NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We do not expect much immediate result from our assertion of the necessary and inevitable futility of Labour politics; but a few more incidents like those connected with the North-East Derbyshire election will ripen the harvest very quickly. We have almost a perfect symbol of the fate of the Labour Party in the dying messages of the ex-Member for the constituency. Mr. Harvey had been a Trade Union leader, he had become a politician, he had become a Labour politician; but in the end he had reverted to the political party from which he was first drawn. This cycle, we venture to say, is natural and will be often repeated. Men will climb out of the economic movement of their class into the general political movement, in the hope of there being able to continue their class work; and finding that this is impossible they will abandon the attempt to discover a purely Labour politics and will allow themselves in the end to be reabsorbed by one or other of the two national parties. It is useless to raise the cry of traitor against men of the stamp of Mr. Harvey—or, for the matter of that, against the rest of the members of the political Labour Party, all of whom may be expected in due course to follow his example. The treachery, if there be, lies not in frankly realising and in acting upon the realisation that Labour politics is a contradiction in terms; but in abandoning the economic field, which is Labour's true battlefield, for the political field which is neither Labour nor Capitalist but national.

The purport of Mr. MacDonald’s reproaches to the Derbyshire miners must also have induced a reaction against the cant of political Labour. What had this astonishing quack to say to the men who were hesitating whether to waste a Trade Union official upon Parliament or to send a Liberal carpet-bagger? According to the report in the “Morning Post,” he addressed to them some such questions as the following: “Are you,” he said, “for the Labour Party or for the Liberal Party? Come out and let us be done with it. Do not play with political defences against it. On the other hand, against a political Labour Party that had no support of an economic character out of doors, no measures of any kind would have been necessary. This may be seen clearly enough in Germany where a political Socialist Party, though numerically strong, is fruitless for lack of any independent economic movement amongst its supporters.

The Day’s Work in Albania—VI. By Dr. Anthony Bradfورد.
Ruins of Syria and Asia Minor. By Richard Curle.
St. Agatha’s. By P. Selver.
Reviews.
Pastiche. By Alice Morning, Charles Cunningham, William Repton.

The purport of Mr. MacDonald’s provincial and electoral utterances betray his smooth Westminster self? For to what man in all the world could his questions be more properly addressed than to the man who raised them? It is precisely the

Wealth and bought for money and not for votes. All the votes in the world are powerless against money, since it is money alone that decides what shall be voted upon. Sir Arthur Markham, being a wealthy man and a colleague of wealthy men, may very well therefore, if he has a mind for such a pastime, buy legislation as other men buy yachts and pictures. And that he has, his confident challenge to Mr. MacDonald is proof enough. Again, we should like to ask the Labour Party which of all the measures passed during the last fourteen years they claim as due to themselves? Ease for the Trades Disputes Act we know of not one that would not still have been passed if no Labour Member whatever had been at Westminster, provided that the Trade Union movement had remained active. It is indeed the latter and not the political movement that has acted as the spur to social legislation. The Socialist movement, we affirm, has in its brief course been responsible for more legislation than even Sir Arthur Markham; for it has impelled others as well as himself to devise political defences against it. On the other hand, against a political Labour Party that had no support of an economic character out of doors, no measures of any kind would have been necessary. This may be seen clearly enough in Germany where a political Socialist Party, though numerically strong, is fruitless for lack of any independent economic movement amongst its supporters.

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So explicit and so unanswerable a challenge to the Labour Party as that issued by Sir Arthur Markham cannot fail to produce a considerable effect either. Having quite correctly, in our opinion, described Mr. MacDonald as a political mountebank, he proceeded to lay £500 to a hayseed that himself alone in the course of his fourteen years in Parliament had been responsible for more social legislation than the whole Miners’ Federation and Labour Party put together. We do not doubt the validity of his claim. There is, in fact, no disputing it. Legislation is bought to-day by men of

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fact that nobody in the movement knows on which side Mr. MacDonald is that has covered him with suspicion and the movement with confusion. "Come out and let us be done with it" is exactly the invitation that thousands of the rank and file have addressed to Mr. MacDonald during the last eight years. And now he has the effrontery to return the question upon the very people Donald during the last eight years. And now he has the sands of the rank and file have addressed to Mr. MacDonald.

Mr. Lloyd George, golfing with Mr. Asquith, shooting in India with other Liberals, and collating with the Liberal whips before and behind the Speaker's chair, Mr. MacDonald, playing golf with Mr. Asquith, and shooting in India with other Liberals, and collating with the Liberal whips before and behind the Speaker's chair, speaks to the working classes in their performances at Westminster. The Trade Union movement in its own proper area was absorbing all the attention, to the neglect of politics and to the danger of capitalism. A foreign war, we are often told, will bring the working classes to the polls and thus import a fresh interest. With what results we see to-day. The economic movement, suddenly drained of its economic energy, began to languish, and has only recently begun to revive; while, at the same time, the political mill has come busy again, grinding out more wind than had been known for generations. It is this wind-grinding that we would put an end to. It is a difference of opinion from the rest of the country that justifies the creation and maintenance of a separate Labour Party at all.
supplied him by the caucus he professed it to be his one object "to raise the condition of the common people." What, then, in the principle of the rich should he be allowed to speak in public at all? We have succeeded at length in driving religious hypocrisy out of the affairs of the day; one of the most powerful illusions, now fighting on the side of the Women's movement, is embodied in the phrase of "economic independence." In the debate in the Lords a fortnight ago, as well as upon every platform where women speak, we are told that the vote for women is a precedent condition of their economic independence. But what is this economic independence when it is examined? At its minimum we should say that economic independence implies a secure title to a wage by which a woman can support herself, and at least a little for private employment, the average of women's wages to-day is six shillings—not enough to support the economic independence of a Persian cat—and votes do not affect wages! How then is economic independence to follow political enfranchisement? It is, in truth, putting the cart before the horse to profess that it can.

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Apologising for the apparent disingenuousness of his arguments for the Budget, Mr. Lloyd George made a significant comment. "When people," he said, "dare not assign their real reasons for objecting to a course, their avowed reasons are always confused and contradictory." It would have been as well for Parliament if the hint had been taken; but somebody must needs provoke the Celtic mind to an explosion of truth, with the consequence that in a minute or two Mr. Lloyd George was announcing the real motive of the Budget as "an insurance against revolt." We have nothing to say against this as a policy for capital to depend either upon private means or employment for an income on which to live. It could not be expected that the State, having given women the vote, would fulfiil women's expectation of it by granting them a life-pension; and as for private employment, the average of women's wages to-day is six shillings—not enough to support the economic independence of a Persian cat—and votes do not affect wages! How then is economic independence to follow political enfranchisement? It is, in truth, putting the cart before the horse to profess that it can.

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But will the Budget accomplish its end of saving off revolution? That depends upon whether it has upon effect of raising wages or the equivalent of wages. It depends, in short, upon whether the rich can actually be taxed to provide for the poor without making the poor poorer. On this point there has been some controversy during the week, which shall briefly review. Lord Esher was, we believe, who began it in a letter to the "Times" of last Monday.

Writing on the subject of the incidence of the new taxation he remarked, that as a citizen he had no objection in principle to the rich asking the rich to share their wealth; but that as a rich man himself he thought he could dodge the application by the simple device of dismissing a few superfluous servants. He concluded that in this way his taxes would fall upon the working classes. Professor Pigou (whose name is well and ill-known to our readers) replied in the "Times" of the following day in an argument of more speciousness than truth. The taxes derived from Lord Esher, he said, which now employ his servants, will in future employ Government servants. In other words the taxes are merely because capital is transferred from one individual to the State; and hence the fear that labour will pay is groundless. But the question is by no means settled by these debating points on one side or the other; and Professor Pigou himself must be aware of it. For who was it, if not Professor Pigou, that taught the Government the relative effects of expenditure on the poor and expenditure by the poor? The argument, indeed, that Professor Pigou has invented to confirm the rich in their wealth and the poor in their poverty is that economic independence implies a secure title to a wage by which a woman can support herself, and at least a little for private employment, the average of women's wages to-day is six shillings—not enough to support the economic independence of a Persian cat—and votes do not affect wages! How then is economic independence to follow political enfranchisement? It is, in truth, putting the cart before the horse to profess that it can.

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The swashbucklers of the "Daily News" go about bullying for the Liberal Party; but not one of the crew ventures to cross swords with us. In a leading article on Thursday last the "Daily News" set out to reply to Lord Esher with respect to the incidence of the taxation of the rich. Such taxation could, it thought, be real—that is, it could be so administered that the rich could not be taxed, then the whole economic structure of society must be rotten! Well, so it is; but this conclusion does not depend upon a doubtful proposition in economics. The mere fact that taxation can be passed on to the poor is no greater a condemnation of the economic structure of society than the fact that the Budget has to make the attempt to supplement wages. Indeed, it is but a minor illustration of the permanent character of the wage-system under which we live—the tendency of wages to fall below subsistence level, should such men be either wage-earners or not. But is Lord Esher wrong in pointing this out and Mr. Lloyd George right in giving him occasion for it? The alternative to Mr. Lloyd George's Budget, no less than to Lord Esher's proposals, is an economic revolution; for the one is not less than the other "passing sentence of death on the existing economic structure of society."
minimum wage was to be defined; and local Registrars of Labour were to be appointed in every town to schedule, in a sort of black-list, every employer who did not pay it. There was to be no compulsion and no penalty; but the moral effect of public opinion combined with the black-list was to be relied upon for its peacable enforcement. If we were living in the days (either long past or still remotely future) when the doctrine of noblesse oblige was or will be a recognised obligation, there might be something to be said for trying moral suasion upon financiers. But we are living in the age of brass and of economics; and it is mere sentimentality to appeal to scientific employers to spoil their game on account of the damage they do. From the employer's point of view it is an unwarranted interference with his business to attempt to compel him to pay a higher price than he needs for the commodity of Labour as distinguished from every other commodity. What would be said if Parliament proposed to fix the minimum price of all commodities? The thing could not be done; and even if it were done it would be ill done. But Labour as a commodity differs in no economic respect from any other commodity upon the market. The accident that Labour is extracted from human beings instead of from trees, like rubber, is irrelevant to the science of economics, which is concerned to secure the maximum of production with the minimum of cost. Hence it follows that, without taking Labour out of the category of commodities entirely, and forbidding employers to buy or hire Labour at all; in short, without abolishing the wage-system; it is impossible to fix a minimum price in one area of the Labour-supply without forcing down the price of Labour elsewhere to the same level. We say, in fact, that a universal minimum wage would in a very little while become a universal maximum wage.

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Though discredited beyond rehabilitation, the National Committee for the Prevention of Destitution, founded by Mr. and Mrs. Webb to popularise their Minority Report, continues to gasp upon the sands waiting for the return of the tide that we pray may never come. So far as we can diagnose its case, women chiefly have now got hold of it, with the intention of using its remains of prestige for the purpose of procuring the endowment of the maternity of the poor. At a conference held last week and reported at length in a schedule, in a sort of black-list, every employer who did not pay it. There was to be no compulsion and no penalty. The minimum wage was to be defined; and local Registrars of Labour were to be appointed in every town to schedule, in a sort of black-list, every employer who did not pay it. There was to be no compulsion and no penalty; but the moral effect of public opinion combined with the black-list was to be relied upon for its peacable enforcement. If we were living in the days (either long past or still remotely future) when the doctrine of noblesse oblige was or will be a recognised obligation, there might be something to be said for trying moral suasion upon financiers. But we are living in the age of brass and of economics; and it is mere sentimentality to appeal to scientific employers to spoil their game on account of the damage they do. From the employer's point of view it is an unwarranted interference with his business to attempt to compel him to pay a higher price than he needs for the commodity of Labour as distinguished from every other commodity. What would be said if Parliament proposed to fix the minimum price of all commodities? The thing could not be done; and even if it were done it would be ill done. But Labour as a commodity differs in no economic respect from any other commodity upon the market. The accident that Labour is extracted from human beings instead of from trees, like rubber, is irrelevant to the science of economics, which is concerned to secure the maximum of production with the minimum of cost. Hence it follows that, without taking Labour out of the category of commodities entirely, and forbidding employers to buy or hire Labour at all; in short, without abolishing the wage-system; it is impossible to fix a minimum price in one area of the Labour-supply without forcing down the price of Labour elsewhere to the same level. We say, in fact, that a universal minimum wage would in a very little while become a universal maximum wage.

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Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdag.

Two Colonial results are not yet to hazard, but six hundred out of the six hundred and two members of the new French Chamber have already returned. There are one hundred and two so-called "Unified" Socialists; one hundred and eighty Unified Radicals and their allies, the Independent Socialists; one hundred and seventy-five Moderate Republicans; sixty-eight Progressists, and seventy-six Catholics, Royalists, and Bonapartists. I do not wish to go on the numerous subdivisions which have been made. It is enough for us to know that the Unified Radicals include the supporters of the ex-Premier and Finance Minister, M. Caillaux, and that the Moderate Republicans include the followers of M. Briand and the Radicals who have refused to follow M. Caillaux. The Progressists are really Conserva-tives who may be relied upon to vote, on a whole, with the Moderate Republicans, and the Extreme Right will, as always, be Opportunists.

The main distinction between the Chamber just elected and the Chamber elected four years ago is that the Unified Socialists have increased their numbers from seventy-five to one hundred and two, that the Moderate Republicans have secured in this country to one hundred and two, and the Moderate Republicans have secured a few of the Royalists and the Roman Catholic Party, and that the Radicals, taking them generally, have suffered rather severely. It is not easy to go over the list of returns in order to show that the elections can be said to have any specific "meaning" which is likely to affect Euro-pean politics. It is noteworthy that all the Radical and Moderate Republican candidates who opposed the return to the three years' system of military service were defeated at the polls. On the other hand, it is admitted by the Unified Socialists themselves that from fifteen to twenty of their seats in the south and southwest are held by Catholic and Royalist votes; for the "reactionary" elector always prefers a Socialist to a Radical. In much the same way, of course, it is esti-mated here, I understand, that a dozen or so seats at present held by the Labour Party are really controlled by the Liberal vote. Naturally the Conservative papers on this side of the Channel have not concealed these facts, but even if we deduct twenty seats, which I think is the maximum number of Socialist Deputies depend-ent on Royalist votes, it will still have to be admitted that the Unified Socialist Party has added greatly to its strength. Let me emphasise the fact that in the centre and in the south of France, almost without exception, refrained from emphasising their interna-tional programme and propaganda, and were returned from these constituencies in much the same proportion as they were four years ago. The real strength of the Socialists, and their real gains, whether tested by can-didates returned or votes obtained, will be found to lie in the north and northeast.

This is, to my mind, the one salient feature of the elections; for in so far as France is industrial at all her industries are to be found chiefly in the north and north-east; and it is among the industrial population that Socialism has made its greatest progress and that the Radicals have suffered most. It will not be forgotten by readers of this journal that the Radical Administra-tions which have held power in France since 1910 have made two or three attempts to provide for the wants of workmen in a way that the workmen concerned do not appreciate too highly. The outburst of anger which led two or three years ago to the burning of compul-sory insurance cards in several French towns and villages has already been referred to in these columns. It is the tendency for the manufacturer, whether we take him in England, in the United States, Germany, France, Italy, or Spain, to interfere sooner or later in the private life of his workpeople; and it is obvious that in all the countries mentioned the manufacturers have allied themselves with the political party which is called, or which we at any rate should call, Radical. I do not think, therefore, that it is a mere coincidence that in the industrial centres of France, the majority of the inhabitants prefer M. Jaurès to either M. Caillaux or M. Briand.

Perhaps some people who are interested in sociology in this country may see another parallel in the return of seventy-three Catholics, Royalists, and Bonapartists who may be relied upon to vote, on a whole, with the Moderate Republicans, and the Extreme Right will, as always, be Opportunists.

Remarkably little opposition has been shown in either Austria or Hungary to the unusually large demands put forward on behalf of the Dual Monarchy for the Army and Navy. It is impossible for me to give the complete naval programme here, but it will be convenient to summarise it. A naval pro-gramme has been outlined up to and including the year 1919. Provision is made for four extra Dreadnoughts, which will cost £14,000,000, three cruisers costing about £2,000,000, and six torpedo boats, costing nearly £1,000,000. In addition to this, extra small vessels are to be provided for use on the Danube; and various naval demands are allocated to the purchase of wireless telegraphic apparatus, airships, aeroplanes, dockyards, and the like. In addition to these naval demands, we have the ordinary army budget for the current financial year of rather more than £20,000,000. Next year an additional £2,000,000 will be required for the above-mentioned army expenditure, and there is, besides this, to be an extraordinary"grant of about £4,000,000 for increasing the artillery corps and adding to the strength of the various fortifications. These sums are undoubtedly large; but as the War Minister said when making his statement to the Delegates, they are small in proportion to the amounts which many other nations have to find for war purposes. The extra grants, it may be added, are likely to become larger year by year — and the only comment from Austria's eastern ally is that the sums apportioned to defence are not yet large enough! It is essential to Germany's plans that Austria should be the supreme power in the Mediterrane-an; and now that we have all but left the Mediterrane-an there may be the possibility of this plan being eventually realised.

BIography.

Something's rotten in the soul
Of every man; and oft-times he
Who has done much for his country,
Makes food for bookworms. 'Tis no curse.
What makes food for bookworms is not the fire
That burns and makes holes, but the oak
That oaks be their souls.

E. H. Visak.
Towards National Guilds.

A correspondent writes as follows:—

I am ready to admit that once we get our blackleg-proof unions the rest of your proposals are simple; but there are two difficulties in the way. First, how are we to obtain blackleg-proof unions? The scab or blackleg (the lowest thing created) is so averse from any sacrifice that he cannot be induced to join a union except by force; and in many industries where labour is weakly organised, force is a weapon that cannot be used. Secondly, how is it possible to depend on the loyalty of the members even when they are perfectly organised?

In reply to the first question we can only ask our correspondent to look around. After all, a good deal has been done even within the last year or two to create blackleg-proof unions. The Railwaymen, for instance, who only a few years ago were the despair of Trade Union organisers, can and will be done by the remainder of the Unions.

We must keep pegging away! Regarding the second question, it is a matter of intelligence mainly. Our view is certainly that if the object of trade unions be higher wages and nothing more, disloyalty is sure to occur; for we cannot expect every single member to forgo the chance of a personal advantage when he is aware that the rest of his fellows are in pursuit of the same selfish object. On the other hand, if, as we suggest, the object a blackleg-proof Union sets before itself is the conquest of the whole of National Education, the money it receives from the members for the campaign becomes almost religious. The chances of treachery or disloyalty under these circumstances decline to a Judas in twelve; and we could manage that.

A member of the National Union of Teachers writes:

Believing that the Civil Guild of Education will arise from the N.U.T. (and not, as you suggest, from the Teachers’ Register) I wish to raise the question of the policy they are to adopt to gain complete control of its profession, particularly in regard to the uncertificated and unqualified under-cutters of to-day. The N.U.T. has in the past considered this class of practising teachers as undesirable, and as antagonistic to the interests of the Union. But now that it is the profession as a whole, and not any section of it, that is to be considered, would it not be wise for the N.U.T. to open its doors to all classes? Then it might with truth call itself a National Union.

Our correspondent cannot have thought deeply before writing his letter or he would not have so lightly assumed the competence of the N.U.T. to control the whole of National Education. The Teachers’ Register is, in effect, a means of amalgamating the four chief divisions of the organised educational staff of the nation; and since the N.U.T. is fairly represented upon it, a due proportion, and not the whole, of the control, properly belongs to the elementary section. As regards the question of the exclusion from membership of the N.U.T. of unqualified teachers, two considerations are to be taken into account. At present the N.U.T. is economically a fighting organisation without any other responsibility; and its object is to secure and to maintain a Union rate of salary against the efforts of education authorities to depress it by the introduction of cheap labour. From this point of view the N.U.T. is plainly right to limit its membership to such as can command, by certificate or other qualification, the standard rate of pay; and also to agitate for the exclusion from the profession of teaching of all the unqualified. But our correspondent does not understand this. He has been placed in control of elementary education and asks whether the same policy of exclusion would properly be adopted there? On that assumption, we reply, the N.U.T. could not be less but even more disposed, we imagine, to exclude from its ranks the uncertificated teacher. For it is to be presumed (if qualification means anything at all) that the unqualified teacher is the inefficient teacher; and a Union that has assumed the national responsibility of education cannot be too severe in its requirements of its members. We hold out no hope, in short, that work can be accomplished under a National Guild System. If a man is not skilled in one trade he must find the trade for which his talents fit him.

Mr. Greenyer (Brighton) and several others write to suggest that local groups should be formed to study and propagate the ideas of the National Guilds. They ask our permission and advice. Our permission, of course, can be taken for granted, since we have not the power, even if we had the wish, to withhold it. Our advice, however, is contrary to that of the group above all to such groups into existence or to assemble them in any official or formal way. It would be far better, in our opinion, for each student to associate himself with a friend or two, to begin with; and to enlarge his circle slowly by this means. Moreover we (which we cannot) the personnel of these groups, every member should be sworn on solemn oath to one or all of the following pledges: that he would understand the meaning of the wage-system before mentioning the word Guild in public; that he would use every infer to lecture on the subject until he was a master of it; and that, under no circumstances, would he commit himself to a position that he is not prepared to maintain. Under these pledges we should be glad enough to see a thousand groups formed.

Economics is claimed as a science, but, as we have often shown, even its chief terms are still obscure. The worst errors, however, arise from the classification as equals of the discrete elements of Land, Capital, and Labour. There is no labour, we say, in the same sense that there is land or capital; for the two latter are separable from their owners, but labour is not. Consequently, the terms of the group should be Land, Capital, and Labourers. But what difference, it may be asked, would this make? Why, we should see then clearly enough that, in subjecting Labour as an abstraction to the same process of valuation to which the abstractions of Land and Capital are properly subjected, we are really subjecting not an inanimate thing like these two, but men! In other words, we should see that our wage-system is nothing but the buying and selling of men at their market value as one of the ingredients of production. That this identity of the labourer with his labour is not realised we have plenty of evidence; for it is certain that many capitalists would not talk of and act towards labour as they do if they realised how they were buying and selling human labourers. Further, they could not fall into their present common inconsistency of attempting every day to cheapen labour and hoping every day to see the labourer better off!

The distinction between pay and wages may easily be brought home to trade unionists, for they already use the two words accurately. Wages is the price they receive from their employers for their labour. Pay is the money they receive from their union when on strike or other union service. If strike-pay why not work-pay? If the Union can employ and pay them to be idle, why not to produce? The same system of payment would serve both.

It seems almost incredible that an age that prides itself upon its spirit of inquiry should not have speculated more freely on the future of Trade Unions. With the exception of a pamphlet by the Hon. Charles Booth, absolutely nothing to our knowledge has been written upon the subject outside of the group including Mr. G. D. H. Cole and the present writers. Yet the data are unquestionable and, as far as can be seen, permanent. The Trade Unions are here to stay; and they will become more nearly blackleg-proof as time goes on. Surely these facts deserve to be taken into account and their possibilities speculated upon.
The Age of Consent.

By Duxmia.

BLACKMAILERS from all quarters of the United Kingdom were present on Friday night at the Frivolity Restaurant on the occasion of a presentation to the Bishop of London for his services to the Confraternity of Blackmailers. Mr. Louis Chantage (Associated Society of Ponces) was in the chair. Amongst those also present were Thomas Schnorrer, Esq. (late of Hambury), Sir Philip Souteneur, Moses Pimp, Esq., of Whitechapel, the Grand Imperial Swamy and his sixteen wives, Mr. Clayton (of the anti-White Slave Traffic agitation), Bembo, Swamy Poon (Madras), and several Police Inspectors.

On rising to open the meeting the chairman, Mr. Louis Chantage, remarked that seldom in the recorded annals of blackmailing had there been found a gathering more representative, or charged with a more grateful and important task, than the present one. (Hear! Hear!) They were assembled to do honour to one who, although, strictly speaking, not one of themselves (No! no!), had performed far weightier services to the cause of blackmailing than anybody else in the kingdom. He need scarcely say that he alluded to the part which Dr. Ingram had taken in raising the age of consent (app. 1870).

They were all, of course, aware that the continuance and prosperity of the profession of blackmailing in England depended upon the maintenance of two beliefs: the belief that the police were impeccable, and the belief that if a man and a girl got mixed up together, the man was invariably to blame. He could not say how these beliefs arose—fact had certainly nothing to do with either of them—but there they were, and they were worth a livelihood to the vast majority of those present.

He thought, however, that they would agree with him when he said that as they were obliged to rely solely upon the second of these sentiments for the extortion of money from their victims—so long, that is, as they had no better weapon in their armoury than the threat of blackmailing than anybody else in the kingdom. He need scarcely say that he alluded to the part which Dr. Ingram had taken in raising the age of consent (app. 1870).

There did exist a class of man who when threatened with exposure was apt to say, "Expose away, and be damned to you!"—so long, that is, as they had no better weapon in their armoury than the threat of blackmailing than anybody else in the kingdom. He need scarcely say that he alluded to the part which Dr. Ingram had taken in raising the age of consent (app. 1870).

They were all acquainted with that difficult and unprincipled person, and they all knew how perilous it had been to deal with him to effect until, by the Bishop's efforts, they had been able to add another and a more effective weapon to their armoury—the threat of imprisonment.

Sir Philip Souteneur agreed with every word that the preceding speaker had said. It was very easy for a man to tell when a girl was under sixteen, but to tell when she was under eighteen was a different matter. Many girls between sixteen and eighteen looked like grown-up women and it was hard, almost impossible, distinguished them. The operation of catching men had therefore become much easier, and in fact they had, to distinguish them. The operation of catching men had therefore become much easier, and in fact they had, to distinguish them. The operation of catching men had therefore become much easier, and in fact they had, to distinguish them. The operation of catching men had therefore become much easier, and in fact they had, to distinguish them. The operation of catching men had therefore become much easier, and in fact they had, to distinguish them.

Mr. Thomas Schnorrer said that some short-sighted persons objected to persons and the Sunday-school element in general, because they shut themselves out of the world and then tried to manage it. He himself was of a contrary opinion. He was convinced by long observation that it was to the legislative activity of persons of this kind that blackmailers owed their livelihood. "No bishops, no blackmailers!" was what he always said. Look at America! Where was there an other country with more repressive legislation—or more blackmail? As for him, he said, "Health to the Bishop—may his innocent little heart flourish!"

Mrs. Pankhurst said that, although herself not a blackmailer (No! No!), she trusted that she might be allowed to make a few remarks upon the public usefulness of the gentleman whom they were assembled to honour. During the last few years' agitation on behalf of women's rights she and her associates had acquired, if not any very material advantages, at any rate a vast deal of experience which should be of the very greatest value in promoting future efforts. Above all, they had discovered them who they could rely on, and whom not. Now it would interest him to hear that foremost among those upon whom they could count for the swarming of any rubbish they liked to advance were Bishops of the Established Church (cheers), and foremost among those bishops was the Bishop of London. (Loud cheers.) There was little or nothing which they could not ram down his throat. Such men were essential to feminism. Without them it would be impossible to flog and torture males on the accusation of a jealous prostitute, or to effect other necessary and long-called-for reforms.

Mr. Clayton

At this point a gentleman rose and called out loudly that he objected to all mention of Mr. Clayton's name. The Chairman: Mr. Clayton is a gentleman who has received the Gold Medal of the Confraternity for distinguished services to the cause of feminism.

The Interrupter, who spoke rapidly and unclearly, was here understood to say that all Mr. Clayton's so-called "services" had consisted in diminishing the share of the ponces to the benefit of the police. He thought that the police were now getting far more than their share. They used to take a half, but that had now been increased to three quarters, and there was a rumour that it was soon to be seven-eighths, and all as the result of Mr. Clayton. A ponce had a very hard life. He had to be up at all hours to chastise the "bilkers"—who might put up a nasty fight—and to run the risk of imprisonment for criminal assault. Before Mr. Clayton came on the scene he had been able to get a decent living for his trouble, but now with the risk of flogging over his head he had to surrender everything to the "coppers." Their wages were rapidly being forced down to the subsistence level. For his part, he said, "D---n Mr. Clayton —!" (Cries of "Order!" and uproar.)

The Chairman: After all, we are not here to discuss the question of police versus ponces. We are here to do honour to our reverend friend, who will be scandalised by such dissensions. (Hear! Hear!) The Chairman then proceeded to present the Bishop with the Gold Medal of the Confraternity. Obverse, a flapper, coiffed and skirted proper, f'ail gay regardant, en passant, a "nut." Reverse, a blackmailing scooping in the shekels. Motto, "The man pays."

The Bishop of London, in returning thanks, said that when, as a result of an evening's walk in Piccadilly, he made proposals in Parliament for the Raising of the Age of Consent, he little thought that he would be the instrument, not only of promoting the virtue of maidens, but of raising the incomes and the standard of comfort of a large and, to him, hitherto unknown portion of the community. It reminded him of the Kingdom of God, which started like a grain of mustard seed, then grew and increased, and in its branches, to the increase and profit of the policeman. He would be happy to belong, to him, to the branch of the church of which he was a member.

(Reverent applause.)
Chiozza’s Little Bogy.

It is already evident that the sceptre will not pass from the State Socialist to the National Guildsman without a struggle. For ourselves we welcome such a struggle. We know that it will be a constant source of questions that must be answered and suggestions that must be accepted or rejected. But Heaven save us from controversy between the controversialists, who, behind an affectation of special knowledge, confuse the issues with high-sounding phrases that literally mean nothing. We return to the recent article in the “New Statesman” by Mr. Chiozza Money, grandiloquently intituled “Delimitation and Transmutation of Industries.” It is a charlatan’s title. We have heard the market-place resound with words like these from the throats of quacks. A student would have chosen a simpler title. Nor is Mr. Chiozza Money warranted by his qualifications or training to deal with a subject so portentous. He graduated from technical and commercial journalism through the Free Trade controversy into Parliament—a highly creditable career. As a controversialist, he has acquired the knack of stating statistical facts concisely and graphically. We have more than once been amused by watching a man with a better case subside before the Chiozzian cascade of irrelevant statistics and half-truths. But the coming discussion between State-Socialists and National Guildsmen hardly lends itself to statistics, and so Mr. Money means to go gunning with long words. "Delimitation and Transmutation of Industries!” God save us all.

Not permitting Mr. Money to impose upon us, let us put his argument into simple words. Every industry is now largely a separate department because the artist and the inventor are increasingly busy. This involves a constant shifting of the industrial population and the end to be secured is for the State to "delimit industries and make such working arrangements as would enable peaceful industrial units of labour to engage into any particular industry when invention had so improved its product as to make it economically desirable that the industry should absorb proportionately less of the working population.” The new word is therefore "delimitation.” It was formerly "efficiency;” then the mot d’ordre was "insurance;” Heaven and Mr. Money alone know what it will be to-morrow. Very good—delimitation. Having got so far, let us see what Mr. Money is driving at. His eagle eye is on the Guild, and this, I dare say, is due to his clarion call for delimitation. It is to quote to:—"A State consisting of a number of large and small delimited groups or guilds of labour, each concerned with a separate department of work, and each of the groups or guilds trading with each other, does not seem to offer any ready practical solution of how the varying and advancing needs of civilisation are to be met. If we imagine the trades of the country, as they exist at this moment, to be thus organised, in such fashion as to hold its labour power proportionately less of the working population, the new word is therefore "delimitation.” It was formerly "efficiency;” then the mot d’ordre was "insurance;” Heaven and Mr. Money alone know what it will be to-morrow. Very good—delimitation. Having got so far, let us see what Mr. Money is driving at. His eagle eye is on the Guild, and this, I dare say, is due to his clarion call for delimitation. It is to quote to:—"A State consisting of a number of large and small delimited groups or guilds of labour, each concerned with a separate department of work, and each of the groups or guilds trading with each other, does not seem to offer any ready practical solution of how the varying and advancing needs of civilisation are to be met. If we imagine the trades of the country, as they exist at this moment, to be thus organised, we see that we should give definiteness to a most un-economic grouping of employments.” Recovering our breath with difficulty, we plough through two more paragraphs and finally hit this snare: "If we erect and exaggerate and magnify a Trade Union into a definite branch of nationhood, what is to become of the Trade Union when Science sweeps away the very foundations of its works?” What, indeed! And what would happen after an earthquake or any other act of God? Again we recover our balance and mildly inquire what would Mr. Money do in these desperate circumstances. He is certain that existing society won’t do: “It is so badly organised that Science cannot do its work, and at every point there is frustration of wealth production.” There is a ‘monstrous disproportion of distributors, traffickers, brokers, of various kinds, whose work is of little or no economic value, and who serve to attenuate the thin stream of commodities—many of them consisting of rubbish, deliberately and knowingly produced as rubbish—which flows from the places where the real work of the nation is done”—a fact we have repeatedly emphasised in these columns. It is certain that existing society won’t do. And Mr. Money has now condemned the Guilds. So they won’t do. What is Mr. Money’s solution? That is just where Mr. Money fails. He thinks ‘we are getting a little too fearful of State control.’ He is utterly at a loss to know why a man should be more happy or less servile when working for a Guild or Trade Union than for working for what we now call a Government Department.” Finally we reach the sententious conclusion: “The State organised for science has proved its product as to make it economically desirable that the industry should absorb proportionately less of the working population.” The new word is therefore "delimitation.” It is a charlatan’s title. This monition does not apply to State officials who apparently would be quite as ‘mobile’ as the labour they seek to direct. Somehow, we seem to remember that the Guilds have been many times charged with the exercise of monopoly privileges and with a conservatism of outlook and method that has become the despair of practical men. Does a little thing like this trouble the soul of Mr. Money? Not in the least. These highly cultured heads of Government Departments must in the nature of things be far superior men to the directing minds of the Guilds. The two types would spring from the same schools, precisely the same scientific training would be open to both sets of men; but the moment John Smith joins a Government Department there is a sudden “delimitation and transmutation” of his soul which renders him in every way the superior of Henry Robinson, who merely became a Government servant after having made a fortune in the production of wealth. Mr. Money has yet to learn that there is no abracadabra that confers special grace upon a Government servant.

The truth is that Mr. Money’s scribbling itch has moved him to criticise the Guilds before he knows what they are. Take, for example, his phrase about erecting and exaggerating and magnifying a Trade Union into a definite branch of nationhood. Who has done anything so foolish? Nobody, so far as we know. Then again he writes: ‘“The great thing,” he (the best friend) to a politician is that he is prone to forget that the production of wealth is governed not only by the nature of organisation for work, but by the value and character of the processes of work.” The politician very probably does forget this principle. The National Guildsman would. On the contrary, he would emphasise it and press it home upon the politicians. If Mr. Money will read our chapter upon the "Inventor and the Guild” he will find that the advocates of National Guilds went out of their way to emphasise the vital connection between labour and science. And what is more: there we proved that it is only in a Guild, from which wagery and therefore profits had been eliminated, that an unprejudiced acceptance of Science and invention was possible. Now a Guild is not, by hypothesis, a Trade Union. A Guild is a combination of the trade union with the administrative, scientific and technical elements of the industry. For a Guild to perpetuate an obsolete method of wealth production is simply an act of folly. Its main purpose is to conserve and not to waste its labour. Fancy a million men working a thousand million hours a year more than science proved to be necessary! It is only an unimaginative State Socialist who would make such a suggestion. But science is not the monopoly of the producers. Let us for a moment grant that a producing Guild might push its “monopoly privileges” to the utmost limits. The consuming Guilds also have access to science and invention. Now the basis of the producing Guild is obviously effective demand. If, however, the
Women Still At It! God Bless Them!

[Report by Charles Brookfarmer of a meeting of the Women Writers' Suffrage League, Thursday, April 30, 3:30 p.m. Tea 6d.]

Place: A small Lecture-hall on the second floor of 16, John Street, Adelphi.

(Student ascends and enters lecture-room. It is full of women. Two Japanese men, evidently trying to learn the language, and a seedy middle-class man in morning dress are the only males present. Student modestly joins them at the back. Lady Muir Mackenzie appears to be in the chair; she is speaking.)

Chair: . . . so sorry to tell you that Miss Grace Ellison will not be able to address us this afternoon. She has been so long in Turkey and has made the subject of Turkish women writers a special study. She will, to-day the "Daily Telegraph" gave her twenty-four hours' notice to proceed to Persia at once to report on matters there. It's very nice, I'm sure, that women writers should be honoured in this way, and so she will not be able to give us a talk on Turkish women. And so I call upon Mrs. Jopling Rowe to speak now. She knows so much about India, and she will tell us all about it from the Anglo-Indian point of view. Really, we shall be having quite an Indian afternoon.

Mrs. Jopling Rowe: I must really apologise that I was only asked to speak three days ago! But, talking of India—and—Turkey, I must tell you that I am like Cæsar.

Great Cæsar—er—Impeccable Cæsar, dead, and turned to—er—clay.

Might stop a hole to keep the air—er—wind away.

In fact, I am a stopgap. (Laughter.) Now, when I was in India . . . I used to meet them quite a lot. And such nice women they were; and they were so amused at my attempts at speaking Hindustani. Now you know we women are supposed to have no humour at all. (Laughter.) Well, I have a little tale to tell you. I once went to a theatre with—a—ahem—male companion—(laughter)—to see "Our Flat," by Mrs. Musgrave, and he thought it very funny and he laughed a great deal. And in the middle he turned round to me and said: "Isn't it curious that no woman has ever written a farce?" I looked at him, and I said to him: "Look at your programme, please." And he looked, and I am glad to say he looked very foolish indeed. (Tremendous applause.) But that is the character we have. . . . But, of course, nowadays it is different; education is so much more—er—prevalent.

Now, I knew a friend of mine who was a muv-ver! I also had the pleasure of painting her portrait, and we had some delightful moments together, and she took me to her house and showed me all over it and when we had seen everything, she said to me—(giggles)—it may sound rather conceited—she said: "Oh, Mrs. Jopling Rowe, you are charming." (Loud applause and "Oh, the sweet!" etc.) . . . And see who have proved ourselves capable of ruling are unable to have a vote! There are still men who oppose our just aims, and—to their shame be it spoken—there are such women also! But the day, etc. I have been in many harems! . . . And I asked her which character she preferred to wear, ours or that of her own country. I was hoping to say she would ours! (This lucid remark is greeted with Bravo and laughter.) But that is the character we have. . . . (This is a point of view—er—Anglo-Indian point of view.)
MRS. CHAIR: If anyone would ask a question? (There being nothing to discuss in Mrs. R.'s speech, no questions are put.) The Chairman now lets herself off the leash. Really, I think we shall be having quite an Indian afternoon . . . from her point of view, from the Anglo-Indian point of view. And our hostess is quite an authority on life out there. I'm sure the books of Sara Jeanette Duncan are recognised authorities all over the world. For instance, "Burnt Offering"; I can recommend it to anyone who wants to know more about the life out there. (Student smiles, recollecting an illustration from one of S. J. Duncan's books, representing a Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal riding in a morning-dress and in a top hat!) You know there are no women's colleges in India, they are allowed to do so. And I remember the men professors used to tell me, when I was in India, "It takes us feel quite shy." And even in England, you know, we got such a little way down the road with co-education. And, when I was in India, I used to think many Indian women, and they are so beautiful. But Mrs. Sairojini Naidu will be able to tell us all about her sisters, and I'm sure she knows more about them than almost anybody. And Indian ladies all love her so much. When I was in India, for I gave a pandhur-bat in my bungalow, and no men were allowed to show their faces there on that day. (Applause, loud and long.) And all these Indian ladies sat in my wide verandahs and they all threw their veils and they looked so lovely, and Mrs. Naidu recited her oaths to poems, and they did so appreciate them, all these poor women who have never had the chance to address a public meeting or to express themselves in any way. They are to come—their wealth, with and to enter the ranks of great nations, she must learn to bring her women with her. (Sits down, amid great applause.)

MRS. NAIDU: (rises; she is dressed in her native garb, not very exactly—as befits her? She has clearly learned her speech by heart in huge chunks of cliché. Her English is perfect—journalistic, and as she speaks in a high-pitched, false-accenting, "tickle-tickle-eye" voice, her speech sounds even worse than it reads.) Eat ees a great complement to mee to bee called upon to address you to-day. Crowds and crowds and crowds are doing home-age to thee talent of your admirable preseident, but she ees to mee a veree great hon-our to address you thees after-noon. Eat ees to mee a veree great hon-our to address you thees after-noon . . . the cause you all have at heart. (Applause.) I am to speak to you thees after-noon on—(pauses in confusion; picks up a pamphlet from table and reads)—ah, yase—thee wo-men of India ees the tit-ee chosen for mee . . . all thee changes of time and tide . . . reallee, of yester-day, of mane yester-days, faboul-ous to those who mea-ure time by ordinaire standards. . . . Wo-men breeng with them such radant compeetion combined with and cupids, such talents combined with fidelitee; they have faced death and con-querred, they have fought een bat-tles, and een entellectual com-bats they have fought with men eene ereever tove and have won. (Tremendous applause and cries of "Hear, hear!"
) Een thee old days of India thee life of thee people was entirelee composed of thee equal co-opera-shon of wo-men and men. There could bee no social function without wo-men. . . . There could bee no sacreecce to thee high gods weebhout them. (Applause. Student coughs.) And shee was there always readee to rule—(applause)—with her beatufulee traditions of cendomitable vir-tee. (No applause.) . . . Een phosphopoe Madriya stands as high as Areeceetle, and een modern times Chand Bibi ees as great as Napoleon. (Loud applause.) . . . Thee men weems to possess thee racemenee and charm and viveedness of expression of annie of thee French memoir-writers of thee seventeenth century. (Student nearly collapses.) . . . Curious paradox of history—udderly at thee ends of thee ideal . . . that equalitee with men of weech thee vote is to-day thee symbol—(loud applause) . . . birth-right inviolaible of soul. Eat ees not that our men would ever oppose our progress if wee wish to progress, but thee fact is that we do not attempt to progress. (Absolutely no applause.) Wee must awaken thee sleeepers . . . thee Mohamadan woman breengs a certain fanateec zeal, thee Hindu woman a certain tendernees combined weeth strength, a certain sweeteness combined weeth aus-teerritee, and thee Parchee woman breengs thee geef that has made her race so successful in commercial circumstanceses, and together wee shall achieve that effect, so great, so vivious, so far-reaching. . . . Standeeeng before thee in mee, in mee humble way (Student coughs in pain). . . As Ma-tthew Arnold said:—

Thee east bow'd low before thee blast in patient deep disdain."

And—er—then I forgot a line,

And—er—went to sleep again! [11].

STUDENT: Evidently women writers aren't women readers. (Mrs. Naidu sits down. Enormous applause.)

CHAIR: Mrs. Naidu's most eloquent words to which we have just listened. . . We can go to the House of Commons, we can sign petitions, we can do all sorts of things—(loud applause)—but there in India, etc. . . Wee will be a factor—(loud applause). . . Now, a certain Mr. Mitra was writing in one of our big English reviews a month or two ago and he said that the Englishwoman's gifts of sympathy in India have done so very much to uphold our Empire there; in fact, had it not been for Englishwomen, we should have been swept out of India long ago. Now, I was very glad to see those words. Women do play a very beautiful part there. Especially the wives of district officers; when they come to a village, all the people come out to them, and they are quite like fathers to them—I mean, mothers. Now, would anybody like to ask Mrs. Naidu any questions? (A question is asked about marriage in India.)

MRS. NAIDU: I am sure that they of meen countyt would bee vereec horrified to think that they had to choose their own hus-bands, and et ees a great fallengee-off from prestige to remain unmarried. (Applause.)

STUD. (sotto voce): Aha! In furoro veritas! (How- ever, the audience applauds.)

CHAIR: There is tea upstairs for those that want it, but first of all Miss Zangwill will make an appeal towards our funds. (Miss Z, appeals to audience to take this golden opportunity, or, at least, silver—(loud laughter)—to contribute; she appeals to non-militants to subscribe as this is a non-militant society; to militants, because militancy is a cheap way—(Oh! oh!)—cheap, that is, as far as expenses go, whereas this constitutional method is so much more noble. She also appeals to anti—(loud laughter)—because, "Wee women do not wish to interfere in public life. We know it is not our place. We wish to get back to our proper pro-vince—the home. And as soon as we get the vote, we will go back there." (Applause, of course.) Audience disperses to tea, Student slowly staggeres out. Seedy Middle-class Man approaches him; Student rushes out.)
Modern French Classics.

When we were asked what, besides painting, he did with his time, he was wont to reply, “Je suis amoureux de l’Impératrice. Et cela me prend tout mon temps. It is difficult for a critic who has just seen the Queen of Denmark drive by, like a Bersaglieri by Botticelli.”

Every decade, a new generation of students comes up, who not only know not Joseph, but who have probably never even heard of him. It is for these that I conceive my principles may be found in perpetual oscillation. On one side will be found drawings and paintings which in its true and nobler sense. The life of art is only composed of a sort of order of merit are probably fruitless, and, I imagine, unphilosophical. This much only we can be sure of. The academic artist is bound to contain in himself the direct artist, whereas the direct artist has sometimes no academic achievement to his credit.

“Ruines,” “Marais” (27), “Les Berges de la Seine à Lavacourt” (23), or a canvas I saw some weeks ago at Christie’s of a terrain vague that was a miracle. There is in this gallery as fine a Monet as it is possible to see, called “Le canal Saint Martin” (31). Here we have two flawless blooms on the vigorous tree of modern painting. Something is here done, the like of which has never happened in the world till the decade 1870 to 1880, which “doesn’t seem so very long ago.” There is in these works, to be with an absolute genius for draughtsmanship, stronger even with Monet than with Sisley. The essence of their art is that they give the idea of a scene which inspired them, wholly and entirely by the colour relations of touches of opaque paint. This paint being a substance of about the consistency of butter, they do not attempt to do it violence by attempting definition of detailed form beyond a certain point. You may say, if you like, that they paint as if they had been given the following problem for practical solution: “Give the substance of the supramosaics, infinite in range of colour, and having a definite minimum limit in area. An old Dutch painter was able to push the statement of detail further than do either Monet or Sisley. But he was able to do so by using paint in an extremely diluted form, so dilute that he could paint with sable brushes. The paint does not become semi-transparent and has no longer the reflecting power, the resonance and sonority of a thicker impasto. So that while their work was fuller of detail, it was less true in the essential relations.

Now both Monet and Sisley came after Courbet. We need never inquire too curiously into the personal histories of pupils or students among painters to discover the proper affiliations. The investigation is a simpler matter than that. In art we may more truly be said to be the children of all our predecessors. Courbet’s contribution to the art of painting was this. His work is a great object-lesson on the fact that thick paint carries its colour more purely and forcibly to the eye than does paint that is dilute. Apart from that, he was a stupid man and a brilleur. His instinct carried him to the point of an intense appreciation of the beauty of thick paint. His want of education, and his stupidity, allowed him to go a step further, and to paint with the palette-knife. There he overleapt himself and fell on the other side, and for two cases it is to fine drawing. Witness the awful form of some of his nudes. And further, the smooth surface left by the steel blade on the paint deprives the paint of the minute tooth that a brush tooth. This tooth is necessary. All passages in palette-knife painting must therefore be done prima. This was explained to me by Monsieur Degas some years ago. And to be forbidden revision is to be condemned to superficiality and poverty. Again, poverty and life. The true-grandchildren can at least profit intellectually from the sins of their fathers. Mr. Gilman’s painting of a piece of water in Norway with rocks and bathing figures, that was on exhibition recently upstairs, has, in a Courbet subject, the brilliancy of the Courbet impasto, plus the cumulative drawing and the tender variety of touch that the brush alone, the painter’s true instrument, can give. The whole of Gore’s life-work is an illustration of the same principle—impasto in the hands of a delicate and searching draughtsman. The whole career of Lucien Pissarro is a variation on this theme.

We live in a day of brilliant achievement in painting. Great pictures are produced in England every year. Mr. Lambert’s “Put-in-Bay,” Mr. Prout’s “Shakespeare” at the International is the work of a great and complete painter. In young Kennington we hail with pleasure the rise of a star of the first magnitude. Men who paint like that cannot have their heads turned. They are too George-Bermond-Shaw’s work, fair, laconic, and like the master, frank in honourable sequence to the works of Degas. In the Royal Academy Lionel Smythe’s “Fruit d’Amour” is an exquisite academic work, the worthy fruit of a great talent, persistently and reverently developed fruit d’amour indeed. Anning Bell’s “Marriage at Cana in Gaulee” marks a distinct step forward on an arduous and, in these days, rather lonely road. The secret of quality seems suddenly to have been revealed to Mr. Sims. Both his pictures in the Academy show a growing consciousness of the academic qualities we loved in Ingres and in Leighton, and still love in Lovett and in Orpen’s portrait of Sir Edgar Speyer is an admirable piece of work. Sargent’s “San Geremia” is a fascinating bit of direct sketching. Mr. Eye’s portrait of Cow has character. Miss Laura Knight’s “March many weathers” is an astonishing achievement of the direct kind.

Let us return to the Goupil Gallery and look at the profoundly tender head of a woman by Ricard. Here are the good traditions around us everywhere for those who have eyes to see. Mr. Randall Davis, I forget in what paper, puts forward the following quaint plea. Since he dislikes many of the pictures among some two thousand in the Royal Academy he seems to suggest that the young men see a sort of our own rien-du-toutistes. “J’en vois par la necessite.”

WALTER SICKERT.
The Recrudescence of Roman Catholicism.

Are there not many signs that Roman Catholicism is reviving?

I have not observed them; for I cannot accept the passing accidents of the day as significant. Mr. Belloc, for example, happens to be both a genius and a Catholic—but the combination is fortuitous; it means no more than the combination in Bishop Berkeley of idealism and tar-water. Besides, I should need a great amount of evidence to overcome my general judgment on the matter.

What is that?

Why, that a sacred institution that has once fallen is never restored. History, I believe, offers no example to the contrary. Not all the king's horses and all the king's men can set up again a sacred Humpty-Dumpty that has once had a great fall.

All the same, the revival is much talked of; and is not that the preliminary to the actual fact?

It all depends upon the motive-power behind it and upon the prevailing circumstances. My opinion is that neither of these is favourable to the proposal. The motive, for example, I believe, is despair and fatigue—both temporary conditions; and the circumstances are certainly not favourable, either negatively or positively.

Despair with what? Fatigue in consequence of what exertions?

The despair, I am convinced, is with the failure of Science and Free-thought to make good as soon as was expected. In this respect, Science is much in the position of these then were, and is incapable of solving the proposal. The motive, for example, I believe, is despair and fatigue—both temporary conditions; and the circumstances are certainly not favourable, either negatively or positively.

What is the new form of sanctity you are thinking of?

The sanctity of free inquiry, experience and experiment. But these appear to be the very contrary of the sanctities of the Catholic Church. So they are in form; but the spirit behind them is identical. I mean that exactly as men lived and died for the Catholic faith, men are prepared to live and die for Free-thought and the rights I have just defined. And what men will live and die for is sacred.

Then actually you are making a religion of Free-thought?

No, not a religion, for all religions are formulae of conclusions. I am saying that the attitude towards Free-thought may be a religious attitude; and, in fact, must be if it is to prevail over the Catholic Church. In short, it is faith against faith?

Yes.

It is, of course, usually represented very differently. I know. It is usually represented as unfail against faith, irreligion against religion, atheism against Christianity, and man against God. But an "unfaith" that results in a degree of devotion and self-sacrifice equal to that of "faith" surely deserves to be called faith. These names, after all, are only partisan labels. By their works ye shall know them! But have the works of the new faith equalled those of the old?

Well, I for one am satisfied that already they have. Don't forget that in the comparison we are not falling into errors unfavourable to the new faith. We compare, for example, the real present with the idealised past. Secondly, we fail to realise even all the present. Thirdly, we have no scales to weigh our advantage in the matter of hope.

What do you mean by that?

I mean that black as our situation may often appear in comparison with the situation of our Christian forefathers, in respect of manly hope we have a secret consolation that they never experienced. At the best they had the hope that they would be lifted out of their Slough of Despond or rewarded for enduring it. But we can cherish the pride with the hope of one day doing these things for ourselves. If it is not absurd, I should like to say that Free-thought is a species of universal Syndicalism—it is the demand of Man to manage his own affairs as against the claims of the governing classes of the universe.

But you believe not in Syndicalism, but in National Guilds.

I do in national politics and I do in universal politics also. For the Free-thought movement, while Syndicalist in its phase of mere revolt against constituted authority, must inevitably, in my opinion, become Guild when it becomes constructive.

It is an interesting parallel; but what is God in this instance?

You no doubt are reflecting that as the State and the Guild have each their own visible organ, the parallel demands that over against the institutions of Free-thought there should be an institution for God—namely, the Church. But I dispute that on several grounds not relevant for the moment. Our main concern is to recognise the inevitability of taking God into account in our thinking.

The powers of the State, however, are clear enough, and there can be no dispute about them when it comes to practice—what are the powers of God that our Syndicalist Free-thinkers will have to take into account?

In sum, there are the fixed truths of the universe. Being unalterable, right thinking, however free, however revolutionary, however daring, must accept them and co-operate with them.

But what are they as regards Man?

I define them as these: individual immortality; individual responsibility within a world of fixed relations; and universal justice. Accepting these I claim thereafter the sacred right of doing what I please.
Readers and Writers.

I plead guilty to advertising a book in these columns deliberately and shamelessly. The book is the "National Guilds"; the publishers are Messrs. Bell; the price is five shillings; and the work is now on sale. For the sake of the deaf, I will repeat in large type that the book is NOW ON SALE.

It is a pity the ravenous magazine reader could not have been compelled to attend a recent conference of American magazine editors. He would have heard something of his disadvantage. Among all the editors present—most of them of flourishing magazines—not one appeared to have a good word for his public. "A lunch-counter generation" was the phrase one editor used of his circulation. Another complained that the clear summary, n'est-ce pas? Finally, we have the honest judgment of the great newspaper proprietor. "Anyone can write, but business requires brains."

What on earth are we to do with a generation in whose hearing these things can be confessed without arousing resentment? Behind all our "pop" magazines and journals are men who shrewdly estimate at their right value the vulgarity and stupidity of the general public and deliberately exploit them. More even, they announce the fact—and yet remain objects of admiration. Astonishing! Let us turn to something more pleasing.

The series of studies in Stendhal now appearing in "La Revue de Paris" have reached the critical moment of philosophy. What, in fact, was "Beyleisme"? I understand, the vast crowds that assemble at theCrystal Palace and elsewhere have a critical appreciation of the old-time patron for love has disappeared. But this provokes only his laughter, I am convinced. Sincerity, however, is not everything, even when it rises into frenzy. Otherwise the false prophets of Baal would have called down fire from heaven upon their bleak and chilly altars. Along with personal sincerity must go a perception of truth if the inner and the outer are to march together. But has Mr. Marinetti any truth to declare—something that would remain true whether he believed it or not? Except as an iconoclast of clichés, I confess I cannot yet see anything noteworthy in his purely propagandist manner. He is all the time, in Wilson's phrase, running to a fire. It is very exciting, of course, to be awakened from sleep by the sound of the fire engines; and in the bustle that follows one feels very much alive. But once a month would be enough of it; one cannot live on it, I think.

To return to Signor Marinetti, I hear that he promises a good deal during his lectures, and runs about quite a lot to infect his audience with his own energy. But this provokes only his smiles, I am convinced. Sincerity, however, is not everything, even when it rises into frenzy. Otherwise the false prophets of Baal would have called down fire from heaven upon their bleak and chilly altars. Along with personal sincerity must go a perception of truth if the inner and the outer are to march together. But has Mr. Marinetti any truth to declare—something that would remain true whether he believed it or not? Except as an iconoclast of clichés, I confess I cannot yet see anything noteworthy in his purely propagandist manner. He is all the time, in Wilson's phrase, running to a fire. It is very exciting, of course, to be awakened from sleep by the sound of the fire engines; and in the bustle that follows one feels very much alive. But once a month would be enough of it; one cannot live on it, I think.

The forerunner of Mr. Marinetti as a propagandist of energy at high pressure was undoubtedly the revivalist preacher of the Nonconformist sects. A genius of this order is preaching now in America with literally staggering effect. The Rev. William Ashley Sunday, D.D., popularly known as Billy Sunday, the Baseball Evangelist, is described as "compelling in his physical vitality." He preaches "religion with a punch." These are some of the descriptions given of his lecturing by Dr. Brown in his study of Billy's character. Note how they would appear to apply to Mr. Marinetti:

"There is something about him that makes you feel that he will soon be hurling thunderbolts. He quickens his pace. You can see the perspiration and you start as if they had been shot at. And once he makes long strides to give it more whacks, until at last a big piece splits off, at which every small boy in the front row jumps and says: 'Gee.'"

Well, I feel disposed to say Gee to Mr. Marinetti; and for wringing so much admiration out of me he deserves it. But, after all, we have a long way to go, and shall need all the energy we can accumulate to carry us to the end of our journey. Where has Mr. Marinetti soon explained how energy can be acquired and preserved?

One thing is much like another; and with the grivances of the ex-champion boxer whose article appears in this issue, we can all (being few) sympathise since we share them each in his own way. From all the arts the old-time patron for love has disappeared to give place to the patron for profit and a public incapable of more than a few discriminations. Of football, I understand, vast crowds that assemble at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere have a critical appreciation. They know, that is, good play from bad, and miss nothing in the game. Of cricket this used to be the case; but the standard, I am told, is not so high to-day as ten years ago. But in boxing, it appears, the popular appreciation of science and art is declining
to zero. What is the reason? Mr. Black, formerly middle-weight champion of South Africa, attributes it to the introduction into England of American methods via France. France has borrowed from America the vocabulary of the prize-ring, but has fitted it to the special characteristics of the Latin race. These, in respect of boxing, according to Mr. Black, include the almost cruel implacability as well as stupidity of the audiences; they are most developed where women are among the spectators. In England it is not the fashion yet for women to attend prize fights; but the audiences of men, Paris-fed, assimilate their tastes; with the result that the art is going while only the fight remains.

Dr. Miss E. Wharton continues the discussion opened recently by Mr. Henry James on the subject of the criticism of fiction. Mr. James, it may be recalled, said bluntly that the reason is not my what I have often said obliquely, namely, that in England there is no longer any such thing as literary criticism. Mrs. Wharton regrets the fact and proceeds to give first aid to critics—particularly critics of novels. They should, she says, ask three questions concerning a work of art: what has the author tried to represent; has he succeeded; and was the subject worth representing? But the value of these three is, to my mind, conditioned by the answer to a fourth question: what is the purpose of representation at all? Plainly representation in itself is not sufficient to create a work of art, since, ex hypothesi, some things are and some things are not "worth representing." What are the things worth representing and why are they worth it? This, according to Dr. Miss E. Wharton, is the same problem the artist has to solve, and, in other words, he, too, needs a philosophy. Hence it follows that no novelist who is without a philosophy of life is or can be an artist. But equally with the artist the critic needs his table of values by means of which to estimate the works of representation; in other words, he, too, needs a philosophy. And this is just where both classes at present are at a loss; for we may say that there is no philosophy to-day. Thus it comes about that few novels are worth reading and still fewer are worth reviewing. Our critics, I may say, have long given it up as a waste of time.

Another remark of Mrs. Wharton's raises a question of interest to me personally. She complains that critics, philosophers to-day. Thus it comes about that few give first aid to critics—particularly critics of novels. How can criticism in such a world cannot possibly be consecutive since there is no bond of unity among the various economic worlds there are, after all, definite schools of thought and definite currents of endeavour and tendency. It is comparatively easy (if I may say so) to dramatise these and to visualise them all as working out some vast plot. But what is there to correspond in the literary world? In the first place, there are practically no schools, but only cliques of writers personally but not spiritually related; secondly, no common problem is posed for practical solution; thirdly, there are no currents in literary opinion. Large criticism in such a world cannot possibly be consecutive, since there is no bond of unity among the various sets of writers. To-day somebody publishes a realistic novel; to-morrow somebody else publishes a pantomime or an historical or a genre or a fantastic novel. How can they be related? I confess I cannot do it. R. H. C.
men, loved the game for the love of the sport, would give us what we won and the stake also. The backers who backed and won outside would be ashamed to go away without giving us a present. I have been offered £5 for the scarf which was round my waist which was not sold but went in a present to my head backer.

We shall not get those exact days back again; but we shall not get a White Hope until the public understands more of boxing than just seeing the youngsters batter to bits.

The Day's Work in Albania.

By Anthony Bradford.

VI.

A war draws men to it of every shape and kind, and in the Balkans life at any time is very near to a tragic sort of comic opera. An entertaining fellow was an Italian captain, who conceived a tender passion for the scarf which was round my waist which was not sold but went in a present to my head backer.

The enthusiasm, but no special knowledge, he had formed a club for the scarf which was round my waist which was not sold but went in a present to my head backer. We shall not get those exact days back again; but we shall not get a White Hope until the public understands more of boxing than just seeing the youngsters batter to bits.

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Ruins of Syria and Asia Minor.
By Richard Curle.

Within a few miles of Rayak, in the valley of the Anti-Lebanon, where the Aleppo railway, running through a long and arid plain, joins the line from Beyrout to Damascus, you will find all that Ba‘albek, the Syrian Heliopolis. At the foot of these gigantic ruins a small town of 5,000 people straggles alongside a grove of orchards, which form a teeming oasis in the flat and treeless plateau east of the Lebanon hills. These ruins of Ba‘albek have suffered alike from the fury of religion and the flight of years. The vile neglect of ages has shattered their vastness and their delicacy, and the gloom of superstition has wrecked their most beautiful memorials. As long ago as the seventh century John Malalas of Antioch wrote of them as amongst the wonders of the world. And so they are still, though a mere fragment of their splendour survives.

The Acropolis is now a mass of grand decay, its huge courts filled with fragments of columns and mauzoleums, and much of its scroll work obliterated by the hand of time or the outrages of vandalism. What is left is doubly impressive. In the great Temple of the Sun, which has suffered but little, the height of seventy-five feet makes a striking landmark on the plain. And throughout the whole extent of the Acropolis there are occasional secluded corners where the columns, the carved designs, the friezes, are in an unusual state of preservation. Perhaps actually the choicest relic of all is the Temple of Bacchus, with nineteen of its forty-six columns (sixty-five feet in height) still upright, and the Portal of the Temple, the cella of which is ornamented with profuse friezes, are in an unusual state of preservation. But where so much has crumbled that which remains seems almost lost.

You walk through the ruins as through a wilderness of stone, raised tier upon tier, and expanding in colossal and perfect proportions even in their fallen grandeur. The Great Court is no less than 150 yards long by 125 yards wide. And the material of which this Acropolis is built is, itself, prodigious. In one place there are three stones raised twenty feet above the ground in the masonry of the wall, each of which is no less than thirty feet high, ten feet thick, sixty feet long, and probably 1,400 tons in weight. They represent a problem of leverage not, indeed, insoluble, but extraordinarily advanced. This stone was quarried locally but here, too, you will see marble pillars from the innermost sanctuary, and their height of seventy-five feet makes a picture of Ba‘albek. There, by its orchards and running water, facing the range of the Lebanon across the plain, it stands, silent now and deserted, a haunt for innumerable lizards and for stray, feeding animals. It is as the very shadow of an incomprehensible and sombre past.

I visited Ba‘albek on a day in late March. The sunshine warms on the stone, and through the niches of the wall I could see a row of poplars just bursting into green, and behind them, again, the snowy peaks of Lebanon. No afternoon could have been more perfect. The shy lizards were basking in the empty courts and I could hear a wedding party singing and dancing on the street below. How easy to fancy at such a time that you can build up history from the havoc at the altar of this city, wander around the bay and upon the slopes of the nearer hills. The harbour is full of loading and discharging steamers—Smyrna is the centre of an active trade. And it is a de-Orientalised city. The hat is more common than the fez and a veil by far. But, on the whole, its atmosphere is certainly European. The distinctive quality of Smyrna is a brisk cosmopolitanism. Here one feels, is not any more the slow bargaining of the Arab, but the swift and small profits of a newer race.

In the desperate search for an hotel I made acquaintance with an American whose chief claim to distinction rests in the fact that he wrote a book on "the influence of psychology on the Sunday school movement." There is a richness about the idea which appeals to me and almost makes me think it is too good to be true. With this excellent fellow and an Austrian guide who had been forty years in Smyrna and whose English (theoretically) was everything one could desire, I went to Ephesus on the next morning. The forty-five miles through the tilted valleys and fair plains of Anatolia is a three hours' journey by train. When we arrived there we took a carriage and drove to the heap of fallen stones that mark the site of the Temple of Diana of the Ephesians. They lie in a depression of the ground and not one stone remains upon another. In their glinting and fragmentary whiteness they represent the utmost degradation of a ruin. About a mile farther on across the plain are the vast and unbearad remnants of the circus, the stadium, the libraries, the courts, the gymnasium, of Ephesus. Here, too, are the signs of complete decay. But here and over and over again these buildings were at last left to the corroding desolation of the wilderness. Thence, once more, came man to wreak a victory from the earth.

There is something fascinating about Ephesus. Here the broken colonnades, the paved walks, the huge inscribed stones, the carvings, the steps and arches, lying there all solitary in the secluded plain impress the imagination. Again, as at Ba‘albek, one could imagine that the venerable past had taken a step nearer. Yet it is a silent step. For where are all the Christians left but over the space of two hours cried out, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians'?
St. Agatha's.

Concerning the origin of St. Agatha's there is no need to speak. Is it not written in the Prospectus (apply to the Rev. Dr. Snagg, St. Agatha's, Greendale)? If you refer to this document, you will find a novel account of the whole Institution, from its founding in the 16th century (many schools seek to justify their existence by an alleged foundation in the 16th century) down to the present day.

Not quite to the present day, though. But I can continue the story till then, with lessunction perhaps than the Prospectus, but with more strict attention to historical perspective. At this latest epoch in the history of St. Agatha's, the motley company of gentlemen, humorously referred to as the staff, are partaking of breakfast. These gentlemen comprise (see Prospectus): Mr. J. Micklewit Orpington, B.A. (Oxon), Mr. J. L. E. Rees (Durham University), Mr. G. Chamberman (London University), Mr. J. Woodford, Mr. R. Spalding (Inter. Sci.), Mr. F. Stanley Case, F.R.C.S., Mr. Thomas D. Marriot, A.C.P.

It deserves more than casual notice that Mr. J. Woodford, who is unadorned by any alphabetical trinkets, must be acknowledged as the most considerable of the six. For his nightly close on the fifteen stone, eats four steady and earnest meals a day (in addition to odd and unofficial nibblings in the sanctity of his bed-room) does on and off between meals, with brief intervals to send small boys on sundry errands, to dismiss the class or to become abnormally active when the Rev. Dr. Snagg is in the offing. This rare event he seems to divine by some occult sense, which is about the only sense he has. What is a paltry degree, a大夫 degree, a framed diploma to such elusive and modest prowess as this? And Mr. J. Woodford has pursued his career for over thirty years. It is, of course, said in character and is not Mr. Woodford's normal utterance. "Bit 'igh, these 'ere birds ole man." Why plain Spalding and Marriot, while everybody is mistred? The reason is, that they are vulgar fellows who are at loggerheads with the powers that be, and are sadly lacking in that Christian meekness which, as is well known, should be affected by all who undertake to instruct the young. Moreover, they are not fond of the fare provided for them by the Governors, the Matron and Dr. Snagg, and they lose few opportunities of saying so with emphasis and precision. These little sallies assume various forms—elegant, epic, satiric (this is more especially the style Spalding adopts) and the burlesque (which is the strong point of Marriot). On this particular occasion, for instance, he observes with exaggerated blatitude:—

"Bit 'igh, these 'ere birds, ole man." This, of course, said in character and is not Mr. J. Woodford's normal utterance. "Ole man" refers to Spalding, who is a faithful follower of Spalding, and who considers the observation worthy of attention. Marriot knows that it will be sure to interest Mr. Orpington.

That worthy, his delicately-strung nerves ajar with the sacophagy of Marriot's enunciation, looks up from his kipper in mute and scowling inquiry. And simultaneously he discovers that a partially disembowled kipper is dangling from the chandelier on a dainty piece of pink ribbon. He decides that it is time to speak; and he proceeds to do so with a Birmingham accent.

The end of the matter is, that he finds himself involved in a tedious and unsavoury argument with Marriot on the subject of kippers and their use as pendants. Spalding occasionally chimes in suavely with the object of enlarging on some aspect of Latin, which appears to have been treated too superficially. At last, these silky and innocent comments bring Mr. Chamberman to his feet. He decides to round the matter off in the severe style, to match the aloof and pained de- meanour of Mr. Orpington.

Mr. Chamberman, accordingly, in his heaviest manner, in his hundred-lines-at-once and if-it-occurs-again-you'll-be-sent-to-Dr.-Snagg-tone, emus the lists. Spalding assumes an expression of meekness and anxiety for moral instruction, but Marriot, between whom and Mr. Chamberman little love is lost (nobody is exactly prodigal of love at St. Agatha's, except Mr. Rees, and he does not lavish it on his colleagues), is less subtle:—"Oh, dear, do all things, do dry up. What the devil has it got to do with you?"

Mr. Chamberman winces at the affront, at the violation of his Christian name, and still more at the laceration of his Christian delicacy. He is a member of the Battersea Brotherhood, and a deplorable and curious publication entitled "Flames of Fire." For the moment he becomes a flame of fire in his own person. His scruffy little face assumes a faded pinkish tint and his puny and warped carcase is all aguiver. He splutters out a diatribe in which the words lewd, filthy, indecent, occur frequently and incoherently. Marriot is about to supply samples of these linguistic terms when a bell begins to summon the inmates of St. Agatha's to their morning devotions.

Mr. Rees remarks heavily and with a shade reproachfully (for, as he will assure everyone, he is a man of peace):—"The boys will be going into chapel.

This, you will say, is farcical invention. More foolery, poor enough at that. Would to goodness it were. But St. Agatha's still exists, and all that it is. Of late, there has been much ado about pensions for secondary teachers. There has been some agitation about a better recognition of the teaching profession, and its incorporation into the Civil Service. This is an excellent and desirable scheme. But before it can be carried out with profit they, the St. Agathas of England, will have to go. The Mr. Chambermans and the Mr. Woodfords will have to go. And when they do, they will not have to complain of a solitary journey. P. Selver.
Views and Reviews.


I suppose that so long as Mr. Wells publishes books I shall read them and review them, even if he writes one a month. He is an ass, but he is so egregiously an ass that one nearly forgets his asinity in wonder at his eggregiousness. What other man, having set the world free by blowing up with atomic bombs most of the capital cities of the world, would introduce his fad of proportional representation into the Utopia that he imagines would follow the catastrophe? It hardly seems worth while to discover how to utilise the intra-atomic energies would follow the catastrophe? It hardly seems worth while to discover how to utilise the intra-atomic energy if we are only going to turn the world into one constituency, and elect the members of the World's Council by the use of the single transferable vote. This preserved predilection for a particular method of electing members of a governing body is fatal to Mr. Wells' Utopian schemes; for if he can carry into a new state one of his old foolishnesses, why seems worth while to discover how to utilise the intra-atomic energy if we are only going to turn the world into one constituency, and elect the members of the World's Council by the use of the single transferable vote.

For not merely do his dots abound in this book (they are symbols, I suppose, of free electrons), but the structure of the book is shattered to atoms. The book is a continuing explosion—that begins at Hampstead and ends on the Himalayas, aptly enough, with a surgical explosion. Electricity, for example, is used to destroy the whiskers of women; and, so far, the only effect of the atomic bombs on Mr. Wells has been the disruption of his style into atomic bombast.

A dog she stands in the heavens. The power that effects these changes is not resident in persons; it is simply energy dispossessed from the atom. It is some impersonal "science" that is "the new king of the world."

But what science is it that will countenance Mr. Wells' catastrophic introduction of the millennium? None of which I have knowledge. Either the effect of the atomic bombs will strike fear into the heart of man, or it will not. If it does, then the well-known paralyzing effect of fear will prevent the exercise of the creative faculties of man; if it does not, why should anything under the sun except the local configuration of the earth be altered as a consequence of the explosion of these bombs? Mr. Wells is playing with the old fallacy of the Terrorists; he is supposing that it is possible to shock people into Utopia. But Stepniak begins one of his essays with a story that discomfitures this ingenious theory. "Shortly after the Winter Palace explosion," he says, "I remember having seen in an English satirical paper the following caricature: Two Nihilists are meeting amidst heaps of carcasses. "Is all blown up already?" asks one of them. "No," answers the other. "The globe remains firm still." 'Well, let us blow up the globe, then!' exclaims the first." The very hypothesis which Mr. Wells makes, that the first and most perfect use of the new source of energy will be devoted to purposes of destruction, precludes the conclusion that he draws from it. Is it to be supposed that, because the ability to destroy a whole town with two or three bombs has been obtained, that there will be no one who will want to destroy a whole town? And are we to suppose that an autocracy, like that of Russia, which has not yielded to gunpowder, dynamite, or nitrogen, will, in the future, yield to "Carolinum?" It is impossible to terrify people who have "supped full of horrors."

What, after all, is this Utopia that Mr. Wells is expecting? The only distinctive features of it are the World Council at Brissago, and the hospital for surgery on the Himalayas. For the rest "Science" provides for every want; and the people of the earth turn to gardening and love-making for recreation. Up on the Himalayas, and elsewhere throughout the world, "Science" is at work; for Research is no longer penalised. And "Science" reaches out arms to the sun; at the beginning of the book, a great gowk of a Scotch laddie says: "Ye auld red thing... We'll have ye yet." At the end of the book Karenin tells the sun to "beware" of him. "I gather my billion thoughts into science and my million wills into a common purpose. Well may you sink down behind the mountains from me, well may you cower." Now that the sun is duly notified of the fact that Mr. H. G. Wells is after it, the sun will, of course, wink its eye and disappear from the heavens.

But the human nature that Mr. Wells ignores will not be denied; I find myself interested not so much in what he says as in the reasons for his saying it. I remember that it was when Lear had lost all control of his daughters that he exclaimed: "I will do such things with as much unnecessary trouble to convince us that Leblanc, who arranges the Peace Conference which becomes the World Council, is an ingenious man, "just a simple soul," and King Egbert of England, who is the first to renounce his kingship and thus make possible the creation of the World State, is made to say of himself and the assembly of potentates that "I doubt if we should average out as anything abler than any other casualty selected body of ninetynine old men." The power that effects these changes is not resident in persons; it is simply energy dispossessed from the atom. It is some impersonal "science" that is "the new king of the world."

*"The World Set Free." By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan. 6s.)
REVIEWS.

Russia: The Country of Extremes. By N. Jarintzoff. (Sdgwick and Jackson. 10s. net.)

Madame Jarintzoff has not done the best service by publishing this collection of unrelated articles. The idea of Russia as the "country of extremes" is so childish that no good work could be built upon it; besides, the idea would apply to any other society of human beings by far. That society does not develop homogeneously, because it includes people of every age and of many degrees of development, explains the anomalies that are to be discovered wherever society has crystallised into institutions. It would be easy to prove that England is the country of extremes by contrasting the survivals with the developments; and in the case of Ireland, the task would be so easy that no one but a literary man in need of a passage of anti-thesis would perform it. But if the conception is childish, the book does not embody even that conception. Apart from the fact that four of the chapters appeared as separate articles, Madame Jarintzoff has taken no trouble to weld them into the book; the chapters are unrelated even by contrast. The reason is obvious. Madame Jarintzoff has taken Mr. Rothay Reynolds' "My Russian Year" as her model, and Mr. Maurice Baring's works as those most in need of correction; with the consequence that those parts of her book that are not unrelated even by contrast are descriptive journalism. The unnecessary parts of the book are the historical chapters. The chapter on "The Past of the Cossacks," for example, has no relation of contrast or sequence to the rest of this book. In spite of the list of authorities quoted in a footnote, it lacks merit even as an historical study; Madame Jarintzoff has only adopted the journalistic trick of précis writing, and has not attempted to demonstrate anything by her researches. She has written of us with such detachment and with such an air of omniscience that no good work could be built upon it. I use the word "us," for New Zealanders are almost purely Anglo-Saxon and behave always much as ordinary middle-class English, given the same conditions and taking into account the loss of merely local prejudices in the general mixing and attrition of their transplantation.

To one who lived long in the Colony, the information acquired by M. Siegfried appears remarkable both in quality and quantity, and his use of it a model of good sense. He himself deals little in theory, but as a short statement of the actual facts his book should form a good basis of theorising in others.

In criticising our politics, he is not inclined to appraise above its immediate value our practical but utterly illogical common sense, or our unimaginative opportunism. Of Seddon's "Socialistic" legislation he treats at some length—"Le Socialisme sans Doctrines" as it has been called by another Frenchman: Blind Pseudo-Socialism as we ourselves see it with its Old Age Pensions, Minimum Wages, Arbitration Boards and other truly laid paving stones of the Servile Way.

There are other chapters full of truth and "sweet reasonableness" on many other subjects, among which may be mentioned the Feminist Movement (with the non-arrival of the millennium), Militant Teetotalism, the causes of super-insularity of thought and of an almost jingo Imperialism—the cry of New Zealand for the New Zealand—the "Gentleman Jack" name instead of the "aristocratic" nature of the well-to-do, and the breaking up of the big estates; and it is all well worth reading.

It must be said, however, that an edition revised up to date is badly wanted, as in the last ten years much has been happening.

For instance, the alliance between the town worker and the small landholder having come to an end, land and capital have entered once again into full partnership. As a result, the wage-slave has been promptly Bohad back into his place without ceremony or scruple. Mr. Belloc's small freeholders have an ardent belief in the Servile State—at any rate for dockers.
Pastiche.

IMPRESSIONS DE PARIS.

When the train had fairly moved, I regretted not to have kissed the dear in spite of the world, which was a fat mare, and I should have returned for life until I resolved that my train was thundering past the foot of it. They wanted a franc for an apple at Calais! Next time I shall bring a barrel of milk or a cul-de-sacs of tea, which would be even more serviceable, and some cakes and some apples at a penny each, instead a penny a bite. I would last away the last out of my Dames Seules compartment, of which the door stuck fast, wide open, and the fenêtre would not shut, but the other carriages were full while I froze in solitude.

Amiens is where the soldiers come from. I must send him that petit billet to say that my aunt forbade me to take tea with le militaire. Nobody else could have got that window shut! But, my word, all that is quite true about these impressionable French. It is the more amazing that the chairs should be designed for Calvins. Shall I ever need to despise, since a sleepless night, twelve hours' travelling, and assaults and robberies all along the line I trust the most ravishing person ever seen, seductrice in fifteen minutes of the very carriages were full while I froze, and I waved. There was a lovely valley in Kent night, twelve hours' travelling, and assaults and robberies explored him to remember? I shall send all my children about these impressionable French. It is the more amazing that their chairs should be designed for Calvinists. Shall I ever need to despise, since a sleepless night, twelve hours' travelling, and assaults and robberies all along the line I trust the most ravishing person ever seen, seductrice in fifteen minutes of the very
tulp of his regiment, actat twenty-three, and false by everything but the landscape, they will invent a historiette about the new movements in art and music. They will understand about customs and baggage, and how to emerge speckless from a combat with a dirty window. They shall go to France, every man Jack of them, and then, when it is forbidden to talk about anything but the landscape, they will invent a historiette of the passing chateau and fall into a reverie in the middle of it. My horrid aunt will frizzle in blazes here-for her prudish existence. They will understand about customs and baggage, and how to emerge speckless from a combat with a dirty window. They shall go to France, every man Jack of them, and then, when it is forbidden to talk about anything but the landscape, they will invent a historiette of the passing chateau and fall into a reverie in the middle of it. My horrid aunt will frizzle in blazes here-for her prudish existence.

This is one of my pet aversion and asked me after for her prudish existence.

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The THE SECOND COMING.

Gon looking down on earth
Saw man in wickedness,
And virtue in a dearth

He cried to all His host
Not to his father, the fond mankind,
And then the Holy Ghost
Emerged from His mind.

"Let Christ be born again,"
Was God Almighty's word,
Which split the heart in twain
Of Satan as he heard.

In London's darkest street
There dwelt in poverty
A woman good and meet,
And blessed in virginity.

God saw her in her stall
In low and humble state,
Whose choice on her did fall
To tide the Holy Dove,
And round her drew the night
Who swept the firmament
To clothe him in man's sight.

He doffed his raiment bright,
To the thing in the middle of the road. Looking miserably at all the names to be seen, I spotted my roundaboutsmartest uses to savages. I scored, though, over the clerk at the bureau. "Iss better you speak English?" he suggested. I wasn't going to stand this! "Look here," I said, in unmistakable Saxon, "I prefer the scrub of my French to the squeak of your English. J'ai l'honneur de vous dire que si vous ne pouvez me trouver une chambre plus tranquille je...!" However, as I was pretending now that he can't understand me over the telephone, and sends up the water every blessed time to ask what I want! I suppose it's because I wear sandals. I'll try him with heels and hobble skirt.

I suppose the Tuneries and things are still in Paris; Madame Sarah Bernhardt. But you'd not defend certain is. I suppose one ought to see as much as one can, but what if you don't want to? I have seen the French children. They are adorable! I was passed by the Madeleine and held up one finger. I laughed and winked, and when we both looked back she came running to ask me to go to the Madeleine. The governor told me she was five, but she looked too enchanting, I think, ever to have been ordinarily born. And they're all gay and graceful, even the gamins.

I even found its anti-Socialism seductive. I suppose it's because I wear sandals. I'll try him with heels and hobble skirt.

I wonder if one has a different accent for policemen and other people with these uses to savages. I scored, though, over the clerk at the bureau. "Iss better you speak English?" he suggested. I wasn't going to stand this! "Look here," I said, in unmistakable Saxon, "I prefer the scrub of my French to the squeak of your English. J'ai l'honneur de vous dire que si vous ne pouvez me trouver une chambre plus tranquille je...!" However, as I was pretending now that he can't understand me over the telephone, and sends up the water every blessed time to ask what I want! I suppose it's because I wear sandals. I'll try him with heels and hobble skirt.

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To find the holy maid
He crawled through the night,
For hands were on him laid,
Which from him tore his sight.

The woman took his hand,
From her he bowed low;
He told her God's command,
And heavenwards from her fled.

The Holy Ghost descended;
The Devil went one-blind.
The Holy Ghost ascended;
He went out of his mind.

Revergent Satan now,
Resenting God's good end,
Sending his gloomy brow,
Did earth deep darkness send.

And in a bitter strife,
By slavery deprived,
Men sought for bread of life;
Not anyone was saved.

The time of birth approached;
The fiends of Saturn danced,
On Paradise encroached,
For evil earth becheared.

Then Time stopped in its glass;
The heavens did cower in dread;
And when that hour did pass,
The Christ was broughtforth dead.

Charles Cunningham.

A FANTASIA.

IMAGINATION.

I wandered far, knee-deep in Fancy's flowers,
Where cowslip bells chime out the fairy hours,
Dancing with joy, appeared a fairy maid.
I wandered far, knee-deep in Fancy's flowers,
Where grey fogs cling, where sewers smell quite strong,
Where mammon lurks, and ugly buildings sprawl,
Blowing sweet tunes to charm the soul of man;
In filthy rags the children danced with glee.
And Rent and Profits show their fangs o'er all.

And from a festooned dell of cool, green shade,
Burned fierce within me at this sorry game.

Heaven grant me this last little boon,
And I looked on, and Hatred like a flame
And fan with winds the red flames mounting higher.
If I were trusted with the moon,
Or if the sun I had to steer,
I'd guide it here and set the world on fire,
Was left to smoulder or to glow.

Charles Cunningham.

REALITY.

Where mammon lurks, and ugly buildings sprawl,
And Rent and Profits show their fangs o'er all,
Where grey fogs cling, where sewers smell quite strong,
Where cowslip bells chime out the fairy hours,
Dancing with joy, appeared a fairy maid.

And in a bitter strife,
By slavery deprived,
Men sought for bread of life;
Not anyone was saved.

The time of birth approached;
The fiends of Saturn danced,
On Paradise encroached,
For evil earth becheared.

Then Time stopped in its glass;
The heavens did cower in dread;
And when that hour did pass,
The Christ was brought forth dead.

Charles Cunningham.

DIVINE LOVE.

If I were trusted with the moon,
Or if the sun I had to steer,
Heaven grant me this last little boon,
The first would not avail, I fear.
I'd guide it here and set the world on fire,
And fan with winds the red flames mounting higher,
Until no shred of this mean puppet show
Was left to smoulder or to glow.

William Repton.

DAY AND NIGHT.

Of my laughter night did rend,
Light flashed out from end to end,
And my heart with all my veins
Was a horse and they its reins,
With which I the sky about
Galloped and drove darkness out.

Ah! red Satan looming up,
Overset my happy cap,
Turned it down on me instead,
Buried me with all the dead,
Shut me in with darkness tight,
Underneath the cap of night.

Charles Cunningham.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. VERDAD AND THE "NEW WITNESS."

Sir,—My attention has been drawn to a letter in your columns by Mr. S. Verdad, containing copious references to myself and my supposed opinions. I shall not attempt to deal with it at length, but there is one point concerning which I should be grateful for the small space that may be necessary to make my position clear.

Mr. Verdad revives against me the accusation of what he calls "Jew-baiting." Now, when this charge is made in the organs of Cadbury and Mond, I pass it by; from such sources one does not expect either sincerity or intelligence. With The New Age the case is different. It is essentially an organ of honest inquiry devoted to the propagation of ideas; and one knows that those who write for it as well as those who read it are capable of following an intelligible line of thought, even if they cannot give it their assent.

It is absolutely untrue that I am an "Anti-Semite," if these vague phrases be taken to mean a person who dislikes Jews as such or a person who desires to inflict some injury upon them. I do not dislike Jews, and I do not wish to see them in any way injured or oppressed. What I have said about the Jews has always been quite simple and consistent, whether it be right or wrong. I stated it most fully, I think, in an article I wrote about a year ago in the "British Review," called "Israel a Nation" and all that I have written in the "New Witness" has been on the same line.

What I say is that there is a Jewish problem, just as there is an Irish problem. I say that those two problems, different in so many ways, are the same in this that they are created by the apparently permanent existence of an unabsorbed nationality within the British State. I say that in the Jewish case the evil is complicated by certain special circumstances; by the distribution of the Jews throughout Europe, everywhere influential, yet everywhere unabsorbed, and by the great wealth of some of them which makes them so formidable an international power. I consider that the influence of such men on the Governments of the various European States is a menace both to nationality and to European tradition. I have further pointed out that an unpleasant by-product of the anomaly is this, that, while the best kind of Jew usually holds himself more or less aloof from our affairs, the worst kind of Jew, inevitably destitute of public spirit, and regarding the nation on which he lives, as an English opium trader would regard China, simply as a prey, acquires under a plutocracy like ours an enormous and most mischievous influence.

I have also said, though more tentatively, that I do not believe a solution to be possible along the lines of absorption, still less along those of persecution. In any case, I should regard as criminal—but that I think that we shall ultimately, though not without difficulty, find the solution along the lines of a recognition of Jewish nationality, accompanied by certain privileges and certain consequent restrictions—in point of fact, along the line of what you might call "Home Rule."

That is my position on the Jewish problem, and I do not think that I have ever written a sentence that is either inconsistent with it or goes much beyond it. Mr. Verdad can call it "Anti-Semitism" if he likes. It would seem more reasonable to call it "Semitism."

In regard to what Mr. Verdad has to say about the Marconi question, I think, with the utmost respect to him, that readers of The New Age will prefer to believe the sworn testimony of its Editor. I submit a quotation from Mr. Orage's evidence before the Marconi Committee:

8067. What was the purport of that article?—"From the paragraphs and the articles that appeared in the "Eye-Witness" in the first case."

8068. You had some articles, I think, in The New Age on the subject?—"The first article appeared on September 17."

8069. What was the purport of that article?—"The purport of that article was rather to make fun of Mr. Belloc and of those who were canvassing the inquiry—the Marconi affair—and to say that for ourselves we had no basis, no evidence whatever, but that after the Insurance Act of Mr. Lloyd George we could practically believe anything of him."

8070. Did you have another article?—We had a later article the week following the debate in Parliament—on October 17.

Charles Cunningham.
STATE OR NATION?

SIR,—In the Guild Catechism given in The New Age, April 2 last, we are told:—

"A National Guild is such a Guild chartered by the State to carry on an industry nationally."

"Economic power," as you are aware, "precedes political power." The power of a State may be less than merely the government of the people; it may have written, his writing produced but a faint impression on the mind of his chief.

C. S. CRESTERTON

Editor, The New Witness"

STATE OR NATION?—

SIR,—Mr. Penty’s brickwork illustration does not at all convince me of the wealthy client’s necessity to good work, for the standards by which a confessed medievalist should judge work are surely based on the expression of the actual workman in his work—not on the actual result of conditions forced upon him from above. Like Ruskin, the medievalist must condemn or praise more on ethical than aesthetic principles—else, why medievalist instead of Greek?

The failure of the Gothic revival of mid-Victorian times surely demonstrates this. A failure by no means due in many cases to a lack of skill or aesthetic knowledge on the part of the architect but to the conditions necessitating the necessity to wage slavery obtaining amongst the labour employed. In "Modern Painters" we find Ruskin telling us that in his "works on Architecture the preference accorded finally to one school over another, is founded on a comparison of their influences on the life of the workman"—and the chapter on the nature of a Gothic so highly and, I think, rightly—praised by Mr. Pesty, is the following:—

"But in the medieval, or especially Christian, system of ornament, this slavery is done away with altogether; Christianity having recognised, in small things as well as great, the individual value of every soul. . . ." And it is, perhaps, the principal defect of the Gothic schools of architecture, that they thus receive the results of the labour of inferior minds; and out of fragments full of imperfection, and betraying that imperfection in every touch, indigenously raise up a statelly and unassailable whole.

The import of culture and aesthetics is the Renaissance having long broken up—matters of art through a barbaric period, and, I believe—my sympathies being crude, and, therefore, mediavelist—that the art of the future, if it may arise, like Gothic, on a frank recognition of the inferiorities and limitations of average labour freed from servile wage conditions—not from any imposed culture. I speak, of course, of Art organic with society—exceptional artists will produce Art in any society. We have some even now!

HAYDN R. MACKAY

ON ADVERTISING

SIR,—Advertising power precedes economic, political, and many other kinds of power. I would like to bring "the lesson" home to The New Age. The New Age is notoriously a paper of no importance; in fact, so great is its impertinence that the art through a barbaric period, and, I believe—my sympathies being crude, and, therefore, mediavelist—that the art of the future, if it may rise, like Gothic, on a frank recognition of the inferiorities and limitations of average labour freed from servile wage conditions—not from any imposed culture. I speak, of course, of Art organic with society—exceptional artists will produce Art in any society. We have some even now!

HAYDN R. MACKAY

THE DUALITY OF REFORM

SIR,—Mr. Bertram Pope draws attention to what he considers to be an inconsistency of my articles which have appeared in The New Age and the "Daily Herald," viz., that in The New Age I said that reform was to come from above, and in the "Daily Herald" it was to come from below.

Now, this difference is to be understood only by reference to the subjects discussed. My position is that there are certain classes and which the people can be trusted to do, and certain things which they may not. In our society there are two types of problems; there are some which depend upon a sense of justice and humanity, and are justified in saying that the solution of such problems as depend upon these must come from the people; for the people are those in precisely these matters. But with the problem of the arts it is different. The solution of the problems which they present depend upon fine aesthetic perceptions which are unfortunately only possessed by a few. They require your delicate handling, and it is idle to expect the people to solve them. In speaking to the democracy about such problems, the best advice is to tell them not to meddle but to be guided, but in questions of justice and humanity they should be advised to assert themselves. As duality appears to exist in everything, why should we not recognise it in the sphere of social reform?

ARTHUR J. PENTY.
in the British Emporium is the I.C.S.—the International Correspondence Schools. At one time this organisation was the most economical method of a Career, under Mr. Thomas Russell, president of the Incorporated Society of Advertisement Consultants. The lecturer said that advertising was the most effective way in which he had ever been discovered of selling a meritorious product. Who paid for advertising? The only conclusion was that the person who paid for the advertisement was the man who died for the advertisement. Some people thought newspapers carried too many advertisements, but he would remind his hearers that but for advertisements Glasgow could not produce the good. Sir John Urquhart had pronounced that Sir John was willing to offer a loving to the only baronet to offer a prize for an essay on "Salesmanship" by an I.C.S. student. For I read in the "Daily News and Leader" a report of a meeting held in Glasgow. The business man and Sir John Barker, will ye swear on your honour as true knights that ye did truly buy the silver rose-bowls thus might be doing something useful. I am surprised that a benevolent Fat man looking with sorrow upon a child is getting back to the sources of a beneficent Fat man looking with sorrow upon a child who was playing on the seashore. Fat men instead of drawing for them, once drew a picture of the princess doubtless uses Hudson's soap. May the resolution be of workers in National Guilds in other areas. May the resolution be May 7.

NEW AGE: as "the most fearless and thoughtful paper published in England to-day." The "Worker," the official organ of the South Africa Labour party, also mentions The New Age, and quotes largely from your notes on the recent strike. In the "Daily Herald" of Friday last Mr. Robert Williams, employs, "the New Age, your excellent "blacklegproof." I think this may now be added to "profiteering" and "wagery" as contributions of The New Age to the socialist and general vocabulary. Have you any more? For words are very powerful. O, and yes—Mr. Massingham, in the "Daily News" recently, had an article on pamphleteering; and he actually said that "The New Age, writers were by no means bad hands at the game." Fancy that! But I imagine that it is no game to your writers; and I hope it may be the death of your victims. At the Sheffield Y.M.C.A. during the present summer, Mr. F. J. Adkins, M.A., is delivering a series of fourteen lectures on "Guilds: Medieval and Modern." No mention of The New Age is made in the Syllabus that I have seen; but the concluding lectures obviously refer to National Guilds. By the way, I am pleased to see that the book is out at last. I would like to point out that The New Age is not the only paper that has courage. Most of the indications elsewhere of the adoption of the National Guilds programme. The Brewery Workers of Spitalfields, for instance, propose "that the workers in this industry should be organised economically not only to fight for a fairer share of what we produce, but to assist in retiring the capitalist class from business." I drink to them! The Liverpool Postman has a similar resolution proposed by the Hastings and St. Leonards Branch. Feast your eyes upon it: "That this Conference, recognising that no scheme of social reconstruction can emancipate the workers which does not provide them with a substantial share in the control of industry, affirms its belief in partnership between the State and associations of workers in National Guilds as the only just and stable basis for a re-building of society." As a National Guild itself, the Church is wise and generous in promoting National Guilds in other areas. May the resolution be carried.

FORBES-CUTTER.

THANKSGIVING.

Sir,—"The service of solemn thanksgiving for the blessing of sight" held on Sunday last, in St. Paul's Cathedral, seems to pave the way for a whole series of solemn thanksgivings. If we are mindful of all our blessings, surely we must next hold a "National Service in the Great National Church" to give thanks to God that we are not all deaf. It is, doubtless, a source of self-congratulation that we have eyes to read the "Times," that we have ears to hear the wisdom of the Bishop of London, and voices to raise in thanksgiving that we are not as other men, blind, deaf, or dumb; that we can enjoy the sweet incense of spring, and are not all of us paralytic. But the pity of it that our spiritual leaders should not rather lift up their voices in fierce and fearless denunciation of the hidden vice that is responsible for the blindness of so many innocent babies; of the employers' greed of gain that forces our weary brothers and sisters to wear out their eyesight, day and night, in sweated labour. If the tremendous spiritual force, believed to be set free by those 40,000 services in churches of all creeds, became the inspiration of a great crusade against those horrors, of our civilisation; it would lead to far other results than the mere rousing of the emotion of a moment expended in thanksgiving to God that He in His infinite mercy and royal bounty has graciously made it at any rate, normal human beings! S. M.W.

"Times," May 7.
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