The position of the men is very different to-day from what it was on the occasion of the last two great strikes. Of the 500,000 wage-slaves eligible for membership of the National Union of Railwaymen, only one in three was a member of the Union in the strike of 1907, and no more than one in two in the strike of 1911. But in the strike now announced for the beginning of winter as many as five out of six of the potential will be actual members of the Union. This means, as everybody can see for himself, a practically blackleg-proof Union, the first of its kind, and certainly the greatest numerically ever known; for it is a fact that at the same time that the N.U.R. is the largest trade union in the world it is also the most nearly complete of any. But our readers will remember that we have promised on our honour as practical economists that to the first blackleg-proof Union formed offers will come rolling in from the employers of the industry from the moment that its membership is threatening to become complete. Has our promise been kept by events or has it not? We invite the world to note that within a day or two—no waiting for weeks, mark you—with the Union is now practically blackleg-proof, the companies which have hitherto refused anything are prepared to offer everything.

The position of the men is very different to-day from what it was on the occasion of the last two great strikes.
leaders) we claim that by so much the rest of it should gain in credibility and general acceptance. It would surely be monstrous when we have proved to have been right on the platform and all the world against us that the same opposition and distrust should have to be encountered in the acceptance of the points that remain. Yet it would seem that though no less than an apparently miraculous confirmation of our prophecy has been witnessed on one head, on the further heads of our forecast the Union officials are in as much doubt as they were about the first. For what is it that they propose to demand with their blackleg-proof Union beyond their claim to have the wages and conditions of their fellow-workmen raised? Nothing more, we gather, than a little more wages all round and a general reduction of the hours of their labour! But was it for this that we advised and urged the creation of a blackleg-proof Union? Was it for more beer and skittles simply that the gigantic effort of the Trade Union movement has been brought to the point of forming a Union complete almost to the last man? Not only, we say, was it not simply for more wages or more leisure that the Trade Union movement was inspired into existence; but if any demand, at the same time that it indicates a puerperal imagination, is incapable of satisfaction without involving as much loss to one part of the proletariat as gain to another. Where, if the wages of railwaymen are raised next November, will the road that they are burdened on their shoulders by their employers. On the other assumption, the wage-slavery of the N.U.R. then? Why, no more than the robbing of Ulster have been moved by considerations far beyond the purely financial. Where would the Railwaymen's short-sighted greed. There is, for instance, the civic objection, so eloquently urged on irrelevant occasions by the Railwaymen's leaders themselves. Who was more eager than Mr. Thomas only a few days ago to denounce the Army for its opposition to the Ulster volunteers, and with what force did he urge that the resistance should be overcome? But neither the Army, even in Mr. Thomas's nightmare vision of it, nor Ulster in all its ignominy, professes to have no other object than the material welfare of its constituents. Mysteriously, as we think, stupidly, as we think, both the Army and Ulster have been moved by considerations far beyond the reach of personal gain or material comfort. But look now at Mr. Thomas's own army which he and his colleagues have engineered, discoursed and brought to a blackleg-proof perfection—what is its object, avowed by its leaders? Is there a particle of public spirit in it? Has its declared policy any touch of public advantage to recommend it? Will its leaders pretend that they are acting in any sense in any public interest? But, they will tell us, the 300,000 men comprising the Union are members of the community also, and by the same measure that their wages and conditions are improved, the well-being of society at large will be improved as well. The argument, however, is, as we have seen, fallacious in fact as it is also disingenuous in intention. The wages of the proletariat as a whole can not be raised by the raising of the wages of a single Union. Moreover, no publicly benevolent intention can be credited to men whose demand, when at last they are able to hold up society, is no more than additional wages for themselves. * * *

What, then, we may ask, ought the Railwaymen to demand? On the assumption that their Union is something more than a mere trust of labour, organised to raise the wages of the members of the same class it is beyond doubt, and on very demand, that the demand of the first blackleg-proof Union on a grand scale that the world has seen, ought surely to be for an advantage in which the whole class of the proletariat may hope to share. Not to secure an advance in this position, we say, to secure an advantage for the class should be the aim of such a Union; for it is also true, as we very well know, that though the material improvement of one part of the proletariat may be at the cost of another part, an improvement in status of one section is instantly shared by all. The demand of the Railwaymen ought to be, in fact, the pioneer demand of the whole Labour movement which, unless we misconceive it, is less material than moral and human advancement. For, again, it is not the case that the Railwaymen owe their claims to their Union to the efforts and the sacrifices of thousands, nay, of millions of their fellow-workmen. Where would the Railwaymen's Union stand to-day if the base of the long years of common Trade Union action were taken away? As surely as they are the first to reach the summit of Trade Union position, so surely they owe it as much to their class as to themselves. But it follows that not only would their claim be more than unimprovable, but that it should fall upon the traders whose goods are transported for no other object than profit from one end of the country to the other. Their profit they must have, and since they have between them a monopoly of their trade, their profit will be, whatever the rate of carriage may be. There remains only the consumer, whose other name in the mass is the proletariat. On the assumption that no more than an apparent increase in wages all round and a general reduction of the hours of the community. And the demand, coming from a blackleg-proof Union, is as likely to be satisfied as the demand for more wages. But what about the status of them? It may seem, on the surface, that a request from the Union to share in management would be more strenuously opposed than a request for higher wages. But, in the last instance, Mr. Thomas has said, the Companies are in no case offering concessions for his beautiful eyes; they are offering no more than they think they can get off with! In the second place, we leave it to the imagination of our readers whether a strange demand, like this for status instead of wages, would not itself produce a moral effect upon the public and the railway directors, such that to resist the appeal would appear almost immoral. Finally, from the depths of our economic certainty, we affirm that not only is the demand for status the first condition of a material improvement of the proletariat, but, provided that the status so obtained is real, it can be had for the asking. * * *

What is here meant by real? That the Union, on condition of partnership with the Companies, should be prepared to accept responsibilities corresponding to its new privileges. On the assumption that no more than higher wages are demanded and obtained next November, what public justification can the Railwaymen offer for their action? They will not have undertaken to do more than they did before; or to be in any way more responsible either to the public or to their employers. They will, in fact, have been proved guilty of thoroughly servile, effeminate and cowardly conduct of combining to extract more material advantage for themselves while leaving all the responsibility still on the shoulders of their employers. On the other assump-
tion, however, that they demand and obtain—as why should they not?—the privilege of co-management and joint control with the Companies, they must obviously in justice be prepared to join in the responsibilities as

attaching to their industry. Are the men’s leaders prepared for this? Are the men themselves? If they are, we believe that their course is not only clear, but smooth; for we are almost certain that, should the existing Companies decline (and, being for the most part fools they may), to close with such an offer and to take the Union into partnership with themselves, the State, happily for the public, will take the place of the Companies and the first National Guild in history will have been born when Mr. Thomas has finished denouncing Army officers he may consider whether the policy we have just outlined is not the wise one both for his Union and for society.

It might be thought that the example of the Railwaymen is bringing to employers a reason to offer the Unions the value of economic action and the comparative valuelessness of political action. But so bent still are the men officials generally on having M.P. seats to their names, or on pottering important in the lobbies at Westminster, that most of the Unions are passing resolutions at this moment to “strengthen their political force” as they call it. At the Executive of the National Union of Teachers, a body that presumably possesses more brains than all the other Unions put together, an executive resolution which is certain to be passed calls for a mandate to run more teachers’ candidates for Parliament. As if at least nine out of ten of the actual membership of the Union were not fully aware that Parliament, be it ever so minded, can do next to nothing for education but pay for it! Here, again, the Teachers Executive presents a picture of its own political impotence without incurring its responsibilities. Ready enough to vote money to return candidates to Parliament, but look at the

It will be remembered that the Postal officials, in their announcement by the Railwaymen of their approaching strike provoked not a single word. But look at the Parliamentary action that came off last week. Sir John Simon assured his audience that when the momentous strike provoked not a single word. But look at the Parliamentary action that came off last week. Sir John Simon assured his audience that when the

report was with difficulty that a House was maintained for the discussion of Mr. J. R. MacDonald. Setting aside the impossibility which Sir Edward Grey asserted that it presents itself to the mind of Mr. J. R. MacDonald. Setting aside the impossibility which Sir Edward Grey asserted that it presents itself to the mind of Mr. MacDonald, only because Trade Union action among agricultural labourers—the most pleasing feature in the Labour movement for many years—the lock-out of the Agricultural labourers—must be appointed to control education directly and re-

groups? And what means, too? If only it could Bear inspection? But it assumes too much that the Liberal, any more than the Unionist, can be suspected and too much that we know to be untrue.

And while these false issues are being pursued, not only is the main track of economic reform deserted, but economic events of the greatest importance are neglected. We have already seen that the momentous announcement by the Railwaymen of their approaching strike provoked not a single word in Parliament even from the Labour Party. The Postal officials’ Holt Report was purposely boycotted in the House, and what was with difficulty that a House was maintained for the discussion of Mr. Jowett’s Bill on Housing. As for the debate on the South African deportees it is enough at this moment to note Lord Hugh Cecil’s complaint that for such a subject the House was “lamentably thin.” So much for economic issues in Parliament itself! But outside of Parliament the neglect is no less apparent. What, for example, are the historic economic events of the last few weeks? Are they not the strikes of agricultural labourers—the most pleasing feature in the Labour movement for many years—the lock-out of the builders in London and the sequel to the recent Leeds municipal strike? These events, if there were a Labour Party entitled to the name, would have been dragged from their obscurity and set in a blaze upon the hills for the whole world to see. For these, we repeat, are the real concern of Labour—not Home Rule, not Welsh Disestablishment, not the Army, but the defence of the right of the two main parties have thought it wise to draw off from that scent for the moment, it is certainly not because the Labour Party was not willing to be diverted by it from its own direction. Again, there is Mr. Lloyd George’s Land Campaign—not dead yet, but by any means, but labouring to be born—will Mr. MacDonald convince himself, when Mr. George’s programme is on the Liberal platform, that once more the Labour eggs are in the Liberal basket? To be sure he will! Then there is Mr. Asquith, the greatest of Labour’s enemies, the Labour Party at this moment with the Liberal Party entitled to the name, would have been dragged from their obscurity and set in a blaze upon the hills for the whole world to see. For these, we repeat, are the real concern of Labour—not Home Rule, not Welsh Disestablishment, not the Army, but the defence of the right of the

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when discredit the system guarantee that the same evil chance that hung Dickman man-hunt. can persuade themselves that they have it was, after all, by chance. There is, in fact, no naturally glad that Starchfield has escaped the bloody coming clear in South Africa that their banishment from be fetched as they were brought. For it out, before the case was

The dropping of the Crown case against Starchfield last week ought to moderate, at least, the superstition that the first and surest way to economise lies in the industrial emancipation of the native. And the article concludes thus: From this would follow, as the night the day, the much desired reduction of working costs. And reduced working costs, it is now a commonplace of Rand economics, mean more capital for the country, more work for all, and general contentment and prosperity. Wherefore, the Colour Bar Must Go! No beating about the bush there, but only a magnificent and devilish indifference to race, to country and to economic fact! Is South Africa prepared to see this mine-owners' ideal of cheap labour carried into practice and fulfilled? There are, as we say, evidences—only electoral at present—that she is not. But of what use will protest be when the white trade-unionism is, for all his craft, has less political influence than the Premier's butler. MacDonald, for all his craft, has less political influence than the Premier's butler.

We need not despair, however, of sending back the Nine Deportees in honour to South Africa. We are not sure, indeed, that if they decline to go they may not yet hang scores of innocent men.
### Current Cant

<table>
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<th>Quotation</th>
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<td>&quot;A word to the working man.&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Evening News.&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;King George, who is, apparently, a Syndicalist.&quot;</td>
<td>George Bernard Shaw</td>
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<td>&quot;How to look at pictures.&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Daily Express.&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;Advice for lovers.&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;The 'Weekly'... most luxurios of weeklies.&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The Star.&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;Our Revue producers are men with fine imagination.&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;The tyranny of Labour.&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;We live in a delightful age.&quot;</td>
<td>Edmund Gosse in the &quot;New Weekly.&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;Never before did the spirit of altruism rule the ways of the world as it does to-day.&quot;</td>
<td>George R. Sims</td>
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<td>&quot;Should actors marry actresses?&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The Era.&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;Whether our characters be earnest or frivolous, our aims speculative or practical in type, we all nowadays have our 'spiritual interests.'&quot;</td>
<td>Evelyn Underhill</td>
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<td>&quot;Mr. Bryan's eyes shone with the enthusiasm of humanity, his voice thrrobbed with the passion of Universal peace.&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Daily Chronicle.&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;One of the most hopeful signs of the times is the universal interest of women in child welfare.&quot;</td>
<td>Elizabeth Sloan Chesser, M.B.</td>
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<td>&quot;A reader who is not bored by Mr. Chesterton some of the time probably gets very little genuine pleasure out of him any of the time.&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;North American Review.&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;Walking into Selfridge's yesterday was like entering a beautiful garden where the loveliest and most aristocratic women in the country greeted one with smiles of welcome.&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Daily Mirror.&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;Money in its essence is a symbol of the Social instinct in man: the emblem of his discovery of the use and morality of Co-operation instead of egoism and strife. It is the outward and visible sign of the brotherhood of mankind and in so long as he fails to recognise this the artist is a mere anarchist.&quot;</td>
<td>Henry Stahl in the &quot;Academy.&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;Ladies, who nightly go forth in lovely array, sparkling with jewels... a word in your ear. Do you not think that you might, in consideration for people who have no jewels, and no lovely array, switch off the lights in your motor-cars when you pass through the streets?&quot;</td>
<td>Filson Young in the &quot;Pall Mall Gazette.&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;Norman Angell is, in the true sense of the word, a discoverer, an original genius whose powerful reasoning marks one of those rare periods in history where men are compelled to change the very foundations of their political belief.&quot;</td>
<td>Lancelot Lawton in the &quot;Academy.&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;The Church is an institution that's trying to show men and women how to be happier. Incidentally, all this leads to better social standing and bigger bank accounts.&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Church Advertising Committee.&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;The leading critical weekly... the Saturday Review.&quot;</td>
<td>Advertisement in the &quot;Athenaeum.&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;Wordsworth writes of nature like a prophet, Stevenson like a man looking for inspiration for a fine phrase, Jefieries like an innocent hedonist who has discovered an elaborately embroidered cushion, Thoreau with a mingling of parochiannous economy and esoteric thought. Mr. W. H. Davies is different from them all. You will not find so utter a Pagan unless you go back to Theocritus.&quot;</td>
<td>The &quot;New Weekly.&quot;</td>
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### Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

The official report of the Rochette Inquiry Commission shows, to use the Commission's favourite word, a "deplorable" state of things in French politics; but it is drawn up with less party spirit than our own House of Commons' Marconi Report. Indeed, in the Rochette instance, the evidence was so very complete and striking, and the acknowledgments made were so open and frank, that no other conclusions could be arrived at than those set down in the report. M. Caillaux, ex-Minister of Finance in the Monis Cabinet of 1911, and until recently Minister of Finance in the present Doumercq Cabinet, admitted that he had two reasons for asking the Prime Minister, M. Monis, to have the trial of Rochette postponed: in the first place, he wished to do a favour to a friend of his, Rochette's counsel; and in the second place, he was afraid that the speech to be made by Maitre Bernard in Rochette's defence might refer to the losses recently sustained by French financiers and investors and thus cause a panic.

M. Monis, then, in utter defiance of the law, strongly urged the Public Prosecutor, M. Fabre, to have the trial postponed as M. Caillaux desired. It is true that the report condemns M. Fabre for being so weak as to give in to the solicitations of M. Monis; but no doubt the members of the Commission know as well as M. Fabre himself knew that, if he, a clever and well-educated lawyer of good family, had not granted the Prime Minister's request, which amounted in the circumstances to a command, his career would have been cut short. The report, not unnaturally, goes on to condemn the President of the Court of Appeal, whom M. Fabre had to beg in turn not to insist upon the case being heard. Here we have a fine series of solicitations before the end is achieved: a request from Rochette's counsel to M. Caillaux, conveyed in turn from M. Caillaux to M. Monis, from M. Monis to M. Fabre, and from M. Fabre to the judge. The whole thing is almost incredible, even for French politicians. In Germany, where the relations between the executive and the judiciary are sharply defined, and, what is still better, adhered to, such a miscarriage of justice would be impossible. It is not for nothing that I have frequently insisted in this column that the abolition of a monarchy or a nobility and the consequent rise of a plutocracy under the name of a democracy leads to corruption and inefficiency.

I have mentioned Germany. Purely monarchical countries, remarked a well-known Russian diplomatist to me the other day, are the most efficiently governed in the world at the present time; and he gave Germany as an example. Certainly, in no country where a monarchy or an aristocracy still preserves its influence could mere financiers have secured such vast power over politics and the Press as they have secured in France. Such a thing would simply not be allowed. In Germany the newspapers, in the few cases where they exercise any influence, are subject to the direction of high Government officials, who always belong to the noble and never to the mercantile classes. Justice in Germany, whatever we may think of some of the peculiar offences for which it imposes fines, is much more rapid, certain, and thorough than justice in France or in the United States. The difference in such countries, as my diplomatic friend further remarked, is seen in the smallest details of the administration. For example, when there is a storm, telegraphic and telephonic communication in France, and, more particularly, between France and foreign countries, is usually interrupted because the wires are above ground. Germany and Austria have long since discarded this antiquated method in favour of the underground method of wire-laying. I mention these observations not so
much because I agree with them generally, as by way of putting forward a new point of view. It will no doubt be argued, as in England, where new points of view do not meet with immediate approval, that in capitalist countries the standard of value is the material one of profits, whereas in countries not dominated by capitalism the standard of value is spiritual, however low in the spiritual scale it may be. The difference is one of kind. There is no doubt that capitalistic influences in Germany are increasing; but the Germans are not completely in the grip of the standard of value. The financial struggle at present going on in capitalist countries is merely a question of putting forward a new point of view. A different point of view do not meet with immediate approval, that in the financial struggle at present going on in France is not nearly so great as some people would wish to make it appear. On the other hand, the French, as the French do not have a hard bargain, and callous though he often may be, is not governed wholly by profits. The financial struggle at present going on in France, a struggle which has been proceeding for years, is not a question of opinions since the Third Republic, is merely the attempt of the financiers in the cities to control the wealth of the financiers in the country—i.e., the farmers and the agricultural community generally; and the Radical-Socialist suggestion that Rentes should now pay income tax has been put forward by the politicians who are controlled by the financiers with the object of hitting the small farmer particularly hard.

The Rochette Inquiry Commission report condemns the close connection existing between finance and politics and between journalism and politics. Can the Commission break of this close connection? It does not say, it does not know. Nothing short of forcible annexation will separate their wealth from the financiers; and in the present corrupt condition of the French character there will be no such annexation. The agricultural community, certainly, will not allow itself to be imposed upon beyond certain limits; but that is a very different thing from a revolt. There is general disgust with politicians, but a sufficiently large number of people can still be induced to register their votes; and even, as has been so very common, if only thirty per cent. of them do so, the country has, in theory, given its united decision.

I do not therefore attach much importance to the noisome atmosphere which has followed the publication of the Rochette Commission’s report. A Government may fall; a crowd of politicians may be swept away. But another government will come, and another crowd of politicians; and they will, in matters of finance and relations with journalists, resemble their predecessors. To the reports of M. Poincaré’s threatened resignation from the Presidency if he has any more trouble with Radical-Socialist majorities in the Chamber after the next election I attach as little importance. It will be a great pity for France if he goes; he is a good man in the right place—so excellent, in fact, that I cannot conceive what the Thirteenth should want to retain him. The truth is, they do not; and they did their best to defeat him when he was nominated for the Presidency. His position as head of the State must be attributed to the strength of character, the solid French character, of the rural population, not to the charm of the politicians. Very few moneygrubbers have been able to pick and choose men, and to trust them implicitly after having chosen them. It will take more, for the present, than bags of gold to shift M. Poincaré from the Presidetial chair.

### Guilds and Industrial Change.

**By G. D. H. Cole.**

There could be no surer sign of the headway that has been made recently by the idea of National Guilds than the eagerness to pick holes of all those who once scoffed at it as unimportant. As an unregenerate Collectivist, Mr. L. G. Chiozza Money takes up the cudgel in the “New Statesman” of March 14th. His article, which is entitled “Delimitation and Transmutation of Industries,” attacks the Guild system on the ground that it would not leave the bulk of the labor-power of the community sufficiently mobile, and that it would tend to stereotype the forms and methods of production in an age which demands rapid and continual change. I have, of course, no authority to reply for the writers of the Guild articles; but if I should like to point out where I personally think Mr. Money to be wrong, I have the more claim to do so, as his article in the “New Statesman” would seem to be an amplification of some remarks he made in my book, “The World of Labour,” in the “British Weekly” of February 19. As I have not had time to position more briefly, I will begin by quoting a sentence from his earlier article.

“It seems to me that the Syndicalist conception takes too little account of the swift development and change of trades and industries which is likely to be one of the distinguishing features of this our new century. It hardly seems to provide for the ever accelerating transmutation of occupations, and it presents the very real danger of stereotyping industrial development and of setting up as States within the State gigantic vested interests in a field where there should be a constant flux and reflux.”

There are clearly in this indictment several distinct points, which I will discuss in turn. If in my answer I seem at some points to go beyond the terms of Mr. Money’s criticism, it will be in the endeavour to answer in advance certain supplementary points which readily arise out of it.

It is easiest to begin with a comparatively small point, which may, or may not, have been in Mr. Money’s mind when he wrote. What, I am often asked, will be the effect of the Guild system on initiative and invention within any given trade? How, that is to say, will it influence change in the workshop itself? Will it make the workers better or worse at inventing new processes, and more or less ready to accept such as may have been invented? Trade Unions, we are told, have opposed at every stage the introduction of machinery, on the ground that whether it be “good for trade,” its advent might be. Will not the Trade Unions or Guilds of the future show a like disregard for economic advance?

This whole argument, I believe, rests on a misconception. Trade Unions have resisted new machinery—the linotype, for instance—not because it is new, or merely because a new process nearly always tends, for the moment, to throw men out of employment. To men without economic resource, the moment is everything; they cannot afford to take long views. Where the workers oppose new machinery, they do so simply and solely because they are faced with the prospect of starvation if the new labour-saving device is adopted. But most dislocations of employment caused by new machines being temporary, there would be no such opposition on the part of the Guild. For the Guildman, the new machine would be, not an inanimate competitor for the rights of wage-slavery, but an aid to the lightening of the daily task. Machinery would no longer be dreaded as the enemy of man; it would be welcomed as his servant and his help. Each Guild would have its own inventive departments, as increasingly great factories are now coming to have them; and these departments would aim at making production as efficient and the lot of the worker as easy as might be.

However, this question of change within a trade was, at any rate, not uppermost in Mr. Money’s mind. The
"transmutation" of which he was thinking is the transmutation of the industries themselves, the growth of one and the decline of another, the extinction of one and the uprising of a new one in its place. It is in this connection that he complains that the Guild system would "stereotyped" production. He assumes throughout an absolute rigidity in the Guild groupings: he speaks of "a State consisting of a number of large and small delimited groups each concerned with a separate department of work." This may be the "Syndicalist conception" of the future Society; it is certainly not my conception, though Mr. Money seems to assume that all who advocate the control of industry by the producers accept it. He offers no reason for this attitude; he merely assumes that the Guild will be a close corporation of workers, apparently absolutely incapable of being shifted to another occupation. This is surely to isolate Guild from Guild in a wholly unwarrantable manner. If the Guild system grew out of the present structure of Trade Unionism, it will come, not by sharp separation of Union from Union, but by their close co-operation and coherence. There will be easy transference from Guild to Guild, and, while each will be charged with the maintenance of such re-warrantable manner. If the Guild system grows out of the pure Syndicalist. If Coal ceases to be used, the change will not happen all of a sudden, without warning or breathing space. Its extinction will be foreseen some time at least in advance, and the demand will decline gradually, and not cease all of a sudden. In face of a falling demand, what does Mr. Money suppose the Miners' Guild will do? Does he think that it will go on producing as much coal as ever, and accumulate at the pit-head stores which no one is ever likely to use? Or does he believe that those who remain usefully at work will go on paying their fellows to stay idle for an indefinite period? These are the three foolish courses that are open to them. But under any Guild system the result of all these courses would be that there would be less to divide among an equal number of persons. This being so, the Guild might be trusted to see to the clearance of its surplus members, as soon as a new occupation could be found for them. Those of least standing in the Guild would, in any case, have to retire, and these men could be supported by the Guild, or by the State in case of need, till a new occupation was found for them. It would only be possible for the Guild to maintain an industry which had ceased to be economically necessary if the Guild controlled demand; and Mr. Money advances not a shadow of reason for supposing that any producers' organisation can control demand, or force its wares upon the reluctant consumer. In short, transference from one industry to another will happen under Guild-Socialism much as it would happen under Mr. Money's own State-Socialism, and with far greater ease and convenience to the worker than it would happen under Guild-Socialism too.

This is, says Mr. Money, "is a large-scale example, but many more only too probable cases, of many degrees of magnitude, could be produced." I wonder what his other cases would be: I can think of few that are in any sense parallel. There is a sense in which new industries are always coming into existence; but cars are one instance, and aeroplanes another; but neither of these, nor most new "industries," would demand the creation of a new Guild. The making of motor-cars would be the work of one section of the Metal Workers' Guild, and the invention of aeroplanes would merely make a new section necessary. It would involve no dislocation, no starting of a new and separate enterprise. The invention and manufacture of the new product would be one of the duties of the great Metal Workers' Guild.

So far from being static and stereotyped, the great organisations would be the most flexible instruments of production. Neither the analogy of the mediaeval Guild nor that of the modern Trade Union holds in this respect. The mediaeval Guilds were conservative, not because they were Guilds, but because they were medieaval: the whole Society in which they existed was static, traditional, if you like, unprogressive; it attained to a marvellous skill in craftsmanship, and it possessed a great tradition of "ca' canny" work, and which we may hope that the Guild of the future will emulate; but its conservatism was due not to its organisation, but to its environment. The modern Trade Union has often been against new methods, not because it is a Trade Union, but because it consists of wage-slaves. Its tradition of solidarity will be carried on into the new Guilds; but ca' canny, sabotage and conservatism are the products of the wage-system, and with it they will die.

Mr. Money sums up his assault on the Guilds in the following passage:

The various groups or guilds would inevitably consider themselves possessed of monopoly privileges. They would seek to perpetuate their functions, whether they were useful or not. They would seek to indoctrinate children into their kind of employment, whether it was obsolete or not. The very nature of their organisation would cause them to view with suspicion any proper attempt to alter their very definite characters and directions to the better advantage of the nation as a whole.

It may be doubted whether Mr. Money understands at all clearly "the very nature of their organisation." The great Guilds could not do these things if they wished to do them; and there is no reason that Mr. Money can show why they should wish to do them. If the mediaeval Guilds were conservative in a conservative age, may we not expect the new Guilds to be progressive in a "scientific" age? They will be monopolists, no doubt, whether de facto or de jure; but Mr. Money has not made clear his objection to monopoly. Is not State-Socialism itself a system of monopolies, and have not Guild-Socialists clearly laid down the methods by which the State will be enabled to prevent the Guilds from abusing their monopoly privileges? Is there not in the Guild-Socialist vocabulary such a term as "economic rent," in the sense of rent paid to the State by the Guild for the use of the means of production? And is it not a good thing that, where temperament is the same and situations are open, son should follow father in the same vocation?

But, says Mr. Money, having disposed finally of the Guild bogey, "We are not going to put any sort of Federal control over"... If we are afraid of officials, then let us remember that a Guild or a Trade Union must have officials. If we fear tyranny, let us remember that the only difference between a little tyrant and a big one is that the former is usually the worse example of tyranny. The essential thing is that men should be so trained from their youth as to resist injustice, to obey
reasonable direction, and to submit to common rules of conduct. That secure, we need not worry about the good government of a State Department, for a worthy people will secure the government they deserve. (Italics mine.)

This is missing the point with a vengeance. Guild-Socialists aim at something better than good, in the sense of efficient, government; they stand for self-government. The difference between a Guild and a State Department, however efficient, is just this: the one is government from above, from without; the other is government from below, from within, self-government. Guild-Socialists happen, in fact, to be democrats, and to carry their democracy into the industrial field. In that difference from Liberal State-Socialists of the type of Mr. Money. Guild-Socialism stands for an efficient and self-governing industry; but the emphasis is on the second adjective. Mr. Money is a disciple of efficiency; but all who seek efficiency alone are destined to lose it, for the simple reason that workmen happen to be human beings. It is better to elect one's own petty tyrant than to suffer from the knavishness of an efficient and benevolent autocrat.

This, however, is to follow Mr. Money into a generalisation foreign to the specific purpose of his article. No one will disagree with him when he says that, under modern conditions of production, it is essential that labour should be mobile. It is only a little difficult to see how this can be construed by him as an attack on the Guild system, which is expressly designed to meet the object. What he is really doing is to flog the dead horse of a very obsolete form of Syndicalist theory. Whether The New Age agrees with my positive criticisms or not, it will at least, I believe, agree that Mr. Chiozza Money's strictures have no application either to the system advocated in my book, "The World of Labour," or to their own articles on "Guild-Socialism."

The Leisure State.

To-day is a great day for "States." It was only yesterday that we had to comfort ourselves as well as we could with the grim vision of the Collectivist State, with a kind of sneaking regard for a rival State—the Communist State, which we were told was a beautiful but impossible dream. The Collectivist State can no longer impose upon us. It has been discovered to be too absurd. For, Mr. Servelle, there has come a crop of rival States—the Great State, the Syndicalist State, the Distributive State, the Guild State, the Associative State, the Leisure State, and the Work State. All these now claim our attention. It is, however, with the two latter that I propose to deal, the Guild and a Leisure State, for I think it sums up the two conceptions the Leisure State should have the potential to be a kind of sneaking regard for a rival State—the Communist State.

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case he is swimming with the stream and in the other
he is swimming against it. To advocate ‘speeding-up’
under any circumstances is, from the reformer’s point
of view, nothing less than economic lunacy. It does not
increase the total volume of the human work. All that it
does is to increase competitive waste. And what
is worse, it creates powerful vested interests in com-
petition, such as railway companies, who profit by
cross distribution, and advertising trades, for which,
in the long run, they have all the reformer has. If these
interests will stand in the way of any reduction of the
hours of labour. Strikes can avail nothing against this
tendency to increase the proportion of non-productive
work in the community. And so I ask the question, if
of tendency to increase the proportion of non-productive
workers and two shillings to the cost to the consumer.
for what he buys, as was the case in the coal strike,
then the consumer has to pay a very much higher price
where twopence
was given to the worker, or again an increase in the cost
measurably poorer than we are to-day. If, on the other
hand, a strike is undertaken to increase wages,
then the consumer has to pay a very much higher price
for what he buys, as was the case in the coal strike,
where twopence a ton was added to the wages of the workers and two shillings to the cost to the consumer.
So that, on this basis, every trade secures a propor-
tionate rise of wages we shall as consumers be im-
measurably poorer than we are to-day. If, if
or another. It is difficult to-day; it will be more diffi-
cult to-morrow. And then if you do set these forces in
motion I would ask where do you differ from such as
accept the Medieval position and are working for the
restoration of the past? I think you will find, as you
get nearer to the fact, the difference is not a difference
of principle, but one of degree. The Socialist just as
much as the Medievalist must aim at setting the clock
back to the moment he embarks upon reform. The only
question is how far will he set it back? If we pursue
the matter further we shall find that that depends upon
the knowledge at his disposal. We may agree that facts
are facts, and it is on facts that we have to build. But
I would, not a fact, not a judgment of them. When the Fabian Society gives up its political
aspirations and settles down to the real work for which it is fitted, namely, research, and unearths all the facts
about modern industrialism, I venture to think it will
ultimately arrive at the Medieval position. In the
meantime it is well to remember that Medievalists are
invariably actual producers who are perfectly familiar
with the facts of modern industrialism, economic as well
as aesthetic, whereas Fabians are mainly legal, medical,
and literary men who are not.

Towards the Play Way.
By H. Caldwell Cook.

VIII.
A visitor inquired of me recently, “What do you do
with a play of Shakespeare?” “Act it,” I replied.
“What else can you do with a play?” What the old-
fashioned pedant could do to play of Shakespeare is
too well known to bear relation, but, incredible though
it seems, it is still rare to find actors take the principal
means of dealing with plays in school. Teachers
still compel their pupils to examine minutely a play they
have not even read as a story. Here is a paragraph
from “Notes on the Teaching of English in the Lower
Middles, at Rugby,” published a bare four months ago.
In keeping with the title of the division “Lower
Middles,” the method of teaching might be described
as “hitting below the belt.”

A reading lesson, when the book is a play, proceeds
as follows: the Master reads aloud himself, the
boys all following. He reads as dramatically as pos-
sible, exaggerating his effects, taking himself in
order to encourage the boys to try an inch. When he
has read twenty or thirty lines the work begins.
The meaning is examined: dug out of the words, torn out
of the idioms, enticed out of the allusions. Every bush
has read twenty or thirty lines the work begins.
The meaning is examined: dug out of the words, torn out
of the idioms, enticed out of the allusions. Every bush
is beaten, and hares that start up, whether historical,
mythological, moral, geographical, political, etymolo-

gical, architectural, or ecclesiastical, are pursued, and,
if possible, caught. All this must be done by the Form,
and the Master should play the part of huntsman while
they are hounds. . . . Doubtless these hounds are bred
out of the Spartan kind. Also, poor “Lower
Middles.” “As soon as a scene has been read inten-
sively in this way, the parts are assigned to readers,
the others shut their
by the Master.

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If the meaning has been enticed out of the allusion to "feet and cruel hounds" which occurs in Orsino's second speech, the Master knows what he risks as huntsman of such fearful wildlowl Ecclesiastical hare, forsooth!

When a teacher says that in his treatment of Shakspeare, "the parts are assigned and the play read dramatically," this generally means no more than the boys reading in turns while seated in their desks. I insist that to ignore action is to ignore the play. A book in the hand is not a very serious impediment to a boy who has the chance to stab someone, or to storm a city wall. The writer I have quoted actually applies to Form lessons what Di Serafi said of public dinners, "They are meant to be dull." So we must allow that he is not unaware of the boredom necessarily incurred by his strange partiality for pursuing the architectural book in the hand is not a very serious impediment to the sense.

The boys—I speak now of Form IITB, age eleven—I observe in character, "And what is the meaning of this, my train?" Just before the Ghost appeared Hamlet was openly ranting, shouting and throning his arms about. He had been with me to see Mr. Poel's recent production of "Hamlet." It is not so bold if you are to treat it as archaeology, but as a play for boys of fourteen there is a fair risk of the motive, the passion of Hamlet, being unappreciated.

We came to Hamlet's interview with his mother. The fourteen-year-old boy who played Hamlet had read over the scene beforehand, but there had been no coaching. True, he had been with me to see Mr. Poel's recent production, but his rendering of the scene was quite unlike Esme Percy's fine interpretation. There is no doubt in my own mind—and this is the remarkable thing—that the boy interpreted the words spontaneously. In fact he said afterwards that he "made it up as he went along." Hamlet began the scene with an air of assumed madness, snapping out the words in a high-pitched voice. "Come, come, and sit you down" his whole bearing changed to suit his altered purpose. He became outwardly calm, but spoke in a tense voice full of restrained excitement. Just that voice, in fact, which so frightened the Queen that she cried out on murder. At this point the death of Polo-nius provided, of course, an exciting sensation for the class. But, after that, nothing else was thought of but the passion of Hamlet. The boys all watched in breathless interest. No one moved in his seat. It is a pity that the boy playing the Queen unconsciously became an o'nodder also, and simply walked through his part. A change from pathos in "This is your husband," to contempt in "This is your husband"—no easy thing for a boy to express—was very effective, and the tone in "Ha! have you eyes?" rose to a kind of shriek, which seemed to make clear once and for all that the madness of Hamlet was neither real madness nor assumed, but hysteria. Just before the Ghost appeared Hamlet was openly ranting, shouting and throwing his arms about. But now he fell suddenly to his knees, pent low his head, and prayed in a hushed voice:

'Save me and haver o'er me with your wings, You heavenly guards!

And when he crouched right low upon the ground and moaned appealingly, 'Do not look upon me,' I really almost wished I'd leave him, I might have come in to break the tension with "Look whether he has not
turned colour, and has tears in its eyes.—Pray you no more.” Yet when the Queen said, O, Hamlet, thou hast clifl my heart in twain! he had spied enough of Hamlet’s next attitude not to speak hypothetically; but assumed again his high-pitched tone of madness, and rapped out his lines as before. A school edition has to cut most of what remains of this scene. But the concluding words appeared to nothing, and anything and body could not be dragged along the floor, but though Polonius arose and walked out by Hamlet’s side no one laughed. And Hamlet, all his excitement gone, piped in a high, mad, jaunty voice, “Good-night, mother. It was diabolical.

The other boys remaining, and no one spoke a word. The atmosphere showed that no comment was needed, so I simply praised it as the finest piece of work I had ever seen in the school; and the class dispersed.

Another instance of the playboys’ appreciation of tragedy was seen at the close of Richard II, a play which they thoroughly enjoyed in Form IIIa (age 14). The favourite scene was the lists at Coventry, which they thoroughly enjoyed in Form IIIa (age 14). The atmosphere showed that no comment was needed, so I simply praised it as the finest piece of work I had ever seen in the school; and the class dispersed.

The Day’s Work in Albania.

By Anthony Bradford.

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III.

The Bora—the foulest of North winds—had been roaring for days and showed some signs of lessening, but it was useless to try to get to the front by the usual roads. All of them would be unclimbable and unfordable. There was nothing for it but to take the train to Vir Bazar and chance getting a steamer or boat down Lake Scutari. This was no ordinary train, but a toy affair on a two-foot gauge, and it stopped where you wanted it to, and at many other places and never seemed to get out of a saunter. As there was only one on the whole Montenegro system, it seemed very friendly, because we soon became familiar with the guard and engine-driver and the stoker; in fact with the whole railway staff—all Italians. Antivari, of course, is nothing but the Oriental Commercial Company, which is but a ruse of the Italian Government, and owns everything thereabouts. Certainly there are a Montenegrin Governor and a Prefect of Police (who is a poet—surely the only one in the world), who live in the post office building, where even the office boy is armed to the teeth with revolvers and knives, but the Montenegrin provincial headquarters are made up of a hovel at home at the old ruined Venetian city of Bar, which sits on a hill behind Antivari, and sports its old lions of St. Mark on its shattered walls, and shelters its bazar full of wild Albanians, and sulks at the alien on the beach. The poetic Prefect was a fine figure of a man, and his uniform was the national costume, and stood picturesquely at corners all day long, smoking cigarettes, and flung his scarf round his shoulders in a gallant way. He was standing thus, sunning himself, when one day Nikolas arrived unheralded, and fell upon him, and shot him to the front, to die for his country. I met him on the way there, less his fine feathers, and clothed in sober kaki, riding a small pony with his long legs nearly on the ground, and looking very dismal. However, the general would not risk the poet’s life, and so he was sent back, and was received on his return at Antivari, after but five days’ absence, with great enthusiasm as a Valentine home from the wars. But ever afterwards when old Nikolas was about, he seemed shy and remained in bed.

Snow and slush were deep on the station platform, and the floor of the one first-class carriage in Montenegro was sodden with it, and so I had some hay brought in to make the place less depressing. We started off with all the seats occupied and with the usual fusillade by departing soldiers, without which nothing happens. At the first stop, standing space was filled up with Montenegrin women and their bundles—part of the transport of the army. Mothers and daughters and wives of privates and officers they were, carrying bread and wine and homely delicacies to their men in the trenches round Scutari; all very sober-looking bodies with downcast eyes, because of the presence of strange men, and all refusing our proffered seats. There was little to distinguish any one among them. A life of hard outdoor work had left its mark on most, banishing any feminine softness. One met them at all sorts of places—along supply and material roads, in single file carrying old petroleum boxes full of food, sitting the whole night long on the dirty floors of way-side inns and guard stations, and now here wedged into a railway carriage, and thankful to be anywhere away from the cold and wet. Several had been shot recently getting to the front, but most of them preferred that risk to railway travelling, because apart from the ordinary discomforts, they seemed to suffer especially from nausea—a sort of railway sickness. Their toil and hardship met with little appreciation from their men folk, who, as on the present occasion, did not dream of offering them their seats. On a former journey, one fellow, wearing a Montenegrin Red Cross badge, and so, of course, consecrated to chivalry, had
got quite angry with me for suggesting that he should give his seat up. 'Gospodin doctor, I will give it to you with pleasure, but why should I give it to a woman?' Why, indeed! Behind that remark were centuries of struggle against the Turk and Albanian-centuries during which the men had to guard the passes and the hills while the women grubbed the stony land.

When half-way up the mountain it began to snow again, and the Bora increased to a blizzard, and a little farther on the train, after many checks, came to a standstill. The guard came along and shrugged his shoulders, and we waited and waited for fresh engines to shove us out of the snow. Thus the whole day passed. My orderly had fortunately put by some bread and cheese and onions, so things were not so bad. The fresh engine arrived with the night, and yard by yard we were pushed up, till finally, at the most exposed spot, all the engines together could not shift us, and so there we were snowed up till daylight and some men could arrive to dig us out. There was but one small smoky lamp in the compartment, and we were so crowded together that it was hard to move. Once I managed to get out in the hope of finding a shed near, but the cold outside was so intense and the wind so strong that it was difficult to breathe, and I gladly got back again to the evil atmosphere of the carriage.

Some of the women had been induced to take seats, and I had been professionally concerned about one who looked as if with the slightest encouragement she might have a baby at any moment. I thanked Heaven that the hay had been brought in, as it made an existence possible. Fortunately, however, nothing happened. There was a third-class compartment full of soldiers divided off from ours by a door, and a large jar of the native spirit—a kind of brandy, but tasting like smoky gin—had been shared out liberally, and the hay had been brought in, as it made an existence possible. There was a third-class compartment full of soldiers divided off from ours by a door, and a large jar of the native spirit—a kind of brandy, but tasting like smoky gin—had been shared out liberally, and the hay had been brought in, as it made an existence possible.

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When half-way up the mountain it began to snow again, and the Bora increased to a blizzard, and a little farther on the train, after many checks, came to a standstill. The guard came along and shrugged his shoulders, and we waited and waited for fresh engines to shove us out of the snow. Thus the whole day passed. My orderly had fortunately put by some bread and cheese and onions, so things were not so bad. The fresh engine arrived with the night, and yard by yard we were pushed up, till finally, at the most exposed spot, all the engines together could not shift us, and so there we were snowed up till daylight and some men could arrive to dig us out. There was but one small smoky lamp in the compartment, and we were so crowded together that it was hard to move. Once I managed to get out in the hope of finding a shed near, but the cold outside was so intense and the wind so strong that it was difficult to breathe, and I gladly got back again to the evil atmosphere of the carriage.

Some of the women had been induced to take seats, and I had been professionally concerned about one who looked as if with the slightest encouragement she might have a baby at any moment. I thanked Heaven that the hay had been brought in, as it made an existence possible. Fortunately, however, nothing happened. There was a third-class compartment full of soldiers divided off from ours by a door, and a large jar of the native spirit—a kind of brandy, but tasting like smoky gin—had been shared out liberally, and the hay had been brought in, as it made an existence possible. There was a third-class compartment full of soldiers divided off from ours by a door, and a large jar of the native spirit—a kind of brandy, but tasting like smoky gin—had been shared out liberally, and the hay had been brought in, as it made an existence possible.
Stranger: "Again I answer, I am a friend. Although it is not customary to count it as an act of friendship, I am come to help you to see yourself as you really are. You are not doing yourself justice, Judas; you belittle yourself by playing the part of a coward. Because you have betrayed your master is not any reason why you should play the traitor to yourself."

Judas (shrinking at the sneer): "Who are you? What knowledge have you of me?"

Stranger (before whose searching look Judas recoils): "I know your heart; I know those things which you would keep secret even from yourself."

Judas: "Who are you? I fear you.

Stranger: "Many men fear me; I am called by many titles. Again I answer you, I visit you as a friend. Why do you draw back from a friend? You have not many friends—your memory will have none. Drink a cup of your wine, it will put courage into your heart."

Judas: "Whoever you may be, I will not fear you. I have done no wrong."

Stranger: "Did I accuse you? (Seating himself upon the parapet of the temple) Why? You deny that deed of which you should be proud? You have obeyed your desires, and argue with yourself that it is well done. Or, that, if there should be anything biting into your heart an increasing horror of what you have done, which will—unchecked—in the event is an immortality of despair. There are the eleven others, worthy of pity.

Judas: "I have committed a grand sin for a petty price; not for the pride of so greatly sinning. These excuses ring hollow even in your own ears; it is your instinct to lie. You lie when you say that at first you believed on Him; from the beginning you were false. You counted on a chance of advancement for yourself, you to whom life held forth no hope of prosperity, but the certainty of toil and small reward. The people followed Him. Had He been triumphant as you perceived that His teaching was stirring discontent in the hearts of the poor and ignorant, and that He was an enemy of authority, my eyes were opened, and I re-afamed the ointment should not have been sold, and the price added to the bag which you carried and from which you didthieve."

Judas: "Were you there?"

Stranger: "—when the woman came with the alabaster box of ointment of spikenard. It angered you that the ointment should not have been sold, and the price added to the bag which you carried and from which you didthieve."

Judas (trembling and moistening his lips): "I took only my own share."

Stranger: "Look at yourself, Judas; be ashamed and afraid."

Judas (stuttering with fear): "I am not afraid. I have done no wrong."

Stranger: "You have committed a grand sin for a petty price; not for the pride of so greatly sinning. These excuses ring hollow even in your own ears; it is your instinct to lie. You lie when you say that at first you believed on Him; from the beginning you were false. You counted on a chance of advancement for yourself, you to whom life held forth no hope of prosperity, but the certainty of toil and small reward. The people followed Him. Had He been triumphant as you believed He might be, winning place, power, money, you would have shared His lot. When that hope faded, when only the humble and the meek were foolish enough to follow Him, and the rich and the powerful stood aloof, or were His open foes, then your love turned to spite. You bided your time, and when opportunity offered held out your hand for the blood money."

Judas (glancing fearfully at his hands): "There is no blood on them."

Stranger: "I have an admiration for a man who triumphs in his sin and dares to be an open rebel against his god. I, too, am a rebel. But I spew at one such as yourself, who only dared betray your God."

Judas (stuttering with fear): "He is not God."

Stranger: "You deny Him, as Peter did—but now; but, just as he knows it, so do you know that you lie. A man is foolish to lie to himself, the purport of which is to rise and fill your hands with silver."

Judas: "I will lead you to me, for ever. You possess a certain interest for me, Judas. You are unique. It amazes me that a man of your keen insight should hope to be able to close your eyes to the true aspect of your act, which has won for you an immortality of asthma, there are the elusives, worthy men; you only dared betray your God."

Judas (fiercely): "He is not God."

Stranger: "You deny Him, as Peter did—but now; but, just as he knows it, so do you know that you lie. A man is foolish to lie to himself, the purport of which is to rise and fill your hands with silver."

Judas: "They would have taken Him without any aid from me. It had been so decided by the Chief Priests."

Stranger (laughing ironically): "You cannot lie away that kiss, even to yourself. I know your thought. I know that you lay the flattering lie to your soul that if the Son of Man be verily the Son of God He has power over His enemies, that they can do Him no hurt.

Judas: "I, too, am a rebel. But I spew at one such as yourself, who only dared betray your God.

Stranger: "You speak comfortable words to you, and filled your hands with silver.

Judas: "It is not the price of blood. I am poor. I have robbed no man. I would be free. They gave me of their charity."

Stranger (rising and standing face to face with Judas, who at first meets him unappalled, but then covers): "I know and you know—that this silver is the price of blood. I know and you know—that you are lying to me and to yourself. Money is your god. You went unto the Chief Priests, and bargained with them for these thirty pieces of silver. The thought that you might win money by betraying Him entered your heart as you sat at meat with Him in the house of Simon, the leper, at Bethany."

Judas: "I am afraid to bear."

Stranger: "Why do you torture me?"

Judas: "I do not torture you; I never give pain to any man, but watch that which they inflict upon themselves. You torture yourself; you are tearing your heartstrings with fearful fingers. Had you faced your- self and your deed before it was accomplished you would not have taken upon your shoulders a burden you are afraid to bear. You are in hell now."

Judas (his lips writhing and his eyes shrinking with fear): "They dare not kill Him."

Stranger: "You dare betray; will they fear to kill? You did not fear to do a wrong; will they fear to do what they believe to be right? Though you close them your eyes more clearl; and more clearly, each minute that kiss burns more deeply on your lips. Lie there, and grovel. I envy your deed; I despise you. Only a man could conceive a deed so great and so evil; only Judas could accomplish it in a manner so mean, would belittle it by endeavours to paint black white—which could dare repent of it."

The Stranger kicks the figure grovelling before him, and laughs. When Judas looks up again he is alone.
A Perfect Modern.

By Walter Sickert.

It will perhaps be convenient and appropriate for me to postpone taking up the thread of my considerations on scale till next week, and to endeavour to concentrate in a page some of the reflections suggested by the short life of one of our greatest modern painters, the unfolding of whose genius it has been my privilege to watch from a position of exceptional advantage. Spencer Frederick Gore built his astonishingly accelerated and fragrantly personal development on the good and stable foundation of a faithful, reverent and obedient and gratefully personal development on the good or example that he owed individually to each of his teachers. "Brown," he would say, "taught me such a thing very thoroughly," "Steer was right when he insisted on this," or "Tonks on that." Russell's practice was always the same. He had this power and gratefully assimilation remained his throughout the short years into which he crowded the same experiences and ordered achievements that are given to few men of long life to accumulate.

If leisure for reflection, musing, a kind of playing chess with ideas, may be said to be the ultimate aim for which we all grunt and sweat, and, as the French say, derange ourselves, it was Gore's secret that he wrung, out of a life of incessant intellectual and material service to colleagues and friends, seemingly twenty-four hours a day for the exercise of the purest, the most alleviating and gratifying of its vivid, of its changeable, of its fanciful and happy, of its dreamy, of its charming, and above all of its fullness. Corder-like fancies, they had the promise of more. Gore understood very well that the function of a modern realist in painting can be clearly and easily legible to a layman. For this very reason, devoid of rhetoric and padding as they are, they will be valued and respected it for what is to be got out of it as an opaque mosaic. He held the not unreasonable conviction that nature was a thicker lexicon than what was bound between the covers of any one human being, and he drilled himself to be the passive and enchanted conduit for whatever of loveliness his eye might rest upon.

He became a great draughtsman by the road of colour. His studies in line for the extremely complicated pictures he painted of music-hall scenes were means to an end, and therefore so concise as not to be easily legible to a layman. For this reason, devoid of rhetoric and padding as they are, they will be valued as educational documents of importance. I shall always remember my envy at the dogged way in which he would take his stand, in all weathers, in the queue at the door of the Tube Station, and, with the regularity of clockwork, so that he might find himself in the desired seat to continue his study of some chosen scene. Some of these pictures were miracles of charm, and above all of fullness. Corder-like fancies, they had the promise of more. They were firmly established in its three dimensions as sculpture. I see can be bought for a few years ago which Gore verily seems to have used as if he had known that it was to be for him the last of its particularly fresh and sumptuous kind. He used it to look down on the garden of Mornington Crescent. He climbed into a small suspension bridge and drop down fringes, like fountains, over the little well of greenness and shade where little parties of young people are playing at tennis. The backcloth of this scene is formed by the tops of the brown houses of the Hampstead Road, and the liver-coloured tiles of the facade of a kinema, and two new municipal trees like hedges of Mornington Crescent. The trained trees rise aligned with bare thin stems, planted like a set of skittles, or soldiers in extended formation, each one with its tender and radiant burden, trembling in the glittering sunlight. I remember their shadows and the gravel path beyond seen through the stems, and that the path dipped under the shade of some other trees, under which was the way out from the picture to some promise of more. Gore understood very well that the painter can give only a sample of each kind of nature, can only make of each canvas a microcosm of each mansion in the house of life.

There was a month of June a few years ago which Gore verily seems to have used as if he had known that it was to be for him the last of its particularly fresh and sumptuous kind. He used it to look down on the garden of Mornington Crescent. He climbed into a small suspension bridge and drop down fringes, like fountains, over the little well of greenness and shade where little parties of young people are playing at tennis. The backcloth of this scene is formed by the tops of the brown houses of the Hampstead Road, and the liver-coloured tiles of the facade of a kinema, and two new municipal trees like hedges of Mornington Crescent. The trained trees rise aligned with bare thin stems, planted like a set of skittles, or soldiers in extended formation, each one with its tender and radiant burden, trembling in the glittering sunlight. I remember their shadows and the gravel path beyond seen through the stems, and that the path dipped under the shade of some other trees, under which was the way out from the picture to some promise of more. Gore understood very well that the painter can give only a sample of each kind of nature, can only make of each canvas a microcosm of each mansion in the house of life.

But it is not only out of scenes obviously beautiful in themselves, and of delightful suggestion, that the modern painter can conjure a panel of encrusted enamel. Gore had the digestion of an on which stalks and looms a lout in a lounge suit. The dreadness and hopelessness of which would strike terror into most of us, was to him matter for lyrical and exalted improvisation. I have a picture by him of a place that looks like hell, with a distant iron bridge in the middle distance, and a bad classic facade like the facade of a kinema, and two new municipal trees like brooms, and the stilt curve of a new pavement in front, on which stalks and looms a lout in a lounge suit. The artist is he who can take a piece of flint and wring out of it drops of attar of roses.

The memorial exhibition will give us the opportunity of realising what a decade of maturity can accomplish in the hands of genius. Our critics are volatile in prophecy about the art of the future. It is more probable that the future will belong to those who have accomplished something in the present, than to the young men who sit in the Cafe Royal waiting to be crowned on the strength of their own post-dated stumers on futurity.
Present-Day Criticism.

In the "New Statesman" Mr. J. C. Squire publishes a rhymed soliloquy which he calls an Ode, but which we take to be a satire on a modern poet. Such a subject cannot be considered indifferent by any of us. Herein is a characterisation of the worst effects of modernity on a poet; and the idea, as we apprehend it, is carried out even to realistic extreme in the reproduction of the alternating metrical order and disorder which betrays the nerves of the poet scorified beyond self-control. One spiritual refuge is yet left to the artist, his nerves of the poet scorified beyond self-control.

With newly flowing blood I lift, and now float over
The restaurant's expanses
Like a goggled sea-gull over dreary flats of mud.
No drooping now, the place is mine,
Beating the walls with shattering wings
Over the herd my spirit swings,
In triumph shouts "Aha, you swine!
Grovel before your lord divine!
I, only I, am real here!

Note the conquering beat of the rhythm—the full phrases. The poet's rhetoric is honest, from his heart!

The swine will jeer, this will not make them less swine, poor things, or the poet less a poet.

Clear in your ears has rung the message
This is the world in which you're fixed,
Never despise the things that are,
Set your teeth upon the gilt
Though your heart like a motor beat,
Hold fast this earthly star,
The whole of it, the whole of it.

He has begun to forget who he is, to forget the things that may be. He will pretend and almost convince himself that to keep one's hold on life is to tolerate—and soon he will glorify!—much that makes life a disgrace and a persecution. The whole of it? What? These duped swine and all. Yes, he has indulged in feeling sick at it, to droop, to become emasculate by contact with men behaving in this gilded stye like dressed-up animals.

By sympathy, we understand, that he begins to drink. What else? The alcohol will set a magic ring around him—one, albeit, that will not stay.

Read this, for you will never any more find him so exalted. True, he appears to be willing to annihilate them for their uncouthness; but, is it they whom he hates or the gliders of the styte?—these, that by force of money and for no sake but getting more money, set about to daunt and corrupt the uprising people, and use for this end an imitation of art, this imitation which now is everywhere thrust between the people and real art. You will see soon that the poet is pitiful—too pitiful for respect—of the people.

Through the uncertain firmament,
Still bestial in their dull content,
The despicable phantoms leer
Of sadness, sadness,

And is this all—that the unintelligent are stifled and forseen, that the very best effort will be to get right down into the sty and work from there? But once there they have foregone their birthright, they will themselves be unable to rise. The artist may not become a preacher after the apostolic fashion. He may need to become a fighter when the field is closed; but he must fight from his own place, with his arrows. When things come to the pass that people are deluded by coarse imitations of art and literature, and inventions of intellect are misused to keep the people inert, then the business of the artist is battle against the corrupting class. The English plutocracy is at this work of delusion.

And is this all—that the unintelligent are stifled and forbidden to improve? No! Down there, in the under-crowd, are some of ours. Who knows whether we would fight, indeed, we might, but right so well, except for seeing that art places hostages among the people, living hostages, men of art. It is for these that the field shall certainly be opened; it is for these that we shall never cease to fight until the Salfire State is a vanished nightmare!

Our poet has left the fight. His history, by the wit of the gods, appears in the "New Statesman," this chronicle of advancing tyranny and servility. His lordly feelings, that are the feelings of his gifts, he now reproves—too abstract, too spiritual, and abstraction who has, after all, a body like the rest of folk. This is his decline, this is egotism; he is perversely determined upon self-humiliation, where before he would raise the pride in others, though under threat of annihilating them. And once gone, too, will begin to decorate their estate, their grubbing, slaving uneasily estate of perpetual labour. In so doing he will assist their proleitarians, and confound allowed way, is clutched until the nervous and abrupt, despairing finish. He has been hit by the superficial a flat stroke of materialism. Henceforth, he is confused. Self! do not lose your hold on life; Not cowards seek to shrink the strife
Of body and spirit;
That is just what he will do—to shrink the strife of body and spirit: reason will justify body, spirit will be assaulted, and those wings of the gull will be assaulted.

(Note for the first time), even now
Clear in your ears has rung the message
That to metaphorical hammers  where
To nervousness and living death
Never forget while you draw breath
That all the harm done is your own
Your chained soul from matter sever.

The signs of mastery are all lost. The rhythm is crabbed, phrases spill over and are padded, the rhymes are feminine, feeble and stale; and we have come down to metaphorical hammers where so lately nothing less than the elements might serve. Everything has slowed down.

And though it be confused and mixed. . .

Note the vocabulary;
This is the world in which you're fixed,
Never despise the things that are,
Set your teeth upon the gilt
Though your heart like a motor beat,
Hold fast this earthly star,
The whole of it, the whole of it.

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themselves with his bewildering apotheosis of glorious trade—but, he will do it, he has thrust his soul away, he holds now the soft brush of the flatterer. He begins in a maudlin reverie, remembering that they, too, drew “woman’s milk” (“which you partook” he conjures himself) telling himself that they, too, have hot blood, quick thought—

And try to do the things they ought.

It is his own weakness he is excising.

These coarse trunks that here you see, Judge them not lest judged you be.

Now he has set his reason to defend poor body. Presently you will hear of body’s wondrous, stupendous conquests of the earth—these triumphs all mockeries of civilisation. He rants, but somewhat unguided by proud spirit, and driven as here into this

Now he has set his reason to defend poor body.

Man will be verbally stolen by the doomed poet and put to decorate “these coarse trunks.”

Think of these bodies here assembled,

Whence they have come, where they have trembled

With the strange force that fills us all,

Men and beasts both great and small.

Paddings! But again the poet looks and, not quite lost, sees the truth, a little of the truth, of man’s body unguided by proud spirit, and driven as here into this eating house for coarse and hurried satisfaction amidst all mockeries of civilisation. He rants, but somewhat of the truth is expressed.

O, they have come from all the world,

Borne by invisible currents, swirled

Like leaves into this vortex here

Plying, or like the spirits drear,

Windborne and frail, that Dante saw,

Who yet obeyed some hidden law?

The next stanza betrays him, seated as if like a child or a savage before the spectacle of manual labour which he feigns to behold characterised in these clients of the restaurant.

Is it not miracles

That they should all be gathered thus,

All to be spread before your view,

Who are strange to them as they to you?

Follows a maddened, cinematographic recapitulation of bodily labours—maddened, because through the abortive, unshaped lines, sounds the agony of the poet who knows that he is lying against the soul that prompted those labours, and that alone can control the demon of its own creation. This agony breaks from him in lines of pure form that fix the sentimentalities, in bewildered naming of the robbed soul.

Soul, how can you sustain without a sob

The lightest thought of his Titanic throb

Of earthly life;

He has forgotten the very meaning of soul. You would suppose that soul was what he has miscalled it, something abstract from life, not that by which we live and adventure. His secret horror breaks out in allusions to things of the imagination and intellect, in self-sheltering infantile prattlings, in the satiric scream—“Whence we are eating?”—there’s the reward of all your bodies’ labour in till of the land and the sea—we bodies are eating! He grinds his teeth upon the grit right enough, he mocks himself in futurist yelps and mouthings—but it is all grit, as we shall see.

He has set himself to glorify Trade, our lady of money-lust, and he pretends so well that you might believe he is reading one of those profiteering poeans that the waiter may not have been a Tyrolese—

The passage sinks away in drivelling jingle upon the foresight of God knows what God regarding Trade.

“Man worships God in action,

Senses and reason call,

And thought is putrefaction

Where thought is all in all.”

A very convenient damned doctrine to give to them that do not too often aspire to thinking! But the poet is not going to peddle continually in these pietist goods. There are several ways of extracting pence from the public that must be reading something, feeding its starved mind. He will screw out pathetic romances. Himself, hardened to a stone, will trade in fictional tears.

Most of the guests are gone; look over there,

Against a pillar leans with absent air

A tall, dark pallid waiter. There he stands

Limply, with vacant eyes and listless hands,

He dreams of some small Tyrolean town...

And this marketable fancy of a whiskified lost poet is mentally completed before he leaves the table—train, eyes all dim—and a girl with plaited hair who said goodbye to him; none of the property is mislaid. It is no matter that the waiter may not have been a Tyrolese. This piece, as a satire, is terrible. The author spares never. We are made to hear the last words of the damned man, words of cynicism against self, and everything else. And this awful cynicism is fixed forever by its honesty. The poet knows that he is tied henceforth to his inexorable dame-damned.

But what sang he once?

I hold at my will the thunderbolts

Measured not in mortal volts...

Come, let us cut a way through mediocrity for this spirit!
ETHEL. By M. Godwin.
Readers and Writers.

Sir E. T. Cook has some right to disapprove on the “Art of Biography” (“National Review”), since he has proved himself by his lives of Ruskin and Florence Nightingale. And yet not so much right; for, on his own showing, almost every those biographies are possible that are full of talk and incident. Chatham, being a silent man, he would have said, and, indeed, did say, would prove a bad subject for a biographer. But Mr. Williams has “done” Chatham, and if not to miracle, at least to the encouragement of every Higher Biographer.

I mean to protest against Sir E. T. Cook’s supposition that a life expressing itself mainly in thought and act is not susceptible of biography. It is; though I admit that both the biographer and the biography must be unusual. For a man like Chatham, a kind of dramatic critic is needed as biographer: one who divines the significance of action in dumb show. And his biography must be of a similarly subtle nature—all psychology and criticism. As an example, though not of the best, I cover a good many of the James’s biography of his father and brother. Being myself an inarticulate person and having no annals to my history, I should nominate a writer like Mr. Henry James to write my biography. Sir E. T. Cook would find me a blank, my lords.

The least pleasing form of biography is autobiography by reminiscences. The common “reminiscences” appears to excite indulgence in disorder and formlessness. Commission a man to write his autobiography and he sets about discovering a form for it; but once allow him to call it “Reminiscences” and he empties out rags from a rug-bag. I have just been turning over the pages of Mr. Henry Holiday’s “Reminiscences of My Life.” It is an indescribable jumble of the intimate and public, the trivial and the significant. I never saw such a pastiche. Nobody could read it through even at a seaside hotel, where one reads anything.

Readers occasionally find fault with THE NEW AGE for apparently having no literary policy—as if you had only to sit down and imagine a policy and then proceed to expose it. But a policy is not arrived at in that way. That way lies idiosyncrasy. To formulate a true policy, two things are required—first, a good standard, and, secondly, a perceptible drift and tendency in one’s age. While claiming to possess good standards, I assert that the present too distracted and puzzled to have any particular tendency. Our writers are revolving very busily on their axes, and some, even, set off for somewhere; but who can say that so much as a school is going in the same direction? What, in fact, is the literary tendency of the age? Mr. Gosse has made a shot at an answer by defining it as “the increased study of life in its exhibitions of energy”; and high marks should be given him, for his formula imitates the phenomena. But, on the other hand, it does not cover all nor the most significant of existing literary phenomena. I do not remark, for instance, much study of energies in current novels and plays—where, presumably, it should appear most clearly. On the contrary, our novels and plays are concerned with very supine people as a rule, as remote from exhibitions of astonishing energy as from ideals of any kind. In verse, perhaps, Mr. Gosse’s case is a little stronger; for Mr. Maschei, undoubtedly energies and, quite as a matter of course, is somewhat of a fashion. But the fashion is fleeting and is, indeed, as good as obsolete; and the next boom was of Tagore, the least energeticomiamic of the lot. I conclude, once more, that the age is really characterless; like Mr. Wells, it is versatile and nothing more. It will be recorded in history as doing everything badly.

Not to leave the subject without a bone for the dog, I may say that my own view is that our immediate future is along the route which, beginning with brilliant common sense, conducts to beauty by way of wisdom. We English are sensible as bottom and good sense is our proper starting-place. Hence, when, as now, we find ourselves fumbling, we ought to return to our base in common sense and resume from there. Common sense mellowed and experienced is beauty; and wisdom in its ripeness is beauty. Young men, I say, first learn to write common sense; then study to be wise, and beauty will afterwards be added to you.

Bernard Lintot,” of “T.P.’s Weekly,” is a most ungenerous man, for after reprinting the whole explanation of the appearance of Blake’s poem in these pages, and using it as a bait for similar dream-verse from his readers, he suggests that we have let ourselves off lightly. But, though I say it myself, if every error in “T.P.’s Weekly” were as fairly and frankly acknowledged and as fully atoned for as the error in THE NEW AGE, I should pray Bernard Lintot to make a score of errors every week.

Another writer has the distressing task of examining in detail the latest issue of the quarterly “Poetry and Drama” published from Mr. Harold Monro’s Poetry Book-shop. I need only wonder what in the language’s name these young versifiers are after. A recent meeting with a few of them satisfies me that they are, as they foolishly hope, remote from the world right enough, but not, as they also foolishly suppose, on any peak of Darien. Their ignorance is appalling. Not content to boast that they are not concerned with such vulgar subjects as politics and economics, they boast also their ignorance of the main stream of English poetry. The main stream, if you please, is not broad enough for them; it is on the little rivulets that fed it that they ply their little boats. Well, I do not deny that discoveries are to be made there—but what of them? The discoveries will be of modes and forms discovered by the great poets, worked and then abandoned. Coleridge and Wordsworth, in their retirement among the Quants and Quadlocks, neglected neither the main stream of poetry nor the political life of their day. Considering the first, their self-imposed task was to disestablish Pope and to crown his successor. Coleridge nominated antique glamour as the solvent of the rigidity of Pope; Wordsworth substituted the simple contemplation of man, in short, were mightily concerned with their duty to their day and place. And as for the second—their interest in politics—did not Pitt employ a spy to report on their sayings and doings? Pancey Mr. Asquith apprehending danger from the whole Poetry Book-shop!

The March “English Review” contains some excellent “Maxims and Reflections” of the late Professor Churton Collins. A very few of the hundred or so are platitudes, but the rest are gems and precious stones of worldly wisdom. Here are half a dozen of the best in my judgment—I mean that I have learned something from them:

“Never take into your confidence either a man whom you cannot praise or a man who will not praise you. The luxury of wisdom is irony. If men were as unselfish as women, women would very soon become more selfish than men.

If we wish to curry favour with superior men we should endeavour to impress them with our wisdom; but reverse the process, and persuade them that it is they who have impressed us.

It is not because of what he has done, but because of what he may do, that a bad man should be shunned. Never trust a man who speaks well of everybody.

The “Times,” I see, is announcing that its sales at a penny are greater than those of any other penny

THE NEW AGE

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morning paper. But let it circulate like the “Daily Mail,” nothing can restore its prestige or its influence; for these are gone. What a series of misfortunes have fallen upon what was, and ought to have remained, a national institution! Since the ill-starred day when Lord Northcliffe was called in to substitute his money for ideas, the “Times” has gone steadily from bad to worse. Nothing so Beoetian a character as his could do could possibly be right for an undertaking requiring delicacy, taste, honour and high intelligence to carry through. What if the “Times” was losing money at threepence and at twopence—the remedy was neither to tout for advertisements nor to reduce the price of the paper. These, of course, were the obvious shifts for the poets appears ridiculous cost sufficiently interested in casuistry. tinued to subscribe for it; and, as well, new subscribers anxious to distinguish themselves by reading it in public would have been added. I dare swear that at sixpence its circulation would have risen! But such a subtle piece of prudence is beyond Lord Northcliffe.

But is it really prudence, or can it possibly assume this guise at the time? It is one of the most profound (I am not writing cliché!)—one of the most profound questions in the world. We are familiar with the theory that virtue is enlightened self-interest and I have said myself that good taste is only long sight; but is there not in fact all the difference between the feel of virtue and the feel of self-interest, however far-sighted and enlightened? Can virtue consist with calculation, or feel virtue depends upon it—. My recent suggestion to the publishers of cheap reprints to include in their series articles from The New Age, has brought me one letter from a well-known firm that cannot be did.

Mr. M. D. Armstrong, whose letter, I understand, appears elsewhere, attempts to justify his bombastic remarks on modern poets by describing his phrases as labels simply and not do, for it is idle to profess that “the spirit of pity contemplating human patience in face of overwhelming odds” does not suggest a poet “above the stock size.” Such a phrase Mr. Armstrong would not apply to “King Bruce and the Spider”—and why? Because even to him the incongruity of the poem and the label would be ridiculous. Similarly to me the association of his phrases with his poets appears ridiculous; and it is only because he never saw the incongruity that he made it. By the way, Mr. Armstrong has contributed to The New Age; at best our guilt is therefore equal.

My recent suggestion to the publishers of cheap reprints to include in their series articles from The New Age brought me one letter from a well-known firm that may prove fruitful. The first offer, however, was not generous. Briefly, it was that I should guarantee the cost of production! It cannot be did! Who, I should like to know, guarantees the cost of producing the hundreds of re-re-re-reprints now being poured upon the market? If by one, some of the classics have been cheaply reprinted by a dozen publishers almost simultaneously. I can only sincerely hope the publishers will discover the “Daily Mail”; but nothing can equal the notion of a cheap and novel series—and of at least as popular a series as most now on sale—is a selection of contemporary writings. I would cheerfully undertake to make a selection and to secure for the publisher the social rights and a nominal sum. And I would stake my initials that the series would be a success!

To the “Everyman” Series many, as everybody knows, have been added. The latest installment of cheap Bohns (Bell, is. each) brings this library up to sixty volumes now, I believe. Of the new set, several are really new at the price. You could not get before, for example, at less than four-and-six, the “Plotinus,” edited with an introduction by Mr. G. R. S. Mead; nor for even that sum could you have obtained Hooper’s “Campaign of Sedan.” I appreciate, too, Trollope’s novels in a shilling form, also Pushkin’s Prose Tales and several others. But “Blake” we have already in the Oxford Series, Macaulay and Emerson are easily accessible, Marcus Aurelius is a drug, and even Montaigne, I think, can be had complete for less than three shillings. Why duplicate and tricurate so often? I ask. Have not publishers sense enough to aim at distinction and to hit the mark? The “Bohn” books are well printed and pleasant to handle; but one does not need several copies of the same work. An even cheaper series is now appearing under the name of the “Every Age” Library (Kelly). Published at tenpence, on good paper and well bound and printed, the series starts well enough with less-known works like Wenyon’s “Across Siberia,” Male’s “Through Two Campaigns,” Burton’s “Call of the Pacific,” and Keeling’s “General Gordon.” But I see that subsequent volumes include Cobbett’s “Rural Rides,” already published in “Everyman,” Dante, Bunyan, etc., etc.—a good many old-stagers, in fact. Will a reduction of twopence really make a sale for them? I doubt it.

No further reply has been made by the proprietors of the “Daily Herald” to the criticisms of its business and editorial policy offered by our correspondents. I take it, therefore, that the oracles intend to remain dumb. But it is an unsatisfactory state of affairs, and I cannot conceive that it can be long before we shall come of it. If, as somebody remarked of the Marconi Ministers, if they have nothing to conceal, why do they conceal it? Oh, these rebels!

Mr. W. L. George ought not to expect me, of all people, to be bound by the opinions of his “Bed of Roses” expressed by my predecessor, Mr. Jacob Tonson. I know, and so does Mr. George, the circumstances under which those opinions were written; and they were certainly more “pour encourager” than for judgment. Secondly, I have read the book for myself and have heard it discussed with Mr. George as a party; and the judgment was not even then flattering. Finally, I have read Mr. George’s “Making of an Englishman”—which, to my mind, might as well be called the “Making of a Book.” As a series by such a journalist as Mr. Twells Brex the chapters would do very well in the “Daily Mail”, but nobody can persuade me that any insight into or study of the English character has gone into the book. Arbuthnot, Swift, Heine and Emerson have pretty well exhausted our Englishman for us; there is nothing new to be discovered, there is only to be learned and understood. Mr. George does not appear to have read these writers; and his Englishman is only skin-deep. Mr. Bland will find it out, never fear!

R. H. C.
thought of them, the yearning after them, turns in me and her future existence, the bacteriologist will probably regard it as an attempt to destroy the personal effects and a hot bottle, also with two flannel pillows." The none of these explanations probable revelation of its origin. to know from whence comes all the "hot air" in this habit as an instinctive preparation for the conditions of to know now, that Lady Constance Lytton is "accusation on the privacy of other people to read such a passage tamed to sleep in flannel sheets, woollen under-clothes, and a hot air of the narrative at all sorts of odd moments, like the old-fashioned theologian may regard this habit as an instinctive preparation for the conditions of her future existence, the bacteriologist will probably regard it as such to destroy the personal effects of the contamination of this world by a process of sterilisation, and hail Lady Constance Lytton as the High Priestess of Hygiene. The reviewer can take refuge in none of these explanations; but if he should be curious to know all the "hot air" in all the world, I commend this passage to his notice as a probable revelation of its origin.

As I said before, I am puzzled by this book. I do not know Lady Constance Lytton, and I can testify on oath that I never indulged the slightest curiosity concerning her sleeping arrangements, or, indeed, concerning any of the intimate details of her life. That she loved her mother, I was willing to believe; all English spinster's are supposed to love their mothers; but I certainly did not want to read her correspondence with her mother. It seems like an unwarrantable intrusion on the privacy of other people to read such a passage as this: "Prisons, as you know, have been my hobby. What maternity there lurks in me has for years past been gradually awakening over the fate of prisoners, the deliberate, cruel harm that is done to them, their souls and bodies, the ignorant, exasperating waste of good opportunities in connection with them, till now the thought of them destroys me; tunes in me of pangs at me as vitally and irrepressibly as a patient child can call upon its mother. The moment I got near the Suffragettes, the way to this child of mine seemed easy and long believed that Woman's Movement includes every form of misdirected maternity, so Lady Constance Lytton's naive admission of the fact was not necessary to me. But why did she publish a letter of such an intimate nature?

The question can be asked concerning every detail of this book. Why should I be told, for instance, that on the night of her first arrest, she shared a bed with her eldest sister, and "all night she kept her strong arm round my heart"? Is this pre-occupation with the bed a new form of symbolism? Certainly, the bed appears in this narrative at all sorts of odd moments, like the leitmotiv in a Wagnerian opera; but what it signifies, I do not pretend to know. As a leitmotiv, the bed shares prime importance with sanitary conveniences; but I find it even more difficult to invent a symabolical explanation of the sanitary convenience than of the bed. Anyhow, most of Lady Constance Lytton's revelations concerning prison life make free play with these two symbols, and often confuses the one with the other. The air of the narrative is tempered by the sound of running water.

But Lady Constance Lytton is not entirely concerned with beds and sanitary conveniences; there are also baths in Passeron, and Lady Constance Lytton devote some attention to them. Bathing, of course, necessi-
for them. But the prisoners helped me." But her zeal for prison reform begins and ends with "Voices for Women." All these revelations of bed, bath, and toilette have no value as arguments for prison reform; and Lady Constance Lytton naively confesses that prison discipline does not exist for Suffragettes. But an elderly spinster, even if she has misdirected maternal yearnings, is not the proper person to make an indirect appeal to the affections of men. Flannel has many advantages, but it does not allure the senses; and I venture to think that a younger spinster would not have made such a miscalculation of the most effective sort of personal revelations. Lingerie—but I am reverting to the reminiscences of other ladies of title.

A. E. R.

**Soldier Tales.**

By Peter Fanning.

**SERGEANT JOCK MCFEE.**

Along with seventy other recruits I had just arrived in Belts to join my regiment. After an inspection by the C.O. Colonel "Paddy" Stokes, who gave us some good advice regarding our future conduct, we were dismissed to our several companies. Half an hour later I was busy with my traps when a sergeant (who I afterwards learned was named Jock McFee) entered the barrack room, and in the most boastfully Scotch accent I have ever heard demanded to know if I'd just arrived with the last draft from the depot.

"Yes, sergeant," I replied.

"Then follow m'e," said he, "I've a wee bit of the job for ye to do.

I followed the sergeant down to the ground floor, where he unlocked a barrack-room door, and we entered.

"Now young fellow me lad," says he, "light a fire here, and when I return, let me find it roaring away up the chimney." The sergeant departed, and I took stock of the room. It contained four broken iron bed-cots, a barrack-room form, a cots, a barrack-room form, a stock of the room. It contained four broken iron bed-cots, a barrack-room form, a piece of a table, and the usual coal box. I walked over to the latter, expecting to find it contained the necessary materials for lighting a fire. I found, however, it was as empty as Mother Hubhard's cupboard.

On this discovery I came to the conclusion that the Scot was merely taking a hand out of me, so without furtherroubling myself, I sat on the edge of the coal box, pulled out my pocket edition of the "Lady of the Lake," and was soon lost in the beautiful work of Sir Walter.

I had been following the chase, oblivious of all else for two hours or more, when the door opened and in came the sergeant. "Hello, my fine fellow, what are you doing sitting there?"

"Reading, sergeant."

"Reading! Where the bell's the fire I told you to light?"

"In hell, sergeant, where you'll be eventually."

"Why isn't it lit, you damned scut?"

"You left me no coal, nor wood, nor paper, nor matches, nor anything else, sergeant.""

"Suffering Moses, is there not seven other barrack-rooms in this block where you could have gone and sneaked coal and wood, and anything else you required?"

"There may be seven other barrack-rooms in this block, sergeant, but there isn't one that I would go into and sneak anything for you or anyone else."

"Well I'm damned—what next?"

"You see, sergeant, I'm not a countraman of yours, so sneaking isn't in my line. Do your own sneaking, sergeant, it's your natural element."

"By God I'll clink you for your insolence."

"Oh, no you won't, sergeant. There are only two of us here, and if you are going to play any of your monkey tricks on me, before I let you out I will knock the stuffing out of you."

"Well, of all the—"

"Yes, that's just the position, sergeant, and now scoot." He went. Up to the day he left the regiment Sergeant Jock McFee never found another "wee bit job" for me to do.

**GETTING RID OF A ROTTER.**

Captain Gribbings was a cad. His speech, manner, and morals were all of a kind—rotten. He was as vain of his face and figure, and as much addicted to corsets and cosmetics as a ballet dancer. In reality there was only one thing about him which would attract attention—his eyes. With the exception of Parnell's, they were the finest pair of eyes I've ever seen on a man. But his figure! He had a twist from the right hip upwards, which threw his right shoulder forward, and made it appear, when he was on the march, as if his right shoulder wanted to go at the double, whilst his left desired to mark time.

The humour of the situation can be easily imagined, when Captain Gribbings would stand out in front of his company and command the men to "Stand upright and square to the front like me." If this impossible demand produced a grin, which it invariably did, Gribbings would rush after the offender with: "What are you laughing at, you dog?"

"You dog" was everlastingly in his mouth. Did a man slip on loose stones when climbing up a hillside, it was: "Where are you tumbling to, you dog?" Did a man fall to the rear when on the line of march, "Hurry up, you dog," he was commanded. If things didn't suit him on a barrack-room inspection it was: "You dirty dogs this, that, and the other," till at last we came to accept this form of address as part of the game.

But perhaps the following incident will best illustrate what this officer and gentleman was really capable of when he tried. During part of the time I was stationed at Carrickfergus Castle, Captain Gribbings was in charge of the detachment. One Saturday he returned to his quarters at midnight, accompanied by two civilian friends, the whole lot being maggoty drunk. They started boozing, bawling and singing, making night hideous and sleep impossible till after three o'clock, when the potte pot had them beat. At reveille, to get bet, the bugler, for his own back, the bugler got underneath the captain's open window and sounded his call for the duties of the day. The captain and his friends, however, merely took it as a summons to start boozing again. And now through the open window we could hear them bragging as to which could tell the most mottled story. From that they changed to their personal experiences when on the batte, and if half the yarns they spun were true, neither of the three was fit to associate with pigs.

At last, about eight o'clock, the captain, feeling he was getting bested in the contest, declared he would show them a trick of which neither was capable. "He would bet them each a bottle of cham. that he would walk round the Castle in his bare pelt."

"Done," shouted his friends. "A dozen you don't do it," challenged one. "It's a bet," replied the captain.

In a few minutes, sure enough, the captain staggered along the grand battery as naked as at the moment he was born. His companions cheered him, the troops jeered him, whilst the three married women gathered their children and fled. He walked round the Castle and won the liquor, but whether from shame or a report of the matter, I don't know, he returned to headquarters a few days afterwards.

When I rejoined the regiment in Belfast I found this beauty in command of my company, and still indulging in his "you dog" tirade. The end of his career with us, however, was approaching.
Every Saturday morning was devoted to kit inspection, when the men were expected to display their traps in a clean and serviceable condition. This applied particularly to the men’s boots. Each man was supposed to show a good pair of boots on his cot and another on his feet. It was customary for the inspecting officer to stand in front of each man, whilst he held up first his right and then his left foot, so that the soles of his boots might be inspected. Now, it happened on this particular Saturday morning that the fellow next to me had been on the beer and had sold a pair of his boots. Consequently the pair he was wearing was an old pair he had borrowed; they were sadly in need of repair. This was particularly the case with the left one, the sole of which was worn through. We all knew the circumstances and, like the fellow himself, expected that he was in for a roasting.

At last Captain Gribbings reached Dutton’s cot and inspected his kit; everything was neat and clean and passed muster. The captain then stepped back a pace to get a view of the soles of the boots Dutton was wearing. Dutton raised his right foot in front of him. The captain glanced at it. “The other,” said he. “What are you laughing at, you dog?”

Dutton raised his right foot in front of him. He stood in the middle of the room and poured a torrent of scurrility upon us with the volubility of a fish-fag. He did not, however, finish the kit inspection, but went off threatening the nearest man to blow a thousand Marines with his temper it was infallible. When he was in a good humour he shook his stiff-un and beat it affectionately with his cane. But when he was annoyed, he would lift his right foot up about an inch and pound it on the ground. “Paddy” was thusly bounding the deck when I caught sight of him. “Dekko, Barney, twig ‘Paddy’s’ stiff-un stotting on the deck; that Marine must be laying it on thick to get the old man in that condition; let’s go and spoil his game.” As we approached, the Colonel turned, and seeing two of his own men, assumed his usual pose.

“Private Fanning, come here!”

I walked forward and saluted. “Beg your pardon, Sir.”

“Private Fanning, how long would it take the regiment to blow a thousand Marines with a thousand things like that to blazes?”

I looked at the gun, then at the Marine, then at “Paddy.” “Just as long, Colonel, as it would take you to give the command ‘Fire.’”

At the word “Colonel,” the right hand of the Marine flew up to his cap at the salute, but not so fast as the blood had flown to his face. Yes; he must have been pulling the long bow for “Paddy’s” benefit.

“Paddy” was now shaking his stiff-un and caressing it with his cane. His amour propre was re-established, and the prestige of his regiment vindicated. I turned to depart.

“Ah—Private Fanning, are you on pass?”

“Yes, Sir, till midnight.”

“And your comrade?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Ah, well, there—that will enable you to enjoy yourselves.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

“CHUCKING A DUMMY.”

Being sent on detachment to Carrickfergus Castle I found there was an opportunity of adding to the scatty pay of a private soldier by acting as guide to parties of visitors who came to inspect the ancient fortress. Purchasing a history of the Castle I committed to memory the principal events in its long and tragic story, and in a short time could reel them off with the ease of a pater-noster.

On August Bank Holiday I was engaged the whole day with different parties of Irish, English, French, American, and Australian visitors, and so well had I told the tale that, when the gates were closed, I found myself in funds to the extent of fifty-two shillings.

Later in the evening I sent two of the men into town for half a gallon of whisky, one pound of tea, four pounds of sugar, and a parcel of ham sandwiches. Tea punch was brewed in a three-gallon can, plates and basins set out on the table, the eatsables and drinkables distributed round, and the detachment sat down to a spread and concert. We kept the fun going, with the aid of more liquor, till lights out, at which time, willy-nilly, we were obliged to chuck it.

Next morning I was on guard, and never was I more disinclined to undertake that responsible duty. I lay for a while, trying to concoct some scheme or invent some excuse by which I might “Chuck a dummy,” and so escape duty for the day.

Quite accidentally I happened to touch the back of my left hand with the finger of my right. Ah, the very thing, thought I.

Now, it so happened that, at that period of life, after
any unusual exertion, climbing hills during a field day, boxing, or the consumption of ardent spirits, a small nettle rash would make its appearance on the back of my hands and neck, remain a few hours, and then disappear.

I reported sick on the strength of the rash, and was marched off by the orderly corporal to undergo a medical examination.

The doctor who attended the detachment was the medical officer of the Carrickfergus Artillery Militia, and as he was old, deaf, and near-sighted, I anticipated no difficulty in working the dodger on him.

"Well, my man, what's the matter with you?"

"I don't know, Sir."

"Have you any pain?"

"No, Sir; but there is something the matter with the back of my hands."

"Ah, let me see."

He took hold of my left hand and began to draw the thumb of his right hand across it. As he did so I began to flinch.

"Does it hurt you?"

"No, Sir."

"Is it itchy?"

"Yes, Sir."

He let go my hand, took up a powerful magnifying glass, stood up and surveyed my face through it. He then sat down, took hold of my hand again and studied it through the glass, then he let go my hands, put down the glass, and took up his quill pen.

"I think it's itch. I'm sure it's itch. It is itch," said he, and then he slashed across the sick report: "Head Quarters by road."

He folded up the sick report, handing it to the orderly corporal; "Pass that to Belfast," said he. Then turning to me with a grin, "I hope you'll enjoy your tramp, my man, you want some exercise."

On returning to the Castle the men had a good laugh at my expense. The colour-sergeant paid me up to date, and then, with my busby, leggings, and small book, I set off at 10 a.m. to walk to Belfast. It was a beautiful day in August, and as I had plenty of time and money at my disposal, I hob-nobbed with every vag met on the road, and arrived at Queen Street barracks just as last post was sounding, having accomplished the ten miles at a gentle jaunt, in twelve hours.

Next morning I attended hospital. "Have you come from Carrickfergus?" inquired a staff sergeant. "Yes," said I. "Well, strip," he replied. "You have to go before a board of officers."

I stripped naked and was marched in before three medical officers, Dr. McNelis, being the senior, occupied the centre of the table, and had the sick report before him. He looked at the report and then at me, and then at the report again.

"Well, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, Sir, that I'm aware of."

"Then what have you been sent here for?"

"I don't know, Sir."

"Where's the itch you are supposed to have?"

"Ich, did you say, Sir? I've never had such a thing in my life."

"No, I should think not. Then what the blazes have you been sent here for?"

"Have no idea, Sir. The doctor in Carrickfergus sent me."

"Yes, the blind old bat. Fancy an old bosthoon like that being kept in the Service. Go to your duty. Sergeant, give him a dose."

The sergeant marched me into the compounding room and measured out a dose of cod liver oil. "Take that," said he.

I took it all in one, intending to spit it out again as soon as I was out of the room. But the sergeant was fly, and in the sweetest manner imaginable inquired: "And what did you say your regimental number was?" So the physic had to go down, and that ended my first and only try "Chucking a dummy."

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

Some time ago I asked: "Where is Somerset Maugham now?" I have discovered that he, or that "worser part" of him, a play, is at the Duke of York's Theatre. London is not unusually an abode of the blest, but immediately before Easter a dramatic critic feels that Christ was wise to get himself crucified at that date. There never are produced any new plays in London, but just before Easter even fewer new plays obtain production than at any other time. Tree, waiting until Christ has been duly crucified at St. Paul's Cathedral before producing Shaw's "Pygmalion," reminds me of Macbeth screaming: "Thou canst not say I did it. Never shake thy gory locks at me." Even the Court Theatre failed me; not one provincial author dared to attempt the conquest of London from Chelsea immediately before Easter. There was no escape; I had to go to see Somerset Maugham's play, "The Land of Promise."

The play has been running long enough for its plot to be familiar to the public, so I need only refer casually to it, and amuse myself in my customary way by talking about anything but drama.

When the history of this civilisation comes to be written (which God forbid it ever should, for did He not say: 'I will blot out their name from under heaven?'), the works of Mr. Somerset Maugham will be rather verifiable than able. I can imagine the eugenically bred and sociologically trained young artist of the fifth millennium Anno Domini turning over the pages of Mr. Maugham's plays (which will then be in a dead language), and, after overcoming his first flush of pride at being able to read them in the original (which is more than I can do), concentrating his attention on the general trend of this civilisation revealed by these plays. Talk about Theocritus—but why talk about him? The young artist of the future, having discovered that "bridge" had nothing to do with engineering, and that "shimmy" was not a lady's garment, but a form of gambling (I give its name in full for the benefit of posterity, chemin-de-fer), will feel that his study of the classics has been well rewarded. I am not suggesting that he will adopt these games of chance; the only medium of exchange at that date will be Cubist drawings which, by their very nature, lack the fluidity necessary to an ideal circulating medium. Wealth will not be transferred, but created; and, even now, you could not organise a prize if the only prizes were examples of space-shyness.

But there is more in Somerset Maugham than a mere catalogue of card games. He is writing the folklore of modern society; and to every typical character, he adds a description of its activities. Thus Algy, the parasite in Mr. Somerset Maugham's play, "The Land of Promise," is one example. It states a fact; but the statement of such a fact implies a whole history. No one would have bothered to say that there was corn in Egypt if there had not been other places where there was no corn. So the student infers that, except in Egypt, there was famine; and famine implies hunger, and hunger induces travel, and travel is the great civiliser of man, and here we are because there was corn in Egypt. There is much history in a phrase.

Mr. Somerset Maugham coins such a phrase: "Women are scarce in Manitoba," says Frank Taylor, who is not a tailor, but a farmer. So the student will
infer that women were plentiful at this time in England, which will be a very shrewd inference. Knowing a good deal of folk-lore, such terms as exogamy will not baffle him. He will know that if women were scarce in Manitoba, the natural stupidity of men would try to make them plentiful. "Marriage by capture or by purchase; which?" he will ask; and turn the leaves rapidly in his search for an answer. He will discover that this is an age of synthesis; and that although Norah Marsh absolutely managed Frank Taylor's house, her employer had died. No one will notice that Norah Marsh voluntarily exported herself to the Dominion of Canada; and he will ask "Why?" He will discover that, after having endured all the humiliations attaching to the office of a lady's maid when she had the chance of losing a legacy when her mistress died. As Miss Jane Harrison would say: "Then, by a piece of luck that almost makes one's heart stand still," he will discover the explanation of this situation in the very play that he is reading. A legacy, he will infer, was obviously a permit, allowing a lady's maid to stay in England after her employer had died. As this lady had left no permit to Norah Marsh, he will infer either that the old lady was ungrateful or that Norah Marsh was undeserving. Having by this time forgotten the eugenic principles that control his own relations with women, he will begin speculating about the psychology of Norah Marsh. It is being wasted ten of the best years of her life, and endures unendurable humiliations during that time; to gain a permit to stay in England for the rest of the year, why did she resent the humiliations forced upon her in Canada? Was it that she did not wish to earn a permit to stay in Canada; and, if so, why did she choose to stay in Canada when she had the chance of losing a legacy there? What was this love that made her want to stay in a country where she had endured more humiliations than she had suffered in England, without any prospect of a legacy? When a student begins speculating about a lady's love, it is wise to leave him alone; and a eugenic student is a particularly undesirable companion. Let us infer that his thoughts will be too deep for tears.

Having recovered from the lethargy of love, the student will summarise his impressions of our civilisation. He will see that women waste their lives of their maids, and leave them without legacies, whereby they are compelled to emigrate to Canada. Although they have endured ten years of humiliation from certain women who have money, they will not endure ten minutes of humiliation from other women who have no money; with the consequence that they rush into marriage with the first men who offer or suggest marriage. Still supposing that because they have been ladies' maids, they are superior to all other women; they find even marriage humiliating at first; more particularly when the men do not defer to them, but take them by force. But love comes to dignify even Canadian marriage when the ladies' maids have been forced into contact with Nature; and Mr. Somerset Maugham is revealed as the dramatist of Christianity, proving that happiness follows humility. He is also the dramatist of Nietzschean doctrine, for he shows that humility can only be induced in ladies' maids by a liberal use of physical force. The student will conclude that ladies' maids were a nuisance to us as well as to themselves, and that in no other state than that of comparatively primitive civilisation could they find happiness. He will infer that a woman-ridden civilisation is intolerable even to women, and that the only escape from it is to return to Nature. If these interpretations are added to Mr. Maugham's work, it becomes significant; but not everyone will discover these meanings in his play even three thousand years hence, or, discovering them, will think them any considerable addition to the wisdom of the world.

Art.

The Arts and Crafts Again.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

A year and two months have elapsed since I said anything concerning the Arts and Crafts in The New Age; and, if I remember rightly, some of the more prominent among the Craftsmen became a little irritable when I had acquitted myself so badly on that occasion that a long and tolerably acrimonious correspondence followed the publication of the article. Among those who joined in the correspondence was Mr. A. Romney Green, now exhibiting his works consisting of furniture and knick-knacks, in the rooms of the Little Gallery, Great Marlborough Street. On January 30, 1913, I took these workers in the arts and crafts very seriously indeed, and I do so still. I understand them to consist of a body of people who desire not merely to revive the aesthetic charm of everyday surroundings in the home, objectively, but also subjectively, so to speak—i.e., they wish the very production of these surroundings to be what it should always be, a pleasure to possess and to be freed from the confition of sordid and heartless drudgery which purely commercial workshops impart to their goods. This is a noble desire. It cuts at the root of some of the worst evils of this age. I am not sure that it does not cut at the root of most of them.

For, in this matter, we have not to consider the producer alone, although his personality and his spirit are important enough; we have to think of the thousands to whom his handwork becomes a matter of contentment. I remember a remark of George Gissing's recorded, I believe, by Mr. Morley Roberts. It was uttered at the time of Gissing's second marriage. He was living in a jerry-built cottage somewhere in the suburbs of London, and, after six months' tenure of this doll's house, he discovered that scarcely a door would remain properly open or properly shut; that scarcely a window could be moved save by the most practised and powerful athlete; and that all taps, handles, chains, locks, pipes, and other fittings of his home required the constant and minute attention of a skilled and expensive specialist in order to be kept in moderately good working condition. It was then that he exclaimed: 'There seems to be a conspiracy on the part of the builder, whitsmith, plumber, and carpenter in every district in England to levy a perpetual toll upon every unfortunate inhabitant of the modern middle-class dwelling.' This is everybody's experience, and it applies not only to the fixtures of the house itself, but frequently also to every article of furniture in the house. Knock at a door, and out come the gentle pull, keys jam unexpectedly in a badly fitted fastening, and drawers remain glued at absurd angles inside the chests that hold them. All this the modern world endures, yet most of that which we suffer is contemptible, and while the incessant fidgeting with these results of incompetence and impotence slowly but surely adds to the general sum of nervous irritability and exhaustion, the victims of it are generally in the clouds. Napping deliriously upon questions of social reform, Irish Home Rule, and other nonsense. Social Reform! As if the most crying need were not a reform of conscientiousness, a reform of the modern conscience! The very people (Gissing, of course, excepted) who groan and cry out in the midst of this atmosphere of flying knobs, self-opinionated locks, burst pipes, and Free-
willed and insubordinate windows and doors, are the first to scamp a piece of work if they can, and neglect a duty or an ideal if the gain depending upon it will in no wise suffer.

I went carefully over Mr. Romney Green's exhibits—so carefully, indeed, that a lady who was present and noticed that I was quick to find defects, however apparent, which she had again and again passed over, insinuated, kindly enough, I believe, that I was out to find fault. This remark, I confess, annoyed me very considerably, for it revealed a total misunderstanding not only of myself and my methods, but of herself and her methods. I pointed out to her immediately that it was in my search for quality that I had been forced to light upon the few and trivial examples of lack of quality which I had found, and that if she and others had so far failed to discover these examples of lack of quality, I accused her and them point-blank of being incapable of finding them in no wise in search of quality. This was more than a bitter rejoinder; it contained a profound truth. It is obviously the earnest seeker after quality who to-day becomes nauseated by its comparative non-existence in the products of trade and Industry. Trade; as a rule, the suburban-villa city man is not similarly nauseated; and why? Not because he is less inclined to find fault than the genuine critic, but because he is simply not concerned with the question of quality, and by ignoring it altogether is utterly unconscious of its absence.

The search after quality, then, necessarily involves the discovery of examples of its absence when these occur. Oh, everybody would own what it means, and how laborious, indigestible, and painstaking the search after quality must be nowadays! I attempted to approach Mr. Romney Green's work from two standpoints which I felt myself more or less competent to assume: first, the aesthetic standpoint; and, secondly, the standpoint of the purchaser or user of Mr. Romney Green's productions.

From the first standpoint I found much to admire particularly the walnut roll-top writing desk (No. 1), the delightful cow-hide stool without the turned legs, the fine shovel board table (No. 3), the inlaid cigarette-boxes (No. 13), the shell inlaid candlesticks and cigarette-cases (Nos. 32), the hand mirrors inlaid with shell (of which the better is the walnut one No. 14), the carved oak, gilded and painted mirror-frame (No. 20), the inlaid mahogany tea-table (No. 36), and the cabinet of West Indian woods (No. 33). All these things are being stamped out by a style which can make any great claim either to novelty or to exceptional grace, are pleasing enough to behold, charming to have about one, fragrant with the touch of the happy workman and the loving though modest designer. The dressing-table bearing the mirror, the cow-hide stool with the turned legs, and one or two candlesticks, hand-mirrors, and boxes seemed to me, from my first standpoint, to be failures. Let me explain what I believe to be wrong with the dressing-table. Even the untamed eye, if I may with all respect so assume, to refer to the optical organ of the lady above mentioned, is, I hear, conscious, and becomes more and more conscious every day, of something amiss with this table. For this to be so, something far more fundamental than a trick of design must be wrong. Let Mr. Romney Green ask himself what it is that the lay or expert spectator expects most of all in contemplating a structure, whether it be architecture or furniture. He expects that all lines, masses or lines should have a definite direction, that all supporting and resting members should strive one with another in a comprehensive fashion—that the forces of gravitation, for instance, should be met in an intelligible way, the more intelligible the better. Now let Mr. Romney Green examine the legs of his dressing-table—there really is not a definite line about them. A hesitating, imperfectly understood curve, beginning at the broad root of the leg and wandering vaguely down towards an all-too-slower ankle, gives an impression of weakness, clumsiness, and indefiniteness, which is the very last impression that a supporting member should give. Let the curve be boldly pronounced, so that the eye can follow the sweep of the forces round the arch, and the spectator is satisfied; let the straightness of the biological, inherent in the gravity laws be overcome for ever; again the spectator is satisfied. But it is this compromise of the two, this indecision even in the mind of the craftsman himself, at a point in his structure where decision is, above all, necessary, that makes these legs bad legs. Some may tell Mr. Romney Green that the legs taper too rapidly from the thigh to the ankle; others may maintain that they are needlessly thick at the top. I suggest that my explanation is the right one. With regard to the stool with the turned ornament in the thigh, am I not right in saying that the eye is naturally offended by the mixture of a turned and an unturned style in the same leg? The turned ornament suggests a swivel motion, a revolution; but below the projecting foot suggests permanence of direction outward, not roundabout. Is that the reason why the legs of this stool offend the eye? I would submit for Mr. Romney Green's consideration that the only legitimate foot to a leg with a turned ornament is a round foot suggesting no direction at all. Mr. Romney Green little knows how happy he ought to be that the craftsman could not possibly give the time he has to contend, and the virtues for which he stands, one cannot help feeling that, if one ventures to criticise at all, it must be as an associate wishing to remove the taint of such insufficient workmanship, rather than as a foe determined on thwarting an adversary at all costs.

Now, from the second standpoint, that of the purchaser and user of Mr. Romney Green's productions, let me allude to No. 4, the walnut adjustable easy-chair, which is excellent; the monk's bench (No. 25), a useful and solid piece of furniture; and the walnut roll-top writing desk (No. 1), for which, if it is ever raffled, I should like to procure a ticket. Among the cigarette-boxes (No. 13) there are many I should like to use; but as many, too, I fear, which would drive me to desperation if I used them. The corner cupboard, of which three out of four doors do not fit, I would not like either. Neither could I endure to use the shovel board table, which, when pulled out, is not quite even. Why do I mention these things? You will say they are details. So they are; but, though to a smaller extent, they are of the same nature with those more significant failings which exasperate one so much in the workmanship of capitalistic industry. Mr. Romney Green little knows how happy I should be to acknowledge and acclaim perfect pieces of work such as his shovel-board table. Why is it this cannot be achieved? Am I romantically fastidious in expecting it? The last time I raised these points I was told that the craftsman could not possibly give the time he ought to give in order to perfect his productions. Well, this may be so. I know myself how often the exigencies of time compel one to do things against the dictates of one's conscience. If this be so, then, the trivial failings, in the nature of slightly defective fitting, disproportionate fittings, and imperfect joining, which I came across in Mr. Romney Green's work, are all excusable and accounted for, since it is obvious that a man who can produce any one of the really good pieces here, such, for instance, as the dressing-table frame (No. 27), must be capable not only of avoiding the failings, but also of overcoming the difficulties, to which I have alluded.

In any case, taken all in all, Mr. Romney Green's show is a creditable and arduous performance; and if for a minute or two one halts in one's examination of it, to think of the work that has to be done, the difficulties, both spiritual and doubtless material too, with which he has to contend, and the virtues for which he stands, one cannot help feeling that, if one ventures to criticise at all, it must be as an associate wishing to remove the taint of such insufficient workmanship, rather than as a foe determined on thwarting an adversary at all costs.
Pastiche

ONE OF THE "HAUGHTY FORTY"
SOLILÓQUIES.

God moves in a mysterious way. I was one of twins. Had I been the other one, I should not even have had a tombstone. He died at the early age of five days without Benefit of Clergy. (Imagine England, for Thou couldst imagine) had it been me! A shudder runs through this vast Empire at the thought.

Poorly did I take it, and aghast when it tears of the might-have-been. Strange that I should live and he should die.

It was a strange train. I come into this breathing world to take its breath away. And I have accomplished my life's effect. So much nervousness. I have had such an affection for it ever Sunday morning before Chapel, the day I have in a thousand years the descendants of the workers who are now earning their eighteen shillings a week will be mourning their and twenty-two shillings a week. Though I shall never live to see that blessed Millennium, I do not repine. Sufficient for the day is the improvement thereof.

Wonderful it is to me how marvelously my head was modelled to wear the headgear of a Parliamentarian. I have had such an affection for it ever since that I could contemplate the dying agones of a workhouse inmate with more equanimity than I could the sight of a battered silk hat.

Four hundred pounds! No wonder the people in our village think I've got on. And I've got everybody else on, too. We're all getting on.

O Liberty, I take off my tall hat to Thee.

THE AMATEUR ANCHORITE; A VADE-MECUM FOR THE LONG-HAIRED.

I am a trifle like that ancient sage—Cato, I think—who was, I understand, Never less lonely than in solitude.

Solitude? Let me snatch an odd half-hour To woo my ponderings, to muse upon A hundred nobilities; leave me this respite, And you may bore me for the surplus hours, Or vice versa. But the while I chew My willful cud, I take no joy in man, Nor woman neither.

Well, in such a mood I sought the station, heedless, of the crowd That scuttled to and fro, a fitting theme For rhapsodists of Paris—"Mighty Man, A Chan t in Half-a-Dozen Gasps"—I sought To find a dodge to practice Cato's trick, Escewing company.

For in a train There's much to brood upon. Your phantasy, Properly nurtured and in wholesome trim, Can hear the rails become articulate. Contrasting with the wheels, The clank and jolt Of axles tossing over points. The song And high-pitched sizzling of gases, coopered In those tubes, can open out a track Whereon your spirit gains infinity, Unburdened by the grime—scape either side, Unharass ed by the gaze of fellow-men. And so, setting in my corner bent On blotting out from my strange palimpsest The station clock was fast. So garulous As chimney-pot or parrot he disported

On this and that, according as the froth Of topics filtered through his shallow pate. He ranged from A to Z, but only upon The four and twenty intermediate, Driving me frenzied with his hotch-potch talk. Then, passing on to personal matters, Enlarged on his pursuits. A cunning hand, He was, it seemed, of lengthy practice In Shifting of chattels, buying things dirt-cheap, Hartering oldments, faking pictures up, Furnishing flats—he was of much account In Camberwell and Peckham Rye.

At length, His staid recital ended, he made men To know what paths I trod. Well, tit for tat. So fixing him with an uncanny stare, I thus began:

"I am a breathing law, I am a fragment of eternity, A clot of animated dust, compact Of blood and tears and fire, and seasoned with A dash of madness. I have hereabouts (I pointed to my waistcoat) some strange thing They call a soul—a kind of tuning fork That sets my daily melody—a waltz, A dirge, a symphony, a serenade— In beat with the eternal. I have lived In other planets. In all the fluids, merged among The mist of vapours, elements derived From every haunt where I have sojourned in Prenatal being. Gaseous charges, breathed Amid the clouds of Saturn, liquids quaffed From lunar oceans, metals quarried out And smelted from the mines on Jupiter, Cunningly mingled with the salts and ores, The acids, and the alkalis of Earth. And all these things are welded into one, Stewing in one alembic."

Is it not A marvel how the bulbs and throbbing valves Withstand these magic distillations?"

But The train was slowing up at Hither Green, And helter-skelter my upholsterer Alighted with infringement of the laws.

P. SELVEN.

JACK COMES TO TOWN.

Jack was an English terrier whose sire and dam were the property of a man in Devonshire. It was this man's hobby to see that dogs came into existence properly, and with successful constitutions. It was his hobby, furthermore, to make himself responsible for the health and ultimate perfection, both of physique and of general good appearance, of those dogs that were created under his supervision.

Jack was the only puppy out of a litter of five to cause his master keen disappointment, his fault being a large sharp, and a good house dog," Jack was immediately unchristened to the consternation, and to his head, I thought, with flourishes and uncial pomp, To blazon an illuminated text Of timeless porpor.

But the train had source Began to glide from underneath the joists And tarnish canopy of Charing Cross. The fog fell from the lid. Some belated booby foandered in—

Motled of hue, with fiery eyes—and leaped Upon my plans for paleography, With laboured breath and oozing brow, the which He dabbed at with a scarlet wimple.

Then His tongue began to click—A narrow squeak; The nick of time; his watch was slow or else The station clock was fast. So garulous As chimney-pot or parrot he disported On this and that, according as the froth Of topics filtered through his shallow pate. He ranged from A to Z, but only upon The four and twenty intermediate, Driving me frenzied with his hotch-potch talk. Then, passing on to personal matters, Enlarged on his pursuits. A cunning hand, He was, it seemed, of lengthy practice In Shifting of chattels, buying things dirt-cheap, Hartering oldments, faking pictures up, Furnishing flats—he was of much account In Camberwell and Peckham Rye.

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P. SELVEN.
that he had been accustomed to. His master’s face had been red and plump, but these new faces were thin and yellow. A chain was fastened to the tight collar which they fastened about his neck before taking him out of his little box, and then he was poked into a discarded soap case.

That night Jack dreamed of the other puppies in Devonshire, and of the large piece of grass-land behind the kennels where he had first become conscious of his legs. He dreamed of his old master’s kindly red face, and of the sham fights he had fought with his brothers. When he awoke it was dawn. The rain was coming in through his soap box; he had cramp in one of his hind legs, and his collar almost choked him; a strange feeling of terror came upon him. He was alone, and in a strange place. He shivered, and the rain flooded the soap box, commenced to howl.

At six o’clock the little back door was opened, and Jack heard strange voices. It had stopped raining, but his soap box was half-full of water; he shivered and whined, and felt far too wretched to take any interest in what might possibly happen when his new masters discovered his plight. The four yellow faces came and stared at him, then they bent down and examined him. “Lets in the rain,” said one. “He’s shivering,” remarked another. We shall have to go to the expense of excercising Mr. Curtis irrevocably,” said the eldest son. “Shouldn’t wonder if it isn’t distemper comin’ on,” said the eldest son. “Ow old is e?” inquired another. “They’ve had you,” continued the first. “Take him in and dry him,” suggested the eldest son. And Jack continued to howl. “If I hadn’t paid a pound for him,” exclaimed Mr. Curtis, as he moved towards the house, “I’d drown ‘im.”

ARThUR F. THoRN.

JUGGERNAUT.

Our missionary story-tellers, trying to reach our purse, tell of India’s millions living a life of sin; and worse. The Ship-yards, Foundries, Factories, Workshops, sending ever more; Contributing of bone and blood far greater than does war.

What about the Railway track that counts for many scores? The Ship-yards, Factories, Workshops, sending ever more; Contributing of bone and blood far greater than does war.

Juggernaut suicides we well can understand.

But Britain’s annual sacrifice at Capital’s demand passes comprehension, as does Labour’s humble stand.

J. T. PItE.

CURRENT CANT.

[The compiler wishes to state that the following extracts are taken from a symposium in “The World’s Press” for 1914, on the price of newspapers, their dependence on advertisers, etc. Readers will note the modesty of Mr. Garvin’s judgment of the moral and intellectual quality of our leading newspapers. Also, the pure reason of Mr. Allnutt—that is not a serious evil.]

Mr. H. E. MORGAN: “The tendency of the day is all towards honesty in advertisement.”

Mr. PHILIP GIBBS: “... the trail of the advertiser is seen in the editorial columns—that is not a serious evil.”

Mr. GEORGE LANSBURY: “All who care for freedom of expression... should unite in supporting newspapers that will pay the way by the price charged for them.”

Mr. HARRY LAUDE: “I would rather not give my opinion in public. Anything is worth the money if it is valued.”

AT NOON.

Standing beneath an aged tree, I thought, five hundred years ago, Some man, unknown, has stood like me:—

Yes, even so.

Against its girth he leaned his head, In such a noonhour as this, To think of other lives long dead, As I of his.

For lonely men, on divers days, Here found a refuge from the sun, And mused awhile, and went their ways Till life was done.

I know they saw the still noon sleep Upon the stream and meadows there; I do not know the graves they keep, What men they were.

But when they heard an acorn fall, Or watched the white clouds wander by, The same thought lightly touched them all—

That they must die.

R. E. BARKER.

SCATTERBRAIN.

He goes woolgatherin’ neath the stars.
He hath a screw loose: Scatterbrain.
He hath a window broken that Jar.
Open to heaven, and falls shut again.

E. H. VEBrAN.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

**AESTHETICISM AND HISTORY.**

SIR,—In an article in your issue of April 2, entitled “Aestheticism and History,” Mr. A. J. Penty takes certain remarks in my “World of Labour” as his text. I think I understood my position to agree with virtually every thing in his article, and I regard the frequent saying of it as essential if the Socialist movement is to be brought back from bureaucratic Collectivism to moral and political sanity. Mr. Penty seems to me to have misunderstood his critic on the following sentence in my book: “The divorce of artist and craftsman; I want our world to read history, and act in the light of history. But I want it to read its history right.”

All true greatness is based on tradition; but all true greatness is also, supremely, novel. True progress is the product of the interplay of these two forces. Where tradition is absent there is the presence of disease. By “false aestheticism,” then, I mean the attitude of those who see the importance of tradition, but not that of fact as a false reading of history” I mean that view which treats history as static, to which the Middle Ages are not long centuries of striving and adaptation, but an “epoch,” incapable of doing anything but being painted on a painted canvas. The false aestheticism is that which believes that nothing can be right unless it is done nowadays just as it was done so many centuries ago, with the sole result that all the true medieval artists, who pierce beneath the surface, and seize, like William Morris, the essence of the whole period—who see that wages and leisure are secondary things, and that what counts above all else is man’s “maker and user.” With such aestheticism I am in full sympathy.

My point was that in the modern world we were faced with an immense mass of curable poverty. If we scrapped machines, we should merely condemn a great part of the population to famine and penury. To get ourselves out of this, we must not only have more machinery, but more machines. If a man is to work for the people or come in touch to any extent with the ordinary trade craftsman, cut off from the people by the very fact of the people being unmanned by a body of craftsmen amongst them. That is the idea of the guilds which bound them which has been displaced by the machine. I was trying to show that if the modern workman does not work for the people or come in touch to any extent with the ordinary trade craftsman, he is merely a machine. If, in fact, as these conditions decline, so does the link in the chain which bound them which has been displaced by the machine, which does not work for the people or come in touch to any extent with the ordinary trade craftsman, he is merely a machine.

The problem, then, is not so much how to bring aesthetic knowledge to the craftsman as how to obtain the desirable conditions of work. These obtained by the workers who are capable of any measure of beauty to-day under present conditions, it will certainly still accrue, if not to many others. Yet it is for the saving of them from entire disappearance that Mr. Penty would have us believe we must tolerate the wealthy and those conditions of scramble and prostitution amongst artists.

We are to believe that Art is to-day stimulated and solely sustained by the discriminating patronage of an aristocratic and wealthy class. But Mr. Penty will pardon me, I hope, if I remind him that Queen Victoria patronised the Arts, no doubt to the best of her aristocratic ability and discrimination, and her husband had much to do with the founding of our State schools for the propagation of design. This I think, as fair and irrelevant an argument as his of the architects enjoying security, comfort and leisure in public offices.

**HAYDN R. MACKEY.**

**BRITISH BANISHMENT LAWS.**

SIR,—Will you let me tell Mr. Alfred E. Randall and his readers that in the article headed “Law and Government in a British Protectorate” (New Age, March 19) I find no blemish for which its writer is to blame, but that my learned friend, Mr. Ferrers, whose open letter was its text, has not given the facts quite carefully
enough. I am the journalist who stopped the particular injustice cited, and I rather resent the lawyer's facetious remark: "took care that it lost nothing in the telling." It gained nothing from my pen, for from what I read it was quite bad enough to horrify, naked and unadorned. Mr. Ferrers is quoted as saying that the Chinese clerk "came within the range of the letter." I did not offer the official even that provocation. The official was "off his head" during the excitement; he said I had been acting with "terror and savagery" and bullied him before his office-mates. You have heard what the Chinese feeling towards these feeling races is like. Consciences of innocence, aware of the awful power of reprisal possessed by the official, and goaded by "lost face," that youth returned a saucy answer. Ordered to write down his own name in case you read it if it did get to the papers. For that awful crime, and for that only, he was dragged through the streets to gaol, sentenced without trial to a term of imprisonment, to be followed by banishment. I thought nothing could come of it. Even Mr. Ferrers, who made an official announcement that I had done so, long before it was known, could hardly be coaxed a little distance into the field of argument. For a full month, in the "Strait's Express," the proprietor, Mr.Temple, exulted, contended, argued, threatened. All the other papers jeered (at "Wright's storm in a teacup"); and told their readers that nothing came of it. Even Mr. Ferrers, who might have backed me up, maintained silence. It was I who had finally to address every M.P. individually, and my announce-ment that I had done so, long before we got the news that a question had been asked, fetched the Government off its high horse. The young man was released; the official "broke." (I aff the all-employed him as one of my correspondents: he was quite a good chap at heart); and the Chinese community, in their grateful way, burdened me with a gold ornament far too big to wear, which also offered opening for the liberty-loving (?) Englishmen out there to sneer at. England, when it gets time to learn about its Crown Colonies (most of which I know), never want to inaugurate big changes there. Meanwhile I say quite soberly and seriously that the foregoing incident, and the ordinance implicated, is the all-round in-justice that my fellows live unashamedly alongside.

Jersey. * * *

A REDMOND FOR ULSTER.

Sir,—When I was a youngster I was familiar with an old Irish "Come-all-ye," which related that "In Ireland there are a thousand pogroms, and every day many other wonderful, fearful, and stupid things. But in the whole twenty verses there was no mention of anything so queer as the "Redmond-Howard.""

The fact is, sir, I can make it out, from the explanations already offered, it appears to be a two-headed beast with two utterly irreconcilable natures. One is called Redmond, an Irish Nationalist Home Ruler; the other is called Howard, an Ulster Covenanter, who takes an oath that Home Rule he will not have at any price.

This is all surely strange enough, but the queerest feature about the freak is that it proposes to be able to reconcile all these contradictory and mutually destruc-tive faiths by the use of a mere hyphen, thus:

Redmond-Howard.

One young fellow-me-lad, let's have less of your posing and prattle. Instead of pestering the readers of The New Age with explanations of the inexplicable, and excuses for the inexcusable, sit yourself down and make yourself acquainted with the real bearings of the Irish question.

There is plenty of material for you to dine on. Sir Howard has been mornings down on a tour of swash-buckling, that gentleman has been coaxed a little distance into the field of argument. Sir Redmond-Howard, England, from sheer necessity, would be compelled to force it upon her.

By the way, when, how, or where did Mr. Redmond-Howard learn that an incident which happened on April 6, 1882, was fatal to an action that occurred on April 8, 1886, or four years afterwards? Ireland is evidently in for some queer history-making if the above is a sample of the all-round in-justice that my fellows live unashamedly alongside.

Jersey.

* * *

THE POSTAL UNIONS.

Sir,—I am still doubtful whether it is an entirely wise step for an Executive officer of an organisation which possesses adequate machinery for the control of the Executive to engage in a public newspaper controversy with critical members. But I am now glad that I yielded to the temptation to enter the healthy debating atmosphere of your columns, because I think your general readers may learn something from what is perhaps the queerest scandal on record. As a result of the fudge of the "new generation" is going to turn out.

A final word with Mr. Redmond-Howard. It is time you were aware, Sir, that Thomas Davis is an Irish national institution. Unless you can refer to him without misrepresenting or maligning him, I think it better leave his name alone. Davitt outclasses your line.

* * *

PETER FANNING.

With mere assertions made, I was surely right to merely question them. The accuser brings the proof, according to our idea of justice, before the accused is asked to produce evidence for the defence. So I con-tented myself with obvious replies to the unsupported assertions of "A Postal Worker," and obtained what I wanted—argument.

The deceit and procrastination of the Postal Committees we are told, lie in the fact that their resort to Parlia-men-tary action does not fit in with the crisis described so vividly in the "Postal Worker." It is time that the interest-as above described—should be vigorously and loyally supported at mass meetings. What innocence of this wicked world is displayed in advancing this argument! Why blame an Executive head for getting a glimpse from the description in the Commercial Press which "A Postal Worker" himself so well describes? Are we to try and force the truth to the pace and along the path of the Yellow Press? Did any Executive officer of a Postal Trade Union ever seriously threaten an immediate strike?

"A Postal Worker" does not appear to know the constitution of the National Joint Committee which repre-sents him. All the faults of that Committee—and they are legion—spring from its constitution, N.J.C. policy! Executive powers except such "Greatest Common Factor as can be found in the perfectly independent policies of its constituent Unions, the policy—as above described—it is possessed of at present. Executive officers of the Postal Committee, if they would do their duty, should allow the Executive to dictate the terms; otherwise they will lose the confidence of the present and future readers, Mr. Editor, to accept my statement that the N.J.C. has never exceeded that all too modest charter. Its action at a past conference in London proves that, in my opinion, nothing in that scheme to hinder a larger Amalgamation, and "A Postal Worker" makes no attempt to convert me from this opinion. Above all, the views on Amalgama-
tion, and on the reorganisation of officers are merely Executive suggestions asked for, which, can, of course, be disregarded by the membership in Conference.

Surely "the Executive" misreads me in regard to Joint Boards. The unhappy phrase has probably been my undoing. But if he reads again the Executive suggestion to me, I shall see that after sufficient periodical inquiries—there must be inquiry—and arbitration between management and worker when disagreements occur, it is suggested that the vital questions regarding demarcation of work should be settled by committees composed of representatives of the staffs concerned and management. This is surely not Joint Board management. Surely this is not a Port Sunlight-cum-Furness gag. It is, as the workers never have lacked, and never will allow themselves, and return to your jobs before all the places are filled by the hundreds who, instead of drawing strike wages, are earning £2 7s. 11d. a week.

"Do not forget that competent men, who are coming into the provinces without much backing. This does not occur to them that attempting by bribes and playing upon fear to reduce the workmen from allegiance to their union is a form of treachery comparable to the Unionists' attempt to employ the Army to put down Liberal measures.

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DEMOCRACY AND MR. COX.

Sir,—Even at the risk of appearing too vigilantly parsimonious in the making of admissions, I feel I cannot allow myself to get drawn into a discussion so complicated as that proposed by Mr. Cox's last letter, without in the first place retracing my steps to a stage at which the main and simplest question remains unanswered, but rather because I feel that Mr. Cox and I are not even yet agreed as to the precise meaning of the terms we are using. For such a crop of questions to spring up spontaneously on either side in a dispute there must be something amiss with the very tokens or verbal cots in circulation between us. It was thus that the controversy began, and, unless we endeavour to be quite clear now, it is likely to continue along the same lines.

In his second letter, eight-ninth's exactly of which was devoted to my use of the word "essential," Mr. Cox put a definite question to me. Let me quote it: "Does he (meaning me) admit that the word essential is not used in its proper sense? If, moreover, I can urge him to acknowledge that, whereas there is a subtle distinction which would sanction a pedantic and meticulous classification on the lines which he suggests, men in all their essentials are equal, it will rest with him to prove that, in order for the doctrine of equal rights and privileges to be consistent, the subtle differences on which his pedantic classification rests are more important than what I understand as the essentials that all normal men have in common which constitute their equality."

Now you will see the point of the question Mr. Cox put to me, and you will be in a position to understand my manner of meeting it. Allow me to state at once, however, that I have made the above sketch of Mr. Cox's process of thought, not out of any desire to caricature his arguments, but as a way of putting to me, and you will be in a position to understand the doctrine of equality. Now, if I can induce him to admit that the word essential here is not used in its proper sense; and, moreover, that whereas there is a subtle distinction as to which would sanction a pedantic and meticulous classification on the lines which he suggests, men in all their essentials are equal, it will rest with him to prove that, in order for the doctrine of equal rights and privileges to be consistent, the subtle differences on which his pedantic classification rests are more important than what I understand as the essentials that all normal men have in common which constitute their equality."

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Now I will see what is my position? What have I done and said? I have maintained:—First, that my use of the word "essential" was legitimate; second (and here Mr. Cox declares that he does not understand me), "that if the democrat, with his belief in equality, maintains that what is common to all men in a state of barbarity is more important in classifying men for civilised political life than, let us say, the qualifications of ruler and subject, then I maintain that he is concealing essential differences, from the standpoint of civilised political life, beneath a generalisation derived from man as a genus."

As Mr. Cox is not certain of my meaning here, and as I consider this the whole crux of my position, perhaps I may be allowed to elaborate it.

In the hope of making myself quite clear, I used several words in the above argument which, if Mr. Cox wishes to quibble—an intention which, I fear, I last to suspect him—would have given him ample opportunity of so doing. I understand, however, that Mr. Cox is desirous of not being misunderstood, and that he does not intend to be made responsible for words, and does not understand them as a "cheval" upon shades of meaning which may or may not give him a momentary advantage.

Very well, then, let me restate the above argument in other words—words more guarded, I admit, but by no means intended to convey an idea different from that which led to this brief and free statement.

If the democrat, contemplating man as a species,
differentiated sharply by certain characteristics from the rest of the order Mammalia, takes those characteristics which all men as a genus have in common, and argues therefrom (which Mr. Penty seems to imagine) that the plutocracy is concealing beneath a generalisation derived from an abstract "Man," representing the genus Homo, from the rest of the Mammalia, are all important—indeed, that they constitute his identity against the background of the order Mammalia; but against the background "Social life" or "human community" there are characteristics which differentiate man from man in an equally striking manner, and therefore power compare. It may seem, it is unfair to place man as a genus against the background Mammalia and then to employ the resulting generalisation as an argument about man when the background has been shifted and Human Society stands in its place. This I understand was Rousseau's error. This I understand, too, was the error of the French Revolutionists. And, if I have not mistaken Mr. Cox, it is his error, too.

But this explains my question to Mr. Cox. Important for what? In reply to Mr. Caldwell Cook, I confess that he does not convince me by his pin-practice of the utter benevolence of government by one's schoolboy peers. Mr.-not that I am the patronage. I am appalled to hear that it reminded me of an ancient assault against my unruy childhood, when an inquisitorial nurse tied me by the wrist to a chair-leg with, not a rope, but a piece of cotton. The second time this day I do not undertake my vestibular terror. I should like to know what would happen to the one who either was bored at the pin-joke and refused to see it any more, or was disgusted at some fancied indignity in the business—to one who yelled out or "squeezed through the nose just in the nick of time? Would his peers be allowed to stone him for his refusal to keep their order? I divine more tyranny, more misery and proud melancholia to be the portion of a rebel against government by one's peers than ever fell to one who could at least make allowances for the natural right to show off vested in a superior.

**SYNTHESIS & ANALYSIS.**

Syr.—I am sure my handwriting must make reader, or printer, or whoever is responsible for the correspondence columns, swear. May I, however, make one correction? Musicians will be able to spell out the names of the Hungarian composers from the alphabetical combination given them. But I must protest against being made to uphold the musical analysts.

Mr. Liebich's chief charge against the democracy in its relation to art is that it is incapable of exercising discrimination. Does he then suggest (as implicitly he does), that the rich are capable of exercising discrimination? What, the obscene plutocracy capable of exercising discriminations that interest the interests and luxury of the rich the chances are it would utterly neglect its claims. Mr. Penty apparently does not fully realise the incalculable psychological potencies of his own phrase. "If the democracy took control of affairs." The spirit of democracy is not dead. It is but asphyxiated by the moral stench of Wager and Capitalism. Let the democracy but indulge in the vitalising exercise of taking control of affairs and we should inevitably behold the reviving of its spirit, and the speedy winging of that spirit to a concern for art.

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And where, oh where did Mr. Penty get the notion that "the average man ... always wants to dictate"? The average man part a wealthy locality is content servilely to toil through life at the dictates of the reigning orders of Rent, Interest, and Profit.

And for as the interests of the rich in art; well, look at the houses and streets of England. And look at the simplicity of the metre and language. But this simplicity is not lacking where required by the creators! I gave enough definition of the different orders of poets to require some consideration by Mr. Visiak if he wishes to discuss. His own suggestion that Chaucer and his order were inspired by the Seraphim and Coleridge by the Cherubim is no suggestion. His inspiration never being second-rate, there are so many ranks of it as degrees of skill in poets. Inspiration uniformed does not come within our judgment. We may believe that Coleridge's genius outran his talents, but what is the substance of that formless inspiration to us more than a dream? Here is distinction of the creators— they become masters of their inspiration once this approaches them.

Some time I may offer my study of Wordsworth's Ode; but it is years since I was committed to an analysis of some famous novel, a task that grows more oppressive with every passing week. However, the ode is far more to my taste.

**ART AND THE PLUTOCRACY.**

Sir.—It is impossible to reconcile two views on modern art, expressed in your issue of March, under the respective headings of "Present-Day Criticism" (unsigned), and "Art and Revolution," by Arthur J. Penty. Which of them, then is right? The first says with passionate eloquence: "Artists! ... Poets! ... Your enemies are the vulgar rich of today, the mismanaging plutocracy. Attack then this plutocracy! ... Only at the cost of mutual rivalry in sensationalism, and not in art, one, here and there, among you wins a temporary approval, or in the acknowledgment of my adversary's points.

**PRESENT-DAY CRITICISM.**

Sir,—Mr. Visiak has, of course, the right to place Coleridge among the creators if he can support his judgment. It is, in my opinion, no support to say that Coleridge's work is of child-like beauty and that child-beauty is never second-rate. (I never used this term, by the way.) The matter of literature is the simplicity of the metre and language. But this simplicity is not lacking where required by the creators! I gave enough definition of the different orders of poets to require some consideration by Mr. Visiak if he wishes to discuss. His own suggestion that Chaucer and his order were inspired by the Seraphim and Coleridge by the Cherubim is no suggestion. His inspiration never being second-rate, there are so many ranks of it as degrees of skill in poets. Inspiration uniformed does not come within our judgment. We may believe that Coleridge's genius outran his talents, but what is the substance of that formless inspiration to us more than a dream? Here is distinction of the creators— they become masters of their inspiration once this approaches them.

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