you want an open Parliament—come on our side! If you will the integrity of the Empire—come to your place! There is still a space and an hour for reason. After that—the deluge, which is of blood! Can nothing stay it? Your declaration can stay it! Reason is against the plutocracy. Declare yourself again upon plutocracy! By vote declare yourself, by gift, by word in season, and, if you are an artist, by the spirit of your works condemn the class which is the common enemy of all honourable existences, of domesticity, of craft and of art.

The evidence of plutocratic sabotage, sacrilege and positive miscreation is on all sides; look! you have only to look to see it. Behold the whole country scarred with asphalt, and see the Fat Man's blatant house grinning down upon the hovels of the villages where the thirty-shilling proletarian comes to birth. Hear the roar of ten thousand cars, and the curse of the wayfarer whose neighbour with a market-cart is forbidden under penalty to give him a lift. Do you know of a village where the cottagers dare not give away a cup of water? There are such, within fifty miles of London! Yet there is no luxury too shameful for the rich. They economise only in others' necessities. And, artists! it is quite as frequently your necessities as those of the workers that are economised. What does the plutocracy first part with out of the country for the common good? The convenience of his luxury? Your food! The past models you need, the scripts that have been your inspiration. This class is prepared to sell and export the very bricks weathered by centuries of English air since once they were laid with ineradicable skill under potent placers. It is not only that the actual things are lost to us; we are depressed in our spirit by such savage indifference, and we are made to appear shameful before other nations. And if you would see the stark contempt of the rich for the national architectural quality, go in, and see whether you can turn round in it. It is not to-day that anything is closing in which will make here a Black Hole; or, worse, far worse, take a peep inside the picturesque pest-holes which the Duke of Bedford so regularly keeps repaired—outside! Turn off the roads of England where you may—there is some festering pest-hole where vengeance is hatching. Yon high and spacious-looking cottage is a fraud—go in, and see whether you can turn round in it; those who cannot touch the ceilings with their hands are short indeed. This cottage is of a piece with all plutocratic swindling, the meanest, perhaps, of a series of hypocritical gifts. But, indeed, the jerry-builder is the very friend of the plutocracy: he sees to the weakness of the thirty-shilling children, no longer wanted in manhood for the plough and the thresher, and ever less necessary even in the factory: but what an enemy of England is this in figure!

Is there any end to the murderous greed of the rich? Is there any way of relief from them save through the murderous revenge of the poor? In the case that revolution breaks out, we may but change our oppressors! It is not for the long-sighted to work for violent revolution. But, come what may, our declaration must be broken. It may be possible for the artists to break it without the sacrifice of one human body: but to do this, they must put away all present hopes and plans, they must lose their art to save it. We heard one who is vexed at all these labour troubles speak with the anger we share. There is no human dignity deprived in our spirit by such savage indifference, and we are made to appear shameful before other nations. And if you would see the stark contempt of the rich for the national architectural quality, go in, and see whether you can turn round in it; those who cannot touch the ceilings with their hands are short indeed. This cottage is of a piece with all plutocratic swindling, the meanest, perhaps, of a series of hypocritical gifts. But, indeed, the jerry-builder is the very friend of the plutocracy: he sees to the weakness of the thirty-shilling children, no longer wanted in manhood for the plough and the thresher, and ever less necessary even in the factory: but what an enemy of England is this in figure!
Modern Art.—III.
The London Group.
By T. E. Hulme.

This group has been formed by the amalgamation of the Camden Town Group and the Cubists. It thus claims to represent all the forward movements in English painting in the present moment. Judging from its first exhibition, it is probably destined, since the decline of the New English, to play a very important rôle in the few next years. Of the more realistic section of the society I shall not say much here, as I intend to write more fully later. Mr. Finch, later, Mr. Harold Gilman’s ‘Eating House’ show in very different ways the same intimate research into problems of colour. Mr. Charles Gilman’s ‘La Balayeuse’ is the best picture of his that I have seen as yet. His peculiar method is here extraordinarily successful in conveying the sombre feeling of the subject. Mr. Bevan exhibits a characteristic and interesting painting of horses. Although at the moment I am more interested in the other section of the society, yet I am bound to say that the work of the painters I have just mentioned is better than that one finds at the same group here. That of the painters I produced by chance of the New English, and infinitely better than the faked stuff one finds at the minor movement which uses abstractions for their own sake in a much more scattered way. I do not think this minor movement is destined to survive. It looks upon it rather as a kind of romantic heresy, which will, however, have a certain educative influence. It will lead to the discovery of conceptions of form, which will be extremely useful in the construction of new geometric art. But temporarily, at any rate, most of the painters in this exhibition seem to be very much influenced by an enthusiasm for this idea. One has here, then, a good opportunity for examining this heresy. Theoretically it is quite plausible. It would not be possible, oil, that one form probably springs out of the preceding one and desires painting where nothing is accidental, where all the contours are closely knit together into definite structural shapes.

The Cubist section is particularly interesting, as it shows very clearly the unsettled state of the new movement. Though it has finally got clear away from its Post-Impressionist beginnings, it cannot be said to have reached any final form. Two different tendencies can be distinguished. The main movement is that which, arising out of Cubism, is destined to create a new geometric and monumental form of art, making use of abstractions. It is possible, I think, to give an account of this movement, which will exhibit it as an understandable and coherent whole, closely allied to the general tendency of the period, and thus containing possibilities of development.

But this has now generated, a second movement based simply on the idea that abstract form, i.e., form without any representative content, can be an adequate means of expression. In this, instead of hard, structural work like Picasso’s you get the much more scattered use of abstractions of artists like Kasinsky. It seems, judging by its development up to now, to be only a more or less amusing by-product of the first. Lacking the controlling sensibility, the feeling for mechanical structure, which makes use of abstractions a necessity, it seems rather dilettante. It so happens, however, that all explanations of the new movement as yet given, have been explanations of this second tendency only. In this way the real importance of the main tendency has been veiled. It has seemed rather in the air, rather causeless. The driving force behind it remained hidden.

What is really behind the main movement, what makes it so strong and the best for the moment, is a sensibility akin to that behind geometrical arts of the past. At first, at its rather fumbling search for an appropriate means of expression, it naturally went back to these past arts. You thus got a period in which the work produced had a certain resemblance to Archaic, Byzantine and African art. But this state has already been left behind. The new sensibility is finding itself a direct and modern means of expression, having very little resemblance to these past geometric arts. It is characterised, not by the simple geometric forms found in archaic art, but by the more complicated ones associated in our minds with machinery. Minor effects of this change of sensibility are very often visible in the pictures here. They do not shrink from forms which it is usual to describe as unrhymed, and great use is made of shapes taken from machinery. The beauty of banal forms like teapot-handles, knuckledusters, saws, etc., seems to have been perceived for the first time. A whole picture is sometimes dominated by a composition based on hard mechanical shapes in a way which previous art would have shrunk from. It is not the emphasis on form which is the distinguishing characteristic of the new movement, then, but the emphasis on this particular kind of form.

But it is easy to see how this main movement, with its necessary use of abstraction of a particular kind for a particular purpose, has engendered on the side of it a minor movement which uses abstractions for their own sake in a much more scattered way. I do not think this minor movement is destined to survive. It looks upon it rather as a kind of Romantic heresy, which will, however, have a certain educative influence. It will lead to the discovery of conceptions of form, which will be extremely useful in the construction of new geometric art. But temporarily, at any rate, most of the painters in this exhibition seem to be very much influenced by an enthusiasm for this idea. One has here, then, a good opportunity for examining this heresy. Theoretically it is quite plausible. It would not be possible, however, that one form probably springs out of the preceding one by the relation of veiled to exposed shapes, might make up an understandable kind of music without the picturesque paintings necessary. The second picture, “Christopher Columbus,” is hard and gay, contains many admirable inventions, but is best regarded as a field where certain qualities are displayed, rather than as a complete work of art. In Mr. Lewis’s work, there are always certain qualities of dash and decision, but it has the defects of these qualities. His sense of form seems to me to be sequent rather than integral, by which I mean that one form probably springs out of the preceding one as he works, instead of being conceived as part of a whole. His imagination being quick and never fumbling, very interesting relations are generated in this way, but the whole sometimes lacks cohesion and unity. The qualities of Mr. Lewis’s work are seen to better advantage in his quite remarkable drawing, “The Enemy of the Stars.” Equally abstract is Mr. Wadswood’s work. In the most successful, “Scherzo,” a number of lively ascending forms are balanced by broad planes at the top. The painter whose work shows the greatest advance is Mr. C. F. Hamilton’s. His “Two Figures” shows a great sense of construction, and is one of the best drawings of the year. Mr. F. Etchells’ drawings are admirably firm and hard in character; but it would obviously be premature to form any sure judgment about this artist’s work at a time when he almost seems to be holding himself back, in a search for a new method of expression. His fine “Drawing of a Head” shows this state of hesitation and experiment very clearly. Mr. Nevinson is much less abstract than the others. His best picture is “The Chauffeur,” which
is very solid and develops an interesting contrast between round and angular shapes. I admire the ability of Mr. Gaudier-Brzeska's sculpture; the tendencies it displays are sound though the abstractions used do not seem to me to be always thoroughly thought out.

In all the painters I have mentioned so far abstract form has been used as the bearer of general emotions, but the real fanatics of form reject even this abstract use as savouring of literature and sentiment. Representation has already been excluded. They want to exclude even the general to be conveyed by abstract form, and to confine us to the appreciation of form in itself. Mr. Bomberg therefore cuts his picture up into sixty-four squares, and in each square he introduces four of its neighbours. The "fulfilled expectation" I spoke-of above is not, for the present at least, to have arrived at an entirely personal and modern point in his development. Starting from a very efficient realism, he passed through a more or less archaic period; he possesses that peculiar energy which distinguishes the creative from the merely intelligent artist, and is certainly the greatest sculptor of this generation; I have seen no work in Paris or Berlin which is in any way comparable. At the present moment he has arrived at an interesting point in his development. Starting from a very efficient realism, he passed through a more or less archaic period; he seems now to have left that behind and, as far as one can judge from the drawings for sculpture he exhibits, to have arrived at an entirely personal and modern method of expression. The "Carving in Flenite" comes at the end of the second period. Technically, it is admirable. The design is in no sense empty, but gives a most impressive and complete expression of a certain basic tragic aspect—sometimes akin perhaps to what Plato meant by the vegetable soul. The archaic elements it contains are in no sense imitative. What has been taken from African or Polynesian work is the unavoidable permanent way of getting a certain effect. The only quite new work Mr. Epstein exhibits, the "Bird Pluming Itself," is in comparison with this profound work, quite light in character, but the few simple abstractions out of which it is built are used with great skill and discretion.

Views and Reviews.

If this work* were merely a history of penal methods, it would not need notice in these columns. The main facts are available in other forms, and desultory readers at least have long been familiar with them. Even the conception of ancient law as the law of retaliation has been made popular in recent times by Sir Henry Maine, and Nietzsche, for example; and of the barbarities of our prison system we have heard enough from novelists and playwrights. The Humanitarian League has done good service by exposing not merely the brutalities inflicted, but the stupidity and waste, and the absurd methods of punishment; and if Mr. Ives had merely collected and abstracted the information, his work would have been valuable only to those who need a ready source of reference or to those who approach the subject for the first time. But the work is not merely a history; it is an indictment, of penal methods; and at a time when we are threatened with a revival of the most crudely punitive ideas, it should possess peculiar value.

We have always to realise that different people (because they are different people) are not all amenable to the same appeal. To the person of rigid conscience, it is enough to show that punishment must always exceed, and by its nature is never commensurate with, the damage done by the criminal, to the vindication of its injustice; on the person of delicate sensibilities, the merest description of the routine of punishment will react as an injury to himself. The philosophers who believe in Free Will should naturally be opposed to punishment, arguing that, if there will be no coercion. Psychologists and physiologists will naturally be opposed to punishment, on the ground that it can only cause deterioration of the mental and physical structure, not only of the person subjected to it but of those responsible for its administration. But the ordinary person who thinks that Free Will can be coerced, who wants to inflict more injury than has been received, in whom retaliation is practically reflex action, he is not amenable to any of these appeals. Nothing but the history of the failure of penal methods to abolish crime is likely to cause him to reconsider his determination to put down crime by the revival of some method that was either discarded long ago or is as useless for the purpose of reformation in its original form. Such persons are as easily to be found on the Bench as among the general public.

But the book has a value in addition to this of providing the ordinary person with an historical refutation of the practical value of punishment. The instinct of retaliation seems to be a natural one, and if ancient law recognised it, none the less it strove to make the injured party forgo his right to retaliation and accept a money compensation for his injury. Both ecclesiastical and Crown courts made it possible for the injured party to obtain restitution or compensation, or, in default, inflicted not punishment but a form of retaliation. It was not really until the advent of the prison system that the principle of restitution or compensation became obsolete; and punishment became the sole purpose of criminal procedure. The modern prison system arose as a "reform." Prisons there were before John Howard, but they were places of detention, not of punishment. The revelations made by Howard of the state of the prisons and of the ordinary condition of the prisoners, and of the "philanthropy" of the English character in the eighteenth century. A little band of reformers arose, and the ruling classes were compelled to look into the matter. They saw that the prisons were insatiable, and thereupon they built sanatoriums; they saw that communication between prisoners had a corrupting influence, and thereupon they invented the cellular system and the rule of silence; they saw that the only way to keep prisoners out of mischief was to give them work to do, and thereupon installed the tread-wheel and the

* "A History of Penal Methods." By George Ives, M.A. (Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)
crank; they saw that there was no discipline in the prisons, and thereupon they invented a system which regulated every activity of the mind and body. And the effect of all the "reformation" was that prisoners went mad, or committed suicide, or died from overwork. With the abolition of the prison system, the State no longer sought to compel the prisoners to make restitution or compensation; the Law usurped the right of private vengeance, and punished.

But even the clear demonstration of the fact that imprisonment, and all that attends it, is really the nationalisation of the instinct of retaliation does not exhaust the value of this book. For Mr. Ives develops his thesis beyond the demonstration of the vicious circle of aggression and retaliation into a consideration of the causes and nature of crime, both personal and national; and ranges over the whole literature of criminology. He makes an important division of crime into two classes, crimes of circumstances and crimes of impulse. The criminal law really exists for the suppression of the former class, and fails lamentably to do so; but it also has power to deal with the second class, and does so with more ferocity and even less success. The two classes may coincide in individual cases, but the fact of their existence relegates penology to the class of crank; they saw that there was no discipline in the prisons, and thereupon they invented a system which of private vengeance, and punished.

The simple fact that more than half the people who go to prison throw no light on it. These two books reveal neither the stupidity that is characteristic of the ordinary person when his instincts are roused. The mere prescription that punishment can deter from crimes of impulse must be insisted on until this whole class of crime is removed from the jurisdiction of the criminal law; and it is surely an omission that Mr. Ives does not advocate, as a preliminary step towards this reform, the appointment of medical assessors.

That Mr. Ives should proceed to develop the idea of making prisons instruments of practical reform is a lapse from the strict logic of the case. The fact that people who go to prison are sent in default of the payment of fines suggests, first of all, the practical reform which Mr. Thomas Holmes has advocated for years, the granting of time in which to pay fines. This simple reform would empty half the prison system, and would have a considerable effect on the numbers of recidivists. But it may well be doubted whether the prison system could be developed into a reforming agency for the benefit of the remaining criminals. "Souls are not saved in bundles," said Emerson; and the most drastic reformation of our prison system and the staff of officials would not alter the fact that the treatment would be mainly institutional, and therefore standardised. Let the prison system be made as perfect as possible, let it resemble life as nearly as possible in its activities, and its ideals, there is one thing that it can never provide—temptation. Therefore, it can never provide the opportunity for the self-overcoming of the particular weakness of the criminal, it can never make the only desirable reformation, the reformation of will. It can only revive the monastic ideal, and provide a harbour of refuge from the stresses of normal social life.

That this would be a considerable advance on our present treatment of criminals, may be admitted; but it implies that the old methods are no longer suitable, not only of our penal, but of our economic, system that it may be said to await, as all other reforms of any value await, the economic revolution. Under the present system of private property, larceny and one or two similar offences constitute an indictable crime; and there can be no doubt that these offences are directly due to the poverty imposed on the mass of the people by the institution of private property in the means of production and distribution. Turn which way you will, the one reform which will liberate the civilising powers of mankind is the reform of our economic system. Only then shall we be able to reduce the criminal class to its proper dimensions, to include only those for whom corruption, weakness or depravity, are unfit or unable to live a normal social life. The crimes of circumstances can only be abolished by the alteration of the circumstances; the crimes of impulse constitute a class apart concerning which we must rely on medical advice. Meanwhile we must recognise that our criminal law is committed to punishment as a principle, that punishment is only retaliation in disguise, that reform of the prison system is impossible while these two facts remain true, and that criminology is indictment the fundamental principles of modern society.

A. E. R.

REVIEWS.

Spiritual Therapeutics. By W. J. Colville. 6s. net. Students' Questions on Spiritual Science. Answered by W. J. Colville. 3s. 6d. net. (The Power-Book Co.)

Both these books deal with a subject that is so intrinsically mixed with quackery that, however much we may agree with the main assumption, we do not feel justified in recommending them to our readers. The present treatment of criminals, may be admitted imperious to ideas, but susceptible to emotions, while the general body of people are open to suggestion only through concrete facts. It would seem wiser to recognise all these facts; to admit, for example, that the only effective way of suggesting health to some people is by prescribing a bottle of medicine, to others, by ordering a change of occupation, of pleasures, of scenery, etc., and to others, by interesting them in general ideas of another order to those which monopalis their attention. The principle may be the same in all cases; faith is an act of the soul; but few have the power of evoking faith by an appeal to the spiritual nature of man. The art and craft of all healing is to get over or under or through the preconceived ideas of the patient; and the simplicity of the principle does not justify the prescription of one simple method.
Pastiche

SATAN, IN COUNCIL

In the time when men knew no inventions, and few crafts beyond weaving, dyeing, and fashioning arms, and weapons of defence; when their peaceful toil in the fields was liable at any hour to be rendered useless by the sudden raid of an energetic foe, or their bodies mauled in most unpleasant fashion by a wild beast or a wilder neighbour, the Arbiter of Destinies said, "These poor ill-clad, ill-fed, savage creatures shall be given Over-lords and Dukes, men whose superior courage, and better opportunities for amusing riches shall serve these bewildered ones as a refuge and a defence. The word, therefore, went forth, and dukes and lords arose, and built for them selves great stone castles (the remains of which can still be seen by the curious in such matters), and into these labour, the Arbiter of Destinies said, "These powerful ones do no longer protect the poor, their walled-in property serves no longer as a refuge for the weak, or the old, or the oppressed: how much more are they to flourish?" And the Arbiter of Destinies said, "How shall they be destroyed, seeing that they also are human creatures, and many of them quite well-living, and well-meaning persons?" At this Satan came forward, smiling; "Let me go forth and be a lying spirit calling myself 'charity' in the minds of these men, and I shall destroy them." Then they demanded of him how this should be done. And Satan said, "So long as these men were strong in body, leaders in war, supplying from their own purses armed men to protect the land, tyrants, and yet refuges, then men could not live in peace or security without them, and their vices were of no consequence to any except to them whom they harmed; now, however, all this is changed, and You desire their destruction: I, therefore, will go and put it into their minds that they should run about opening hospitals, giving teats to starv- ing persons and to children who seem to be unrequited: Viscounts shall hand bread and butter, Earls shall distrib- ute buns; and their women (no longer above scandal or disdain), shall dress dolls to be given to those that cry for bread; and they shall (in the pretence of charity), go in scant clothing and dance before men (after the old fashion of the streets of Babylon, and other towns that have fallen into my hands), this shall they do, and cry, 'How much we do for the poor.' Then the wise men and those capable of considering shall come in time to say, 'Why suffer we these useless doles and these foolish condescensions from these men? Behold, they form them- selves into Clubs, and they hate and say, 'Let us go among the poor and improve them, and shake hands with them, and talky, talky, talky, till they think what fine chaps we are, and that we desire all our wealth and lands because we do not even mind shaking hands with common folk,' and the wise and thoughtful shall cry, 'Away with such hypocrisy and humbug.'" Then Satan bowed and remarked, suavely: "As to the manner of their removal I leave it to You, I can only suggest that my services during the revolution of the people of France have been somewhat severely commented upon, so that I prefer to leave it in other hands." With that he vanished, and the angels looked at one another, and whispered, "Will he succeed? It seems a queer way, and Charity will weep oceans of tears." By this time Satan was well on his way, and took up his quarters, for the time, at the Albert Hall.

ARTHUR HOOD.

THE PATH.
BY RATHMELL WILSON.

For twenty years each Sabbath day
He sat within the chapel grim
Singing right lustily, for joy
That burning Hell was not for him.
Indeed it was a pleasant thing
To know just what on earth to expect—
A long white robe, a harp of gold,
The sure reward of the elect.

Then in his soul he felt a kind
Of discontentment dimly dawn,
He wept of his sisters grim,
His Holy brethren made him yawn.

Once when the spirit slowly moved
Old Brother Joshua from his heart
To speak an hour on "Zion Hill,"
The spirit moved him to depart.

He longed for air, he longed for space,
So very soon he might be seen
A soldier in Salvation ranks.
Crying aloud upon the Green.

How he one morn conversion found.
And "Oh, dear friends, how much that means!"
(The lads all cried "Hosannah" here,
And lasses banged glad tambourines.)

For many months he felt at home;
It was a good thing to perspire
With ecstasy, while giving out
The benefits of "Blood and fire."

Then in a tramway-car he met
A priest, a Goodman, red-faced man
Who said, "Oblige me with a match?"
To which he said, "I think I can."

That match set up within his soul
Another flame of discontent;
They talked, and in a week or so
Our Friend to Mass each morning went.

He sniffed the incense till he sneezed,
The candles filled him with delight,
He murmured "Paters" all the day,
As saintly as an Oxford Don.

But Discontent again assailed
His restless soul. He doubted God,
He doubted priests—and bishops too—
He even called the Pope a 'cod."

He doubted everything except
That he was "free" and had a mind.
His lecture, "Saved from Popery,"
He now inflicted on mankind.

Then in a thunderstorm he heard
A Voice: "Learn now the truth—In life
Man makes himself his Hell or Heaven,
Man makes himself his peace or strife.

'Heed not the babbling 'brotherhood'
Whose wrangles only Kityu;
Heed not the man 'infallible,'
The priests who peace from peasants woo.

'For Masses, that the dead they loved
May soon leave Purgatory's night;
Heed not the 'Word'-interpreters
By Ebenezer copyright.

'Leave all the chattering sects who prize
Of unknown things with certainty;
Learn this, The Kingdom is within—
Christ's simple Life-philosophy.'
The Art of India—IV. * By Anthony M. Ludovici.

It is impossible for me to deal adequately with Dr. Coomaraswamy's full and illuminating account of Hindu religiousness in the opening chapter of his book on the “Arts and Crafts of India and Ceylon,” but to its meaninglessness I think I can do justice here, by saying that it is the breadth of its embrace, the universality of its appeal which seems to be its chief characteristic. In another work, “Essays in National Idealism,” Dr. Coomaraswamy deals more briefly with this very question, and he points out that the strength of the Hindu cosmogony lies in its “acceptance of all life as religious, no part as profane.” And he proceeds: “In such an idealisation of life itself there lies the strength of Hinduism, and in its absence the weakness of modern Christianity. The latter is puritanical, it has mental activities and delights of life itself.” (pp. 32, 34.)

Even the relationship between the sexes in India is regarded as a sacred mystery, and is never held to be suggestive of improper or indecent ideas.” (p. 33.) “Indeed, the whole distinction of sacred and profane is for India impossible, and it is that the relation of the soul to God may be conceived in terms of the passionate adoration of a woman for her lover.” (p. 32.) When I refer to this fundamental feature of Hindu religiousness as the keynote of the whole structure, I mean that, for society, it is by far the most important. It is very much more necessary that a religion should be Catholic than that it should be free from superstition.

Under the protective guidance then of a creed which undertakes “to find a place and a dignity for everybody and everything, and not only an economic place but also a spiritual one, the artists and the craftsmen were naturally led to regard themselves and their duties as agents of a solemn religious function.” As Sir George Birdwood says, speaking of the Indian craftsman: “He knows nothing of the desperate struggle for existence which oppresses the life and crushes the very soul out of the English working man. He has his place, inherited from fathers to sons, for a hundred generations, in the national Church and State organisation; while nature provides him with everything. . . . This at once relieves him from an incalculable dead weight of cares, and enables him to give to his work, which is also a religious function, that contentment of mind and leisure, and pride and pleasure in it for its own sake, which are essential to all artistic excellence.”

Tracing their descent directly from Visvakarma, the god of all crafts, and believing that they inherit their skill from him, the Hindu and Cingalese craftsmen have a lofty conception of the dignity and purity of their calling. “To this day they style themselves ‘Visvakarmans’ and ‘Vasa-thavais’ of Northern India, who are Muhammedan converts, actually make offerings of sweetmeats to their tools (ibid. p. 71).

Now it is a curious and irritating fact that the very people who would be the first to throw up their stupid hands in horror at this seeming idolatry—I refer to Western Europeans and Americans, more particularly of the Protestant persuasion—the very last creatures on earth to whom one would ever dream of turning for a system of religion or society which could even pretend in any way, however remote, to approach this marvellous organisation of Hindu religiousness, which gives to the greatest, a dignified spiritual significance, and fills each man from the highest to the lowest with a deep sense of the sacred nature of his duties as a vital tissue or cell in the social organisation.

Even if we admit for the sake of argument that all religions from Brahmanism to Bahaism, from the cult of the ancient Incas to Protestantism and all its 500 sects, consist of a pack of lies, a mass of high falutin and extravagant bunkum, why is it that those very people—the Protestants—who have perpetrated or who believe in, the least fruitful, the least beautiful, the least life-affirming and least life-supporting lies, are the first to croak in toadlike indignation, when lies more satisfactory than theirs are discovered? And are the modern religions organisong and richer in noble infection than theirs could ever hope to be, are discovered abetting and confirming beauty in parts of the world where the microbes of Protestant industry and commerce happen, not yet to have found a firm foothold? Why? Who are the people who in their heart of hearts believe they are pursuing truth and are convinced that superior enlightenment is theirs, have shown themselves totally unable to evolve a system of society which can endow the common workman, craftsman or artist, with a hundredth part of the solemn significance and reverence for his work and its quality, that Hindu religiousness has succeeded in infusing into its believers? I would recommend any reader of The New Age, who disapproves of this way of putting it, who has not read Dr. Coomaraswamy’s book “The Arts and Crafts of India and Ceylon,” to turn for a system of religion which gives to the smallest and to the wretched the consciousness which gives to the smallest and to the wretched the consciousness which gives to the highest and to the enlightened brain of a modern city man, is yet Catholic enough to inspire the meanest with a reverence for quality, with a fear of offending God by shirking a hammer-stroke or a sweep of the plane, and with a blessed dread lest the lord of the arts, should be offended by infidelity to his methods, then I can only suppose that there is a degree of fanatical belief in modern ideas which I have utterly failed to realise.

And what is the art that has been generated by this catholic religious and social system? I confess that but for the beautiful collection of reproductions in Dr. Coomaraswamy’s book “The Arts and Crafts of India and Ceylon,” and other publications, and the collection at South Kensington and the British Museum, I am sadly ignorant of Hindu painting, sculpture and architecture. Nor do I agree altogether with Dr. Coomaraswamy that I ought to be touched by Hindu art, however much I might be fascinated by it. Dr. Coomaraswamy says: “If one should say that he is touched by the Italian and not by the Chinese primitives, or by Greek and not by Egyptian or Indian sculpture, we understand that he has done no more than accept a formula.” (p. 57.) This I am sure I have not done!

When the temperament of a type manifests itself unmistakably as it must do in all national arts, to accuse a man of doing no more than accept a formula, when he selects this national art rather than that, is surely going a little too far. “Has Dr. Coomaraswamy really considered this point deeply? How can he maintain it by the side of the much more reasonable utterance which appears on the opposite page?” There he says: “To be

* “The Arts and Crafts of India and Ceylon.” By Ananda K. Coomaraswamy. (T. N. Foulis and Co.)
a connoisseur and perfectly dispassionate critic of many arts or religions is scarcely compatible with impassioned devotion to a single one." That is better. That, in my opinion, is the fault that is pointed out on p. 57, which statement is out of all keeping with Dr. Coomaraswamy's customary profundity. To be quite plain it is distinctly seligeness. If all art were free from the temperament, the character, and the values of the person who ideated it in the interpretation of life in the same terms, then Dr. Coomaraswamy would be right; but seeing that this is not so, and never will be so until people swayed by the same values and animated by the same ideals inhabit the whole globe, the pleasure of tasting the arts will always be the pleasure of the partisan, of the prejudiced and prepossessed. I say then, with perfect frankness, that while there is much that I deeply admire in this art of India, there is also a good deal that does not touch me. There is a lack of delight in untormented surfaces, a feverish rippling of planes, which is strange to my emotions, and which in the end becomes irritating to me. The Indian artist seems unable to cry "halt" even to himself. He seems unable to say, "Have done now! It is finished!" I do not mean by this that there is no restraint in Indian art. The restraint where ends are deliberately sought are obvious. But there seems to be an incredible amount of hair-splitting in this art, so that there is always "yet something else," to be added or to be done. It is true that there are brilliant exceptions—"brilliant," of course, in my sense—the Buddha, facing p. 18, for instance, and the perfectly amazingly beautiful hands, facing p. 31; but the reader will realize what I mean, if he examines the frontispiece and the figure of Shiva facing page 17. Both are Gothic in the sense that they cannot settle a thing once and for all. I hope I am making myself clear. The same characteristic appears in the multiplication of the arms. I admit that in the figure of Shiva as cosmic dancer, the multiplication of arms gives the impression of exuberance. As the figure dances it seems to say triumphantly: "Behold! I can do this and that and the other thing all at the same time! I am a God, I can hold four things at once, you can only hold two!" and so on. But I respectfully submit, that to the class of mind that will have done with a thing, that will arrive at a settlement, that will, in fact, be clear and plain, there are less mechanical and perhaps more telling ways of expressing exuberance, than mere multiplication. For what is the price paid for this "accreta exuberance?" It is irreatsemblance and, I think, irritation. I cannot say to what extent the decoration on the Indian brass vessels to be seen at South Kensington, is typical of good or bad Indian art; but I feel convinced of this, that in the worried, tortured, hair-splitting, almost nagging ornamentation and ornateness of this decoration, you have a lower manifestation of the same characteristic to which I have been referring. Let anyone go to view them and see if he does not agree with me. Is it possible that the non-artistic Aryan is responsible for this troublesome element in Hindu art, while the best in Hindu art derives from the non-Aryan? And what is this best? It is in architecture; and in genuine, and simplicity and purity of line, a fine sense of proportion and effectiveness—in sculpture a healthiness of type, a fluid, almost snake-like suppleness of limb and trunk—reminiscent of the Gothic, but healthier, nobler, deeper-chested; in painting, refinement, lucidity, possibility of sunshine and colour, cheerfulness, exuberance; in decoration, bold, sweeping designs, torrential richness of invention and happy combination—and throughout, conscientiousness, painstaking struggle and determination to rise, to aspire, to the market-cross" that obsessed Cromwell and caused him to send for the doctor at midnight. This comparison is an example of the art of periphrasis which should not be ignored. One of the ideas about Shakespeare that Mr. Barker has is this, that Shakespeare's "chief delight in this play" was in "the screams of word-music that Mr. Barker is so fond of mine. Since that night, more than four hundred nights ago (as I learn from the advertisements), I talked with Mr. Ashley Dukes during the intervals of the first performance of "The Great Adventure," I have not seen a Barker performance at the request of the producer. It is not to be supposed that "An Actor," who reproduced one of Mr. Barker's rehearsal scenes in an impudent similitude, is responsible for this lapse of managerial courtesy; I think it is more probable that one of the attendants ("lagging," as the children do at school) told Mr. Barker that two of the critics were talking, and, in the interests of drama and discipline, Mr. Barker separated me from my friend and predecessor in this column. Whatever the reason may be, I have not been invited to see a Barker production since "The Great Adventure." I was generally at my own expense to see this "drama as it should be produced," and I want to record one fact of a personal nature that should be indicative of much to a careful reader. I am not a Dionysian, as "G. K. C." is; nor do I, as Mr. Cowley once said in this paper that he did, pour out libations of cheap wine to the honour of the God. Bad as our modern plays are, and most of them are unutterably bad, I am able to sit through them without recourse to the "wine which cheersh the heart of God and man." It is only at a Barker production that I go out to see a man about a dog, that the command: "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish" becomes imperative. If Mr. Barker wants to know what I think, with a touch of sarcasm, I would say: "For the delectation of my readers and myself. When I close my lips, let no dog Barker. Let no one protest that the last sentence is ungrammatical. It is good enough for a man who can write of Shakespeare: "How he could and seemingly couldn't help but flower into verse!" If anyone supposes that this sentence is a conceit of my own, let him turn to the producer's preface of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and find it therein. I suppose that the phrase means something; it probably means as much as this passage: "If he hadn't been a man of the people, if he hadn't had his living to earn, if he hadn't had more fun in him than the writing of lyric poetry will satisfy! If it was he made the English theatre, did not the theatre make him what he is—what he might be to us? Oh, meet me at Nimby's tomorrow, and I will explain. In other words, I have been to see "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Twice have I seen it, and sung the flowing bowl. It is easy to see, from the extracts that I have quoted, that Mr. Barker has ideas about Shakespeare, perhaps as the same nature as those "fancies about the market-cross" that obsessed Cromwell and caused him to send for the doctor at midnight. This comparison is an example of the art of periphrasis which should not be ignored. I have been to see "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Twice have I seen it, and also the flowing bowl.
to be spoken by Oberon, Titania and Puck.” This is not an isolated instance of Mr. Barker’s predilection for Shakespeare as poet rather than as dramatist; in his preface to “Twelfth Night,” he said that “to have one’s full laugh at the play’s comedy is no longer possible, even for an audience of Elizabethan experts. The result is that productions of Shakespearean comedy, the comedians are very carefully kept in their place. The laughter that burst from Shakespeare in floods is carefully measured out in a graduated glass; the lyric poetry that was such a spontaneous expression is cold and suppressed into very blank verse recitation. Shakespeare was “a myriad-minded man”; but, of course, his plays are “units,” and the only proper way to produce them is to strike an average of feeling and to raise or suppress (usually suppress) every one of the actors to that level.

For the simple truth about Mr. Barker’s predilection for Shakespeare’s lyric poetry is that he cannot produce it. He has neither an actor nor an actress capable of speaking lyric poetry, and if, in his preface and elsewhere he calls it “unitarian” effect of the play would be destroyed, its average level of feeling would be upset. What is the use of talking about “the screeches of word-music to be spoken by Oberon,” when Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry, who is good at English but on all other scores uses all the cadences, pauses, and stresses that he used in “The Witch,” where he played Martin the adulterous priest?

The one exception is that, as Oberon, he does not weigh with luxury. It was obviously difficult for him to refrain from doing so, for that was the great success of his performance in “The Witch.” I don’t want to say anything about Titania; a thoroughly undistinguished performance cannot be criticised. But, Puck? What the devil have “screeds of word-music” to do with Shock-headed Peter, who gabbles and shouts his way through the play at such a rate that half his words are unintelligible, and who relies on pantomime tricks of entrance and exit for causing laughter? It would be a “fault to Heaven” if the spirit of the comedy of this play to be suppressed so that the lyric portion of it should be emphasised; but to offer us only a few very depressed comedians, and no lyric poetry, is to reduce Shakespearean comedy to nonentity. Yet Mr. Barker credits Shakespeare with being “so recklessly happy” in writing this lyric verse!

But the fairies have reduced even Mr. Barker to modesty. “Lacking genius,” he says, “one considers first how not to do a thing.” I submit that, in spite of the prefix “not” gone beyond now to stage. For if there is one thing that the idea of fairies does convey to us at this time, it is not diminutiveness, it is evanescence; and Mr. Barker has piled fallacy on fallacy to make evanescence impossible to his fairies. They could not vanish—no, if the Board school man appeared. In the first place, they are made to look like an advertisement of somebody’s gold-paint: Mr. Barker has discovered that fairies in Shakespeare’s time were gilded, so, although this is not Shakespeare’s time, the fairies of Shakespeare’s are golden. Some of them are not merely golden, but are really substantial—as substantial as a militant Suffragette. But lest these golden appurtenances should suggest evanescence to a poverty-stricken audience, Mr. Barker roots them to the stage. The trains of Oberon and Titania are massed like groups of statuary, in which no movement is visible or audible but the laryngeal motion of the fairy King and Queen. The fairy that meets Puck in the first act comes on with twiddling steps, each numbered exactly, each twiddle exactly measured. Never were there such deadly serious fairies, or fairies that more resembled a barbaric Savings Bank.

But when they looked like or suggested, there is always music to express the quality that we now associate with fairies. Mendelssohn at least did not suppose that the fairies were Shakespeare’s peculiar property or that they were typical inhabitants of Elizabethan England. I like English folk-song as well as most people do: it is so expressive of the good old grouty Anglo-Saxon. But the language that it speaks is not that of fairy-land; natural enough to Bottom the Weaver and his friends, its rhythm and idiom are barbarous jargon for fairies. The contrast between not only the two productions of Bottom and Puck, but between the two styles of musical feeling must be apparent to everyone; the scenes between Titania and Bottom show that it was not invisible to Shakespeare. But the incongruous humour of Bottom in fairyland is lost when the fairies sing the songs that Bottom would sing (if he could) and dance the dances that he has seen on the village green. Folk-song and dance are very well in their way for English people; but fairies “come from the farthest steppe of India” have a musical idiom different from that of Elizabethan England. Yet it is only in English folk-song and dance that they indulge at the Savoy; and to the imaginative eye, they are clothed in smock-frocks, and to the natural ear, their footsteps sound as faintly as those of a navvy.

Try as he may, Mr. Barker cannot produce a performance of Shakespeare that rises above the level of an amateur production except in stage management. He makes it impossible for any one of his actors to speak his lines as though they were natural to him. It might be otherwise if Mr. Barker had expressed what Shakespeare meant by it, if only we knew what he did mean; although this assumption is based on the fallacy that art is didactic, and therefore that the art of the interpreter is the art of misrepresentation. But to impose a mental conception on an imaginative creation, to prohibit the reproduction of the very spirit that gave birth to the play, to reduce his actors to such a state that each can only say his little piece and depart, hoping that the audience will regard it as comical or realistic, as the case may be, is evidence of such stupidity that Mr. Barker is revealed as the lineal descendant of Quince. Comedy, particularly Shakespearean comedy, is impossible to him, because he lacks the fullness of spirit from which it arises; and poetry, with its demand on every musical sense, is alien to the withered virginity of Mr. Barker’s soul.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"THE NEW AGE" AND THE PRESS.

Sir,—The South African papers, the “Cape Times,” in particular, continue to discuss the National Guild proposals. The Rev. B. W. Bailey, in an article on the March 11, discusses the Guild proposals somewhat academically under the title of the “Delimitation and Transmutation of Industries.” His fear appears to be that the Guild system would stereotype industries both as regards their area and the numbers employed in them. A discussion of this point should be undertaken by your readers, I think. In the “Sphere,” “C. K. S.,” who recently said he would not read "The New Age" any more, comments on a note by T. H. C. Ghosh, explaining the boycott of your journal as due to the sensitiveness of newspaper proprietors and editors, for "The New Age," he says, is often "frank and disagreeable to those people who do associate words incongruously! To be frank is precisely not to be disagreeable, I should have thought. But we well understand that what the press writers call is "Current Cant," and "C. K. S." declares is one of the best in existing journals. Press-Cutter.
THE POSTAL TELEGRAPH SERVICE.

Sir,—Although I attach little weight to the writings of one who attacks particular persons under cover of a rom-de-plume, I have considerable respect for that body of thought in which The New Age takes such a fine lead, and therefore write under the impression that the New Age readers are interested to know a little about the Executive, which in the course of an essay in The Daily Herald, Mr. Hobhouse and N. W. Durham merely reveal the colour touch of an old hand.

In the absence of argument from the critic we must assume that he is led to these charitable thoughts by consideration of the fact that the Postal Executives have honestly used executive powers. The reference to a report published in the Daily Herald merely reveals the critic's colour touch of an old hand. The weakness of our friend and of all similar critics is excellently shown when he proceeds to contrast the Postal Worker with the executive officer. It is easy to see, Sir, what is wrong with the executive officer. His union. It is surely a wonderful deduction that the existence of such a man as the executive officer is the result of the action of the public and of the society. The existence of such paid officials, by the way, was under consideration by the Postal Executives when the society was formed.

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THE TURKISH PARTIES.

Sir,—Having received no slight respect from for long perusal of his usually statesmanlike and lucid articles, I am dismayed to find him writing as a bitter partisan. In your issue of the 18th inst. he has written: "The Young Turks, having parcellled out Asia Minor among European concession-holders, are now relieving their slothful and corrupt existence at Constantinople by inveigling attacks on men like Sherif Pasha and Sadik Bey, whose only offence is that the environment of patriotism object to the intrigues of an unworthy and corrupt pack of scoundrels." This is not only grossly unfair, but also untrue. The Young Turks—the term is rather loose, but I suppose the writer means the Turkish Cabinet—did not grant the various concessions he refers to out of gaiety of heart, but as a result of the financial state matters in that respect to any previous Turkish administration. To assert that Sherif Pasha is obnoxious to them only because he is a patriot. But there are many of the chief organisers of, a conspiracy which resulted in the assassination of Mahmud Shevket Pasha, and aimed at the destruction of the Turkish Government. I know that at the time of Mahmud Shevket's death a number of private individuals, mad with indignation vowed to devote their lives to killing him. Most of them have probably forgotten their vow by this time, but a few fanatics may be true to it. The met I speak of were in no sense individual.
Government control. I do not know Sherif Pasha, but I do know several of his friends, and love them personally, for they are charming people. But I hate their politics, as a pro-Turk, and for this reason: I submit that, in my view which I have quoted, he is writing not as an impartial Englishman, but as the most embittered of reactionary Turks. The Young Turks have many faults, but there is no doubt—I am not prepared to back them up through thick and thin, and much deplore the spectacle of an Englishman thus backing any party here or elsewhere—but they are not the monsters he depicts them as compared with their opponents.

ARISTOCRACY AND MR. LUDOVICI.

Sir,—I believe that, on the whole, I understand what Mr. Ludovici means. I had asked him whether he meant that what is common to all is less important than what is not common, and to that question he replied first by explaining what this countersaying implied. And he explained it so clearly that the best way of advancing the discussion to its next position will be for me first to answer him, and then to proceed to the extent of proceeding mainly by further questions, whose gravity I believe he will recognise as at least as readily as the gravity of the question.

To his question, "Important for what?" the answer was, "Good Life.

but Mr. Ludovici would probably not rest content with that answer, and for this reason. He imagines (I) the Human Race, and divides that into (a) Civilised Men and (b) Barbarians. He also imagines (II) Human Life in general, and divides that into departments, one of which is "the department of life known as politics." He goes even further by speaking of 'civilised men equipped for a certain function in the political world,' and then "seems to subdivide the "department of politics into this function and that."

So my first question to him is: (1) On what principle do you distinguish "functions" within the "department of life known as politics"?

The importance of this question will be especially evident from what he himself says earlier in his letter, where he asks: "What are those differences which become important in classifying, let us say, for the two columns of brewer's drayman and medical man respectively?" For it seems from this that to be a brewer's drayman is to perform a "certain function in the political world." If so,

(2) Does the brewer's drayman perform any other function in the political world?

Next, Mr. Ludovici does not make himself quite clear to me when he says: "If the democrat, with his belief in equality, maintains that that which is common to all men in a state of barbarity—say, the soul, the usual complements more important in classifying men for civilised political life than, let us say, the qualities of ruler and subject (which generically are negligible, I suppose), then I maintain that he is concealing essential differences, from the standpoint of civilised humanity, beneath a generalisation derived from man as a genus." I am not certain of his meaning here, because I do not believe he intends to imply that the qualities of ruler and subject are not present among "men in a state of barbarity." So that I shall next ask him:

(3) Are you classifying men historically or logically?

If (a) historically, then do you mean that the "qualities of ruler and subject" are not present among "men in a state of barbarity"?

If (b) logically, in what precisely is the life of civilised men more important than that of barbarians?

That is my first letter, and I do not want Mr. Ludovici to tire of a controversy in which there is already a promise of our coming to some definite conclusion.

* * *

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

Sir,—In your "Notes of the Week" of your issue of January 22 you "damn" the statement of a certain lecturer that the present system is inevitable and could be replaced by no alternative. Although I am well acquainted with the unmitigated contempt in which you hold women, I venture to question how else one can account for the irruption of women into the working world than by the drift of economic events. Surely none but the wilfully myopic can fail to see that women did not come into the rough and tumbled ways out of curiosity, but were forced into them. (From your own point of view, it would be altogether too much to credit them with any thought or motive.)

A little above the condemnation, referred to, you label Olive Schreiner as "a traitor to women" and a "Witch." Now, whether you consider Olive Schreiner a word"champion of women," or an audacious dabbler in author-craft, you cannot help recognising in her a perfectly honest mind groping along the path of progress—however small the mind and narrow the view is a mistaken one, the viewer still neither betrays nor bewitches.

It seems naive of a Littlepil to remind a Brodul resigning, dwelling on a pinnacle of good sense and intellectual honesty, of an elemental principle—yet otherwise rare, and strange, and odd things would be nothing

SIMPLICISSIMUS.

SUPERFLUITY.

Sir,—In a recent issue we were once more treated to a perfect orgy of feminism "logic" of the worst type,—under the title of "The Superfluous Women's Suffrage Week." A four years' admirer of your attitude upon the economic and political (suffrage) sides of women's emancipation, I deplore the second-rate talent you employ for certain other sides of life. What, sir, are we to think of the book reviews of such a contributor as A. E. R., when we see her (I cannot believe it is one of my own sex!) amasing assumptions in such special signed articles as that mentioned above?

Men made the country and women made the town." I may well be permitted to know on what revelation A. E. R. bases this calm statement? Have I, for instance, not an equal right to asserting, "A. E. R. is a Socialism, woman the book reviews." What would A. E. R. have us do? How would A. E. R. have us treat the women who have the suffrage? A. E. R. is not a feminine god who started "looking at the world" a few years ago. A terrible thought strikes me—it has support, too, in past pseudonymities who have contributed to your paper—we can be at all certain that A. E. R., Alfred E. Randall, and Mrs. Beatrice Hastings are not all one firm—are, in fact, not one and the same great personality? If it be not so, I appeal to A. E. R. to enlighten your readers. Meanwhile let your cobbler stick to his (?) last, and review books under the safer heading of "Views and Reviews." [Mr. Randall replies: I must decline controversy with Mr. Crook for the following reasons, which I am sure will meet with his approval. He is altogether too formidable an antagonist for me. I am at a loss to determine what in a letter he intends to imply that the qualities of ruler and subject are not present among "men in a state of barbarity." So that I shall next ask him:

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SUPERFLUITY.

Sir,—In a recent issue we were once more treated to a perfect orgy of feminism "logic" of the worst type,—under the title of "The Superfluous Women's Suffrage Week." A four years' admirer of your attitude upon the economic and political (suffrage) sides of women's emancipation, I deplore the second-rate talent you employ for certain other sides of life. What, sir, are we to think of the book reviews of such a contributor as A. E. R., when we see her (I cannot believe it is one of my own sex!) amasing assumptions in such special signed articles as that mentioned above?

Men made the country and women made the town." I may well be permitted to know on what revelation A. E. R. bases this calm statement? Have I, for instance, not an equal right to asserting, "A. E. R. is a Socialism, woman the book reviews." What would A. E. R. have us do? How would A. E. R. have us treat the women who have the suffrage? A. E. R. is not a feminine god who started "looking at the world" a few years ago. A terrible thought strikes me—it has support, too, in past pseudonymities who have contributed to your paper—we can be at all certain that A. E. R., Alfred E. Randall, and Mrs. Beatrice Hastings are not all one firm—are, in fact, not one and the same great personality? If it be not so, I appeal to A. E. R. to enlighten your readers. Meanwhile let your cobbler stick to his (?) last, and review books under the safer heading of "Views and Reviews." [Mr. Randall replies: I must decline controversy with Mr. Crook for the following reasons, which I am sure will meet with his approval. He is altogether too formidable an antagonist for me. I am at a loss to determine what in a letter he intends to imply that the qualities of ruler and subject are not present among "men in a state of barbarity." So that I shall next ask him:

(3) Are you classifying men historically or logically?

If (a) historically, then do you mean that the "qualities of ruler and subject" are not present among "men in a state of barbarity"?

If (b) logically, in what precisely is the life of civilised men more important than that of barbarians?

That is my first letter, and I do not want Mr. Ludovici to tire of a controversy in which there is already a promise of our coming to some definite conclusion.

* * *
as a "great explorer," and invited to read a paper before half a dozen geographical, etc., societies, my views with regard to the comparative late moment of the material upon the same reverential level as they were when I read of Stanley's fine exploring; real exploring that! [By the way, it would be interesting to hear the criticism of the "great explorer," Sir Harry Johnston on Female Suffrage."

There is, it seems, a body called "The Votes for Women Fellowship," etc., established at the Kingsway Hall last week Sir Harry Johnston's remarks evoked intense enthusiasm.

Now, will the readers of The New Age kindly waste—yet it is not waste, for it offers one more proof of the melancholy "omens" of the malesolete of presumably ordinary intelligence in other departments of life—ten minutes in a study of this gentleman's words? After saying that the Wm. Wm. Suffrage Movement was championed by quite as many men as women, it was, he declared, "opposed, or, at any rate, not actively helped by considerable numbers of articulate women. It is true that the more prominent anti-Suffragists amongst women—those that are able to write to the papers and get their letters inserted or to attack the enfranchisement in their book."

Sir Harry Johnston, perhaps is not exceeding thirty. Some of these women are paid—that is to say, derive their livelihood from this treachery to their sex; they receive a salary for their treachery. But a few of them are living from an unconscious perversity of mind."

I stop here, because the remainder of this remarkable address, that "those girls are more notable examples of the manly virtues. Many of these men, anti-Suffragist men, should want to bestow their "intellectual treasures" upon the perverse "masculine female anti-Suffragists" instead of allowing their "chicanery" to give away? Perhaps when he is again in one of his incoherent moments, as, for instance, at the Kingsway Hall, would he mind telling us which sort he bestows upon his Suffragette acquaintances? It is mean, of course, the young and pretty ones. But is it with the old who are to deal here. It will be seen that within the space of a few short lines he brings a set of charges against not as he so untruly, so deliberately untrue, a minority of women, but as he perfectly well knows, the great mass of decent living, wellbehaved women in this country to-day. Sir Harry Johnston, I presume, even if he has lived amongst the Negroes or whatsoever tribe he has "explored" will hardly deny that in spite of agitations unspeakable, parallel in their magnitude to nothing known in the civilised life of this country, in spite of demonstrations, of thousands of pounds wasted and in sensational exploits, the great mass of sane, educated, and I declare absolutely from my own inquiries, of industrial women, are solidly opposed to "Woman's Suffrage." Does Sir Harry Johnston deny this? Does he pretend that if the majority of "British Women's Suffrage, Parliament and Asquith, or any other force could stop it? Consequently we women composing the great and overwhelming majority of the Nation's Womanhood, are treacherous to our sex and "perverse."" Surely, if there were no other reason for opposing Woman's Suffrage, the fact that its support and approval produces in the ordinary male a condition of mind so abnormal that he has no hesitation in branding the great mass of women as "perverse" and "treacherous," is in itself a sufficiently strong one, and the case is not weakened by the isolation effect of the inevitable one. Probably any other obsession might have equally strange, unbalanced effects. Still even a vegetarian obsession has led to no very serious consequences unless Mr. Bernard Shaw in his earlier and less commercially important days; but this, as Mr. Kipling says, is another story. Nothing apparently stirs a man's sensibilities like his courtesies, and respect for his country women, perfectly blameless, except that they differ from Sir Harry Johnston on an untenably controversial point, so far as I say, and his sense of truth, to say nothing of his sense of humour. Continue to examine what Sir Harry Johnston thought it was necessary, visibly unanswerable, women. As regards the allegation that anti-Suffragists are paid—as Sir Harry Johnston is perfectly aware, there are not half-a-dozen paid lecturers belonging to the anti-Suffragist society. Indeed one's preference is that the Society does so little, considering the dangerous activity of the enemy and the enormous sums paid to support this campaign of violence and intimidation and salaries to the leaders and officials—I don't even trouble to discuss the matter. But I feel I want to offer a more thoughtful man and woman reading this paper who is not hopelessly, passionately prejudiced is this. Note that Sir Harry Johnston's taunt is that there are only about thirty women amongst the "prominent," by which Sir Harry Johnston means "notorious" à la Suffragette school of language and manners, to be writing to the papers, pestering the editors, boring and disgusting readers, with their "views" and "sufferings," and exploits as hooligans in smashing windows, slashing pictures and policemen, burning mannish red bands. What a programme.

The miserable "perverse" women instead of achieving immortality in Suffragette circles, are carrying on their work in the world, maintaining the home, rearing the children, nursing the sick, caring for the aged, quietly doing their duty when they might be sufficiently "prominent," by which Sir Harry Johnston means "notorious" to the leaders and officials—I don't even trouble to discuss this. Note that the file. One may venture to say, being through some of my columns, in touch every week with large numbers of educated English women, feel to be wholly wrong and that would never be granted if a woman occupied the place that the ill-used unfortunate men who happen to differ from them on political question, and who are only doing their duty, is held to be a second-rank poet.

Mr. McKenna does not have, of course, the noblest of motives—subjecting the men really groaned under oppression, in one beauty. there is one beauty of the fruit.

Sir Harry Johnston's taunt is that there are only about thirty women sufficiently "prominent," by which Sir Harry Johnston means "notorious" to the leaders and officials—I don't even trouble to discuss this. Note that the following is my statement of the truth which it was my duty to demonstrate.

As I say, I know nothing on earth about Sir Harry Johnston, and apart from his existence on the suffragette platform, with Miss Lena Ashwell and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, he may be a reasonable and fair-minded member of Society. If so, I must repeat, have we not one more illustration of the disasters effect upon a man's moral, mental, and emotional being, when he has seen in the political life of this country, even at times when men really groaned under oppression, in place of as now when men are treated with an indigence that many—indeed I may venture to say, being through some of my columns, in touch every week with large numbers of educated English women, feel to be wholly wrong and that would never be granted if a woman occupied the place that the ill-used unfortunate men who happen to differ from them on political question, and who are only doing their duty, is held to be a second-rank poet.

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gain. My experience was this: I sat in the sixpenny pit of an East-end music hall and saw a working-class audience bored to irritation for nearly two hours by an insipid melody called a "revue." They did not like it at all. The house was dead, and there was no applause. Towards the end of this "entertainment," when the audience was obviously restless, one of the artists came out on a "front-cloth" and played an exquisite violin solo. The result was astounding; he almost literally, brought the "house" down, and had to give three solid encores. The music he played was classical. Now why should Stoll and the rest of the big variety tradesmen deliberately underestimate the intelligence of the public? They are simply being sling at suburban music-hall audiences, just because they happen to please the decadent patrons of the "Hip-podrome." On top of this, the suburban halls only get a second-rate company. At the hall in question they had five or six of these West-end "Revues," and another is booked for next week. Is it not possible that the principle of the old-time Critic makes the audience grieve and moves the cynical to ribaldry. By the mass, the people are in the claws of vampires. "Present-day Critic" says the thing in one line, "Squalor has not yet reached the heart of the people" (my italics).

ARTHUR F. THORN.

* * *

CUBISM.

Sir,—In my letter on the subject above, which you were kind enough to print, I referred to Cubism as "the dregs of the Renaissance" squeezed dry. On reflection I find that this admission is far too generous. The Renaissance was the gift of Athens to humanity. Cubism, I am now convinced, like Christianity, has its origin in Jerusalem. It is distinctly an Oriental cult; for is it not written thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image: nor the likeness of anything that is in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters that are under the earth? And verily I say unto you, as the one that played before us, Cubism is the fulfilling of the Law.

The treatment accorded to this great movement by a section of our Art-Journalists (I believe that is the neo-jargon of neologisms, such as coy as maidens, as they toy with their new-fangled content, rhythm, suspense and takes heed unto his ways. Speaking only for myself, I am convinced that no intelligent being, much less an Art-Journalist, could understand the true intent and meaning of these "abstractions" without a personal explanation from the artist himself: and six months afterwards, alter they have been forgotten by the public, I feel in my own mind that they would be equally unintelligible to their creators. It is a wise child, I know, and, contrariwise, if it is an acute Cubist who, after a decent interval, could reconstruct his own particular reticulations.

The British Museum authorities have supplied guides to their treasure-house for the benefit of visitors. The Cubists, as they progress towards their inevitable extinction, had better hasten to do the same; but, like all the truly great, let them cultivate a modest demeanour, and not refer us back for a parallel to their jigsaw puzzles to those glorious achievements of man's skill and intellect that erstwhile adorned the palaces and temples of Memphis and Hecatompylos.

Is it possible that they have discovered the fourth dimension? If so, mankind must evolve "larger eyes" or, if there have been supplied with an article which Helmholtz declared, that, if he had been given an order for it, he would have returned it to the artificer as a piece of defective workmanship. I am not an artist; I am not even an Art-Journalist; I am simply a unit of that patient, perspicacious, hardy, little goose-necked public which planks down its shilling at the entrance of picture-galleries for the privilege of viewing the wares displayed upon the walls. In common with the rest, I cackle and quack my own little silly appreciations and disapprobations. I go to have my intellect stimulated, my sense of beauty appealed to, my aesthetic emotions gratified, my artistic taste educated, my soul elevated, my mind refined.

The other day I came, and saw, and was overcome by Cubism with a sense of unutterable despair. "This is no place for a first-rate artistic effort to sinty's drawing-room, and the dear old mid-Victorian floral carpet, and the water-colours by Copley Fielding and Noah's Ark Cooper on the walls." Of a truth, Mr. Editor, I am grieved for the public, and my bowels of compassion yearn towards him, as for mine own little brother. To think of the prostitution of so much decent talent, and the beclouding of so many bright intellects, is brave, the beautiful, emasculating their abilities on the altar of this terrible goddess.

"... Ego adolescents, ego ephebus, ego puers; Ego guinissimi iu flos, ego eram decus olei.

Catullus, Attis. II. 63-64.

Oh! when I was a boy at the shade, I was easily top of my grade; Both in charcoal and chalk I was cock of the walk, And in oils the first pick on parade.

Once the glory and pride of the school, I have turned out a Futurist fool, And the paint from my tube I expend on a cube That I've drawn with a compass and rule.

Far better were it then, as others used to, to ply the honorely, slighted advertiser's trade. To be an honest, horny-handed son of artistry, producing those pictures of pretty girls whose brilliant complications are solely owing to the use of Pear's soap, and those placards of bearded pashas whose ample circumambient cummerbunds are lined with the contents of bottles containing Captain White's Oriental Pickles; or, failing this, let the Cubist obtain a pitch on the pavement, alongside of his fellow-scrieviers, and become a pavement artist. But no, hand in hand with his fantastic marionettes, wrapped in the solitudes of his own diseased imagination, he treats the measure of his danses macabre the way to dusty death.

HAROLD B. HARRISON.

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