ENGLAMOURED by the Mexican bush-whacking, neither American nor English opinion has paid much attention to the civil war which has been raging in Colorado. Yet by the middle of last week, the date of our latest detailed information, the death-roll of miners, their wives and children, had exceeded by at least four times the number of the slain in the American-Mexican imbroglio.

The origin of the war was one of those industrial questions that threaten civilisation with killing or curing; the war of union upon non-union labour. We do not intend to waste any rhetoric upon the fact that it is notorious that the President, both before his election and since, has set as his ambition the control of the Trusts; and it is equally notorious that his best endeavours have been in this direction. Yet, as now luridly appears, at the first brush with a Trust in battle array, it is not the Trust that has been defeated but President Wilson; and not all the Federal troops under his command will be able, we think, to bring him Victory.

Mr. Rockefeller's position, on the other hand, is not only secure by virtue of the State charter of profiteering (under which, be it remembered, every employer is "constitutionally" commissioned to employ and buy labour in the open market), but we can well believe that just as there were many in England to praise the iron hand of Generals Botha and Smuts, so there will be many to credit Mr. Rockefeller with a courageous defence of his rights. What are his rights according to the prevalent and rarely challenged theory? He himself states them as the rights of Labour to choose its employer. Is it not this—that he claims the liberty of hisfellers to create his oil monopoly by the extermination of his rivals? We know very well—for it is one of the many black chapters of America's short history—by what means the Standard Oil Trust attained its monopoly. They were not the methods of knighthood-errants of chivalry or even of men under any sense of law. On the contrary, no Trade Union that has ever existed could devise in its most frenzied conferences methods half so unjust, unscrupulous and inhuman as were adopted by the Rockefellers to form their Trust. We put it therefore at its worst when we say that, Trust for Trust, a Labour Trust (which is what a blackleg-proof Union amounts to) is at least as legitimate a
creation as a Trust in the commodity of oil; and at its best we maintain that a Labour Trust of this kind should be as much the object of public policy as an oil trust should be its aim. But even if all, that is, if the City that sanctioned the freedom of the Rockefeller to form their Trust in oil is now employed to challenge the freedom of the workmen to form a Trust of their labour; and political power, we repeat, is powerless to assist the latter. What then remains to be done? It is useless to wring hands in appeal to heaven or to parliament; it is equally useless to appeal to the tyrannical voracity of a profiteer of the nature of a Rockefeller. The only means left to men is to get on with their Unions, in season and out of season, in peril and in peace, against every threat, cajolery and punishment. We are quite aware that for some time not only will profiteers be against them, but society as well; we are quite aware that they must suffer privation, slaughter, death; but, in the end, it may be well to maintain that a Labour Trust of this kind should be formed and must be perfected, even through a generation of Colorados.

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Colorado is far off, but London is near at hand; and in London during the last three or four months a Trade Union struggle has been in progress which, but for the shooting, is similar in all respects to its mortal brother in America. Last week a Conciliation Board, composed, incredibly, of representatives of the men as well as of the masters, recommended the members of the Building Federation to resume work on conditions that any fool may see admit the men's defeat. It is true that the demand of monetary guarantees against so-called breaches of agreed conditions, was withdrawn by the masters; it is true, also, that recognition of the Unions was admitted; finally, it is true that reinstatement was promised. But all these three concessions in form turn out on examination to be empty of substance. The money guarantees are withdrawn to be replaced by the whole discipline of the Trade Union officials; the recognition is of the constituent sections of the Federation, but not of the Federation itself; and the reinstatement is promised not for the immediate present but for the elastic 'conditions of work' that had been withdrawn by the masters. But there is more. They are the very signs that were the cause of the men's strike in the first place. What was it that the men's leaders ever consented to put their signatures to these terms of surrender we will not try to imagine; but that they were repugnant to the men themselves their vote of ten to one against them concretely showed; and that being the case, it is impossible to imagine what would have happened if, when, after years of agitation, children were finally taken out of wage-slavery, they had been failed to bring to the front. On this subject our views are by this time well enough known. The whole women's movement is in our opinion the movement of the modern notions of liberty for the purpose of persuading women into industry. But what, it may be imagined, what would have happened if, when, after years of agitation, children were finally taken out of wage-slavery, there had been no fresh supplies of cheap labour available to take their place. Is it not practically certain that the men that then left alone in industry would have formed a monopoly and thus have been enabled to raise the selling-price of their labour commodity? We are not exaggerating, we think, when we say that, but for the propulsion of women into industry —a movement that began simultaneously with the expulsion of children from industry—the men's Trade Unions would have been by now all blacklegs-proof and in partnership either with their employers or with the State. The capitalists, however, were in this as in so many other respects more far-sighted than the proletariat. Fearing precisely the end towards which Labour should have striven, and anticipating, before Labour's failure, the effects upon themselves of a failure in the supply of cheap labour (for a reserve of blacklegs is a necessity of capitalism), the employing classes began their seduction of women (mainly girls) into industry and utilised cunningly all the intellectual bunkum about liberty to veil their intentions. With what result we
know only too well at this moment. Over three million women are now in wage-service and the average of their wages is six or seven shillings a week. But the question now, nearly by annual Budget, is what does it all mean, and what will it involve in the long run? That it can mean, as the Noodle Statesmen appear to believe, an access of philanthropy on the part of capitalist States we refuse to accept in the face of the antagonistic evidence that the State endowment of maternity is everywhere striding along by annual Budget. But what does it all mean, and what will it involve in the long run? What we believe it means is what we have already indicated as its adequate explanation—the need of capitalists for more efficient labour, that is, for labour bred and brought up to their profiteering requirements. And what must it involve? Again our simple-minded "Statesmen" appear to believe that the endowment of the mothers of wage-slaves will involve the class in nothing worse than a shower of gratuitous benefits. Let them nurse that illusion while they can. For our part, we may summarise our fears by an adaptation of the advertisement of the undertaker: "You die, we do the rest." To the proletariat parents of the future the Capitalist State will say: "You spawn, and we do the rest." 

The impudence of the Postmaster-General in announcing a profit on his year's trading of five and a half million pounds at the same time that he is declining to assist to the working out of a resolution for the postal union is the natural outcome of public indifference, in the first instance, and of the fatuity of the men's leaders in the second. The usual pretext for making a profit in the past has been that a margin was reserved for contingencies. But this idea is now abandoned for an admission of the right of the State to supplement its income from taxation by the sweating of its own employees. But if this is to be the case with the postal business it should in all fairness be the case with the rest of the national services. All should make a profit or none should. Why, for example, should the postal employees be singled out for national exploitation and the Army and Navy be left to eat their heads unprofitably off? There are plenty of countries needing military and naval assistance from time to time—why not let out our troops and marines and pocket the proceeds? With a little more pacifist propaganda, these services could be kept busy in various parts of the world to their own exercise and to the national profit. But it is useless for us to complicate the question. The army used to be treated as a winnable form of justice, even for such slaves, should inspire the public in dealing with its servants. The cost of living having risen within the last seven years by fifteen per cent., it is scarcely right to offer as a recompense to public employees on a fixed nominal wage, advances ranging from 4½ to 7 per cent. and to expect them to be grateful. Admitting, as we do, that the postal employees invite by their attitude of obsequious respect the treatment meted out to fawning dogs, it is still not compatible with our public dignity that we should kick their prostrate forms.

Another little admission made by Mr. Hobhouse in his speech on the Postal Estimates was that the loss on the telegraph service (partly, we gather, on Press telegrams) is considerable, amounting perhaps to half a million per annum. Now we have not the smallest objection to subsidised public services of this kind provided that they are really public and that the labour engaged is not sweated to perform them. At the same time, some sense of justice, even for such slaves, should inspire the public in dealing with its servants. The cost of living having risen within the last seven years by fifteen per cent., it is scarcely right to offer as a recompense to public employees on a fixed nominal wage, advances ranging from 4½ to 7 per cent. and to expect them to be grateful. Admitting, as we do, that the postal employees invite by their attitude of obsequious respect the treatment meted out to fawning dogs, it is still not compatible with our public dignity that we should kick their prostrate forms.
say, to assist the Press free of expense. Moreover, as our statesmen at least know very well, the Press telegrams that cost the country half a million annually to send are in the majority of cases anything but a public service. Is it worth a national subsidy to procure that the "Daily Express" or the "Daily Mail," or, indeed, any of our dailies, is able to litter our breakfast table with the latest lies? The profit we can well understand is acceptable to the Press, for they show no aversion to income whether from the State or from the advertiser or from any other source; but where does the public come in? And when we remember that the cost of the public service was the main reply urged by these same newspapers against raising the wages of the postal servants, by whose labour they were actually being subsidised, the whole transaction between the State and the Press appears to us very like wholesale bribery.

The Lords' Committee on Lord Murray's conduct in the matter of Marconis acquires him of "personal dishonour," but convicts him, on his own admission, of errors of judgment. These, says the "Nation," are "balanced considerations which close moral account of these transactions." But it argues a most arbitrary confinement of the moral account to exclude from it a statesman's errors of judgment in financial matters above all. Money in a plutocratic State such as ours is the only test of morality; and a man who can commit errors of judgment in this sphere is as immoral as in former times, when honour was the standard currency, breaches of personal honour were held to be. We do not agree, for reasons that we have often given, that Lord Murray or either of his two colleagues was much below the prevailing standard of public life. After all, with a Trade Union movement, representing the pink of the proletariat, worm-eaten with corruption, it does not do to expect the goatherd classes to be very particular gentlemen. On the other hand, it is their claim we look at and the contrast between their professions, their responsibilities and their actual performances. Of a public servant, voluntarily assuming office and more, he says, for honour than for money, we have a right to expect neither a lower nor even the same standard of conduct as prevails in the private world, but a higher, even a considerably higher. And Lords Murray and Reading, in falling below it, though permission to the level of the smaller business men and bucket-shop proprietors, are really guilty where the latter would be comparatively innocent. With the "Nation" we are prepared to close their account—for they had no more heard of but, be it remembered, that they are written off as bad debts.

The cases of Lords Hamilton, Balfour of Burleigh and the late Lord Cross are not dissimilar in one respect: they are all cases in which "personal honour" is said not to be engaged, though an error of public judgment surely is. The defences of their continued receipt of their pensions by the two former are really the least creditable part of their conduct. Some wit or good sense might at least have been expected of retired statesmen the dignity of whose leases desecrates to be sustained by the misapprehension that phthisis is a disease of thousand a year. Lord Balfour of Burleigh (who, by the way, is a director, we believe, of the Pacific Phosphates Company) had the temerity to risk a joke—it must have been—on a public that, after all, has a sense of humour. He would be willing, he said in effect, to give up his pension if so be that he might resume it in case of need. Who would not like to be insured against the possible unpleasant consequences of magnanimity in this way? Lord Hamilton, to the same devices of the prevaricators of his health as an excuse for his pension till he could "rehabilitate his financial position." Well, well, the aristocracy were never very heroic even upon the battle field. As Heine said, their wounds were more numerous from hunting than from fighting. In the moral field their courage is less than that of the proletariat, some thousands of whom (a good proportion, that is) have paid their insurance money, but have spurned to draw a penny of benefit.

We do not know that there is much to be said by us on the topic of Home Rule. When, after eleven chapters of diligent search in his "Republic," Plato makes the discovery that the Justice he had concealed in his opening dialogue is, after all, the idea for which he had been seeking, his readers cannot but be greatly surprised. And as little surprised we be that, after nearly four years' of pretended search, both parties should now find what they hid for that purpose in 1910. The Federal solution suggested by Mr. Churchill on Wednesday and unanimously hailed with delight and surprise by the Unionist leaders was actually, as our readers know, determined upon at the Conference of Four eight years ago; and all the intervening period of alarums and excursions has been devoted to manoeuvring for position after the Home Rule battle. We do not say, however, that even yet all reality has ceased from the discussion. Ulster has still some hopes of raising her price for her future service to the Empire. It may be that her price will be to wait outside Home Rule and to come in at leisure and as a saviour of the rest of Ireland. But that, let us warn her, would be dangerous; for by that time the pickings of the patronage would be gone. It is more probable, we think, that under continued protest Ulster will come in at once, but in such a hurry that she may claim to be out. Sir Edward Carson is a lawyer.

Mr. Asquith is a lawyer, too, the greatest constitutional lawyer alive, they say. His speech at the dinner given him by the Bar to celebrate his appointment to the premiership (six years ago—how time flies!) contained this passage, which we have quoted recently in the "Transvaal Leader": "The common law of England has been, still is, and will continue to be, both here and wherever British communities are found, at once the organ and the safeguard of English justice and English freedom. Ah, but is the common law for common people, or only for such as belong to the clergy that makes it? We have seen nine men of British race, living, as we all believed, under the common law of England, deported for no stated offence and without trial from a community in which the number of thirty thousand British soldiers. And we have seen that same Mr. Asquith, who, flushed with his new honours, talked magniloquently, six years ago, of the "nice morality" of raising her price for her future service to the Empire. It is almost impossible, we find it, to believe our eyes that Lord Gladstone has put his hand to dispatches fit for the battle field. As Heine said, their wounds were more numerous from hunting than from fighting. In the moral field their courage is less than that of the proletariat, some thousands of whom (a good proportion, that is) have paid their insurance money, but have spurned to draw a penny of benefit.
good as admits that no wages can compensate for death. Then again he tries to convince us that the deportations were popular and that the Labour leaders did not even represent the Labour movement. Yet, while we read, the news is in our minds that at the Provincial Elections Labour swept the country in protest against the action of General Smuts. Such cowardly incompetence even the second generation of a great name should be ashamed to display. For common sense as well as common law the sooner Lord Gladstone is recalled the better for England.

The deportees, we are glad to learn, propose to return to South Africa within the next few weeks. We hope that they will go without the Barnum who has exploited them so unsuccessfully both for himself and them. As we pointed out, Mr. MacDonald had every opportunity of insisting upon their free return for a fair trial. Events have proved that he would have had in his support the flower of the Unionist Party, a good part of the Press, the bulk of the Liberal Party and, of course, all the Labour and unattached rank and file that exists. He chose, however, to play his own peculiar cricket in which he scores on every occasion for the Liberal caucus, with the result that the deportees were left to make their unreported pilgrimage over England. Now that at last they have made up their minds to return, let it be as they came, by themselves. South Africa will know by this time what is the opinion of England upon the subject; more especially, since by this time, it is her own.

The case of Mr. Martin, the Liberal Member for East St. Pancras, ought to convince the public of the reality of the Caucus. The tendency, we know, is to regard the Caucus as coming into existence before an Election and fading away immediately afterwards; but the truth of the matter is that the Caucus exists in full activity all the time and never more disastrously in the public interest than while its Government of wirepullers is actually in office. Mr. Martin, it will be seen, has been charged by his local Committee (a practically self-elected body of Tapers and Tadpoles) with the offence of occasionally speaking and voting in Parliament as his conscience and not his caucus directed. Once he had the audacity to represent England and not merely himself and to vote against the Government on the subject of the Marconi scandal. On another occasion he spoke for a Socialist candidate at Hanley (or was it Hanwell)? On still another occasion he voted against the loan to the Government's personal friends in East Africa of a million or so public money with no security and very little interest. To crown all, he has been repeatedly guilty of "undesirable" questions to Ministers publicly in the House of Commons. Now we shall not trouble to argue that every one of these actions of Mr. Martin's was not only within his right but within his duty as a public representative; nor shall we trouble to prove that ninety-nine out of every hundred of his constituents, if approached without chicanery, would praise rather than condemn him for them. Neither fact, unfortunately, is of the least relevance to the situation in which he finds himself. We have only to explain to our readers that the nature of the caucus system entails this consequence and to leave them to reflect upon it. That any constituency has any more voice in the selection of its representative than a piece of land in the selection of its proprietor is unthinkable for all who have examined our electoral system. But that it can be altered we are as certainly in doubt. How, for example, would you set about it? Undertake a campaign in your own constituency and explain the situation truthfully to your electors? But your meetings would be "crabbed" by the Caucus, and such prominent men as assisted you would be marked down for reproof and boycott. Then take the Press into your confidence and have yourself reported for the stay-at-homes. The Press! The Press!! Mr. Martin, we are afraid, will soon be a private man again.

**Current Cant.**

That fine play, "The Witch."—G. K. CHESTERTON.

"Moods and tenses must go."—F. T. MARINETTI.

"The 'Morning Post' takes us to task this morning."—The Star.

"Those who read the 'Express' serial will find in it the magic of romance."—"Daily Express.

"Building better brains. The 'Daily News and Leader' helps its readers to succeed."—"Daily News and Leader.

"The thrill and splendour of conquest belong to the man in the car. He is the master of the road."—Goodrich Tyre Co.

"King George, like his father, will not tolerate a cease down the front of his trousers."—Mr. VINCENT.

"A vulgar tune almost ceases to be vulgar when it is played with conviction."—EDWIN EVANS.

"I look forward with a critic's pleasure to seeing what the clever young men are doing for our 'Evening News' poster stamp: an artist could not ask for a more delightful task."—"The Londoner.

"Religion is the only thing worth advertising."—FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN.

"Nothing is more likely to foster the production of first-class artists than the existence of a vast machinery for winning money and glory."—ARNO LD BENNET.

"The 'Upper Ten' may not know a trade, but get them to learn one, and they will learn it twice as quickly as the man-in-the-street."—ETHEL WEDGWOOD, in the "Daily Herald.

"The 'New Statesman' is really trying hard to tell the truth."—G. R. S. T., in the "Daily Herald.

"The idle rich ... gross exaggeration of the Socialists."—"The Standard.

"Fantastic Tory plot exploded."—"Reynolds's Newspaper.

"In view of the grave and unprecedented outrage in Ulster, the Government will take without delay appropriate steps to vindicate the authority of the law, and to protect officers and servants of the King and his Majesty's subjects in the exercise of their duty and the enjoyment of their legal rights."—Mr. Asquith.

"The King's visit to Paris is an event of great political significance."—The Guardian.

"Mr. Balfour," by 'Tom Titt,' by permission of the 'Daily Chronicle.'"—"The Strand Magazine.

"The course of the Government is clear ... duty ... outraged authority ... Crown ... Parliament ... The Star.

**CURRENT CONSCIOUSNESS.**

"Come with me to the Pictures, dear, Let us go, Where you and I can be so gay, And lights are low, To the soft, gentle flicker Our hearts will beat quicker, The music the moments will cheer. Do not miss such a chance, For an hour of romance, Come to the Cinema, dear."—Popular Song by JOHN E. NIXER.
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdun.

To begin with, an annotation. About a couple of weeks ago, just after the Americans had taken possession of Vera Cruz, a German steamer, the "Ypiranga," reached the port, laden with a cargo of rifles and ammunition for the Federals. If the cargo had been intended for the "Constitutionalist" followers of General Carranza and "General" Villa—I do not know what the Americans would have done; but I rather think they would have facilitated the unloading. As the rifles and ammunition were for President Huerta, however, the Americans seized both ship and cargo—a pretty cool proceeding. It might have been justified by the Government, with the assent of all sections of the German people, we all know. In the space of a few years Germany sprang into the front rank of naval Powers. It was this fact which brought home to Mr. Bryan and his colleagues in precise terms.

Germany, however, is not the only country which is no longer in a very subordinate position to the United States. At the time of the American raid on Cuba—for it was that—Japan could not have made a demonstration of any consequence. Here, again, there is a great change. The Japanese have defeated an important European Power: a Power whose army was thought to be a very dangerous factor in Western Europe and in Asia. The Japanese navy is recognised to be an offensive and defensive instrument of great value. The men are well trained and skilled, and much better disciplined than the American sailors. There were two very great changes in international affairs which the United States Government had not reckoned with. There is a great deal of annoyance in Japan because of the restrictions imposed by California, and by the Federal authorities, on Japanese immigrants: the tendency to believe that the United States has acted harshly. Nor has Tokyo forgotten that the United States Government interfered when Japan wished to lease Magdalena Bay from Mexico.

That England is bound to Japan by a signed Alliance is also something which Washington did not think of. When President Wilson made his famous appeal to Congress to reconsider its attitude regarding the Panama tolls he hinted at possible foreign complications if Great Britain were not placated—if, in other words, the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty were not carried out in the letter and the spirit. The complications referred to concerned Japan; for England could not promise to "restrain" her ally if the United States definitely made known her intention of bringing up a diplomatic document simply because it would mean more profits to do so. The Japanese would have overrun the Philippines years ago if it had not been for the moderating influence of this country.

Another point. The South American Republics, as I have often emphasised in these columns, greatly dislike the newer interpretations of the Monroe Doctrine; and Argentina, Brazil, and Chile have made such rapid progress in the last eight or ten years that they can no longer be treated as if they were children. They did not proffer their services as mediators. Realising, when it was too late, that he had got his Government, his President, and his party into a bad scrape, Mr. Bryan took the initiative in the mediation proceedings, and the three southern countries mentioned were prevailed upon to offer their services.

It is all very humiliating for the United States; but we cannot, in fairness, shower all the blame upon the unfortunate President. It is true that Dr. Wilson has not shown good judgment; and his reiterated demand for the "elimination" of Huerta has proved itself to be farcical. The blame ought rather to be directed towards the American political system, the utter lack of a self-sacrificing aristocracy, the utter lack of tradition; the material standards that drive the best brains of the country into commerce instead of into administrative departments of the State. If the commercial ideals and standards of the United States of America had prevailed in this country, we should not have developed a race of the finest administrators and even diplomats that the world has ever known.

America has now taken her first real plunge into international affairs. The experience is unwelcome. For the first time in history England and other countries can bargain with her.
Towards National Guilds.

It is worth while spending a good deal of reflection upon the meaning of Wages and the Wage-System, for the term Wages is the pons asinorum of the National Guilds. To grasp the nature of Wages, may flatter himself that he is in sympathy and understanding with the Guild idea, but he will discover his error sooner or later. Mr. Penty, for instance, has written on the Guilds with intelligence and apparently with a good edge; but in his recent article in the “Daily Herald” on the subject of the Abolition of the Wage-System, he comes such a cropper that we begin to wonder whether his earlier articles were as good as we thought. The abolition of the wage-system is, for Mr. Penty, of less importance than it is for us; because, in his opinion, the evil of the wage-system is only relative. Under the Mediaeval Guild System, he says, “both journeymen and apprentices received what were, technically speaking, wages;” but that is not only exactly what the pay allotted to journeymen under the Guild System was, technically speaking, not; but Mr. Penty himself supplies his own antidote. Wages he correctly defines in the opening of his article as the price of Labour as a commodity. In other words, wages are fixed by the employer’s conception of what is just, nor by the needs of the workman; but simply by the competition of the Labour market. But the “pay” of the mediaeval apprentice, Mr. Penty continues, was fixed by the Guild, and had no relation to the competition of the Labour market; in other words, it was not wages! Then why, we ask, confuse the natures of the two modes of payment and pretend that the “pay” fixed by the Guild is identical, technically speaking, with a “wage” that is fixed by competition only?

The distinction between pay and wages has no necessary relation even to amount. Pay may be greater than wages or it may be less. Compare, for example, the charge known as Rent. In many rural districts it is the practice of the farming landlord to let cottages to his labourers at a sum called Rent, the amount of which, however, is less than what he would demand as Rent proper if the occupants were not his employees. Here the distinction is between a sum fixed by the landlord and a sum fixed by competition. Similarly, it is the practice of certain firms and of many public departments to pay a scale of wages (or salaries) above the amount that competition would fix: as, for instance, in the case of Government clerks of the first class. On the other hand, certain kinds of public servants are paid for at less than their market competitive value: officers in the Army, for instance. Usually, no doubt, pay and wages tend to approximate in amount, especially while the wage-system is predominant; but actually their relation need not be very close. The sum granted by the Mediaeval Guilds as “pay” to their apprentices was in all probability much above the market price of the Labour commodity; that is, much above what, technically speaking, is wages.

The abolition of the wage-system means, in effect, the abolition of the practice of allowing any man’s income to be fixed by the competition of the Labour market. In other words, for wages, technically speaking, pay must universally be substituted. And the amount of the pay, under the National as under the Mediaeval Guild System, is to be fixed by the by itself in conference. How, it may be asked, will this be done, and what elements will have to be taken into account? Three considerations, we imagine, will enter into the practical problem of fixing the rates of pay in the National Guild: first, the value of the total product of the industry; secondly, the amount necessary to be set aside for the needs of the industry; and thirdly, the needs of the various classes of workmen. Let us assume, for example, that a National Railway Guild is formed and that at a preliminary conference the question of the rates of pay arises, as it certainly would. The Guild would estimate by means of its accountants the total prospective income of the Guild for the year. Next it would allow from this amount for the total prospective industrial expenditure of the year. The remainder would be distributed in pay among the members of the Guild in accordance with a scale of the minimum of which would, at least, be a living amount. There is plainly here no element of the wage-system, either relative or absolute. At no point is the payment made to a man determined by his competitive market; at each point it is determined by the equity of his fellows in sharing among themselves the proceeds of their common industry.

In another issue of the “Daily Herald” Mr. Rowland Kenney takes exception to our explanation of the Companies’ approach to the Railwaymen’s Union. We attributed the offer of conference to the practically blackleg-proof condition of the men’s union; and saw in it a confirmation of a forecast we have many times made. Mr. Kenney, on the other hand, sees in the explanation the recent Railway Bill which entitles the Companies to raise rates on such grounds as they see fit. The companies, he says, under these circumstances, asks Mr. Kenney, should the companies hesitate to meet the men and to concede their wage demands? Having a monopoly and being now legally as well as economically empowered to shift the burden of higher wages upon the consumer, their need to resist the men’s demands no longer exists. We accept Mr. Kenney’s suggestion without abandoning our own, for the two are not incompatible. Granting that the Companies have less need now than in 1911 to resist the men’s demands, it is no mistake now than then that a weak Union’s demands would be forthwith conceded or considered. Mr. Kenney would not suggest, we suppose, that the Companies would be seeking conference with a Union that was now strong! In short, the two facts are equally operative: namely, the strength of the Union and the legal privilege of raising rates. The latter would have been of no value to the men without the former. The former, on the other hand, would have been effective even without the latter. The question we shall see when a blackleg-proof Union is formed in an industry in which price-rates are fixed by competition. The wish to conciliate, we predict, will be even stronger among such employers than it has proved to be among the Railway Directors.

We have given our reasons many times for objecting to the description of Syndicalism applied to the National Guilds System. Nevertheless, a good many critics still continue (malevolently, some of them) to tar the Guilds with the Syndicalist brush. To the simple notion of Syndicalism—the control of industry by the people engaged in it—we object that it makes no provision for the co-operation of the consumer. We further object that even in the most developed sketches of Syndicalism we have seen, no provision is made for the co-ordination of the various industries. Each industry, as far as we can see, would be an economic man of the Manchester pattern writ large. Of such a theory how can a system that includes the State as the ex officio partner in every industry be regarded, as “G. R. S. T.,” regards it, as a specific instance? On the contrary, it appears to us as a specific exception. This, however, is not to say that we have learned nothing from the Syndicalist doctrine. We have not; we have learned more from it. And criticism of Collectivism Syndicalism was invaluable; for it set over against Collectivism’s exclusive consideration of the consumer the other extreme of an exclusive consideration for the producer. The National Guilds System, we contend, is the marriage of this heaven and hell.

National Guilds Men.
The S. C. U.

By Conclusivist.

The Supreme Council of the Ulster Covenanters met in London last week to consider a matter of grave importance, namely, the receipt of the following telegram by General Richardson, Commander-in-Chief of the Ulster Volunteers:

London, 18/3/14

Richardson, Craigavon, Belfast

Suspend operations, Instructions following.

(Signed) NASSU.

The members of the Supreme Council present at the meeting were, Lord Londonderry, the Duke of Norfolk, Lord E. Talbot, Chief Conservative Whip, Lord Milner, Sir Edward Carson, Captain Craig, and General Richardson.

Lord Londonderry, who presided, opened the proceedings by remarking:—My Lords and Gentlemen, I have summoned this special meeting of the Supreme Councilers for the purpose of investigating if any light can be thrown upon the matter of this telegram and the execution of its instructions.

The whole thing, especially the secret countersign which is supposed to be known only to members of the Supreme Council, and is changed every three days, proves conclusively, I think, that it must have emanated from some one here present, or, that some member of the Council has betrayed us to the enemy. It is not pleasant, after working so harmoniously together during the past two years, that at the very moment when our plan was ripe for execution, some traitor's hand should intervene, and by one blow, destroy the joint labours of months. The full effect of this treacherous action can only be fully realised, after we have heard the report of General Richardson.

General Richardson: Lord Londonderry, my Lords and Gentlemen, I received this telegram at Craigavon at about 10 a.m. on the morning of March 18th, and—never was I more surprised or disappointed in my life. All my dispositions were absolutely complete. Nothing remained except a few commanding officers to take post, which they could readily have done, as cars were in waiting to take them to their various stations. At first I felt confident the telegram was a hoax, and had come from the enemy, but when I thought of the countersign, "Nassu," which I only had received from London the day before, and which I knew would only be in force for three days, and that only members of the Supreme Council were acquainted with it, I was reluctantly forced to conclude that the telegram was genuine. There was then the necessary instruction issued to suspend the contemplated attack on the Nationalists in Belfast, and the raids on the depots and stores in other places. Let me tell you, my lords and gentlemen, to what point our preparations had been carried. Take Belfast. On the Cave Hill I had a battery of six guns trained and sighted on the Nationalist quarters of the Falls Road. Every avenue of escape out of Belfast was effectually blocked by companies of well-armed volunteers, and anticipated and guarded. I had discovered that escape by the York Road and Shore Road, the Astrim Road and Gleggornal, or by the Falls Road and Balmoral was impossible, they would double back and try to seek shelter in the Queen Street Barracks, unless the protection of the regular troops. But I had taken all the necessary steps to defeat any such attempt. I had the junction of Donegal Street, Queen Street, and Carrick Hill commanded by six maxims, and the surrounding premises full of volunteers, so that when the Papists came pouring through Carrick Hill we could have shot them down like dogs. I had also made the same arrangements regarding Carlisle Circus. Had the Papists tried to reach the Barracks on the Antrim Road side, not one would have succeeded. Then take the case of Carrickfergus. With a friend in the Castle I had arranged that two hours after retreat our men should be admitted to the old Portcullis room over the gate till they were strong enough to rush the guard, when the gates would be thrown open to five hundred men who were waiting in the town. With such a force I anticipated no difficulty in getting possession of the eleven million rounds of ammunition stored in O'Neill's Tower. I had boats lying ready at the quay to carry part of this ammunition across the lough to Bangor, where cars were waiting to transport it to the Mount Steward, Newtownards, the residence of my Lord Londonderry. Beside this, Carrickfergus would have put us in possession of a battery of big guns and the command of Belfast Lough, by which we could have prevented the Royal Navy from rendering any assistance to the Papists of Belfast, or aiding the civil or military powers in any way. Besides all this, my lords, inland, I had made arrangements for a strong line of posts running north from Belfast to Derry, Lisburne, Portadown, Lurgan, Dungannon and Omagh were all to be taken and occupied—and all this was on the point of accomplishment when the whole of our plats were upset by the arrival of this telegram—

Captain Craig: Yes, General, that's just the point. What is the use of crying over spilt milk? Let us find out who forged the telegram. To hell with the Pope.

Lord Londonderry: My dear Captain, I do hope you will have some regard for the susceptibilities of some of those present!

Captain Craig: Well—that's just where you are mistaken. I have no regard for them or their susceptibilities. What the hell are they doing in this galley? I would remind you, my lord, that I cautioned you at least eighteen months ago that as surely as we let one of these Papists into our business, so surely we should be betrayed.

Lord Londonderry: "I am sure that is an unnecessarily gross reflection on his Grace the Duke of Norfolk and my friend Lord Edward Talbot. Two more loyal members of this council do not exist."

Captain Craig: Well: I tell you, my lord, I will not accept your valuation of them. They are Papists—and whether they are here to betray the Papists to us or betray us to the Papists, they are a pair of traitors, anyway.

Lord Londonderry: Your Grace, my lords and gentlemen, I am extremely pained that Captain Craig has taken upon himself such an attitude and spoken as he has done. I can speak after thirty years' knowledge of the Captain, and I can pledge my honour on it—that not in the whole of the Orange order is there a more strenuous enemy of Ireland than the Duke of Norfolk. Time, labour, money, without stint, at home and abroad, has the Duke devoted to the establishment of a Parliament in Dublin, and now—to hear anyone on our side throw doubts upon his loyalty to our cause is—".

Captain Craig: To hell with the Pope [whistles "The Protestant Boys"]

Lord Londonderry: Perhaps I had better let the Duke speak for himself: and I ask for him a respectful hearing. The Duke of Norfolk.

Duke of Norfolk: Lord Londonderry, my lords and gentlemen, I am inexpressibly pained by the words and attitude of our friend Captain Craig. At a time when the Captain was a mere boy, at the period of the first Home Rule Bill, I was actively engaged in defeating that measure. For thirty odd years I have devoted time, money, and whatever influence I possess, either to England or Rome, to defeat the Irish national movement. But I am afraid, my lord, that Captain Craig and I view this matter from two totally different standpoint. He appears to think that Home Rule would place Ireland under the domination of Rome. My opinion is that the very contrary would be the fact. At this moment, and for generations past, Ireland has been, on account of her well-sustained poverty, the best recruiting ground for two world-powers—England and Rome, while Rome got her brains Britain got her brawn. And both benefited at her expense. But it is the common folly—on the part of those with a provin-
cial mind—to imagine that every Irish youth who joins the priesthood of Rome is a loss to the Empire. The very opposite is the case, because, every youth who is educated for the priesthood in Ireland is an agent for the very opposite is the case, because, every youth who is allowed to become peaceful and prosperous under a native Parliament, recruiting for the priesthood would cease in a few years. At present, owing to their poverty, it is the practice of Irish farmers to place their brightest sons in the Church as an investment. But with greater material prosperity and more opportunities at home this practice would soon fall into abeyance. Labourers’ sons at present have no option but to enlist or emigrate, so all things combine to induce us to keep Ireland in a state of want, so that we can force her sons to perform those services for us, which they have done hitherto. Regarding the Roman power in Ireland—!

Captain Craig: To hell with the Pope [whistles “The Battle of the Boyne”].

Lord Milner: Am I, God, Craig, what is that beastly thing you are whistling?

Captain Craig: Beastly thing, did you say? You German bastard! That music was old and classical ages before the man who wrote “The Watch on the Rhine” was pumped!

Lord Milner: My lord, I protest against such a vulgar attack upon my country. I did not join this movement in the expectation of being insulted so grossly.

Sir Edward Carson: You asked for it! What right had you, a German, to refer to a piece of Irish music as a “beastly thing”? We don’t want any Germans in this movement. You only came into it for what you could get out of it. We suspect you are merely trying to climb up our backs to rehabilitate yourself at our expense, for the botch you made of things in South Africa. But you should remember that we are neither Egyptians nor Boers, but Irishmen, and whatever our differences, we don’t want any German interference.

Captain Craig: Not damned likely!

Sir Edward Carson: I therefore thank, my lord, that unless you can display a little more respect for Irishmen and things Irish, Orange or otherwise, than you have done hitherto, I should advise you to withdraw from this movement.

Lord Milner: I will take your advice, sir, and retire from a movement where my presence subjects me to such insults—good day.

Captain Craig: And good shut! I believe that’s the fellow that betrayed us, Ned. Did you observe his countenance? There was treachery pictured in every feature.

Lord Londonderry: Speaking for myself, I am sorry that Lord Milner has retired under such circumstances. It is the first split in our movement. But I am most anxious to hear the views of Lord Edmund Talbot. From his official position as chief Conservative Whip, he, no doubt, will be able to tell us what is the feeling of the party after the recent debate. Lord Edmund Talbot.

Lord Edmund Talbot: Lord Londonderry and gentlemen of the outset I should like to remark that recent happenings on the North East Coast of Ireland, have altered the political situation and the position of the Conservative Party completely. So long as the Ulster movement was conducted with some regard to established rules, the party were prepared to continue their support.

Captain Craig: A—h!

Lord Edmund Talbot: Just so! But this gun-running on such a gigantic scale, the party will not countenance.

Sir Edward Carson: Why—pray?

Lord Edmund Talbot: For this reason. You heard it stated in the House a few weeks ago, by one of the Labour leaders that they would take steps to arm the Trade Unionists in England. At the moment it was made the threat was pooh-poohed. But now they can point to Ulster as an example and justification for such action. The question is already being asked—“If Irish Orangemen can arm: why not English Labour men?” The gravity of the situation lying behind that question is obvious. With the Trade Unionists in England in possession of arms and ammunition, what would be the fate of our persons, power, property, privileges, and all the things which the classes in England hold and enjoy?
Art and Plutocracy.

By Arthur J. Penty.

In my last article I said that "the ordinary craftsman of to-day, where he survives, generally knows the technical side of his craft, but he knows nothing about its aesthetic side, and that the problem is how to bring that knowledge to him." Mr. Mackley is not clear as to what, in this connection, is meant by aesthetic knowledge. He cannot separate the two ideas of technical knowledge and aesthetic knowledge, for he says: "In considering mediæval work, it seems apparent that the conscious thought in the artist's mind was only of the technical excellence of the workmanship according to workshop traditions." That is largely true of the Middle Ages. The mediæval craftsman did not, I imagine, trouble much about conscious aesthetics because he lived and worked in an atmosphere of aesthetics. The technical traditions of the mediæval craftsman were at the same time aesthetic traditions. But the traditions of the trade craftsmen to-day are only mechanical traditions, and as he is blind to the aesthetic side of things he can only be made to produce work which has aesthetic excellence in it when there is somebody over him who is determined to have it done, and then he only does it under protest. Even in his own account, for every sense of taste must have admired the beauty of old brickwork. An old wall of simplest nature looks beautiful; a modern wall equally simple does not. What is the reason for this? Well, in the first place the old bricks were slightly irregular in shape, they had varied texture, and were more finished and more carefully laid. They were built with wide joints and ordinary brown mortar was used. When walls of that kind are built to-day it is because some architect insists upon it. The trade craftsman will not do it of his own accord, for it violates every one of his technical traditions. He loves a brick of a perfectly uniform colour and of a perfectly mechanical form, while he aims at building with as narrow a joint as possible, and prefers to use black mortar. A wall built in this way is absolutely deadly. It is as ugly as sin, and yet the ordinary trade craftsman never thinks he has done a good job unless he builds in this way. And so with respect to all modern workshop traditions. They are mechanical traditions, and an architect must every time interfere with good work out of any trade craftsman until he can direct the craftsman in every technical detail.

Now these workshop mechanical traditions are to-day slowly being replaced in the building trade by aesthetic traditions. Let us only remember that the point here is not that these architects were only able to introduce change from a distance. An architect in municipal service can only do so when he has wealthy clients behind him who can only do so when they have wealthy clients behind them. On such technical issues the wealthy are mostly just as indifferent as the ordinary man, but it does not alter the fact that their wealth enables certain architects to introduce change, and not the least among the reasons for this is that the well-to-do as a rule trust their professional advisers to a degree which would seem incredible to the ordinary man. As I said before, the average man loves to dictate. Mr. Mackley seems to the truth of this. He asks where did I get this notion from, adding that the average man is for the most part a wobbly loon, who is content to toil through life at the dictates of the reigning orders of Rent, Interest and Profit. My answer is that I have grown out of experience. As an architect I have at different times worked for different classes of people, and I have generally found that the lower one goes down in the social scale the more the desire on the part of clients to dictate comes in. That the lower one goes down it does not alter the general rule. It is because the average man is willing to be dictated to in his own affairs that he claims the right to dictate to others when he finds himself in possession of money. An aristocrat, as long as this is because the aristocrat refuses to introduce his own affairs that as patron he rarely wants to dictate to others.

And now I must answer a second question. Am I prepared to uphold the wealthy and the plutocratic class in introducing social evils in order to effect a revival of the arts? My answer is simple. We shall never be able to put an end to existing social evils or to get rid of the wealthy until we do effect a revival of the arts. It is not a question of whether I agree to tolerate the wealthy. The question is simply that until the democracy recognises that art is a factor in social reform it will inevitably continue to be exploited. And the reason for this is that we shall never rid society of the commercial spirit until art becomes a perfectly independent entity. If a spirit remains it does not matter much how we shuffle the cards, as the result will work out finally very much the same. The Socialist agitation has removed the moral sanction of capitalism, but its intellectual sanction still remains, for we still believe in the basic things which have brought capitalism into existence and are still the secret of its strength. We believe in large organisations, in machinery, in the division of labour, in the desirability of cheapness, in universal markets, and a thousand and one other things which are incompatible with a communistic society. The fact that we refuse to recognise these things as evils does not alter the fact that they are such. The trouble is that we recognise no standards of thought or taste or anything else. Accordingly everything has become a matter of opinion. Here lies our central weakness, for so long as this attitude remains we shall never realise what are the real issues, and we shall always be at the mercy of some plausible adventurer who is content to deal in appearances. I am a democrat in the sense that I want to see the communistic basis of society restored, but I realise only too painfully that the democracy will have radically to change its ideas on almost every issue before such a change is possible.

Nobody recognised the hearing of the arts on social problems more than Plato. Writing on music, he says, "The introduction of a new style of music must be shunned as imperilling the whole state; since styles of music are never distinguished without affecting the most important political institutions." "The new style," he goes on, "gradually gaining a lodgment, quietly in- situates itself in manners and customs; and from these it issues in greater force, and makes its way into mutual compacts; and from compacts it goes on to attack laws and constitutions, displaying the utmost impudence, until it ends by overturning everything both in public and in private." If Plato could say this of music, which seems so remote from economic problems, what would he have said of schemes of social reform which treat with indifference the disappearance of the artist and the craftsman?
Peerages for All.

By Duxmila.

**Before the Lord Chief Justice in Special Session at the Old Bailey on Wednesday last, William Hucklebury Banks, an honest man, charged with refusing to accept a peerage conferred on him by his Majesty the King, and with expressing his opinion of the same in a manner calculated to affect the dignity attaching to that Honour.**

For the Prosecution: Sir Lancelot Tufftaunter, instructed by the Solicitor-General. For the Defence: Prisoner was not represented by Counsel.

Counsel stated in his opening speech that, in consequence of complaints from newly created peers that their elevation, so far from being any use to them, was actually the cause of exclusion from the circles which had been open to them as commoners, it had been resolved by Ministers to depart from the usual custom so far as to create a certain number of peers from the ranks of honourable men—it being hoped that in this manner the social value of the dignity would be raised, and that it might even regain something of the moral and intellectual standing which it had enjoyed in former years. That this was in every way desirable would be denied by no one with insight into the workings of the English political system. Counsel remarked that his lordship would not doubt agree that, when a name had been besmirched by, say, association with shady financial transactions, it was a great and merciful relief to the bearer to be able to change it beyond recognition by the payment of a certain sum based upon his need and upon the number of customers in the market.

The Lord Chief Justice: I know, I know! Counsel also remarked upon the depletory effect which the tendency in question was having upon the party funds—these, as was known, being largely supplied by receipts from the sale of honours. As a result of this quite a number of deserving persons would lose their means of subsistence, and ruin and disaster spread themselves throughout political circles.

The first witness to be called was Rosamund Violet Brown. Witness deposed: That she was a domestic servant and employed as parlourmaid in prisoner's household. On March 20 she brought prisoner a letter. It was franked "O.H.M.S." and in a large, blue envelope.

Counsel: An official envelope, in short? Witness: Yes. Prisoner opened letter in witness's presence and extracted a large, stiff parchment with a seal attached. Prisoner read parchment and then explained to his wife: "Good God, Maria, the blighters have made me a peer!"

The Lord Chief Justice: What did she say? Witness: She said, "Oh, William!" Counsel: Did prisoner say any more? Witness: Yes, sir, that 'e did; 'e said something else too!

The Lord Chief Justice: And what was that, pray? Witness: Well, I only 'opes as 'ow yer washop won't take it amiss! The Lord Chief Justice: No, my good woman, we shall not take it amiss from you. Now, what was it the prisoner said? Witness: Well, sir, 'e said as 'ow 'e was a-going ter —

The Lord Chief Justice (hastily): That will do, my good woman, that will do! You have said quite enough! Stand down!

Witness (not hearing the box): And 'e did, too! Counsel: That will do, now, that will do! You heard what his lordship said!

Witness was led away and succeeded by Peter Faith, sorter of dustbins and cinder-heaps, who bore witness to discovering a document which had been identified as the parchment in question during the course of his work. Had dried it and hung it up in his room, because it amused the children. Asked if he was in the habit of collecting curiosities which he discovered in the course of his daily labours, witness answered yes. He had collected many such. Asked to give instances, witness mentioned a complete volume of the "Daily Citizen" for 1913, collected by single numbers.

The Lord Schwenrihemes advanced into the box, and was received by the Court kneeling and kissing his feet.

The Lord Chief Justice: Pray be seated, my lord! We are overwhelmed by the honour of your lordship's presence!

Witness gave evidence to the effect that he had started life as a spectator in bawdy-houses and bucket-shops. Later he had added money-lending to his various trades. Having made his pile and wishing to become respectable, he had invested in a British peerage, which, as he claimed £50, would stand, would secure him an immediate recognition by the best society in the land. He regretted to say, however, that so far from this being the case, he had since been refused admission to several London restaurants as an undesirable and that on the notification in the "Gazette" the tradespeople had at once sent in their accounts.

Witness then left the box; the Court standing with bare heads until he had passed the door: The next witness was the Ministerial Whip, Lord Panama of Bogota, who gave the Court some information on the subject of honours. Originally these had been designed as the rewards of public service or virtue, but the custom had been of recent years to dispense them in return for cash payments, which varied according to the social value of the honour and the number of wealthy rogues competing for whitewash. Was sorry to say that, as already mentioned, prizes had fallen very much lately. Peerages could now be got for £50, and knighthoods had even been placed at the disposal of newspaper proprietors, to be given away as prizes for the winners of competitions. Was not certain, however, that the last was not rather a good thing, since, as a result, some knightships had fallen to the lot of comparatively honest persons. Was strongly of opinion that acceptance of Honours should be made compulsory, as otherwise no decent person could be got to take them.

Cross-examined by prisoner: No, the peerage had not been submitted "on approval." Yes, prisoner would have had to find his own coronet.

By the Court: None of the other peerages sent out had been returned, but he could not say whether recipients were actually using them.

This closed the case for the prosecution.

The Lord Chief Justice (to prisoner): What have you to say for yourself?

Prisoner replied that he was sorry if he had upset the Government's plans. He was quite willing to make any reasonable sacrifice for the public good, but having always been a respectable person and well spoken of in his neighbourhood, he had at first taken it rather ill that he should be associated against his will with peers.

The Lord Chief Justice, in pronouncing sentence, remarked upon the heinousness of prisoner's crime, as Lord Twyford. He would not inflict the penalty of death, but would confine him self to ordering prisoner to bear the title of Lord Twistyford.

Prisoner: Oh, my lord, think of my wife and little ones!

The Lord Chief Justice: You should have thought of them beforehand. You have been treated leniently enough.
Unedited Opinions.  
The Popularity of Bergson.

What is your opinion of Bergson?
I would rather give you my opinion of Bergsonism, for by this time his doctrine has ceased to be under his control, though it still carries his name on its label. Bergsonism I take to be the chief reactionary movement in the present spiritual politics of the world.

Reactionary! Spiritual politics! Would you mind explaining it?
Well, I suppose that politics is not confined to the area of a nation or even of all nations together. And you imply that from this point of view a philosophical propaganda may be good or bad politics?
Exactly. The philosophers (more especially popular philosophers) are the spiritual politicians of the day; and it behoves us to consider them quite as carefully as we find we have to consider our temporal politicians. They do not, it is true, legislate in the technical sense; but none the less they do legislate by changing our beliefs.
In what sense, however, do you regard Bergsonism as a reactionary movement?
This conclusion can only follow a statement of the nature of progress. If we have no notion of progress, we obviously can have none of reaction. Bergsonism, for example, is only reactionary on the supposition that the world-politicians are aiming at something to which Bergsonism is inimical. Is that not true?
It appears to be; but what then is that supposition?
No great supposition it appears to me, but a plain fact, however much it may be denied: that man is on this planet to become perfect, and must remain here until he is.
But in what does his perfection lie?
That we cannot know, as Aristotle says, until the process is complete; but at any rate we can form a relative idea of it, approximating thus by natural stages. For instance, I have no doubt whatever that for the present and for the vast mass of mankind the perfection of reason is the paramount duty. Only when we have perfected reason can we dispense with it.
Your objection to Bergsonism, therefore, is that it undervalues reason?
Yes. By calling reason intellectuality (and so giving it a bad name), Bergsonism has attempted to take the lid off the pot before the contents are properly cooked. It would criticise intellectualism; and have before now and doubtless shall again. But to criticise intellectualism is one thing: to substitute for it an inferior quality is, however, quite another thing.
What has Bergsonism substituted for intellect?
Intuition Bergson calls it himself, but impulse in its vulgar best sense is the meaning Bergsonism carries with it. You see the artful dodger, while slyly cheapening reason by naming it intellectualism, raises the estimation of impulse by calling it intuition. The choice for foolish people is therefore pretty well determined!
Then you do yourself distinguish between Intuition and Impulse?
Decidedly, but they differ exactly as I put it in my mind as the Sun from the Moon. In talking of the Sun, however, while everybody is aware of only moonshine, is it not plain that Bergsonism will get the moon taken for the sun?
I am afraid I do not follow.
Well, let me put it in this way. At present the majority of us have only our impulses to guide us, or rather these are the effective causes of our action. But long ago there began to be developed a reason or intellect, the chief purpose of which was to inhibit certain impulses, to control others, and generally to rule them. This intellect in a few of us is becoming fairly competent for its job; so competent, in fact, that in developed persons impulses are having a baddish time: with this double result—that, in the best of us, the old springs of action appear to be almost worn out, so that we are all Hamlets more or less; and second, that the impulses of the uncontrolled cry out against the tyranny intellect exercises on them. The double effect accounts for the threatened rebellion against intellectualism.

Very naturally, too, if the springs of action are really being broken under the government of the reason! Just what the anti-intellectualists say. They complain that the intellectual has no energy, no élan vitale, no "go" in him; and they not only do not like this state, but they fear it means the end of the world. Decadence, I think, poor old Nietzsche used to call it. On the contrary, however, when the uncertain moon has retired, the sun (to go back to my metaphor) will certainly rise. In short, if we can only maintain our repression of impulse, intuition will take its place. ... People, however, are so impatient!
But may not intellect be as fatal to intuition as to impulse?
Again you have cleverly hit upon the orthodox objection. No, I say, the intellect will not suppress intuition, for the reason that intuition is above intellect while impulse is below it.
Above and below—what do these words mean here?
It is a question of experience, I think. An intuition may be said to be above reason because, in the first place, reason cannot destroy it, and in the second place because reason actually confirms and supports it. An impulse, on the other hand, can be destroyed by reason and hence is properly said to be below it.
Now where comes in the mistake of Bergsonism?
Why, in denouncing intellect before impulse has been completely subdued. The rise of intuition, it seems, is too long delayed for these impatient moderns. They want the sun before the moon has gone. And since the sun shows no signs of appearing (to them!) they will have their moon back and call that the sun.
And Bergsonism, you think, encourages this?
Bergsonism I take to be the chief reactionary movement. Are there any grounds, however, for believing that intuition will appear when impulse is completely under intellectual lock and key?
Certainly, a thousand. Of which two. It is inconceivable that the life-impulse should be defeated by one of its own manifest manifestations. In other words, it is ridiculous to suppose that, if impulse be controlled, the power that controls it is the author of decadence.Quite the contrary. Secondly, the perfected intellect is the most lucid thing in the world; while it shows up every defect in impulse; it will allow truth to shine through without a flaw.
By what means does it do one and the other?
We know its devastating effect on impulse, do we not? For it is the common complaint that impulse ought not to be thought about: meaning that if it were thought about it would shrivel up. And that is true. But the behaviour of the intellect under intuition is different. It gracefully and gladly surrenders and joins forces with it.
You mean that intuition appears reasonable in the very highest sense?
More even than that: while it surprises us by its reasonableness, it leaves reason satisfied with a paradox. How a paradox?
Why, when the reason is so perfect that as subtle an argument can be invoked for as against anything, the result in reason is a paradox. Thereafter the reason, having finished its work, is satisfied.
And the intuition—
Then emerges into consciousness.
But Bergsonism, I believe, says the same thing.
Oh, that we must perfect reason and become perfect intellects before talking about intuition or even looking for it? That women and most men are as yet miles below reason instead of just about to surpass it? Does Bergson say that? No, that would not be popular.
Readers and Writers.

I am quite ready to accept Mr. George Moore's assurance that until a week or two ago he had never read a word of Sterne. It is ridiculous, indeed, of Mr. Courtney to suggest the comparison. Sterne is the absolute master of literary seduction. With nothing much to say that is worth attention and with a great deal to say that is worth nothing, he nevertheless continues to draw the reader on from chapter to chapter, from book to book, for just as long as he pleases. This is art with the small "a" in its highest manner; for at bottom we all hate the bother of reading and only consent to it when we must. Mr. George Moore, on the other hand, has no charm by means of which to compel us to read him. His information, as he admits, is native of more interest than Sterne's, for he deals with people we know and like to hear scandalised; and yet I, for one, special works must then be adopted. By the way, it is not courage, but impertinence, to admit that one in the position of Mr. Moore is reading Sterne for the first time at fifty or so years of age. Sterne is not an out-of-the-way author whom one can be forgiven for never having happened to meet. On the contrary, he is a part of the high road of English style. To have missed him is therefore to confess to a taste for the second-rate—a conclusion manifest enough in Mr. Moore's style.

Another long step has been taken by Messrs. Dent towards the completion of their "Everyman" library of a thousand volumes. Some of the Introductions apart, and pace my colleague, Mr. P. Selver, the Library mighl be a world (including Germany) without finding its peer. It is, in fact, a national possession of which we should be proud. For fifty pounds when the series is completed a man may set himself up in a library for life; and from the day that the last volume is given for never having chanced to meet. On the contrary, he is a part of the high road of English style. To have missed him is therefore to confess to a taste for the second-rate—a conclusion manifest enough in Mr. Moore's style.

A subject on which even professedly educated people think it no shame to confess or reveal ignorance is ancient Indian thought and literature. Excuses can be found here for the unenlightened, for, in truth, the best Indian works are hard to discover, buried, as they are, in piles of the most appalling rubbish the human brain has invented. For "Times" leaders, however, this defence is not valid, for what else but to know is their profession? Yet in Friday's issue some leader writer referred to Mr. William James' invention of the distinction between the "once-born" and the "twice-born," oblivious, apparently, of the fact that the distinction is as old as the Himalayas and was never even claimed by Mr. William James as his own. "Twice-born," I may say, moreover, is a phrase the meaning of which is as little appreciated by the "Times" writer as its origin. It is a label for the class of the self-educable, those who could add reflection to their natural impulses. But more exactly it referred to those whose consciousness had been raised from the egoistic to the universal centre; and such persons were entitled to be spoken of as "we." Of this super-egototic consciousness the forms of claim still linger in the use of "we" as a first person singular in the royal and the editorial "we."

The news that Mr. Galsworthy's play, "Justice," had been hissed to death on its production at Hamburg last week set me thinking on what is wrong with Mr. Galsworthy. Briefly, he has not an ounce of dynamic in him. In the play referred to, for example, a little rabbit of a person is made the anvil of such blows of Fate as only the most heroic resistance could render endurable as a spectacle. As it is, the little what's-her-name not only does not resist, but he meekness, arising from weakness, aggravates and humiliates us. We are disgusted by his submissiveness and are almost as much inclined to say it serves him right as to deplore the brutality of his circumstances. Now in the "Mob" Mr. Galsworthy, it appears, has repeated the same passive non-resistance with the same good effect. He has made a "hero" of a mere negative, of an everlasting victim, of an embodied protest. Why is this? I can only suppose that it is because Mr. Galsworthy has not "stuff enough" in him to make a dynamic hero who, instead of being always the victim, becomes the tyrant of circumstances, or, at least, their worthy protagonist. Excuses can be used to taunt the Greeks with always inquiring anxiously what Philip was doing. If you had any spirit, he used to say, it is Philip who would be anxiously inquiring what you were doing! Mr. Galsworthy's "heroes" similarly are always trembling lest Fate should overwhelm them; and in the end Fate always does overwhelm them. Had they spirit, Fate would at any rate be in suspense for a play's length, and the spectators would be correspondingly elevated. On the whole, I think Hamburg is a good critic. * * *

With an exception or two, the London publishers are well known to be illiterate; but too much credit is still given them for knowing their own business. As a matter of fact, if they were in any other trade, their absence of method would bankrupt them in a month. I will not present my evidence for this just now; but it shall appear in due course. In the meantime, what do my readers make of this little incident? One of the leading publishers recently sent his books for review to the "Speaker," a journal that became the "Nation" seven years ago! Not a member of the firm was aware of the change. * * *

Something will have to be done to put the advertising touts into their old place of menial obscurity. What services they perform to society I have never been able to make out. That their fees (amounting in all sometimes to a hundred per cent. of the value of the magazine) are added to the price is, of course, obvious —and that is scarcely a public advantage! In addition, they most undoubtedly have the effect of clamouring down anything that is good and at the same time cheap. Yet nowadays they pose as public benefactors and, to crown all, as artists! Mr. T. J. Barratt, for instance, who raised the advertisement wastage of Pears' Soap from £80 per annum to £100,000, got quite a eulogy for his epitaph last week; and Sir William Lever at the Column Club the other day claimed that "advertising was as much an art as that of the painter, the musician or the sculptor." It is really not true! Even a little Cubist is in comparison with them a god. * * *

I should be loth to be the cause of the addition of a single magazine to the existing jungle; but if a new one should prove inevitable let me suggest its nature to do the least harm and the greatest service. Many public and semi-public lectures are delivered, it is well-known, and some of them are of real value. Why should not a monthly review be formed to report and discuss them? The magazine need not be too exclusive in its range, but that reads the "Everyman" Library (not the journal, but the unprofessional
reader cannot read all the magazines, it should occur to some publisher that the same person cannot attend or even keep in touch with all the lectures in current delivery. The writer reports that the late Mr. M. Bergson’s and Dean Inge’s lectures on Plotinus last week were particularly provoking. Yet many of us would have preferred them to the Home Rule debates.

It is not for me to lay a complaint against those readers who have written sympathetically of the present to which The New Age has been brought; but unaccustomed, as I am, to public correspondence, I must say, yes, I think I can say, and indeed I will say, that never in the whole course of my existence—I mean, in short, that some of the communications have surprised me. One correspondent suggests that we return to the price of a penny; another suggests a return to threepence; a third suggests the raising of the price to a shilling; a fourth suggests the admission of advertisements, a fifth recommends us to procure a grant from the Trade Unions; a sixth advises an appeal to our readers to form a guarantee fund; a seventh urges me (me!) to assemble a meeting in London and to lay our case before it; number eight addresses the editor to get rid of this contributor and that (most of us, in fact); the ninth little nigger boy says it serves us right for never having told working men that they drink too much. There is, of course, good meat on every one of these bones; for otherwise I am sure our readers would never have sent them to us. But (1) The New Age was published at a penny for five volumes and lost £600 on each; (2) it was published for eight volumes at 3d. and lost much about the same amount on each; (3) at a shilling our circulation would in all probability not pay our postage; (4) this should be addressed to the advertisers; (5) I will say nothing about; (6) is of doubtful advantage, even if it were possible; (7) flatters London too much; (8) is impossible—they won’t go; and (9) Ah! we’ll drink over it! No, we will drink over it.

Three thousand ordinary subscribers (each presenting a newsagent with twopence and sending us fourpence per copy) would equally ensure our mutualities of readers and writers, and in the absence of German publishers from Villon. (I) “His version does not flatter London too much. I have had occasion more than once to draw comparison between English and German publishers. Last month I made it clear that while I admire the methods of German publishers I am aware of their shortcomings. I have therefore read an article by Hermann Bahr on this very subject in the “Frankfurter Zeitung”, with caution, especially since, to quote my own words: “As a literary critic, Hermann Bahr is too impressionable to be safe.” Moreover, the canny Hermann has received a pretty pfennig in his time from those same publishers, I'll be bound. He does go so far as to say “I do not want to be suspected of speaking pro domo, and I must therefore abstain from commending the house of S. Fischer, to which I myself belong.”

Still, this devil’s advocate makes his points. His general assertion about the German publishers is, that they are no longer mere purveyors or agents. They have a direct personal influence upon literature. (We are speaking, mind you, of German publishers.) “When a real intellectual of our own creation comes to publish, it will have to contain a chapter about the publishers, who, with a mind of their own, have taken an active part in this development. . . . In our age, the publisher himself has become productive. There was a time when he presented a passive attitude towards the intellectual movement . . . he was a good or a bad conductor of best. To-day he himself is eager to get on the tracks of the age, he hastens to scent out the things it likes, even before an author supplies them. . . . In all modesty, with all caution, and not to be accused of exaggeration, it can be safely asserted: The German publisher now takes an active part in the intellectual movement.” Anyone who has followed even my notes with patience will, I think, agree that there is something to be said for this statement.

Readers of these notes will require no introduction to Otto Hauser, for on more than one occasion I have spoken of his achievements as literary critic and translator. It is not agriculture, nor law, nor music, but ambiguous appreciations, that he is placing his remarkable miscellanies of translated prose and verse within reach of all German readers (which includes, of course, all readers of German). Under his editorship, Alexander Duncker of Weimar and all publishing a series of booklets, “Aus fremden Gärten,” which aims at including in concise form characteristic literary productions of all ages and all countries. Here is another noteworthy lesson from Germany. Each number of the series has the equivalent of sixpence, and runs to about fifty pages of good print. I have before me only two specimens—selections from Verlaine, and from Swinburne’s “Poems and Ballads” (Swinburne for Sixpence!), but they are quite enough to serve as recommendations for the other forty or so which have as yet appeared. Among them are such varying items as the poems from the Chinese of Li-Tai-Po, Multatuli’s parables, selections from Wilde’s poems, and Sadi’s “Fruit Garden”; while the list of promised volumes opens up an equally wide area. The translations and introductions are all by Otto Hauser.

Strange enough, another winner of that prize whose most noteworthy feature is its inapposite name, died yesterday, and a few paragraphs later another man, Paul Heyse, for whom some critics have reserved a throne among the gods, while others have suggested a far different seat. Carl Bleibtreu (whom God forgive) declares roundly: “If he had never touched a pen,
literature would have gained rather than lost in its development." And, "His endless productivity was unceasing." And, "He called the dying Tolstoy an advertising comedian. . . . He ought to know . . . ." But in all fairness to Heyse, it must not be forgotten that his literary output was rather large. When in the early twenties he received a pension from the King of Bavaria, I do not say that so trifling a fact as this has the slightest bearing on Bleibtreu's attitude. But there were pensionless others who talked of sour grapes.

Heyse, himself, I suspect, rather fancied at times that his arrival on earth had been specially arranged at a committee meeting of spirits to replace Goethe. As far as dates we are concerned, it was arranged very nicely indeed. Enter Heyse 1830: exit Goethe 1832. But there was more than one hitch in the other details. Heyse tried hard, but vainly, to achieve success as a dramatist. I very much doubt whether his lyrics are the lyrics of Goethe. At the same time, he did develop the German "Novelle" with some style and, as a translator, chiefly from Italian, he practised his sense of form.

PRESENT-DAY CRITICISM.

The Fourth Perse Play Book is subentitled "the first fruits of the play method in prose." But as well as many convincing illustrations of the success of Mr. Caldwell Cook's method of teaching Littleman, the book contains what is probably the most original text-book ever written: not a sentence but evidences thought at first-hand. Here, it may be as well to define originality of this intellectual kind as ability to reach the permanent sources of creative thought. In our time we have come to accept as original the machinery of a thing has been done; he goes out into the world of divine providence. They do not contain the slightest allusion to prayer, even in the most difficult and dangerous moments. What is the consequence? Children who are fond of reading these adventurous tales will be as easily led to the opinion that in the course of their lives they can easily dispense with the Lord." Good Lord! P. SELVER.

The Perse play-method evidently succeeds in developing the understanding with only such aid as the individual memory of each pupil supplies—none but a very wide and free understanding has the matter for reason and coherent comparison.

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A streamlet flowed through a beautiful meadow. It was early spring, and the birds had built their nests in the bushes which were on either bank. In a grass-covered hole in the bank, there lived four plump, brown mice. One morning . . .

Here is a poetical approach to this eternal and tragic subject of cats and mice—and it is a boy of ten writing: but the boy's mind is free, he has been allowed to travel in many regions of the mind. Presently, having survived eleven, he will talk to Mr. Bishop, a Fisherman at Sheringham, and you will see how many sorts of things he is interested in and which will employ his style before he has to go now—here comes his mother—good-night!—good-night. He is a genuine guide. Mr. Cook to the spirit of Littleman. He has to sacrifice sometimes in a way which would set your pedagogue's hair on end. Mr. Heffer, aged thirteen, is candid about the bore of being such a subject as the Perse Play. But in all fairness to Heyse, it must not be forgotten that his literary output was rather large. When in the early twenties he received a pension from the King of Bavaria, I do not say that so trifling a fact as this has the slightest bearing on Bleibtreu's attitude. But there were pensionless others who talked of sour grapes.

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The Essay on "Steeple Morden" by a Littleman of 13-s is as remarkable for its fine form as for its matter, which includes things topographical, antiquarian, his-
torical and a host of thumb-nail sketches of human nature—"Mr. Smith the baker, a short little man with a
bald head and spectacles. He is always ready for a chat
and to give underweight to his best friends." This boy
describes some village games with almost too much skill—such work is skilful, as every budding journalist
knows.

Among the sixth form work, the sketch entitled "Miss Campbell's" is, we judge, not to be beaten as a study of the English language, and a good paragraph, since the praise must seem excessive until sup-
ported. "Miss Campbell's" stood non-committally be-
tween the public-house and the pump!

Miss Campbell's had two windows, one on each side of the door. The window on the side of Mr. McGimpsey's was devoted to the lighter side of life. It was a con-
glomeration of black-balls, conversation lozenges, and
Wild Woodbine cigarettes. I learned from Miss Camp-
bell, during an interview which was strictly
employed. "Miss Campbell's" is, we judge, not to be
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Miss Campbell's had two windows, one on each side of the door. The window on the side of Mr. McGimpsey's was devoted to the lighter side of life. It was a con-
glomerati...
while I devoted several pages to a discussion between two Turkish generals about the firing distance and the more or less perfect action of the adversary’s cannon. I had noted several times, whilst spending some after

noon in the battery De Suni at Sidi-Messri, in October, 1911, how the geometric and mechanical splendour of a luminous offensive flight, inflated by the sun and by the quick firing, rendered the spectacle of human flesh mangled or dying nearly negligible.

2. I have proved more than once how the substanti

ve, spoilt by the many contacts or by the weight of

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the battery De Suni at Sidi-Messri, in October,

I devoted several pages to a discussion between

two Turkish generals about the firing distance and the

greater force possible and the greatest depth, naturally

transform themselves into autoillustrations (by

means of orthography and typography free and expressive,

the synoptic tables of lyrical values and the outlined analogies.

As soon as this need for greater expression will be reached, words at liberty must return to their natural flow.

7. Free and Expressive Typography and Or tho-

ri
graphy serve also to express visual mimicry and the gesticulations of the narrator.

Thus words at liberty utilise (by completely render

ing it) that part of communicative exuberance and epi-

dermic geniality which is one of the characteristics of Southern and Eastern races.

This energy of accent, voice, and mimicry, which,

until now was revealed by teachers having the power of

moving their audience, and by brilliant talkers, finds

its normal expression in variety and in the natural lack of proportion between typographical types which reproduce the grimecas of the face and the sculptural chiselling power of gestures.

Thus words at liberty become the lyrical continuation

and transfiguration of our animal magnetism.

Mr. La Thangue’s Paintings.

It must long have been clear to anyone who has done me the honour to follow the drift of my occasional essays, that, identified as I may be supposed to be, with what we will, absurdly, call the extreme left wing in painting and criticism, my pleasure in the present concensus in our favour is considerably dished by the fact that painters who are supposed, for one reason or another, not to be officially enrolled in that wing, do not now get their fair share of attention and criticism.

Let us regard the fact solely, if you please, from the point of view of the interests of this same, by me, for the moment, so absurdly named left wing. The value of the criticism and the public attention which may be said to have vored for the present, grossly in our favour, is lessened for us to the extent that such criti-

cism and attention shows itself either negligent of, or unfair to the work that it happens, in our day, not to be the fashion to extol. After all, if the work of the left wing is as interesting as you are kind enough just now to say it is, that work must have been done by artists who are intelligent enough to judge you severely when you fail to find your way in critical paths less fully and conspicuously furnished with sign-posts.

Mr. H. H. La Thangue, one of the founder members of the New English Art Club, a painter of the highest natural ability, who has assiduously cultivated his gift for more than a quarter of a century, in the closest and most loving communion with nature, is holding an ex-
b

hibit of pictures at the Leicester Galleries, which must represent the work of several years. Nothing has been alleged against him, so far as I know, except that he is a member of the Royal Academy, and, possibly for that reason—I can think of no other—there has been a tendency to take his whole exhibition as read, and my impression is that it has been dismissed somewhat summarily and grudgingly by the Press. It is almost as if critics had been afraid to express admiration for Mr. La Thangue’s work for fear that we, of the aforesaid left wing, should not think them up to date.

I would beg these timid ones to ask themselves one question. Supposing by a moment accident of lodgings, Mr. La Thangue had remained a member of the New English Art Club, had lodged, that is, with Mr. Sargent in Suffolk Street, instead of with Mr. Sargent in Piccadilly, would the neglect and timidity of criticism have remained the same? We know that it would not. Well, then, Mr. La Thangue would have been extolled to the skies. And why? Because the critics would have been frightened of being despised by Mr. Tonks, or by Mr.

goatherd, or she may be the milkmaid, and be opening has to say. No base in itself is wrong. Greco and question that is relevant in criticism is how you dive which they dived into the waters that they made their base, a warm colour, something that may be described of nature which is what he, and not someone else, does not give us, ready made, and over again, the best, a most interesting series of relations in colour, with which he is known about colour to know that it is not absolute, but relative. The born painter develops, as he goes, a series of relations in colour, with which he is enabled to convey sensations about nature that he desires to set up. The very fact that Mr. La Thangue does not give us, ready made, and over again, the gamut of Monet or to be fin-de-décade, of Cézanne, is just what gives Mr. La Thangue his reason for existence. I cannot understand how the veriest tyro in criticism can fail to see this. It suited Monet's personal talent to develop, at his best, a most interesting series of colour relations having, as a base, a warm colour, something that may be described as grading from russet towards ruby, and his justification for the choice of this base is that he has been able to build on it a series of beautiful and interesting sensations of nature which is what he, and not someone else, has to say. No base in itself is wrong. Greco and Whistler inclined to use black as the spring-board from which they dived into the waters that they made their own. To use black as a spring-board is neither more noble nor less noble than to use blue or red. The only question that is relevant in criticism is how you dive from the springboard you have elected to use. Having undertaken what perhaps amounts to a very discreet defence of Mr. La Thangue, I have no wish to weaken it by appearing to run away from the destructive part of my criticism. To suppress it would weaken any force that may be found in my defence.

I remember a delightful song which used to thrill the audiences at the old Middlesex Music Hall in Drury Lane, by the concentrated expression it contained of a truth perhaps universal and secular:

when there isn't a girl about, you do feel lonely,
when there isn't a girl about to call your only,
you're absolutely on the shelf,
don't know what to do with yourself, hang it on the window. Give it time to convey its message, and it may give as exaggerated an idea of the universe as do "La Shepherdess" (28), "A Ligurian Gulf" (40), "A Sussex Hayfield" (41), "The Yole" (43). Take it home and hang it up in a room where you can see it at breakfast, or while you are dressing. Hang it on a wall at right angles to a window, and more than halfway away from the window. Give it time to convey its message, and you will see how remote that message is from all the din of the aesthetic discussions of the moment. It has taken the whole history of art to produce modern painting, and it has taken the painter more than half a century to develop his skill in self-expression. Such canvases contain a message that will speak to many generations to come, and will certainly last us in pleasure, entertainment, stimulus, for the rest of our short lives. Or take the moonrise on the lagoon over S. Pietro Castello (14). What an extraordinary evocation of the eternal Venetian twilight, when time seems arrested, and a blue universe floats in a bath of quicksilver, and it is impossible to say whether we are suspended in a happiness that is divine, or in unutterable fear.

WALTER SICKERT

Pastiche.

GOD OF BATTLES.

"God of Battles! God of Battles!"

Who art thou?

Dost thou love to look on slaughter?

Love to see blood run like water?

Do the broken hearts of Mothers glad Thy way?

Is the quarrel ours to seek?

Are we weak against the strong?

Are we puppets moved at will?

To hear men cursing, falling?

Is the cannon red, appalling?

Do widowed wives, and orphans make Thy play?

God of Battles! God of Battles!

Who art Thou?"

(MEN HEARD SINGING.)

Comrades, we are marching, marching, marching, Footsore, hungry, thirsty, marching, To the battle where you hear the cannon roar.

Is the quarrel ours to seek?

Are we strong against the weak?

Are we weak against the strong?

Are we fighting for our freedom, or for land?

Are we mere tools, mere tools?

Are we puppets moved at will?

Or do we march as brothers in a band?

Never care!

We are marching, marching, marching over there.

Is the fight for right or wrong?

Is the fight for right or wrong?

Are we fighting for our freedom, or for land?

Are we mere tools, mere tools?

Are we puppets moved at will?

Or do we march as brothers in a band?

Never care!

We are marching, marching, marching over there.
At home our folks are praying
That our foes we will be slaying,
And the King, or all the rest, and all
Our enemies come to an end:
God of Battles!
See us marching, marching, marching over there.
And our enemies are praying
That we soldiers they'll be slaying,
And their King, or all their great men pray the same;
When the priests over there
Declare that God will give the grace,
When we soldiers are sent out to play the game.
God of War!
The armies are all marching from afar.
Shall these enemies be heard
Ere our banners are unfurled?
Or have we the single right to gain God's ear?
Is it true that Thou dost yearn
To the last he tender his notice, having learnt from a senior that this was the proper thing to do. And Jimmy always wanted to do the square thing. His employer was taken aback. Jimmy was not only integrity itself; he was scrupulously honest. Therefore, in consideration of this last, he was moved, after due deliberation, to offer Jimmy an "advancement." Or Jimmy's protesting that this was not enough—he knew quite well that more would not be forthcoming—and so made this his excuse for wanting to better himself—his employer reminded him that he was not educated.

Jimmy was but three years with the Law, but to him they seemed three milleniums. He served another fifteen in the truly mechanical routine of an engineer's life, and his soul respectively, the clock-like regularity of his daily toil and work had always seemed to Jimmy like prescribing death. As

And now, when he felt he should have felt as free as and as irresponsible as a child, the mock responsibility of menial tasks had reduced the resisting power in a constitution predisposed to broach trouble. The sea voyage so often prescribed, and which had always seemed to Jimmy like prescribing a visit to the moon, was now possible, and he availed himself of it. He had led an abnormal and of necessity chaste life, and his physique had just sufficed to carry him through the back-waters of routine in apparent health.
existence. They found him in his berth one morning, with his hands crossed upon his breast. His attitude had the repose of a knight of old upon an ancient tomb; and if the sunny light in his eye was gone, there was a grim little smile on his lips.

HEARST.

SLEEP’S BETRAYALS.

A saint, in his chamber lonely,

Fired with his ecstasies,

Sleeps, and in troubled vision

Sees, and then he wakes again.

In pagan groves

A saint, in his chamber lonely,

Sleeps, and in troubled vision

Sees, and then he wakes again.

In his chamber lonely

A saint, in his chamber lonely

Sleeps, and in troubled vision

Sees, and then he wakes again.

And of a Cross he dreams.

EDWARD MOORE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A FEW REMARKS.

Sir,—You have frequently complained, and with every justification, that credit for being first in the field is often filched from The New Age and arrogated to yourselves by persons still withholding from the world whose contributions must have come directly or indirectly from the columns of your paper. I remember some reference being made to the names of Mr. Graham Wallas and Mr. Leonard Hall in connection; and, of course, the instance of the "Eye-Witness" in professing to be the first to have discovered the trickery of the Insurance Bill when it was introduced. I am sorry I cannot remember having myself been one of your regular readers of your correspondence columns. Perhaps you will permit me to take the "Eye-Witness" and draw some further attention to it. The contributors to that journal have never stopped patting themselves on the back in consequence of what they did over the Marconi affair. The action for criminal libel which was so foolishly brought against Mr. Cecil Chesterton tended to give his paper a further publicity than it really possessed or possesses. Fictitious importance can never be lasting, and it is foolish to say so than it really possessed or possesses.

The same remark applies to the letter and answer in the issue dated September 29, and another "To Recapture" in the issue of September 26. It is not, apparently, until after the famous "explanation" of Ministers in the House of Commons in the middle of October, that the "Eye-Witness" begins to realise that some persons are implicated other than Sir Rufus Isaacs and Mr. Samuel.

Very well. Mr. Maxse does not know anything about the gambling—does not admit it. It is a mere coincidence that he is not in the price of Marconi shares—until after Mr. Lawson starts writing in the "Outlook." By the middle of August, 1912, he had begun to suspect that something was amiss, and his rather cloudy suspicions are set down in the "National" for September. They are, however, little more than suspicions, and the "National" have never been prejudiced, as there is no love lost between its English-speaking population and its Majesty's Ministers, is full of disagreeable rumours, from which British Governments have been hitherto exempt, and it must be admitted that Ministers have no one to thank but themselves and the Postmaster-General, whose attitude has done everything to encourage these suspicions, whether they be well or ill founded." A rather long, loose-jointed, windy sentence—and that is as far as Mr. Maxse goes, even in his September number. The deluge does not begin to let loose until Mr. Lawson writes in the "National Review" for October. Recollect, too, that Mr. Lawson's article in the "Outlook" followed a question by Sir Henry Norman in the House of Commons on July 16. Now, why was there such a change, between the end of August and the beginning of October, in the tone of the few writers who were the first to criticise the affair? For the answer to this question, let me refer you and those interested to The New Age of September 5, 1912. In that issue, there is an article, which I quote on a single page, and I mentioned that not two but three Ministers of the Crown had taken advantage of select House of Commons information to gain the advantages of the game. I gave sufficient particulars to identify the three Ministers concerned. I mentioned the fact that two of them were instinctive financiers; an obvious reference to the descent of Sir Rufus Isaacs and Mr. Samuel. I said that the third had had finance thrust upon him; an obvious reference to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. In addition, I said that the sum involved was about a million sterling, which was gained through nominees. Like yourself a week or two later, I allowed it to be inferred that I attached to particular importance this corruption. It was not the first time that tricky goings of the sort had taken place in English politics. Formerly, it is true, the money corruptly obtained got into better hands—the hands, not of an "arrivoire," but of a person of good standing, good position, and good family, who, in my view, turned their money to better use than Mr. Lloyd George could possibly do. At the best of my knowledge, the article I wrote in The New Age of September 5, 1912, contained the first reference in any periodicical to the gambling operation in Marconi shares carried on by three Ministers of the Crown.

How I happened to know in May what had happened in March, it is not necessary to state. Journalists who are anxious for "scoops" about the Cabinet, give more attention to the City and to the Embassies and Legations. I am not making too strong a statement when I say that every foreign correspondent was shocked when the news of the gambling became known in diplomatic circles, which it did very soon after the transaction. The better Ministers of the Central and South American Republics never expected
such a thing to occur in England—they thought we had outgrown that stage. The French and Russian Embassies, although they hear from time to time of shady transactions on the Paris Bourse (remember Caillaux) were astonished; whereas many of us who have been with the longest of long poles, have never since spoken of the present Cabinet in anything but terms of contempt.

For, mark you, there was something about this affair out of which one could not escape. The men concern

involved were the leaders of the Liberal Party; the party of all others which is never tired of declaring against finance, gambling, and immorality; the party which professes to be concerned with the souls of the nation; the party which exudes uncertainty in its Press, on its platforms, and in the House of Commons. Nevertheless, it has not been of national hypocrisy against us more justified than when one of the pillars of this party, the man in charge of the national finances, the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself, confessed to being no better than the horsey people who arrange their starting-price bets with bookmakers in Switzerland—and this presumably, in the intervals of behaving the Liberals with Biblical texts in national finances, the Chancellor of the Exchequer in anything but terms of contempt.

Never mind,” said Mr. Lloyd George to Sir Rufus Isaacs, in the hearing of a friend of mine. “If Asquith can’t get us out of this mess, Bonar Law will. And Bonar Law did.

The transaction carried a lesson with it. In the winter of 1912-13, two more miserable individuals than Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Rufus Isaacs could hardly have been found in England. I had frequent opportunities of observing them, and the haggard, worn look on their faces would have given the impression of a Thersite. At Murphys, in a New Zealand Colombo shop, in the air fell to pieces almost as soon as they were built! It was pitiful, loathsome, to see the fat, puffy little man making his first appearance in the House, after his return from Bogotá, and, later on, giving his evidence before the Committee of his own House. From beginning to end it lasted a whole week and, as a rule, didn’t finish. But weeks are determined upon thy people and upon thy holy city, to finish the transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness, and to seal up the vision and prophecy.” Was Daniel also among the prophets?

His letter may serve as the Marconi Company’s tombstone. The Lords have reported; “grave errors” have been committed, and all’s well. But, before I leave for Paris, let me add a word or two about Guilds, the “New Witness,” and the Jews.

Such a scheme of economics as the “New Witness” professes to lay down is bound up with Roman Catholicism veterum, that has never been found in England. I had frequent opportunities of observing them, and the haggard, worn look on their faces would have given the impression of a Tiberius. The French and Russian Embassies, arose gradually as the English mind declined—that calm, noble, exuberant, mellowing spirit which has stamped our national character in a way that cannot be mistaken. It is not that the English mind, it is not a “European” mind (fatuous expression!); it is just English. In so far as Mr. Cecil Chesterton’s economics are Catholic, they are un-English and unsound.

I refer, of course, to their effect in England alone—I may very possibly have to praise Roman Catholicism the next time I write of France or any other Latin country; and I will do so with pleasure. In England, despite a century of industrialism, and, what is even worse, a quarter of a century of Webbism, the craftsman is again asserting himself. The old English spirit is struggling for its independence of the press, on its platforms, and in the Church.

The “Daily Herald,” which once forced the strongest Liberal Governments that ever existed, is now reduced to impotence. It has lost all political power, and no longer represents the rebel spirit that once made its strength. In fact, the spirit of the “Daily Herald” is far beyond that of the directors of the “Daily Herald.” For some unknown and obscure reason the latter have shorn the “Daily Herald” of the spirit wherein its power lay.

There is now no moral reason for the existence of the “Daily Herald.” It cannot be any more a force for good. Therefore, if your criticisms have contributed, in any degree, to the sounding of its death-knell, you will have rendered a service to the cause of the exploited.

Sir,—With reference to your comments, in your recent issue, on the Birthday number of the “Daily Herald,” will you, please, allow me, as a former Leaguer, to endorse your criticisms?

It has been painful to witness the “Daily Herald” pass, in the fight between the Exploiter and the Exploited, from a strong moral position to one of utter insignificance.

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SIR,—In the debate on Agricultural Wages in the House of Lords last week (including Mr. Lansdowne and Landsdowne) twitted the Government with a “something extraordinary love of compulsion.” I chance to remember that a good deal of the trouble in the unions (which is their bell-wether, Mr. Garvin) deliberately supported the Compulsory Insurance Act on the ground that the people needed it to be familiarised with compulsion as a preparation for the Unionist proposal for compulsory military service. Was there ever such a party of intellectual rags and tatters?

THE NEW ZEALAND STRIKE.

SIR,—I have seen no reference to the strike in New Zealand in The New Age until your issue of February 5, when a letter castigated the Government for the decision of the New Zealand workers to impose a 10 per cent. wage cut, which was exactly the same as a reduction of 10 per cent. on the wages of the workers. The letter was signed by Mr. Philip T. Kenway. It seems strange to me that a “convinced and even ardent Guild Socialist” had not better opportunities, even if situated in the country, than his letter indicates. Most of his news apparently has been taken from the Capitalist Press, who have for a long period been representing that the wasterside workers were earning from £6 to £7 a week, whereas it is well known that the average man seldom averages more than £2 5s.

His picture of the “cheap new country settlement” is hardly embarrassed by the fact that every land-hallot almost every section has from 100 to as many as 400 applicants for it. In any case, while the terrible choice between wages and starvation is not yet reached in New Zealand, the people of the towns see no necessity to isolate themselves far from their kind in great stretches of either Canterbury gravel or Hawke’s Bay gravel. Therefore, it is not to note that spineless as the New Zealand workers have
become under the Arbitration Act, there are still large bodies of men who will strike for "status," even though they be "neither starved nor sweated." Your correspondent's argument was that the strike was one of the Transvaal Guild against the cultivators' and shepherds' Guild!!! indicates that his source of information was confused almost entirely, and so-called "backbones." There were no backbones who had any connection with either of the conflicting labour bodies ("sane" and militant) knew that an agreement on certain points was impracticable. The employers knew that they could not fight the Federation of Labour by fair means, and by an organised plan of pin-pricking throughout the Colony under the Arbitration Act were brought about. Those who supported the strike through the Magistrates' Court and to a large extent, the Police. In one town the scabs protected the Police threatened and carried a Union Hall, stole the safe, money, and, under the protection of the Police, escaped out of the town certain of the militant strikers. Since then in a case brought by the militant Union against the scab the Magistrate restored them to their rightful owners. Illegal acts such as these were committed from one end of the country to the other with the full endorsement of the employers' committee which finally was forced under its own Constitution to take up the matter. This was a disaster for the militant labour in New Zealand, occurring as it did in December, when the "backbones" were not engaged as they would have been in January with their farming operations. For years now the minds of the "backbones" of the country have been poisoned by all sorts of suggested inferences; in addition to that there are hundreds of instances where they were told that they and other people were being harried out of the habitations. Although our correspondents are right in citing the fact that strikes were going on in several places. The Executive tried to restrain the men till January, but so great was the irritation aroused that finally the Executive was forced against its own Constitution to take up the matter. This was a disaster for the militant labour in New Zealand, occurring as it did in December, when the "backbones" were not engaged as they would have been in January with their farming operations. For years now the minds of the "backbones" of the country have been poisoned by all sorts of suggested inferences; in addition to that there are hundreds of instances where they were told that they and other people were being harried out of the habitations. Although our correspondents are right in citing the fact that strikes were going on in several places. 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CHRISTIANITY AND "A. E. R."

Sir,—"H. E.'s" faith in The New Age and the piano-player is evidently not such as to make him wish that one who was able to write articles or you would not have had his letter. The best of the piano-players is an instrument capable of responding to varied individual interpretation of music, and may therefore be called an artistic medium—though a limited one—for that purpose. Like the ordinary piano, it is also a source of misery or delight, according to the fitness or otherwise of the performer on it. The absurd and exaggerated assertions made about it by those interested in its sale are quite in their proper place under "Current Cant"; so that "H. E.'s" confidence, in either of his favourites, need not falter.

J. S.

THE PIANO PLAYER.

Sir,—In the course of reading last week I came across these words: "I say, on the strength of what is happening to-day, on a careful study of the evolution of conduct and finer sentiments during years, it is impossible to foretell the future, which is so dark for religion, holds out to us the promise of that reign of justice and charity of which prophets have dreamed despairingly for more than two thousand years." What an example of egotism to read correctly the stars! The Servile State staves us in the face. America and Germany threaten our commercial existence. Russia is stirring. Europe is an armed camp.

The extract comes from the last chapter of a little book called "The Religion of Sir Oliver Lodge," by Mr. Joseph McCabe, the most astute of living counsel for the Mechanical Universe.

This gentleman submits what he calls the religion of Sir Oliver Lodge to the most painstaking analysis. No one, of course, objects to Mr. McCabe doing this, although it is not usual for one person to submit publicly the religion of another person to "a searching examination." There appears to me to be some slight lack of taste in the matter. Important as good taste may be, however, there is about this book something more urgent.

What are we to say of a gentleman who, at the very time that our politicians are using men as though they were mere machines, comes forward armed with the results of the latest biological and psychological research, and proceeds to say that "Wisdom sets bounds even to knowledge," then who are the men and who are the machines? Mr. McCabe, little can be said of his "wisdom." He lights up the dark methods of the master class with the glamour of the laboratory; and what becomes of your ethical objection to labour being used as a raw material, as a commodity? W. H.
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