NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We do not underrate the importance of the scheme, now under practical consideration, for effecting the economic co-operation of the three great Unions of the Miners, the Railwaymen and the Transport Workers. No event in our time at any rate surpasses it in interest or in potency; for it is obvious that, given the mind to do it and with the means now being devised, the million and a quarter members of these particular unions have it in their power to hold up industry quite as effectually as ever an army has held up a parliament or a parliament a people. Moreover, the terms of the co-operative alliance, as outlined for the guidance of the Committee deputed to draw up a complete scheme of common action, are such as, in our opinion, to secure the maximum of power to the group together with the maximum of liberty to each of its three constituents. A central Board of Control (executive as well as legislative, we presume) is to be created for the three bodies; all sectional strikes are to be discouraged; but in the event of one Union finding itself engaged in an economic struggle the others are to come to its assistance. This, if you please, is no less than the Sympathetic Strike that we have always advocated on a scientific scale. If there must be strikes, we have urged, the principle of all for each and each for all is necessary to their success; and the new co-operative economic alliance is the first step, and a long one, towards the practice of it.
enemy, namely, the capitalists, are nearer at hand, is

worthy of this purpose when all the time the real

itself

in the third place, the attempt is doomed to failure whether

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private capitalists? Is it not upon the theory that Par-

succeed or fail

If Parliament to choose between partnership with the Unions and seeing the Unions in partnership against the State with the existing private employers.

More light, however, is thrown on the capacities of the men's leaders by the remarks of Mr. Robert Williams of the Transport Workers in the interview to which we have referred. Mr. Williams, if we are not mistaken, is a member of the Board of Management of the "Daily Herald" and a member of the press. He would have it known that he is also a reader of THE NEW AGE, and, at times, at least, as severe a critic as anybody of the antediluvian tactics and ideas of the Trade Union leaders of the passing generation. From him therefore we were entitled to expect an entirely new and possibly illuminating statement on the capacities of the new alliance as advanced as his association with the "Daily Herald" presumably demands. To our surprise, however, Mr. Robert Williams is not only as little advanced as his oldest colleague, but he is enthusiastic in his foolish rage and reckless extravagance. Any conjecture of circumstances demanded the utmost intelligence man can give to it, the present situation of the Labour movement is surely it. We are on the eve of the first great trial of civilisation: either wage-slavery must be abolished or capitalism will perfect itself and fasten slavery upon the world for centuries to come. And if any great movement has ever been affected by intelligence and ideas, we think we are not boasting if we say that the prospective alliance of Unions for common economic action has been partly at any rate produced by the propaganda we have shared in during the last seven years. But Mr. Williams will not have it that intelligence has had anything to do with what is forming. The employers of the industry, he holds, far from fools in business strategy, will be ready to approach or be approached by them directly. What need is there then to worry Westminster? Surely the collective bargainers on which so high a value is set by the men's leaders would then be the proper course of procedure; for with a complete Union on one side and a complete federation of employers on the other, and with each party necessary to the other if industry as we know it is to be carried on, the strategic position of the men would be at least as favourable to them as to the employers.

What need, again, for Parliament to be called in—more especially as Parliament would in all probability throw its weight on the side of the status quo? It is true that in the attempt to combine capital and labour under its eyes it takes no steps to substitute itself for Capital and thus to form a National Guild with Labour as its partner, its fate must be upon its own head. At least Labour will not be in the invidious position of having asked Parliament's assistance in forming an alliance against the State. After all, it has been without much Parliamentary assistance that the Unions have arrived at their present strength. It is without any Parliamentary assistance that such wages as the Unions now command have been obtained. We go even further—as far, in fact, as Mr. Thomas or Mr. Brace—and say that but for the strength of the Unions, and that upon Parliament can order property as it pleases, fix wages as it likes and compel private employers to pay them? But it is the maddest proposition that ever came out of an ignorance of history and economics. Not only Parliament, but Parliament, lay down the law about wages and enforce it on private employers. It would indeed be such a breach of liberty as any Parliament would be to choose between making an alliance against the State with the existing private employers.

But not only is the attempt to employ Parliament to raise wages doomed, in our opinion, to fail if made, but it stands to reason, we should have thought, in any case the route is circuitous as well as perilous. By the time that a single blackleg-proof Union is formed the employers of the industry, he holds, far from fools in business strategy, will be ready to approach or be approached by them directly. What need is there then to worry Westminster? Surely the collective bargainers on which so high a value is set by the men's leaders would then be the proper course of procedure; for with a complete Union on one side and a complete federation of employers on the other, and with each party necessary to the other if industry as we know it is to be carried on, the strategic position of the men would be at least as favourable to them as to the employers.

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are more "interested" in the emancipation of Labour than we are. They are, it is true, more directly responsible, for they accept salaried offices for that very purpose; but it no more follows in their case than in the case of the Members of Parliament that the acceptance of responsibility absolves the rest of us from interest, even from vital interest, in their duties. Again we utterly deny that the Labour movement or its Trade Union section is in any sense whatever the private affair of its members or of its officials. If not yet, it is by intention and we, hope, in fact as well, destined to transform society and so to affect every area of public life. This is not a hale-and-corner affair in which professed publicists like ourselves have no part. On the contrary, it is our duty to uphold our intelligence to it; and we shall do so whatever Mr. Williams or his colleagues may say. Let them therefore take it from us as our claim on behalf of all publicists that we mean to continue our "interference" in Trade Union affairs; and we mean to be listened to! Control, naturally, we do not ask or expect. But consideration we not only ask and expect, but in the long run we shall command.

* * *

Now let us turn to Mr. Williams' own theory of the way to proceed. After such a denial as we have seen of the operation of intelligence in the affair, we should naturally expect from him an exemplification of stupidity. And we are not disappointed. For once Mr. Williams is consistent with himself. The railwaymen, the transport workers, he says, want better conditions and higher wages and shorter hours—in fact, the usual parrot-list of the old-time Trade Unionists and, for that matter, of non-unionists as well. But how are they going to get them in the question; and the further question needs to be asked whether all these things will satisfy Labour if along with them the wage-status is retained. Applying our despised intelligence to these trifling problems we have two ways, in that by no means, heaven or hell can wages be raised while the competitive wage-system remains in being; and, in regard to the second, that, provided Labour is content to maintain the wage-system, Capital may safely be trusted (in a double sense) to give it everything the stalled ox now receives as a matter of course. Can Mr. Williams, we wonder, spare a little of his time from "rebell[ing] to consider a few theorising on the organisation of Labour—and Capital? If he can, we would set him the elementary problem of individual impulse and without conference or collusion with their colleagues, rush into the fray just when they have a mind to and retire at any moment they feel disposed. But this is not the way that the movement ought to be carried on. Even Mr. Williams, we think, could not defend this method of a rabble rout. To ensure the movement the preservation, let alone the extension, of such victories as it has already won, the formation of a permanent Council of Direction is immediately and imperatively demanded. And in our opinion the standing Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress is the body naturally adapted for this purpose.

* * *

We are considering, however, the defects which the past week has revealed. Let us examine them in order. On Tuesday a debate took place in both the House of Lords and the House of Commons on the subject of the present economic condition of the agricultural labourer. Surely this is no mean matter for Trade Union thought, seeing that, as Messrs. Pole and Mellor in their article in the "Daily Herald" of April 24 properly point out, every agricultural labourer is a potential urban blackleg. What is the use of protesting against the importation of alien cheap labour or of attempting to form blackleg-proof unions if an inexhaustible supply of blacklegs is permitted to be bred in the country and poured into industry at the discretion of the employers? The unions might as well try to carry water in a sieve as hope to make themselves blackleg-proof while the agricultural labourer remains unorganised. And the astonishing thing about the business is that the very classes who presumably have most to lose by the organisation of Hodgone's "proper" the only classes at present disposed to recommend or assist it. We do not, of course, refer to such men as Lord Lilford, of whose type, no doubt, there are plenty of specimens; but to more important members of the landed and capitalist classes. Lord Salisbury, for example, in the debate on Tuesday, explored the fact that of all the sections of the proletariat the agricultural labourer alone had been left to "the unhampered operation of economic laws." The collective bargaining, he said, that had been comparatively successful in certain sections of the country, was unknown in agriculture for the reason that Trade Unionism scarcely existed in the country. Lord Crewe, again, speaking on behalf of the Government (nearly every one of whose members has now expressed a similar opinion) urged the fact that the agricultural labourer has no union and cannot strike as the sole excuse for Government interference. And in the Commons the same thought was expressed, and formed, indeed, the background of the whole discussion. Now we wonder that the Trade
Union leaders are not ashamed to be thus rallied and sneered at by their professional antagonists; and all the more because the truth of the charge is undeniable. Yet it appears that this and any addition from their friends; the chastening of their enemies they love! The situation of the agricultural labourer, however, is so serious that we venture to say that either a campaign of Trade Unionism must instantly be begun amongst the tenants against the landlords to defeat the ends of the landlords and their tenant farmers would have combined against the labourer to defeat the ends of the Trade Union organisation can possibly raise what would happen if Wages Boards were actually established. Long before, he said, wages were really of complete Trade Union organisation can possibly raise.

For, we know, as a matter of fact, that neither Wages Boards nor agreements by consent nor any device short of complete Trade Union organisation can possibly raise the general standard of living of the rural workmen. Lord Lansdowne himself is aware of this, for in his speech in the debate on Tuesday he indicated shrewdly that far-sighted prudential strategy, we may say, is already under adoption. Already in every agricultural district landlords and their tenants are putting their heads together to devise plans against the proposed legislation; and there is no doubt in our minds that these plans will be effective.

On the subject of the Ford Motor Company's offer of profit-sharing to its employees at Manchester we were wrong in saying that a complete silence has been maintained by the Trade Union leaders. Another "Daily Herald" rebel, we believe—Mr. Bowerman—has had something to say on the matter, though it would have better been had he said nothing. For his comment was to the effect that while profit-sharing in general is inimical to Trade Unionism, particular cases may arise, of which the Ford case is one, when it becomes acceptable and even welcome. But the man must surely have been talking through his hat or have never devoted five minutes' reflection to the matter! What is the distinction between profit-sharing schemes acceptable to Trade Unionism and profit-sharing schemes that are not? It is not a matter of mere calculation in terms of money, but a matter of principle; and the principle, we should have thought, was obvious. Those profit-sharing schemes and those alone that deal with the Union as a Union are acceptable; while those that deal with employees individually, be they never so generous to look at, are and ought for ever to be neither acceptable nor even tolerated. On the face of it we agree that the terms offered by the Ford Motor Company are such as to tempt its employees to close with them. A forty-eight-hour week with a wage of sixty shillings and a practically guaranteed service is an offer not to be lightly rejected. But, in the first place, where we may ask, does the Union come in? and, in the second place, what is to be set off, even by the Ford employees themselves, against these remarkable gifts? The Ford Company is not in business for its health nor has philanthropy anything to do with it. If the Company gives much, it is because it hopes to get much; and, sure enough, when we examine the contra account of its credit, we see that it expects to get a great deal more than it gives. Efficient service in the workshop, of course, goes without saying; but what about leisure of the workmen must be as carefully supervised as their industrial hours. That, we may take it, is the price the men will have to pay for their bonus; and it is a high price, too. So much for the lucky men—and now what about the Union? Is it likely that the Ford Company will encourage unionism among its employees? Is not the tendency of both parties to state the case as a choice between devices which impair a workman's efficiency in the shop? Gently, perhaps, but surely, this vice will be eliminated; and the end will be in the Ford Works as elsewhere where profit-sharing schemes without the Union are permitted, that trade unionism is ousted. Will Mr. Bowerman now reconsider (if he has ever considered the matter at all) his assumption that the test of profit-sharing schemes is what they immediately bring in to the men concerned. We say that, on the contrary, their test is what they bring in to the Union.

As an old Radical, Mr. Keir Hardie is to be congratulated on his success in forcing the issue of the use of the Army in strikes. But much more is involved in it than appears at a glance. Rightly or wrongly (and thanks to the imbecility of the Unionists) the country has got a firmly fixed in its mind that the officers of the Army who have never been publicly known to refuse to shoot down strikers have now refused even to risk the shooting down of the Ulster gentlemen rebels. We will say nothing, for the moment, of whether this popular impression is just or unjust, well or ill-founded. We have only to remark that it exists, is now ineradicable, and must be taken into account. But how should it be taken into account by Labour? Undoubtedly by the means suggested by Mr. Keir Hardie; in other words, while the impression is still recent, advantage should be taken of it to declare that the use of armed military against unarmed strikers saaI henceforth illegal. This, however, must not be taken to imply that the use of troops will necessarily be impossible in the future, for there is the example of South Africa to show that many things are possible even when they are not lawful. On the on the other hand, the unlawfulness of the use of any executive weapon is a deterrent, at any rate, to its easy use; and we may therefore expect, whatever be the outcome of the present Committee, that Governments in future will think twice and perhaps thrice before bringing out their troops to support blacklegs. But the responsibility of the State for public order and the responsibility of Labour for its methods of campaign are in nowise diminished by the fact that troops can no longer be used. On the contrary, the responsibility of both parties is greatly increased. For if it will be to the interest of Governments to anticipate, and by anticipating to prevent, dangerous industrial strikes in the future, it will be to the interest of Labour in the future to see that it strikes, if at all, for some public object. It would be monstrous indeed if Labour, having persuaded the State to drop its sword, were then to make a brigand's demands on society. To compel the State to refrain from using its sword against strikers but to employ it against profitseekers would perhaps be a sweet revenge, but it would also be a very wild kind of justice. Fair play demands that if the State in future is to forgo the use of its lethal weapons, it shall be met with intelligence and with intelligence alone. We need not say that we look forward in consequence to a period of real discussion of Labour problems. Force, as Joubert said, is right till reason is ready. And now that force is about to be withdrawn (if only partially) reason would do well to prepare itself. Mr. Williams, take note!

We have left ourselves no space in which to consider the subject of the Fabians' proposed maternity endowment, and it will keep us busy among other things. Our next week's issue will be the first of our fifteenth and possibly last volume. It would be in the tradition of things if, having ushered in the new age of intelligence in Labour affairs, THE NEW AGE were to die on its threshold. Abst omem.
THE NEW AGE

Current Cant.

"It is pleasant to detect a note of reaction against the cruder party politics creeping into the Press. The 'Daily Express,' which is certainly one of the few daily papers which take even their politics seriously, . . ."—G. R. S. T. in the "Daily Herald."

"The ideal for man is not the country but the city. . . . One represents the primitive, the other the advanced."—Rev. W. H. Armstrong.

"Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George are probably the finest, best, noblest specimens of the human mold, sent by the gods, so far, upon the planet called Earth."—A. Harvey.

"Millions of children are happier to-day than would have been the case had the I.L.P. never existed. . . ."—Daily Mail.

"The 'Daily Mirror' has for a long time been a paper that has been kept longer in every house than any other paper—we mean that people look twice and thrice at our photographs, cut them out, and generally refrain from throwing their 'Mirror' on one side. . . ."—Daily Mirror.

"Melodrama is always true to life."—George R. Sims.

"It is surprising that in the existing conditions of our State life the Independent Labour Party is not a more powerful body than it is. It has come of age, it has ideas, and a vocation, and leaders full of zeal and experience."—The Nation.

"Paris quickly succumbed to the Queen's smile."—Daily Mirror.

"The 'Daily Mail' with honest naiveté. . . ."—The Star.

"The Government have nothing to conceal."—Daily News and Leader.

"The Liberal Party, the Tory Party, and the House of Lords are nothing against the united intelligence of democracy."—Ramsay MacDonald.

"Mr. George Bernard Shaw has reached the pinnacle of success which is implied in the prosperous production of one of his plays at His Majesty's Theatre."—The Era.

"About £90 has been saved through not paying the choir-boys, and the result has been most satisfactory."—Vicar of St. John's, Exilsie.

"There is no greater living master of the psychological nature of Man than the author of 'Ann Veronica.'"—J. G. Sinclair.

"When their Majesties visit Paris, King George is to sleep in a bed which was used by Napoleon. A very pretty compliment, and one that has much significance."—Fall Mall Gazette.

"King George believes in looking into things himself. His Majesty is an early riser."—Ideas.

"Comparative poverty is very agreeable—when you get used to it."—The Spectator.

"The best description of what a motion-picture theatre should be is that applied by Shaw to the stage. He says it should be 'a factory of thought, a prompter of conscience, an elucidator of social conduct, an armoury against despair and dullness, a temple of the Ascend of Man.' The shaft of light that is sent from the projecting machine to the screen would then become better than the cheering and healing one of Radium, penetrating the depths of all that is mysterious and illuminating not only its truth and error but what is behind it all."—The Gaumont Weekly.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

Last week I promised to add a few words about Russia; and as it is only a few words I will continue the subject at once. The Russian industrial elements, I pointed out, had enormously increased both their resources and their production within the last twenty years; and it is these industrial elements who, exactly like our own industrial elements in Lancashire in the early part of last century, are striving for the 'freedom' which a political 'pull' would give them. The industrialists who are now exploiting Russia, let me remind the reader, are in very many cases not even Russian; they are simply Germans and Poles working with French money; and if I may add, in number of French, English, and German firms which have established branches in various parts of Russia and make no attempt to conceal their identity under a Russian name.

When our good Liberals show themselves anxious to further the cause of 'freedom,' and so on, in Russia, they are really furthering the aims of every anti-Russian group in the Empire and throwing the Tsar's dominions from one end to the other open to the manipulation of cosmopolitan financiers. There is nothing surprising in that, perhaps; for Liberalism means capitalism wherever it is found, and, though the English Liberals write and speak and vote in entire ignorance of what their writings and speeches and votes mean in practice, they nevertheless strengthen the cosmopolitan capitalistic interests which brought them into being as a political body. It is rather our national duty—and why should we play the game of our commercial competitors?—to assist the interests in Russia which are anti-capitalist. I am not pleading for Rent as against Interest and Profits. I admit that there is a battle in progress between Rent and the other two partners in the trilogy that seeks to oppress the worker in other European countries. The point is that the Mir system in Russia, which in spite of Acts of Parliament and decrees of all sorts, is still a strong economic force, was largely communist in character, in the best sense, and not the Fabian sense, of that word. It is sad enough to think that, not knowing what 'freedom' means in Russia, our Liberals should first of all have misunderstood the word and then tried to force an erroneous interpretation of it upon a friendly nation.

In spite of the absence of a definite alliance, however, it appears that we are going to have some sort of Russian understanding which may take its place and supplement the Anglo-Russian agreement. On Thursday last, after Sir Edward Grey had had several consultations with M. Doumercque, the French Premier and Foreign Minister, and with all the permanent officials holding high posts in the French Foreign Office, a statement was issued to the Press to the effect that the Entente Cordiale had agreed about its policy and that Russia might be expected to work harmoniously with the other partners in the Triple Entente. It may be taken for granted that fewer negotiations will in future have to be entered into among the partners of the Triple Entente when many stock questions come to be discussed—e.g., Morocco, Balkan Finance, Near Eastern Railways, and the like. The only agreement which this country will find it advisable to enter into with Russia, so far as any actual policy is concerned, is one regulating the branch of the Bagdad Railway which is to be connected with the Russian Railway lines in Northern Persia, the influence to be exercised by Great Britain in the so-called neutral zone between Northern and Southern Persia, and the attitude to be adopted by both countries towards the German encroachments in Asia Minor. I have already referred to the number of concessions which German firms, with the cordial approval of the Berlin Govern-
ment, have succeeded in wringing from the Turks; and these concessions, most of which are, for railways, bring Teuton, Slav, Latin, and Anglo-Saxon into close touch in a part of the world which will, in a very short time, be as susceptible to financial exploitation as the Balkans, Morocco, or China.

A few weeks ago I quoted from a semi-official article in one of the German papers to show how insistent the Germans were on keeping open the land route to Asia Minor, since almost their entire supply of food and raw material would, in time of war, depend upon their doing so. The aim is legitimate enough, but, if it were carried out to its full extent, it would give Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy such predominating power in the Balkan Peninsula, the Levant coast, and Asia Minor itself that not merely the economic interests but the political prestige of other Western European nations in the Near East would be threatened very seriously. The best and most peaceful means of combating the German pretensions to dominate Asia Minor politically through the Bagdad railway, economically through various other concessions, and strategically through her influence in the Turkish Army, is to form an opposing group of Powers, not desirous of actual territorial conquest—for that would be too dangerous and quite unnecessary—but determined to uphold their prestige.

Let me put it this way: Germany is the least cultured country in Western Europe. Should New Argos readers like to think that they, their culture, and their ideals were being represented to the Turks, the Arabs, and the Persians by the commercial and military legions of Kaiser Wilhelm II? Have we not a right to insist, is it not our duty to insist, that if the development of Asia Minor is inevitable France and England shall be allowed to participate in it on equal terms with the Teutonic nations?

This opposing group of Powers, which I have just referred to, has already come into existence, and it has worked together harmoniously enough for several years. It has been an ally of the Entente. When Germany, Austria, and Italy bound themselves together by an offensive and defensive treaty, renewed from time to time, it was essential that there should be a counterweight, and the counterweight arose in the form of the Triple Entente. In spite of the fact that the existence of such a group of nations is evidenced by the fact that several of the most important Powers have definitely announced that their country is going to keep open the land route to Asia Minor,

The aim is legitimate enough; it is, after all, an inevitable thing. But if Germany gains not another inch of territory, as several Senators and Representatives ingenuously admitted, "America has no case." And then they rejected the Arbitration Treaty of 1912. May I ask what the "Daily News" has to say about this?

Furthermore, our interests are again clashing with those of the United States in Mexico. There is no need to wonder why the American Government, in the face of the gory reports and protests of every civilized Government in the world, deliberately aided the rebels in the north, encouraged them, and gave them supplies of food, arms, and ammunition. The Governor of Texas, Mr. Colquitt, calls for the immediate annexation of all the Mexican oil lands which Russia and the United States alone—it rose from 15,000,000 barrels in 1912 to 23,000,000 barrels in 1913; and there is no reason why, with proper development, the output should not be trebled within the next two years of this enormous oil-production, nearly 80 per cent, is controlled by two groups of economic interests: the Mexican Eagle Oil Company (Lott Cowdry) and the Mexican branches of the Standard Oil Company. Of the 110 oil companies registered, at least 65 are American and 28 British. This, perhaps,
will explain the anxiety of the American Government to get rid of President Huerta, who has tried to govern justly, according to his lights, and to appoint a nominee of the colossal financial interests at the back of the Democratic Party.

**Military Notes.**

By Romney.

By the time this appears the Americans will probably have shown how far they mean to go in Mexico—a point upon which, probably, they are themselves not yet decided. It would no doubt be very gratifying to national vanity, and to the pockets of the oil interests, to undertake a capture of Mexico City; but if the Americans are wise, they will embroil themselves as little as possible. Although a poor fighter in the field, the Mexican is an adept at guerrilla warfare, and his country is admirably suited to that sport. Nothing could please the Japanese better than to see the United States entangled in a long and costly repetition of the Boer War on Mexican soil. And it is the Japanese, and not Huerta, who are the real enemy of America at the present juncture.

"God's own country" is practically unprovided with an army. The Regular troops are good enough for their normal work—the policing of the Mexican frontier and the garrisoning of isolated posts—but they are unaccustomed to training even in regiments, and experience in the handling of larger units is reported to be entirely lacking. The American attaches in the Manchurian campaign were conspicuous for their professional ignorance, and the American marines at the siege of Pekin were conspicuous for their indiscipline although they fought well when they were needed to.

Altogether it may be said of the descendants of Lee and Grant that if they really had to fight and had time to make an army they would be a formidable enemy: but that at the present moment their military ignorance, their national democratic arrogance, and the face disagreeable realities, render them about the most unsoldierly nation upon earth. The military traditions which still obtain amongst Englishmen would enable us to turn out something like an army in a few months. But America, with a far smaller Regular army, without any real substitute for our Special Reserve and Territories, and, above all, without that somewhat hazy but quite real idea of what is expected of a soldier which persists in Great Britain, would not be able to do the same thing within a year. And that although, as individual fighting men, the American would conceivably present the better material.

The danger which is run by the United States from a Japanese invasion is great. The late Homer Lea observed this in his book "The Valour of Ignorance", written some years ago. He pointed out that since the American fleet can scarcely be in the Atlantic and the Pacific at the same time, and even with the Panama Canal completed, will take time to get from the one to the other, and the paramount necessity of protecting the large Eastern coast towns chains it to the Atlantic in peace time, the Japanese will have sufficient time at their disposal to pour overwhelming forces into California before it arrives on the scene. These forces can live on the country, even if their communications with Japan are interrupted. Until time has been given for the organisation of the militia, the Japanese will have nothing to oppose them. The Pacific slope will fall into their hands, almost without resistance, and will have to be reconquered from the Middle West in the face of almost insuperable difficulties. To such a conquest the Rockies in the north and the waterless desert in the south are the most formidable obstacles. It is significant that the country where the talk of peace has been most hearty been the scene of perhaps the bloodiest war in modern history—and may be the scene of another bloodier still.

Attention was recently called by Colonel Seely to the existence of a large body of Nationalist Volunteers to counteract the Ulster movement. These people are no doubt enthusiastic, but they have no arms. The embargo on the importation of arms was designed to prevent arms getting to the Nationalists—the Ulstermen had obtained all they required before it was enforced—and it has achieved its end. The northerners were assumed to be under the control of their leaders, and therefore manageable if matters came to the worst—but the same could not be predicted of the south, and care was therefore taken that the south should not be armed.

A German non-commissioned officer has recently been sentenced to the nominal punishment of six weeks' arrest for brutality to his subordinates—one of whom appears to have been compelled to swallow the contents of a spittoon. This is the sort of thing that makes one realise the mental and moral gulf that divides us from the Prussian. Bullying has existed in the British army as in every other, but it has never reached such depths as these. In the first place the English soldier would not stand it: in the second place his officers would support him in his refusal. But the Prussian military code is incredibly wooden. Revolt is never condoned. It is on record that a company of infantry was subjected to the most outrageous punishments for disarming and binding their captain, who suddenly went mad and ordered them to plunge into an unfordable stream! Everyone remembers the case of the two privates who were severely punished for striking a drunken sergeant who had insulted a lady in their company. To the Englishman the Prussian lawgiver appears in several points cracked. What is more, he is cracked.

It must be remembered, of course, that the German military conscription takes only one man in every two, and that man, so far as possible, from the country as opposed to the town. Now the Prussian soldier is an idiot to his stupidity literally inconceivable: a few years ago it was not uncommon to find recruits who could not count above five, and who literally did not know their right foot from their left. The stick may conceivably be the only method of communication with such individuals. Finally, it is untrue to say that Social Democrats are mostly manufactured in the ranks of the army. The Social Democrats are principally townsfolk, of whom the majority do not serve.

**A Cabinet Council.**

By Conclavist.

Were one of a cynical nature and wished to indulge one's bent to its full extent, one could not do better than invest a gentleman in a piece in certain issues of the current Press. Never before, I should imagine, has the world witnessed such a debauch of infamous fabrications. Day after day these publications are dealing with the same set of men and the same set of circumstances, and yet—their comments upon affairs are as false as they are various. Some, like the "Times" and "Daily Mail," though owned by the same people, cannot relate a matter of fact in the same manner. The "Mail" must tell the story in a way to please the halfpenny crowd, whilst the "Times" works the same matter to suit the taste of the penny proud. And neither bears any resemblance of the truth. On the other side, the "Daily News" is just as bad and will distort an incident beyond recognition. And then, what can one say about the gibbering idiot to whose column in the current Press. "Pall Mall Gazette"? He must be the same to do justice to the emissions.

It is said that the occasion discovers the man. If national destruction is the aim of the Conservative Party, then fortune has certainly favours an anti the person of Mr. Bonar Law. Here is a man with all the ignorance, insolence, and arrogance of the upstart, who, finding himself accidentally elevated above his capacity, descends to the level of the gutter and gives
the lie direct to the first Minister of the Crown in the House of Parliament. Cynics may sneer at such a vulgar exhibition; but wise men must weep at the degradation of public life. But it is also unforgivable, what is to be said about the comments which the Conservative Press have made upon it? There is a foulness about their chorus of approval which will remain for many a day. 'The Government is on the run,' says the Tory Press, and such are the words they use. 'The Plot' they shriek. Little do they know the man they are dealing with. When the Premier has settled with certain elements inside his own Cabinet, he will crush Bonar Law with as much ease as an egg-shell. Then we shall start in the modern Oates, Dangerfields, and Beddoes and their backers and abettors running to cover like a host of scared rats. The unusual series of Cabinet meetings held during the past few days has provided the Tory Press with plenty of matter for speculation. Consequently, we have had the usual crop of stories of rows and splits and disagreements, with promises of dissolution and a General Election as a result. There is not even an atom of truth in all these fantastic stories; they are merely invented to gratify the personal desire of their authors.

Here I offer an accurate report of the third Cabinet Council of the week, and I ask my readers to contrast it with those which have appeared in the party Press. Such a report will prove how utterly false all the alleged accounts really are.

Mr. Asquith: Gentlemen, I have called you together again so that we may deliberate upon the course we should pursue regarding the so-called Ulster plot and Mr. Bonar Law's demand for an inquiry. Of course, some of you are already aware of the nature of the information we have in our possession regarding the intentions of the Otagom to raid certain depots and seize the guns and ammunition. But you are not all aware of the whole of the information we possess as to the lengths the Conservative Party has gone to involve the Crown and the Army in their conspiracy. So far my greatest personal anxiety has been to keep the name of the Crown out of this wretched business. But this persistent clamour of the Opposition for an inquiry has made me consider—and this is the point I wish you to consider—whether the moment has not arrived when the real plot and the real plotters should be revealed to the public.

Our colleague Birrell will tell us of the information which the police in Ulster and our spies and informers in the ranks of the volunteers have remitted to Dublin Castle. But what I wish to speak about myself is the part played in the whole conspiracy by certain ladies of the Government. And I want you to see that you could defeat the whole Cabinet? Who was responsible for my defeat? The Chancellor of the Exchequer, of course. Leave it to me, and he would settle the matter satisfactorily. Has he, though? He imagined that the same cunning and deceit which he practised in England would carry him through in Ireland; but he has failed ignominiously. But there was another motive actuating the Chancellor, sir. Jealousy of myself. In his own choice phrase, he wished to take me down a peg, and the result has been that we are all likely to be taken down and kicked out in addition. But even that would gratify the Chancellor's spite, because if he cannot attain his aim and become your successor, he is determined that no member of this present Government shall.

Yes, Mr. Premier, that is the real trouble in this Cabinet, the overwhelming ambition of the Chancellor. He appears to have made up his mind that at all costs he shall become First Minister of the Crown. Study his unofficer career and contrast it with his official career. Fifteen years ago he was ramping round the country declaring that the war in South Africa, where I was engaged, was an infamous effort to steal the gold deposits of the Rand. To-day his own son and bosom friend Marconi Murray go abroad to steal the Oil deposits of South America.

Mr. Lloyd George: Leave my son out of it! Mr. Churchill: Why should I leave your son out of it? Why didn't you keep him out of it? Yes, sir. Mr. Lloyd George: They'll never do anything half so bad as your family.

Mr. Churchill: Wait and see! Considering you are the first of the tribe you haven't done so badly for a beginning. What I object to in this matter, sir, is this: Here is the Chancellor going about the country crying to raise an agitation against the cost of our naval defence, at the very same moment that his own son, with his friends Cowdray and Murray, are creating new Imperial responsibilities at the other side of the world, not for the enrichment of the nation, or the bene-
fit of the people, about whom he pretends to be so solicitous; but to found a dynasty of the Lloyd Georges.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE: It would be a cleaner dynasty than the Churchills.

Mr. ASQUITH: Pray, gentlemen, desist from these personalities.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE: What's he girding at me all the time for?

Mr. CHURCHILL: Because you are the author of all our misfortunes.

Mr. BURNS: I suggest that the table do really be cleared this time, and they settle the question forthwith. Mr. CHURCHILL: You forget, Mr. President, that I am a soldier.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE: A wooden one!

Mr. HARcourt: Shame, shame. Mr. Premier, that altercation of the Chancellor's is simply infamous. The First Lord has proved himself on many a field. Considering the nature of the Chancellor's contribution to the national credit I think he should display some sense of decency.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE: Oh, ah! Stick up for your own class.

Mr. HARcourt: I am not sticking up for a class. I am sticking up for a soldier and a gentleman. And you'll never be either.

Mr. ASQUITH: Gentlemen, I am sure it must occur to your own good sense that at this rate we shall never reach a decision upon the important subject which has brought us together to-day. I must really ask you to give order, Mr. Chancellor, and allow the First Lord to proceed.

Mr. CHURCHILL: It was my intention, sir, to deal with the Continental situation, particularly our obligations to France and our relations to Germany. I also proposed to show how, in my estimation, these are both implicated with the Continental situation, particularly our obligations to France and our relations to Germany. I also proposed to show how, in my estimation, these are both implicated with the Continental situation, particularly our obligations to France and our relations to Germany. I also proposed to show how, in my estimation, these are both implicated with the Continental situation, particularly our obligations to France and our relations to Germany. I also proposed to show how, in my estimation, these are both implicated with the Continental situation, particularly our obligations to France and our relations to Germany. I also proposed to show how, in my estimation, these are both implicated with the Continental situation, particularly our obligations to France and our relations to Germany.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE: I am sticking up for a soldier and a gentleman. And you'll never be either.

Mr. ASQUITH: So far I am in agreement with the conclusion of the First Lord. I also feel that a full disclosure of the facts regarding the changed conditions in the Imperial position would rally all the people to our aid. However, gentlemen, it is for you to decide. I now call upon the Chancellor.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE: What are all these changed conditions which are so darkly hinted at? I've never noticed them.

Mr. CHURCHILL: No! You've been too busy feathering your own nest.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE: It will never be so well lined as yours, anyway.

Mr. CHURCHILL: To what extent have you lined the public service with your creatures? How many ex-personal servants have you fastened on the necks of the tax-payers?

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE: Not so many as the Churchills! Mr. Premier, it astounds me that a man who counts as the founder of his house a rascal who deserted his King, betrayed his troops and played cuckold to his own wife, should have the impudence to come here and exhort upon the subject of plundering the tax-payer.

Mr. CHURCHILL: What a convenient memory for history the First Lord possesses, to be sure! He appears to imagine that we have forgotten that the Ulster bluff was initiated at the ancestral home of the Churchills, Blenheim Palace, the standing evidence of his ancestor's shame, by his own cousin. He charges me with being responsible for his having been baulked from speaking at the Ulster Hall. No, sir, that is not true! He was baulked by the Tories from whom he ratted. When the First Lord found that he could not boss the Tory Party, he deserted to us, where he imagines his aristocratic talents would have more scope. But here he repeated the blunder of his father. The father forgot Goschen and the son forgot Lloyd George.

Mr. CHURCHILL: Leave my ancestors alone.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE: Why should I leave them alone? Why should I not remind you of Sarah Jennings when you throw my son in my teeth?

Mr. CHURCHILL: Things have altered now.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE: Yes, but the Churchills haven't! Mr. BIRRELL: Mr. Premier and gentlemen, I rise to enter a most emphatic protest against the conduct we have witnessed here to-day. And if it is going to continue, sir, I for one shall withdraw.

Mr. ASQUITH: I quite agree with the Chief Secretary. The conduct of the Chancellor and First Lord is disgraceful, and I am determined, from this forward, that neither shall shall we be trusted to myself. My relation to the country whilst they led lives of debauchery and shame.

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Old Wine in New Bottles.

By James Connolly.

SCRIPTURE tells us in a very notable passage about the danger of putting new wine into old bottles. I propose to say a few words about the equally suicidal folly of putting old wine into new bottles. For humbly submit that the experiment spoken of is very popular; just now in the industrial world, has engaged the most earnest attention of most of the leaders of the working class, and received the practically unanimous endorsement of the Labour and Socialist Press. I have waited in vain for a word of protest.

In the year of grace 1905 a convention of American Labour bodies was held in Chicago for the purpose of promoting a new working-class organisation on the lines necessary for its purpose, we have seen in all capitalist countries, and notably in Great Britain, the most earnest attention of most of the leaders of the working class, and received the practically unanimous endorsement of the Labour and Socialist Press. I have waited in vain for a word of protest.

As one of the earliest organisers of that body I desire to emphasise also that as a means of creating in the working class the frame of mind necessary to the upbuilding of this new order within the old we taught, and now that the most important instance will arise in the minds of my readers, but I humbly submit that side by side with that enlargement and affiliation of organisations there has proceeded a freezing up of the fraternal spirit of Labour than was exhibited in that year of conflict and victory.

The defeat in the rank and file of one great union, and that one membership card of one great union, and that one membership card of the working class in unions built upon the economic machinery of society. The means proposed to that end—and it is necessary to remember that the form of organisation adopted was primarily intended to accomplish that end, and only in the second degree as the means of performing the work of the old, and performing it from the industrial workers of the world, made great efforts being made to abolish sectional division, and to unite or amalgamate kindred unions. Many instances will arise in the minds of my readers, but I propose to take as a concrete example the National Transport Workers’ Federation. Previous to the formation of this body Great Britain was the scene of the propagandist activities of a great number of irregular and unorthodox bodies which, taking their cue in the main from the Industrial Workers of the World, made great campaigns in favour of the new idea. Naturally their arguments were in the main directed towards emphasising the absurdity implied in one body of workers remaining at work whilst another body of workers were on strike in the same employment. As a result of this campaign, a campaign frowned upon by leading officials in Great Britain, the Seamen’s strike of 1911 was conducted on and resulted in entirely new lines of action. The sympathetic strike sprang into being; every group of workers stood by every allied group of workers, and a great move of effective solidarity caught the workers in its grasp and beat and terrified the masters. Let me emphasise the point that the greatest weapon against capital was proven in those days to be the sporadic strike. It was in the swift and unexpected attack, its swiftness and unexpectedness, that won. It was the ambush, the surprise attack of our industrial army before which the well-trained battalions of the capitalist crumbled up in panics against which no precautions were available.

Since that time we have had all over these countries a great move of enthusiasm for amalgamations, for more cohesion in the working-class organisations. In the transport industry all unions are being linked up of the fraternal spirit of Labour. That indeed the most important instance will arise in the minds of my readers, but I humbly submit that side by side with that enlargement and affiliation of organisations there has proceeded a freezing up of the fraternal spirit of 1911; there is now, despite the amalgamations, less solidarity in the ranks of Labour than was exhibited in that year of conflict and of victory.

Into the new bottles of industrial organisation is being poured the old, cold wine of craft union. The much contempt small unions of the past had at least this to recommend them, viz., that they were susceptible to pressure from the sudden fraternal impulses of their small membership. If their members worked side by side with scabs, or received tainted goods from places where scabs were employed, the shame was all their own, and proved frequently too great to be borne. When it did succeed the sympathetic strike, and the fraternalisation of the working class. The local official can conscientiously order the local member to remain at work when the scab, or to handle the tainted goods “pending action by the General Executive.”

As the General Executive cannot take action pending a meeting of delegates, and as the delegates at that

used to repress and curb the fighting spirit of comradeship in the rank and file.

Since the establishment in America of the organisation I have just sketched, and the initiation of propaganda on the lines necessary for its purpose, we have seen in all capitalist countries, and notably in Great Britain, great efforts being made to abolish sectional division, and to unite or amalgamate kindred unions. Many instances will arise in the minds of my readers, but I propose to take as a concrete example the National Transport Workers’ Federation. Previous to the formation of this body Great Britain was the scene of the propagandist activities of a great number of irregular and unorthodox bodies which, taking their cue in the main from the Industrial Workers of the World, made great campaigns in favour of the new idea. Naturally their arguments were in the main directed towards emphasising the absurdity implied in one body of workers remaining at work whilst another body of workers were on strike in the same employment. As a result of this campaign, a campaign frowned upon by leading officials in Great Britain, the Seamen’s strike of 1911 was conducted on and resulted in entirely new lines of action. The sympathetic strike sprang into being; every group of workers stood by every allied group of workers, and a great move of effective solidarity caught the workers in its grasp and beat and terrified the masters. Let me emphasise the point that the greatest weapon against capital was proven in those days to be the sporadic strike. It was in the swift and unexpected attack, its swiftness and unexpectedness, that won. It was the ambush, the surprise attack of our industrial army before which the well-trained battalions of the capitalist crumbled up in panics against which no precautions were available.

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meeting have to report back to their bodies, and these bodies again to meet, and discuss, and then report back to the General Executive, which must meet, hear their bodies again to meet, discuss, and then report back to it to the local branches, which must meet again to re-
be held to tabulate the result of the vote, and transmit the greater unionism from its true purpose is to be old spirit of the worst type of sectionalism who will think so that remembers the vindictive fine that the body of workers in distress will be starved into foundboats.

The amalgamations and federations that are being built up to-day are, without exception, being used in the old spirit of the worst type of sectionalism; each local union or branch finds in the process of which it is part a shield and excuse for refusing to respond to the call of brothers and sisters in distress, for the handling of tainted goods, for the working of scab boats. A main reason for this shameful distortion of the greater unionism from its true purpose is to be found in the campaign against "sporadic strikes." I have no doubt but that Robert Williams of the National Transport Workers' Federation is fully convinced that his articles and speeches against such strikes are and were wise; I have just a little doubt that they were the best service performed for the capitalist by any Labour leader of late years. The big strike, the vast massed battalions of Labour against the massed battalions of capital on a field every inch of which has been explored and mapped out beforehand, is seldom successful, for the ground to be covered by the goods of the capitalist is so wide that it is real, fighting hitherto having been associated in his mind with personal animosity at close quarters. There was a short, stocky fellow with a large fig-}

The Day's Work in Albania.

By Anthony Bradford.

V.

An armistice had been arranged by the Balkan generals, but the Turks in Scutari took no notice of it, and they made sorties and their guns thundered as before. The Montenegrins and Servians remained on the defensive; the Serbs were doing daily sorties, and the streets of sick to our field hospitals increased. Riza Pasha, who had commanded in Scutari, had had his conference with Essad, and a tragic conference it was. The rank and file of the army in Scutari were mostly Albanian levies who served the Sultan only at times, and included very few Turks, and Riza Pasha had had some trouble in keeping the Imperial point of view in front of Essad and his Albanian rascals, who since the news of the Turkish defeats had been rather restless. Riza had but one rattle to rattle with his hands in his pockets, and that was the draft of a letter to be sent to the Imperial officialism of the old narrow sectional kind to infuse their commonwealth. With rules suited only to a somnolent working class, but the Turks in Scutari have been and are regularly coaled in British ports, and manned by Belfast and British members of the Seamen's Union.

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sions, but being a poor runner the Turk had got away, or shot before he could catch him. At last his time arrived during a sortie, and he at once dropped his rifle and gave chase. The Turk ran his best, under the notion that he was going to be shot. But he tripped and the Montenegrin was at once on top of him. He sat on him and was absolutely happy. He had caught a live Turk and had him for his very own. He was sitting thus, gloating, when unfortunately another Turk came in, and, evidently that you were considering, knocking out all his front teeth, and by some means enraging his mouth from ear to ear. Worse than that he anseated him; the Turk, thoroughly scared, escaped, and the Montenegrin, a frightful spectacle covered in blood, gave chase. So horrible did he look that a whole company of the enemy fixed at the side of the road. We found him running aimlessly about, somewhat demented, looking for the Turk, and later fixed him up quite comfortably, but during the time he had to remain in our hands he counted the days till when he could begin his chase again. Quite healed, he went back to the lines, and ultimately met his death by chasing a Turk right into the trenches of the enemy. He was a simple enthusiast, but his spirit was common in the Turk right into the trenches of the enemy. He began his chase again. Quite healed, he went back to the lines, and ultimately met his death by chasing a Turk right into the trenches of the enemy. He was a simple enthusiast, but his spirit was common in the

Towards the Play Way.

By H. Caldwell Cook.

XI. The Artist a Craftsman.

A projected work of art must be conceived in terms of its material representation. If otherwise it can never, save by accident, be carried out, I say deliberately leave the choice of subject to chance and rely upon the tools and the material to produce it spontaneously, than evolve abstract art conceptions without reference to some intended vehicle or continent.

As imagination bodies forth

The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen

Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing

A local habitation and a name.

A Spring ode is not just a feeling of joy in the earth's awakening. Nature alone is not art, and emotion, to become art, must needs be voiced in accordance with some accepted rule. Else were the slipping of a ram sufficient for a dance, and the cackle of gosse a song. Such feelings as lead the ram to skip and the goose to cackle may well excite a human being to a like behaviour, but it is only an artist who expresses his feelings in some accepted arrangement. Every artist, in fine, must submit to the traditional regulation of its own conventions. I do not propose to aim at any case, but simply to set down a few long-accepted principles of workmanship which are nowadays being either overlooked, as in education, or deliberately set aside, as in Futurist art.

The exultation felt in a spring morning only begins to exist as a poem when it is conceived in words, rhythm, music; and these elements of expression are in their turn conditioned by strict rules of syntax and by the conventional forms of metre. Even to break with the conventional forms of the past is at most to devise new conventions of your own. And so with the drama. A play is no more a play, without action (taking the word in its technical dramatic sense) than a poem is a poem, without words. Your conception of a character in a setting of circumstance is not a work of art until you show it as a course of action, and it does not become a play until you arrange the whole affair in accordance with stage convention. As well ignore your instruments in musical composition as ignore yourstage in playmaking. The conventions of the stage demand in practice firstly a plot, a story told in a series of episodes, and a number of characters created fit to carry out the design. Or you may put these two requirements the other way on and say that the first essential is a group of characters who demand a story in which they may show forth their temperament and psychological development. But this second theory of drama is, I think, rather the after-thought of a critic than a real principle of the craft. It has the flavour of a professorial dictum. In truth you start with the plot, but the story does not manage to get very far without the emergence of some characterisation; and thereafter the run side by side, plot and characterisation inter-acting. In the plays that I have seen brought by a group of boys this study becomes most interesting. The characters are not conceived and developed by an individual, but the boys each fall upon the story from a different aspect; and each part is created literally by a single player you sometimes get self-expression very definitely, and the characterisation may become very real.

Among other practical requirements of stage convention there are these: The stage itself must be reckoned as contributing to the drama as a work of art, as marvellous conditions sculpture; and all the limitations it imposes shall be allowed full consideration. The size and shape of your stage shall be thought on, and also what lighting you have available. The time at your disposal, the necessary division into acts and scenes, the exits and entrances, and especially the function of
the curtain—all these shall be laid down by the dramatist and the direction of them embodied in his play. They must not be left to the subsequent discretion of the producer, for his part is to interpret the intentions of the author; and he has no more right to tamper with the scheme of presentation (if the play is well constructed enough to have one) than he has to alter the wording of the lines. In this there is a clearly implied optimism of many Shakespearean productions of to-day. But my immediate object is to point out once more that by using the Play method in the study of Shakespeare you not only attain to a full appreciation of the literary value of the work—as I think has been sufficiently shown—but, further, you get an insight into the craftsmanship of the work by the study of its constructive side. You see how the difficulties are avoided and how advantage is taken of the opportunities.

A good playwright not only realises that he must build his play in accordance with the conditions of the stage, but, what is far more important, he relies for some of his nearest touches and some of his finest effects on those very conventions which hamper a weaker craftsman. As Mr. Penty has been observing, we derive this in the models set before him and to try it for himself in his own work, will never consent to make sensational departures from accepted rule, nor to lean upon empty artificial aids. Take the question of scenery. I do not say that they who use painted scenery if it had been obtainable. I believe he was the kind of craftsman who would be glad to make the best use of any likely aid that came his way. But I do say that it was more fortunate for a man of his poetical powers, and incalculable gain to poetry and to drama that there was not any realistic scenery available in the form of painted canvas. Shakespeare’s plays contain almost as much descriptive poetry as they do speeches in character—the third element being the proverbial caricature and moralising which so disturb Mr. Shaw. There is a two-fold reason for this full flood of poetry. In the first place, the man Shakespeare was full of that power of imagery and melodic expression which kept overflowing in the splendour of rare description and the majesty of high-sounding lines. And, secondly, it was necessary to supply the “scenery.” Had the stage been set about with great drop-curtains, frameworks of canvas and painted cloths upon which the scenes were represented, the descriptive passages which now make the half the beauty of the plays would have been either unnecessary or incongruous. Perhaps I shall be reminded that those same plays are staged to-day in a full setting of realistic paintings and lighted by an ingenious mechanism. But, for those of us who can still hear with our eyes the eye of imagination that far finer setting which is given in the lines, it is all this scenery and lime-lighting which are narrow it. Not strange at all! For its back-cloth streaked with severing clouds can only ruin it. Not strange at all; these words, though one is a metaphor of “indoors” and the other a personification, are bred in the bone of the play, while the canvas back-cloth is a mere fancy of the contemporary stage. Of course, it is not easy for a modern audience thus to fancy for themselves the imagery from the words. But contemporary stage productions give us no chance to try it. Who can enjoy a soundless rehearsal of a symphony in his head when a restaurant band is celebrating musical comedy airs? But if someone should kill all the professional managers, producers and scene-painters, our living actors could at once play Shakespeare to us as he should be played. It has been done in a hole-and-corner sort of way, time and again. The present duty of all who are interested in the restoration of the real drama is to fight in favour of some such training as I have advocated in connection with the Play Way in the classroom.

The putting of all these passages of descriptive poetry into the mouths of the persons of the drama has naturally had a noticeable effect upon the characters as they appear to us. Thus, many literary critics who have not been aware that stage conventions have an influence upon the plays, have conceived a very limited view of Shakespeare’s characters. Shakespeare himself was a poet, and many of his chief creations are poets too; but not by any means can everyone in the plays be claimed a poet. For its own sake the romantic drama cannot stoop to represent in a realistic manner the speech of all its minor personages. And in many of the lines the characters, both high and low, are but serving the office of scene-shifters, so to say. And in contrast to such a scene-painting as Oberon’s,

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Consider those gentlemen in shirt-sleeves whom one sees rushing on just as the scene-drop comes down. How flurried they are about their packing cases, and their shrubs and their ivy twigs! So eager, and only to spoil the play. And as the curtain goes up again—that curtain with its pretty chocolate-box picture of fountains and naked nympha—there again we mark a pair of pranced legs scuttling away into the wings. Pathetic presence at art.

Perhaps during the summer days of next term it might be suggested to some of our senior boys to write a mask in which the drama is represented as Titania in her dotage. To her, let an schoolmaster enter in the person of Oberon. It would be absurd, wouldn’t it, for a schoolmaster to be addressed as “Captain band?” Ridiculous; and yet I quote a Littleman letter. Very well, then Oberon shall enter saying:

Welcome good Robin, see’st thou this sweet sight? Her dotage now I do begin to pity.

And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.

And Titania shall wake up and exclaim:—
I be as thou wost wont to be: See as thou wost want to see.
My Oberon, what visions have I seen? Methought I was enamoured of an ass.

Let me ask the reader to mark the moral of this sport, for it must have appeared to many that every particular instance cited in illustration of the Play Way has a general application. I should not ask attention for a discourse upon Shakespearean productions unless I intended to draw some conclusions.

Mr. Penty has reminded us that the artist and the craftsman must be one. It has just been shown how the dramatist may at least control the decoration and setting of his play. Later I shall take up the discussion of how a group of players cannot only make their own dreams and act it themselves, but also, if they be given the opportunity, decorate their stage, make in their workshops all the necessary fittings, and even design, cut, dye and stitch their own costumes. My play-boys have not done this yet, but, given the opportunity, they, or any other group of boys, could do it.
THE CHAUFFEUR. By C. R. W. NEVINSON.
Readers and Writers.

"SEEMS SO," written by Mr. Stephen Reynolds after discussion with his two fishing partners, Mr. Bob and Tom Woolley, is now in a cheap edition (Macmillan, 1s.). I do not often recommend the purchase of a book, my own habit being no less frugal than my advice; but "Seems So" should be bought. The style, for all it is Mr. Reynolds', bears traces of the talks from which the book sprung. A merely literary man could not without help get down to the bottom of the well of English so often as Mr. Reynolds has done, even if he should be able to get to the bottom of his subject. Over and over again, in cases of intricacy, as well as of subjects alien to (city people would say) artisan fisherfolk, Mr. Reynolds drives home a nail with a phrase or a sentence fashioned by his friends. Take, for instance, the concluding comment on Divorce: "The aim of divorce is to make the best of a bad job." The wisdom is obvious, and the phrase is designed to make it so appear—but who would have thought of it without long reflection in manly company? For a phrase like "mud-spattered triumph," however, I imagine that Mr. Reynolds himself is responsible, as also for such remarks as that "unwillingness [of the girl] is usually an afterthought." Here the vocabulary is simple, but the idea is subtle. Mr. Reynolds is responsible also for the somewhat opportunist selection of authorities. He quotes with much approval Mr. Masculin, Mr. Bourne, and M. Bergson. But all three, in my judgment, have proved themselves to be out of key with "Seems So."

Mr. Antoine, at the Odéon Theatre, Paris, would no more agree than I do with the English faithful who regard Paris as the Holy Land of art. For seven years now he has endeavoured to maintain the best standards of drama at the Odéon, producing forty plays a year in a manner worthy of the attendance of intellectual princes. To his personal loss of some £5,000 a year has been added the State subvention of £4,000 a year; but even this immense sum did not represent the total deficit per annum. The Parisians, believe me, are no more devoted to art than we are; which is to say that, of its population, as of London's, only one in ten thousand is a devotee at all.

There are to-day, as my readers are probably aware, swarms of "literary agents" ready to exploit the writing itch of the public. Their plan is to invite manuscripts (with a fee) and afterwards to send them round to editors. What they send or where they send seems to be a matter of indifference: their only concern being to get their rounds over for the purpose of reporting their regretted failure. Most of these perambulating mendicants are, of course, illiterate. If the agents know any English at all, they must be well aware that the majority of the manuscripts they receive are worthless and unsaleable, even in the London journalist market. But this does not prevent some of them from pocketing the fees for the pretense of trying to find a market for them. An essay that was sent on approval to The New Age by a "literary agent" had "Culture" as its title. Its punctuation was infantile, its spelling was bad, its grammar was shocking, and its sentiments, I gathered, were selected from the writings of Mr. Blatchford. Yet all three, in my judgment, have proved to be out of key with "Seems So."

Mr. Monro, the editor of "Poetry and Drama," replies on behalf of his colleagues to my charge against "some of the young versifiers of to-day," that they are profoundly ignorant of the great English poetical tradition. He believes me (if they are like me), read from cover to cover: and a little less will be a relief; like the wise thrush, we can even read our articles twice over! At any rate, there is the position and there is the only possible decision.

The book on the "National Guilds," being mainly a reprint of the articles that have appeared in these pages, should be out next week; and copies may be ordered of Messrs. Bell at five shillings. By an error of the publisher, the authorship of the articles was ascribed to the Editor of the "New Age"; but, as my readers have been told many times, this ascription is misleading and false. More than one writer has had a hand in the work which on that very account is less an invention than a discovery and a forecast. My humble opinion is that the book is the most important sociological work that has appeared since Marx's "Capital." Its anonymity should ensure it an impartial attention which not even its association with this detested journal should in any way prejudice; nor is it to be expected that the public will make much of it. For the twentieth year in succession the Union Castle Line have published their "Guide to South and East
Africa." I mention it here in admiration, for the work deserves to be ranked for its excellence among the models of English compilation.

R. H. C.

AMERICAN NOTES

In the second issue of the "Unpopular Review," the January contributors emerge, with cautious recklessness, from that anonymity to which I referred last month. Now it appears that the system of unsigned articles was adopted not that the apostles of "unpopular" thought might avoid the consequences of their iconoclasm but as a mild form of guessing competition. Readers are now invited to speculate on the identity of the contributors, in the sure and certain hope of revelation in the next number. This three-months' anonymity, in short, is an advertisement, an attempt to provoke discussion from which the editor hopes, he says, to profit. As the contributions themselves fail to stimulate, speculation as to their authors must supply the necessary element of excitement.

If the "Unpopular Review" had printed any article justifying, however remotely, its title, this subsequent acknowledgment of authorship would irresistibly suggest a body of sharpshooters crawling out into the open when all the smoke had blown away, and the danger is past. In spite of the editorial vision of intense excitement only to be allayed "in our next," I am still unable to discover any contributor whose ideas would preclude him from editing the "British Weekly." The April number, like its predecessor, leaves literature alone, unless the term be applied to an article lamenting the growth of newspapers and periodicals in the United States, and attributing to these the moribund condition of American literature. It is useless for me, I gather, to live in the hope of discovering the literature of this country; it lies buried beneath the seven and a half billion periodicals, exclusive of newspapers, which are published in the course of a year. From the same authority I learn that in book production the United States falls behind all the great countries of Europe, not excluding Spain and Portugal. Evidently literature is not sufficiently popular to merit the attention of this "unpopular" Review.

In spite of an article complaining of the obsession of sociology, this Review continues to devote itself to social and political questions. The quality of its sociology may be judged by the following aphorism which adorns the principal article: "Toleration and its counterpart, personal liberty, these are the first strings of the soul of capitalism." Here, indeed, is a champion of unpleasant truths who dares to inform the working classes of all that they owe to the capitalist. The latter, it seems, has found time, while accumulating profits, to endow the wage-slave with all the blessings he now enjoys. Even his hostility to capitalism is a direct benefit conferred upon him by the profiteer. It is so simple and so clear. If there were no capitalists there would be no capitalism against which to revolt. "If there is such a thing as a fraternity of labour, it is with whom you drink, if you would not have your wine embittered.

Mr. Noyes described himself as one who had devoted time "to the toils of literature" and "disinterested art." But he cannot blame the Americans for having judged him by his conduct while amongst them. It is necessary emphasising his commercial success, his admirers were undoubtedly paying him the highest compliment they could imagine. Why should Mr. Noyes suddenly presume to pick and choose between the eulogies which were bestowed upon him? The quality of the latter was obviously uniform, and it is asking too much of his friends that they shall guess which of their compliments will be resented as insults. In the present circumstances such a proceeding must seem purely arbitrary, and from the comic point of view the editors of the "New York Times" it is evident that his patrons are hurt by his capricious and, to them, incomprehensible ingratitude. Be a little more careful, Mr. Noyes, with whom you drink, if you would not have your wine embittered.
Idolatry.
By G. U. Eliz.

It was on a morning in spring that I made the discovery.

It came about in the most ordinary way, during a walk in Kensington Gardens.

I had been strolling aimlessly around, first up this walk, then along that one, till at length I found myself approaching the Albert Memorial.

Though I had often seen it, I had never taken the trouble to examine it closely, and so it occurred to me that I might while away half an hour by doing so now.

I climbed the steps accordingly and fell to studying the white bas-reliefs of the illustrious dead that formed a bodyguard round the pedestal on which the Prince was seated.

Schiller, Milton, Zoroaster, Mill, Torricelli, Shakespeare, there they all were, some seated, some standing, all dead, none forgotten.

I settled myself it was foolish to expect any feeling of reverence; I told myself it was foolish to expect. Then, again, here's Alexander the Great; look at 'im, clean as a new-born babe; why that 'and of 'is stretching out, to show my respect for 'is personal cleanliness, I always stands me 'am sandwiches in 'is 'and, and same as I always gives old Schiller, next door, my tobacco pouch and pipe to 'old.'

I paused and sighed. "But I ain't got the interest in 'em as I used to have."

"Why is that?" I asked.

"Well, you see, sir," he replied, "I've been on this monument ever since it was opened and regular as clockwork; I've been me rounds with a little water and pummy, starin' with Wagner 'ere and finishing up with Torricelli on 'other side, cleanin' and scourin' till even old Darwin looked fairly respectable; I can tell you me 'art was in it, I used to sort o' look forward to seeing 'em of a mornin'. Shakespeare there used to seem to smile, and old Diogenes, just in the corner, I'd swear as 'ow he'd say to me 'I've got the interest in 'em as I used to have.'"

I paused as though to give me time to weigh up the enormity of such a decree, then he went on.

"First of all I thought I should go barmy; you just ought to 'a seen the way they fellers come and set about it!

"Twas only one monument out of a 'undred to them, not a bit o' pummy did they use, only long mops and a sloshing the water right and left; if you look 'ere, sir, now that's Sir Walter Raleigh, now I always was verily to 'im, thinking he looked a bit of a nib in 'is way; I used to wash his face careful, I didn't want 'im to think there was any reflection on his habits. What does the fust o' the gang do, sloshes a bucket o' water right over 'im. I could hardly keep me hands off 'im, and the old fellow's eyes flushed. "But it weren't no good interfering," he continued, "at 'it they went 'anmy and splash', and finished the job in 'arf the time it would 'a taken me to get a decent shine on Machiavelli's nose."

"But it's the same everywhere," he continued, "everything's done in a hurry, there ain't no interest took in work nowadays."

I suggested that the gang hadn't known his friends as long as he and consequently had not the same affection for them.

"It ain't that, it's nothing but ignorance and blindness o' eye that's all it is, they're only cleaning stone or marble or granite, that's all it is to them, but wi' me, I can say when I get 'ome, 'There's Shakespeare, Julius Caesar and Cleopatra all 'ad a washing day with me.""

He paused, then, "The only time I come near feeling
pleased was when one o' the gang knocked 'is pipe out o' Darwin's ear. I thought that was justice if you like!

"Yes, sir," he went on thoughtfully, "they manages things nowadays so that no one's got no interest in his work; this 'ere gang, their one idea is to get finished, whereas with me I could no more 'a' gone and left 'em 'alf washed than I could 'a flown.

"Just come round 'ere, sir;" he went on, leading me round till we stopped opposite the figure of Cleopatra. He looked very serious. "I dates me respectful treat-o' these figures from the day I first noticed this woman.

"Just look at her, sir, could any man, worthy o' the name, see her nose black and pass her by, when a bit o' pummy was all that was needed?"

He waited till I had agreed that such conduct would be most unmanly.

"Ay, that's the word for it, unmanly, a woman like that commands a deal of respect; o' course I has heard as 'ow she was a bit fast, in fact one gentleman told me she was known years ago as the Royal 'Arlot. But still, sir, women always was weak, and she couldn't 'a' been a regular out-and-out or they wouldn't 'a' put her 'ere."

He sighed, "Yes, she was a queen and I treated her as such, but that was two years ago, since then and since these fellers 'as been on the job, this is the first time as I've 'ad the nerve to look her in the face."

"Well, sir, I won't detain you any longer, but it 'as been a treat to meet someone as is capable o' seeing things in the right light and who 'as a respect for a stone figure. Believe me, sir, people'd be a deal 'appier if they paused now and then if they may write an ethical treatise, and it may be possible, it is just this school whose hands are empty of possible, it is just this school whose hands are empty of"

Mr. Ginner's essay on Neo-Realism has been republished by permission of the Editor of The New Age as a preface to the catalogue of the exhibition he is holding with Mr. Gilman, at the Goupil Gallery, "at the lower end of Regent Street," as Mr. Humphry Ward used to say. My object in life is to write as little as possible, and to seek two things in this matter of recasting the language of painting: the ventilation of theories, and the reflection of all possible agreement. As readers of The New Age have only to turn back a few weeks to find Mr. Ginner's article, I am saved the space of recapitulation.

In his essential drift I may say that I am in agreement with Mr. Ginner. Therefore I need only state my objections on certain points. Mr. Ginner's main argument may, I suppose, be summed up thus. Art that is based on other art tends to become atrophied, while art that springs from direct contact of the artist with nature tends at least to be alive. This truth is so important, and it is so useful to repeat it, and the utility of its repetition is so intensified when the statement comes from a young man, and a man of such robust and honourable achievement as Mr. Ginner, that I am loth to remount the current of a stream, with which I am grateful to be swimming, for the purpose of one or two protests.

My protests are these. Of course, I dislike the prefix "Neo." It is better for a painter not to call himself "new." Time alone will show how his work will wear. He had also better not call himself a realist. Let him leave the labels to those who have little else wherewith to cover their nakedness. Charles Ginner is a very good name, and has gathered already around it associations of achievement and respect. [Harold Gilman]

Mr. Ginner's article calls up to the mind a definite tendency in painting, and both names are only obscured when they are covered by a uniform domino which would tend to merge their identities. Let them remember the sordid bickerings about the property in the trade-mark, "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood." What is history for if we are not to learn from it? Have Mr. Ginner and Mr. Gilman reflected that, when they put their heads between the sandwich-boards of this or any classification, they will have to carry the blasted boards about for another thirty or forty years, may be, and how much of their energy, and what useless fatigue they will be enticed against their will to spend on either sharing or disputing their property in the worthless copyright? Let them go one dark night, after the close of this exhibition, to some quiet place like Cumberland Market, and, chopping their boards outside some handy and discreet public monument, leave by another entrance and forget them. And neither I nor anyone else will mention "Neo-Realism" again.

Now, here, on this very paper, is a proof of the soundness of my advice. It would, I suppose, be difficult to find a critic more interested in their painting and more keen to discuss the principles arising from it than I am. And here they have forced me by their label to debate how many lines is it? in discussing it, and not their work.
Labels are admirable for men who are content to call themselves Post-Impressionists or Cubists or Futurists because these labels achieve the very purpose the painters have in view. They cause copy to foam up under the pen like paper roses in a conjurer's hat to overcrowd the list of merely derivative painters, of Poussin.

My second quarrel with Mr. Ginner is his inclusion, in the list of merely derivative painters, of Poussin. Go back, for God's sake, Mr. Ginner, to the Louvre, look and look at three passages in Poussin. Look at the painting of the vermillion chariot of Flora. Look at the painting of the baby turning to his dead mother's breast in the Plagues of Egypt, and look at the curve in the blade of a long sword the tip of which rests on some books in kind of still life trophy under an apotheosis. Look at these three passages and file me the peace with your Cézanne!

My third quarrel with Mr. Ginner's preface is this. As a matter of strategy his position would be stronger if he did not tend to suggest ideas which have an identity between the ideas represented by the word "academic" and the word "Academy," used as part of the title of an august and popular exhibiting body which is lodged in Burlington House. The word "academy" has an honourable sense of permanent value, and belongs no more to the Royal Academy than do the words "New" or "English" or "Art," exclusively, to my friends and colleagues in Suffolk Street. Our quarrel with the Royal Academy is that it is not academic enough. It is Mr. Ginner's own lofty ideal rather to which the word "academic" might properly be applied. This, however, is only a quarrel about the exact meaning of a word, and my preference for using it in its more honourable sense may be merely personal.

What is really important is that we have now in England a group of young painters of ability who know where they are going, and one of whom can put together in words such a sound and coherent manifesto as Mr. Ginner's preface. To understand its importance, and to judge it fairly, I must ask myself what sort of an orthodox, slide off towards, not the late Mr. Maurice, nor yet Professor Husley, but towards Mr. Bradlaugh, that miracles had to go, that dogmatic theology had to go, that the exception of God as a Senior Wrangler had to go, and conduct inspired by culture became the desideratum of all religious effort. Tenenjou and Arnold both raised Professor Eucken's question. Tenenjou answered: "We can be, but oh, how hard it is to be a Christian and know a little geology!" Arnold said that we must be Christians, and Churches, because the Church was the repository of Christian culture, a knowledge of which was necessary to Christian conduct.

Professor Eucken, of course, answers his question in the affirmative, but with a reservation that makes all his pleading ineffective. "Our question was whether to-day we can still be Christians. Our answer is that we not only can but must be Christians... only, however, on the one condition that Christianity be recognised as a progressive historic monument still in the making, that it be shaken free from the humbug influence of ecclesiasticism and placed upon a broader foundation. Thus here lies the task of our time and the hope of the future." This conclusion is the prose equivalent of Tennyson's: "And faintly trust the larger hope. To feel is Lord of all, and gather dust and chafe, and call To what I feel is Lord of all, And faintly trust the larger hope.

Views and Reviews.

Professor Eucken is easily placed in English thought: he is mid-Victorian. Tennyson, in his "Memorials," posed the problem of Science and Religion, and showed the apparent victory of Science, asserted the unsatisfactory result of that victory, and clung feebly to a faith that he felt was in danger of destruction.

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope And gather dust and chafe, and call To what I feel is Lord of all, And faintly trust the larger hope.

That was the way of the mid-Victorians: if a happy ending could not be contrived, at least a tolerable ending, one that would not make impossible or distasteful, had to be reached. Matthew Arnold took alarm at the blatant Secularism of Charles Bradlaugh (more particularly at its popularity with the working classes), and wrote his "Literature and Dogma" as a hint to the prelates to improve their interpretation and representation of Christianity. It was because, in the words of one of his correspondents, "those among the working class, who eschew the teachings of the orthodox, slide off towards, not the late Mr. Maurice, nor yet Professor Husley, but towards Mr. Bradlaugh," that miracles had to go, that dogmatic theology had to go, that the exception of God as a Senior Wrangler had to go, and conduct inspired by culture became the desideratum of all religious effort. Tenenjou and Arnold both raised Professor Eucken's question. Tenenjou answered: "We can be, but oh, how hard it is to be a Christian and know a little geology!" Arnold said that we must be Christians, and Churches, because the Church was the repository of Christian culture, a knowledge of which was necessary to Christian conduct.

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For it is religion that Professor Eucken is thinking of when he speaks of Christianity. Like Lot's wife, he is attempting to advance with reverted head, and a sentimental regret in his heart. The question of religion has no necessary connection with Christianity. Professor Eucken's own invention of the "great Ether—or" shows it. "Either religion is merely a product of human wishes and ideas which have been sanctioned by tradition and society, in which case, as a human fabrication, it must be destroyed by the advancing tide of spiritual progress, and no art or might or cunning can arrest its downfall; or, religion is based upon facts which are more than human, and then the fiercest
attack is powerless to shake it, but will rather help it, through all stress of human need and toil, to come to its full strength and unfold more freely its eternal truth." The question "Can we still be Christians?" is an absurd question while the great alternative is a matter of dispute.

Can the dispute be settled? The history of man suggests that it cannot be. Either the nature of religion can be known, or it cannot be known: if it can be known, it is not superhuman; if it cannot be known, we cannot know that the nature of religion cannot be known until we know everything, which is impossible. If Christ begged the question by postulating the necessity of faith, we are no less guilty of begging the question by assuming or asserting the possibility of knowledge. It is impossible to consider the question without making one or other of the assumptions, and according to the assumption will the argument develop and the evidence accumulate. Attempt to harmonise the two processes, suppose that faith apprehends what reason may comprehend, that faith has immediate knowledge and reason has mediate knowledge, and you have admitted that religion is human. Leave the two processes unharmonised and apparently antagonistic, and the problem must be admitted to be incapable of solution.

Psychology will not avail us here. It might seem that if we knew how men think, that the question could be settled; but how men think does not determine the truth or reality of their thought. Freud, for example, is revealing with masterly skill the processes of the human mind, as revealed by Freud, do not recognise the effect of bringing to consciousness the real cause of the trouble that afflicted the patient; and if Freud's experience shows that the expressed forgiveness is unnecessary, the resemblance between the two systems of reasoning is not thereby diminished. But the problem of the human mind, as revealed by Freud, does not resolve the antinomy. That the human mind tends to complete experience by imagination, that suppressed desires are realised in dreams of all kinds, and by processes that may conceal their origin from the dreamer, is a theory capable of application to the formation of mythologies; and the results of that application are certainly astonishing. But to know how the dreamer dreamed, how the myth was constructed, tells us nothing in this connection. (Though the first time the simple man sees an impressionist picture he finds it an incoherent chaos, he is as unable to synthesise its elements into a whole as he is to those of a Cubist picture.)

Contemporary Drawings.

By T. E. Hulme.

Mr. Wadsworth's drawing this week suffers somewhat by reproduction, as in the original it is coloured; the light background being yellow and grey, and the dark parts a very dark blue. The lighter parts of the drawing represent three farm buildings grouped round a pool. The space they enclose is concave to the spectator, the middle building being farther back than the two side ones. The darker parts represent the trunks and foliage of a tree standing on a slight mound.

It is interesting to compare this with the previous drawings in this series for it represents a much earlier stage in the process of abstraction. By considering this halfway stage, one can perhaps make this kind of art more comprehensible.

A school of painting is often interested in and emphasises one aspect of nature to the exclusion of others; but, though a painting may only pick out one of the hundred elements of which a natural scene consists, yet enough trace of the other ninety-nine remains in the picture for one to be able to recognise it as a representation. In impressionism, though the chief emphasis is on light and colour, yet the other elements—shape, outline, solidity, etc.—though not emphasised, do appear to an extent sufficient to make the picture a recognisable representation. (Though the simple man sees an impressionist picture he finds it an incoherent chaos, he is as unable to synthesise its elements into a whole as he is to those of a Cubist picture.)

But a Cubist picture is in slightly different position to an impressionist one, for this reason: Like the impressionist picture, it emphasises one aspect out of many possible ones. But the nature of the element emphasised here—the relations between planes—is such, that emphasis on these relations disintegrates the thing as representation. In a drawing like Mr. Wadsworth's this process has not gone far. It is a drawing made before an actual landscape, in which the planes which interested the artist are given in the objects in which they occurred. But it is easy to see how this emphasis on the relation between planes inevitably developed into later cubism, where the planes are given without any representation of the objects which suggested them.

Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson's "Chauffeur" is the study for the picture he exhibited in the London Group. I need not add much to what I said when I criticised it in my notice of that exhibition, except that the elongation of the right side of the face is an attempt to show the distortion produced by light.

THE SHIP OF VANITY.

Who sins outbrows the planets in their courses,
Takes arms against the sea on which they move,
Jangles, or plays, the ship, or lightens, or hails,
Clouds, not obstructs, the effluence of Love.

You boast you're captain of your fate and spirit;
But captains watch the sun and watch the stars,
Nor turn aside to hear the sirens singing,
Nor shift their course at every wind that jars.

No; you are captain of that phantom frigate,
Manned with deceits and sailing on a shoal;
Whose insubstantial fabric, pierced and faded,
Shall pass, and leave you captain of your soul.

E. H. Visiak.
Pastiche.

MODERN REVIEWING.

Miss Jane Harrison, "Daily News." April 21.

Now whatever I do, I mustn’t seem conscious. And I mustn’t be garrulous. People have said I am garrulous! I had better not say anything about little Jane. Perhaps "we" would like a bit of praise on the threshold of our careers. No, rather, though with the best of intentions, and out of very real sympathy and consideration for our readers. It is so difficult to know what to say and yet not show it—

feel exceedingly superior and then to be
directed, though with the best of intentions, and out of a glowing sort. "Daily News"; one may enough to keep things circling for an hour or there weren’t the women, and what there were bright to maintain a paradox, to be suddenly

affronted and get sulky and superior just where a French-

woman would have avoided contest and position, especially in the matter of area. Two Poppius might easily ruin the club for men who don’t like to be made to seem boorish and yet do not care. You manners are just.

And smiling, passed along.

WILLIAM REPTON.

THE PLUM TREE.

"Come and see," he said, though he didn’t believe such clubs would ever become the thing they were in France, there weren’t the women, and what there were bright enough to keep things circling for an hour or there weren’t the women, and what there were bright to maintain a paradox, to be suddenly

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was raging. She said that some official but unofficious sort of chairman was absolutely necessary if the Plum Tree was to continue to attract a distinguished membership. But the prospectus promises a number of enter-
tainment for intelligent people—presumably, little plays, interpretation of Chopin, and beautifully done—only just because artists do not willingly repeat their work, and the more obliging amateur should never be trusted to do so as, however good his first effort, his success is to a
de force. It would be a good thing if a chairman evolved at the
Plum Tree. He would leave people to choose as far as necessary, and his wit would select just the right moment either to produce a diversion from something tedious, to prevent interruption by dance music when conversation was general—and conversation is the main intention—to supply just the right amount of ceremony, in fact, to give the form for lack of which such affairs easily become as vapid as even the prompt and mechani-
cal performances in music halls. On evenings when a
crowd was certain, he would be certain to have something
special up his sleeve, Valerie said, if he was truly a man of
talent. She was just going on today how very en-
thusiastic, and militarily such a man would need to be to form the Plum Tree according to its pro-
spectus, when my host came up from below and asked me what I thought now—whether—

ALICE MORNING.

THE IMMORTALITY OF OMEGA.

Omega's verse is deathless. Why?
It has no life. How can it die?

PEARLS AND THE SWINE.
The other Sunday in a church I heard
Jesus—how it shook and heart.
The pious congregation sat unstirred.
Half of them yawned, and half already slept.

TRANSMIGRATION.
A. I shape a poem from my spirit's plight,
And slumber shuns me through the livelong night.
B. I read the poem that your spirit bore,
And in a moment I sincerely sure.

ARS EST CELARE ARTEM.
This writer saw on which I dwell
Must make our artists vain.
For they conceal their art so well
It can't be found again.

DIALOGUE.
"This poet's verse, you cannot doubt,
Has a most wondrous swing."
"It also has a roundabout—
A still more wondrous thing."

AUTHORS THAT COUNT.
Early our authors drink at wisdom's fount,
And though they cannot write, they've learnt to count.

REBUKE.
You chide because you deem so weak
The drama of to-day.
The error lies with you who seek
For work within a play.

P. SILVER.

IN MEMORIAM.
April, 1912.

TRIANC.
Oh, when his muse,
"His meet thou write it down!"
That most astounding news
Which smote the monster-town
Starke speechless! Not that rank,
Wh, beauty, hero, clown,
Trapped in the Titan, sunk;
But—monarchs could drown!

AFRICANS.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN DEPORTEES.

Sir, I have just finished reading your note on the pro-
posed pilgrimage of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to South Africa, and to me it appears that, for once, you are on the wrong tack. When you say that, "We cannot conceive of any real good coming from the present movement," and 'the leader of the South African strikes and deported the Nine. The people in England who are not conscious for the re-
turn of the Nine and the consequent humiliation of Botha and Smuts are people who have themselves little respect for the constitution. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is constitu-
tionalist par excellence. If he had made any great shout about the return of the Nine in the same way as we suggested he should have done, he would, apparently, have been hacking up the British male, heart, and before even seeming to back up British malcontents, Mr. Mac-
donald would—he would accept a peepage. We all know that he has used the Ulster business to display his friend-
ship with Lloyd George and the rest of the friends of democracy; we know that at heart he is as Liberal as—
as a "Daily News" writer of political piffle, and we know that he is not a little anxious to keep friends with the
Government at present in power. So this is what his proposed pilgrimage means: Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, if he does go to South Africa, will first arrange with the
Cabinet to go as the mouthpiece of the Cabinet. He will
also, not ostensibly, but actually, as the special advocate of constitutionalism, of things as they are. He will point out to the South African "strong men" that their attitude is dangerous because it helps to foster the present and ever-growing discontent with, and distrust of, polit-
icians and parliaments. He will explain that he has all his work cut out to keep the labourites here to heel, to prevent them from becoming Guild Socialists, or Syndi-
facists, or fanatics of any sort. The Liberals, owing to their Ulster blunders, are in
in such a mess, that it is desired by all and sundry that they should not be shown. The result will be some graceful concession from Botha and Smuts to "a duly accredited representative of British organised labour." (Probably it is already ar-
anged what is to happen and the whole story written out, ready for public consumption as soon as the neces-
- sary dinners have been eaten.) Mr. MacDonald will then return successful. He will point out to his benighted
followers in the country that steady, slogging work is the best, that if everything is left to him things will pan out all right. The Liberal Press will be full of panauds to the malcontents will be shown up as blighters and blun-
tzcars, and Ramsay will be one step nearer to a Minis-
terial position. Keir Hardie, that runner with the Labour Party hare and hunter with the "rebel" hounds, will
again applaud the "greatest intellectual asset" the labour
movement has got, and the "Labour Leader." That—as you once called it—Liberal parish magazine, will find that something "augurs" well for—something else, and offici-
-alism will make all the capital it can out of Ram-
say's, Lloyd George's and Asquith's little family party
arrangements. Best of all, the malcontents will be
dished.

After all, the Labour Party must do something besides
blathering about the democratisation of the army and the
villainies of the Tories and Syndicalists. Ramsay must,
occasionally, gull the Trade Unionists who pay his wages
by shouting for freedom; and what does he care what he
would have? It is pretty certain that the Home Government will not interfere directly, and it is equally certain that some graceful concessions would be made to the
politicians of all sides. Why, the more one thinks of it, the
more sensible does it seem on Ramsay's part to go out
He could not hit on a better plan for pulling the sus-
picions of thick-headed Labourites and Socialists, who
are so very anxious to believe in him. And how and he
his Liberal friends will rub it into the "rebels" after-
wards? Think of the lyrical "upwards! Think of the lyrical
"The South African Deportees" which write in the "Daily Citizen"! And what a fine thing it will be for "Socialist Unity"! One can already hear Keir Hardie singing, "We are saved, we are saved.

ROWLAND KENNEY.
THE ULSTER MAR-PLOTTERS.

Sir,—I hope your attention has been called to a pair of the inconsistencies in the ridiculous melodrama now being played by Ulster, and I have great difficulty in determining the reality of the Government "plot" against Ulster, the successful carrying out of which would, anybody might suppose, require constant attention, the Times comments on the "absurdity of management" on the part of the Government! The Government, in other words, laid their awful plot, and then went and played golf or else. A little matter is the Unionsist complaint that the Government did not accept Sir Arthur Paget's assurance that the precautionary moves on the part of Ulster are likely to be continued. What then? Do not accept without question the opinion of the man on the spot? But it afterwards appeared that the Government was not satisfied. Sir Arthur Paget reports that the Government was more "on the spot" than its military officials. And this is a ground of offence! We are getting on! P. DALY.

THE DEGRADATION OF PANEL DOCTORS.

Sir,—Nothing could better support your indictment of the degraded morality of the panel doctors than the report of what the London Insurance Committee is about to do under their pressure. It is well known that of the million or so compulsorily insured and poll-taxed persons in London a considerable number have so much contempt for the medical treatment likely to be afforded them that, though have duly paid their fourpences, they have not troubled to enter their names on any of the 1,500 doctors' panels. The doctors, being entitled to a fee per head of the insured persons registered on their panel, have made sure enough of that; I hear, indeed, of some who are drawing a thousand a year for pills, powders, and belly. But now, if you please, they want the fees for the unregistered—for those, that is, who will never go near them! A sum of £600,000 has, it seems, been accumulated out of the fourpences of the poor, and the Act did not contemplate this, and no other provision is made for its disposal, the doctors, though the Devil knows why, have put in their lists for it. At the suggestion of Mrs. Handel Booth, who seems, if anything, a degree more unscrupulous than her husband, the London Insurance Committee at its last meeting sanctioned this robbery of the Insurance till, and virtually promised the doctors that they should have the suspense account between them. But could the degradation of a once noble profession go further than the acceptance of blood-money? F. KNOWLES.

MR. WEBB AT THE I.L.P. CONFERENCE.

Sir,—You omitted in your references to the I.L.P. Conference last week to note the remarks of Mr. Sidney Webb, the fraternal delegate of the Fabian Society. This gentleman, who, I believe, has planted out in Government and Socialism the whiskers of any Minister, congratulated the Conference on what he should have been himself. "Twenty-one years ago," he said, "to be a Socialist was to be regarded as either a fool or a knave; it was to be practically ineligible for any appointment or election whatever. Now, however, it mattered little whether a man called himself a Socialist or not; what was important was how he carried his Socialism." Why not have said "where he carried his Socialism," and replied that the proper place was in his pocket? The Conference might then have understood what has become of their old members now browsing on public jobs, chiefly the inspection of Labour.

T. R. SYKES.

"PARASITIC INDUSTRIES AND THE GUILDS."

Sir,—Mr. A. J. Penty has raised a most important point on the above subject, and one which in the development of the Guilds we cannot afford to ignore. Take my own profession as an illustration. I am a unit in that vast army of men recruited mainly from the unskilled labour market that eventually drifts into the profession of Industrial Teachers. We are the products of the "business," as we understand it to-day, how ever susceptible to criticism it undoubtedly is, is, nevertheless by its very nature, the Industrial teachers means the Industrial classes possess of making provision for one of the inevitable facts of life. I have, therefore, become close, student of economic affairs for many years and have followed the discussion on the National Guilds from its inception. I have also tried in a modest way to interest my colleagues in the possibilities of establishing Guilds to cover every possible industry extant, but I have, so far, failed to discover a Guild which by any conceivable stretch of the imagination can be made to include Insurance Workers and their kindred. And yet we are as much victims of exploitation and slavery as the producers, and in many instances, in greater abundance than is the case in many other industries. The necessities for combination and the "greater unionism" were never greater than they are for the Industrial Assurance profession. The frustrating of the Guild principle, however, throughout industry would lead, as a profession, to our self-effacement.

The same may be said of many other "parasitic" industries which rise easily to mind, but which it is needless to mention here. My question is: What is to be our attitude, as members of the proletariat, to the development of the Guilds? The Guilds, by their Charters, will be endowed with corporate responsibilities, not the least of which will be the absolute provision of all economic necessities to their members in sickness and in health, and it is to be presumed provision for the dependents on the death of the bread-winner. Such were the functions of the historical Guilds, and such will undoubtedly be the functions of their successors.

It is, therefore, the difficult to see clearly on what lines it is possible to conduct a Guild propaganda among Insurance workers, when it is found that by pursuing the discussion to its logical conclusion, one is advocating a policy of economic extinction. If in your columns one is advocating a policy of economic extinction. If in your columns one could enlighten a willing disciple you would earn an eternal gratitude. The problem is made more difficult when it is realised that the London Insurance Committee divide their business into two branches, viz., Industrial and Ordinary, the agents having to canvass for and introduce business in both branches. In 1913 the company I represent issued in its Ordinary branch 70,000 policies, 1,500 of which were for sums varying from £50 to £30,000, introduced in most cases by individual agents. That the proletariat does not and cannot afford policies for £500 and upwards should be easily apparent to your readers, as also the fact that the profession is something more than a "penny snatching" business from the poor and ignorant which so many critics of the business foolishly imagine it to be.

H. WILLIAMS.

"THE NEW AGE" AND THE PRESS.

Sir,—"La Prensa," the "Daily Telegraph" of Buenos Aires, publishes from its Berlin correspondent an article on English affairs, containing long extracts from Notes of the Week on the South African deportations. In another hemisphere, however, the "Strait's Times" mokes native fun at your assertion that wages earned raised while the wage-system is maintained. The "Woolwich Pioneer" "N. W. H." has a series of three articles summarising the National Guild's theory. They are well done and ought at least to give the writer says, by the way, that the New Age is impressing its personality more and more on the public mind, despite the unpopular gospel it preaches and the studied silence with which that gospel is met in the Press. O ay, that is right enough; but, having served only seven years, you do not expect a Rachel just now. Pretty well a Leash! [Note joke.] The "Yorkshire Evening Telegraph" refers to the New Age as "the little-known but vigorous comic journal," and threatens to "confront you with its ugly coin to your disposal, by means of a plain tacle, of the Ulster penny plot. Pray desist before that threat is carried out; for I learn that the Yorkshire Evening Telegraph is reprinting the New Age with sewage. Fancy that! (By the way, a Yorkshireman suggested "No-wage" as the proper title!) Both the "Herald and Leaver" and District Weekly Citizen reprint in full your recent "Short Catechism of National Guilds." Their readers ought to learn it by heart!

"The Nation" has last mentioned Guild-Socialism, though, of course, not The New Age. Is it (the "Nation" asks) that the parliamentary idea is receding and that Guild-Socialism holds the field in the younger socialist groups and among the more aggressive trade unionists? Well, it looks like it, I must say; but the fact will be unanswerable only by my scissors and paste, but I think I shall have more work to do in a few months' time. Wait till the clouds of Home Rule blow over, and then see what subject I shall have to take up next. Your present readers ought to be preparing for Armageddon—and I have no doubt they are! The
Sir,—I am grateful to Mr. Cox for his long explanatory letter, but I am sure that at all events he would have thought fit to introduce certain dismal remarks as to the reasons for which I uphold and believe in the principle of aristocracy and not to have used any argument at all. Because so far we have been able to maintain the controversy on a plane which if not brilliant has at least been dignified, and (2) because by saying that he suspects I believe in the principle of aristocracy "because it is a pleasant and easy doctrine to hold," he reveals at once to my intense surprise not only that he is very far from understanding the problem he has undertaken to examine, but that he does not seem to have entered more deeply into it than, for instance, a person like Mr. T. S. Dixon. Let Mr. Cox remember that in the following argument I am neither to be accused of having said that protestantism is always easy or pleasant. It is never either pleasant or easy to hold an opinion against which all the prejudices, the literature, and the instincts of two thousand years are arrayed. I have thought fit to introduce certain disdainful remarks, directed. Take, for instance, the fact that out of 200 books in the London Library on the subject either of Democracy and Aristocracy nine only deal with the question of Aristocracy, and out of these nine three or four are hostile to the principle they examine. A pleasant position, an easy position, is surely one for which all the groundwork is prepared, all the entrenched dug, and all the points of vantage already seized. It is a position which has at its command all the comprehensible and frequently plausible words of a whole generation, all the foregone conclusions, which, uttered on a platform, cannot fail to make the average listener burst with pride and enthusiasm. Now, it is the trouble of the student to survey his own position, he will find it corresponds precisely to this description. Not that I wish to be guilty of a tu quoque argument, and suggest that it is Mr. Cox who holds the views he does because they are pleasant and easy to hold—for no view held conscientiously and fervently is held easily—but because I should like to bring home to him that, by any student attempting now to establish a good case for aristocracy and all the ramifications of the creed, there is infinitely more spade work and pioneer research work, and more opposition to be overcome than by the student who sets out more or less regularly upon the well-worn highway of the democratic principle. How much re-reading of history, of religion, of anthropology is not a first pre-requisite in the case of the former student, how much suspicion, and, above all, how much opposition do face the formidable array of scholars, alone, not to speak of philosophers, who hold the other and more modern view? However, if Mr. Cox, still holding the principle of aristocracy is pleasant and easy, let him dip at random into some of the most English of the books intended to have been written in support of my side. Let him read Lecky's "Democracy and Liberty," or Sir E. J. S. Maine's "Popular Government," and amid much that applies to modern conditions only, which is good as far as it goes, let him judge how shallow, how superficial, and how "democratic" at least half of the argumentation actually is. It is difficulties like these that the modern student finds in all directions; not only his foes, but often his friends are armed against him, while he himself is inevitably so much a child of his time and so confused by its current that points from the other side threaten constantly to creep into his own attitude, unless he exercises a vigilance which is out of all proportion greater than that to which his opponent is constrained.

This explains my caution and my care; for although I sharply retort to the charge of which I alone betrayed through an inadvertence, I should, nevertheless, naturally regret the set-back which such a betrayal would impose upon the sum of forces mustering for its defence. To Mr. Cox's question, then, I reply as follows:—

That which is common to men is less important for good life than that which is rare.

So it is with the life of a man—saint or sinner, hero or villain, is life led by good men, and as men are not good the quality goodness which is not common pro-
property becomes more important as an asset of good life than a host of other attributes which are common.

This, I think, is the cause of the confusion, and then Mr. Cox to reveal the direction in which that question was, I presume, but the first step. Whether Dixon's bachelor letter goes so far as to deliberate misunderstanding and confusion of all points that I do not feel the need of dealing with it. I gather two facts, however, from its perusal, and they are: (1) that Mr. Dixon has not troubled to read my articles on property becomes more important than a host of other attributes which are common.

I do not feel the need of dealing with it. I gather further, and enable Mr. Mr. Cox to say, for example: (2) that he is concerned far more about absurdities than affirmations of any kind. I shall not prove now that what I say; I shall only trouble to do so if he seriously questions what I say.  

A. M. LUDOVICI.

THE PIANO PLAYER

SIR,—In last week's "Current Cant" you held up for derision the headings of an article on "Piano Players" written for the "Daily Mail" and its advertisers.

Doubtless, the article was written by a canting person inspired only by the Advertising Manager. Because I saw similar reference in "Current Cant" not long ago, I want badly to ask that Mr. Playford, or another New Age contributor, be persuaded to investigate the claim made for the modern Piano-Player; which claim is that the instrument is a medium through which personal and artistic piano-playing is possible.

Jealousy prompts this request, for I know that scorn of the piano-player as an artistic musical instrument is due entirely to want of investigation.

For The Piano-Player I hold that the claim mentioned herein is just. My friends say, what of your New Age, and what of your art and the Piano-Player; are you, or is the paper wag ?

Almost I wish I was wrong, and quite I wish The New Age to be always right.  

H. E.

"THE COMIC KINGDOM."

SIR,—With reference to your notice of my book, "The Comic Kingdom," I would say, in the first place, that your reviewer scores a grossly unfair "point" by quoting my publisher's complimentary eulogies, as though I had, in some shameless manner, bestowed them on myself. If it were not for the fact that I feel convinced that I have, perhaps unwittingly, supplied your reviewer with much instructive information which was entirely new to him, I should feel mildly annoyed. Whether he had ever heard of Elba, or even Napoleon, before reading my trifle is, I am inclined to think, matter for conjecture.

I am delighted, however, to have accomplished the apparently almost impossible task of making his history "easy" for him. That it should also be "meaningless" is not surprising.

"Orestes be damned!" etc., is not criticism. Perhaps when your contributor grows up he will see this, unless the word "bloody" arrises him, and make the case.

RUDOLF PICKTALL.

REINCARNATION AND CHRISTIANITY.

SIR,—At a recent meeting of the Quest Society a discussion on the compatibility of the doctrine of reincarnation and Christianity was inconclusive, though the weight of opinion was in the New Age's favor. Several references to this topic in The New Age encourage me in the belief that you will find space for this letter.

If we ask whether a certain doctrine is consistent with a group of other doctrines, there can be no disagreement among thinkers of the same school. We are entitled to ask what the truth of any particular doctrine will be to the reader. I believe, however, that the question will not be decided by any one who has not read the works of the authors.

It is not possible to decide whether a doctrine is consistent with other doctrines, and the question of the compatibility of the doctrine of reincarnation and Christianity has never been discussed.

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reason that it is a puzzle, I hold that it is the proper subject for study. Moments come in such periods of introspection when it would appear far as a most reasonable explanation that the essence we call the ego has undoubtedly had experiences of things not accounted for by anything new in the present body. The body of this man who cares to give the matter some thought will sooner or later come to the conclusion that the ego is independent of the body. The body grows old, but the inward spirit of the body. The body grows old, but the inward ego is indepen-

de- Medici patronised architecture, his grandson Lorenzo

and about, say

to speak of, and precious little art, but yards and yards


spirituality, formalism

and obstacles which the craftsman encounters in the modern world, and it is such an uphill fight, and involves such sacrifices, that it is better left to the side of generosity. Of course, my letter only referred to such parts of his article as I took exception to. In dealing with the esthetic and practical sides, Mr. Ludovici is so fair to his opinion.

GEORGE IRWIN.


cubism.

SIR,—As Mr. Huilme does not seem to be amenable to reason, let us see what ridicule can do, plus a dash that Ruskin made a mucker in regard to impressionism, the general attitude in the brass face of Cubism seems to be "let us go easy, boys, there might be something in it."

I am not mistaken, architecture attained its meridian in and about 1450, whereas the great Cosimo de' Medici patronised architecture, his grandson Lorenzo favoured painting, and so far from landscape being an indication of a loss of religious faith—Ruskin was narrow in his respect, he would say it was a spiritual protest against the stone, brick, and stucco of cities. (John Bellini, "the last of the sacred painters," was born 1430, Titian 1480.) Titian's break from religion was profound.

Look at our school of the reaction. We have no architecture to speak of, and precious little art, but yards and yards of pictures—the sentimentalists' flabby protest against the actual.

I would maintain that what was nick-named impressionism was, and is, a revolt against the pretty-pretty and actual.

It is further a revolt against the mundane in "nature.

Man is a god—a creator, (beauty in) nature is nonexistent until God—man, a sentient being with a soul—refashions her, and says, "Behold, it is good."

Now we have a parallel in what has happened to architecture. As Ruskin says, "the Arab bars his surfaces with horizontal lines of colour, the expression of the level of the Desert. He retains the dome and adds the minaret. All is done with exquisite refinement." ("Stones of Venice," vol. 1, p. 85.) Compare, further, this, and Romanesque with Renaissance wall-veil decoration (ibid, p. 294). The one a joy, and the other a flat wall parcelling out with a cell domino slabs of stone. Compare, also, the flowing Arabic, the Gothic, and the American Sky-blighter: Spirituality, formalism (1) and Yankee impertinence. The latter—original Americanization—akin to the form of domino slabs of stone.

Noah's Arc and domino-box of tricks did not originate in some Americanised atelier I'll swallow my fountain pen.

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