NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Editor of the "Railway Review" refers to the "absorbing interest and national importance" of the affairs of the Railwaymen who are holding their first National Union Congress at Swansea this week. We ourselves are entitled to press them to make good these claims; but, for the life of us, we do not see that Mr. Wardle and his colleagues are entitled to make them. Of what absorbing interest is it to anybody, even to the men directly concerned, that the greatest Union the world has ever seen should be on the eve of making demands of the same character and of not much larger dimensions than the demands of the girl match-workers? An affair of wages we shall say and be bored with the monotonity of the thing; for we know, and many of the men know, that wages cannot be raised without raising prices or involving consequences equally destructive of any real advantage. What is it in the composition of Labour leaders that makes them the last to see the interest already taken in the potentialities of the Building Federation. What differentiates the two organisations? It is not so much the question of numbers or of public convenience; in respect of both the Railwaymen have a long advantage. Nevertheless, as we saw last week and may again this week, the Builders have drawn attention upon themselves as the Railwaymen have not yet or are likely to do. Why? The reason is clear. Whereas the Railwaymen promise no new principle and consequently no new growth for society, the Builders have the germ of both. Life after all is the only thing of absorbing interest; and if the Railwaymen show no signs of life, interest must be absent from them. See what the "Times" was compelled to say of the Builders. "They are under the influence of a strong wave of Trade Unionism, and their aim is to make the trade blackleg-proof—to use the current phrase. This is intelligible enough." Ay, so it is, even in the office of the "Times"; but, for the life of us, we do not see that Mr. Wardle and his colleagues are entitled to make them.

On the question of the spirit with which wage-earners would be likely to assume responsibility if given the chance, two items of news may be reported here. The foreman appointed by the Building Federation for the Theosophical Society's hall was interviewed by the "Daily Herald" and he spoke to this effect: "We mean to show that the Federation working in conjunction with the owner can carry out jobs, if anything, better than when there is a master-builder on the scene. This has got to be a first-class job done in quick time." Is there not in these words the old Guild spirit with the modern element of speed with efficiency added? To our ears there is. And the same hope may be read in Mr. Stephen Reynolds' report of the good willingness of the fishermen to form and run co-operative societies. Fishermen, it used to be said, will never co-operate. But within a month or two of the launching of the scheme four societies have been formed; and the men, says Mr. Reynolds, are "tumbling to the work extremely well." So they will we may be sure in every industry where responsibility is either assumed by them or thrust upon them. The proletariat are not a different race from the rest of the national population; in many respects they are, indeed, the English race at its least corrupted. It would be strange if responsibility could stimulate the other classes and fail to stimulate the nation from which those classes have sprung. We do not, in fact, believe it. On the contrary, every observation assures us that as much and more awaits society from the gift of responsibility to
Mr. Burns does not stick at trifles in the way of official mendacity. It was, we thought, notorious that, with two or three other members of the Cabinet, he agreed with us that the Insurance Act with its offer of ninepence for fourpence (that business transaction, as Mr. Lloyd George called it) was a long step towards the Servile State. Yet in introducing an Amending Bill of no importance last week (and hence calling for no general opinion of his), Mr. Burns affirmed that the Act was "without the degradation of charity or the taint of pauperism, and that it had evoked a kind of employment that employed a kindler feeling of mutual interest than had existed before." The facts, of course, are precisely the same as they were when Mr. Burns made himself conspicuous by never once speaking for the Insurance Act while it was still a Bill. If the transition from the state of being a Bill to the state of being an Act has transformed his opinion, it has transformed nothing else. To Mr. Burns before the Bill we therefore refer Mr. Burns after the Act. We ask no better authority for convicting him of contradiction in his own.

In the course of the feeble debate upon the subject Mr. J. M. Robertson let drop the hint that certain eventualities the Government would make the Act non-contributory—so far, that is, as the proletariat are concerned. We need not be surprised by this announcement since it was long ago made in The New Age as a forecast of the reply of the Government to proposals for making the Act voluntary. No fewer than three Voluntary schemes, we understand, are now under discussion by different sections of the Unionist Party; and any one of them is as practicable as another. But it is not their impracticability that will, we imagine, wreck them; but their relative disadvantages in comparison with a non-contributory scheme. And the chief of their disadvantages is that electorally they are likely to be less popular. Think, for example, of the double play Mr. Lloyd George would make of the anomalies likely to arise under a Voluntary scheme and of the benefits from free universal insurance. That the latter would necessitate such regimentation of the proletariat as has never been dreamed of is a fact that a popular electorate could not be expected to appreciate. Instead of ninepence for fourpence the scheme would sound to them like ninepence for nothing; and if they allowed themselves to be driven into the first they will positively tumble into the second. Nobody on the Unionist benches was alive to the importance of Mr. Robertson's remark. We have not heard in it the death-knell of a Voluntary system. All the same, except for the purpose of forcing a non-contributory scheme out of the Government, the three Unionist voluntary schemes are, in our opinion, now wastepaper.

Mr. Clynes intervened in the debate with a remark intended to make the flesh of the employing classes creep. The proletariat, he said, would never again submit patiently to their sufferings; they had learned something of late from their superiors. We believe, however, that Mr. Clynes is wrong and that a revolt on the part of the proletariat is quite as unlikely; and for several reasons. A lamentable reason may lie in the fact that the proletariat have less spirit of late than ever; we are doubtful of it. But good reasons lie in these facts: that the militancy of the suffragettes has almost entirely passed away; that the agitation is sporadic in fashion; that we have yet to see any effect from the regularised force of Ulster; that the use of force by Sir Edward Carson even is not popular; and finally, that the Trade Unions are much too powerful and conservative nowadays to permit its employment. Do we need to add that in our opinion such force as the unorganised proletariat can use would be disastrous to Labour? Or that our hope lies in the use of the economic power of organised workers? Certainly the propaganda of National Guilds has nothing to gain by violence.
It is a long time ago that we first observed that the force of the suffragettes could not overcome the resistance of men. If the latter are indisposed to give women the vote, the women have absolutely no means of making them. By what means the resistance of men would operate it was also clearly to be foreseen: first by the devices of ambiguity, then by chicanery, then by legal force and finally by what? At this point, to which nevertheless the suffragettes are rapidly driving men and other women, the imagination almost refuses to act, for the last defence of society against the force of a minority is mob-violence, the most brutal and terrible thing in the world. The subject of Militancy in the Press last week was due, we are informed, less to the agitation itself—a matter, after all, of a comparatively trifling sum of money in damages—than to the observed temper of the last week of violence among the suffragettes. Another incident or two and we may be less to the agitation itself—a symptom of the degree to which the public mind is humiliated by events such as have not been seen in England for centuries. Are the subscribers to the militant cause so mad as to heap more fuel on to a fire so threatening? It would be forgivable if any good to their cause could come of it; but not only no good to their political cause will come of it, but the whole movement for women's higher education will receive tremendous set-back.

The dangerous consequences of provoking the crowd are bad enough, but the effects of militancy on the women themselves are as bad. It is against nature for women to take up the weapons of public force; and consequently it is degrading. Would the subscribers to the funds employ women to become prostitutes to gain the vote? If not, why should they employ their poorer sisters to make an equally degraded exhibition of themselves? As a matter of fact, the connection between the two is not so imaginary as the critics of a recent coroner would suggest. Any violent emotion exercised without restraint tends to induce a revolt in all organic events; and when that revolt is taken off, it is easily slipped off the rest. Women, too, have notoriously less self-command than men; in other words, their practical will is less well established. A comparatively small cause may therefore rob them of judgment completely. The intoxication of slashing a picture with a knife is not far short of the intoxication of drink; and its effect is the same, to submerge the centre of self-control not in one respect only, but in all.

Are the subscribers to the funds aware of these facts? Do they never inquire into the psychological consequences of the action into which they tempt girls for pay? As well as threatening to stir up the mud of civilisation in our crowds, they are threatening to corrupt their own sex beyond the remedy of several generations of reaction. It is a madness and a very vicious madness. It shows even educated women to have ill repaid the labour of culture spent upon them. No minority is mob-violence, the most brutal and terrible thing in the world. The sudden re-appearance of the vote, the women have absolutely no means of making it. By what means the resistance of men would operate it was also clearly, to be foreseen. The intoxication of slashing a picture with a knife is not far short of the intoxication of drink; and its effect is the same, to submerge the centre of self-control not in one respect only, but in all.

Surely, however, the friends of the militants can combine to make the payment and acceptance of money for militancy as disgraceful as procuring and prostitution. Or if not they, then the same section of women, with the help of men who have not joined the crowd, might bring some kind of pressure to bear. For it is not, we repeat, as if the vote will ever be gained by these means or even by association with them. While moonlighting prevailed in Ireland, the peaceful party might protest innocence as it pleased, Home Rule was still refused. While "sedition" prevails in India, reform will be slower than if there were no agitation for it whatever. It is in the nature of man that this should be so. It is not policy, it is fact. And while militancy continues all the peaceful suffrage societies in the world will fail to procure the vote for women. We write this, needless almost to remark, as friends of women, not as friends of the Suffrage. By violent means we are certain it is impossible; but not much less certain are we that the vote will be impossible in this country by peaceful means. For our analysis of the economic intentions of the capitalist classes womenwards leads to a conclusion that cannot be gainsaid; namely, that while the wage-system continues, the introduction of women into industry will mean low wages for them and lower wages for men. This, we are glad to see, is coming slowly to be recognised by the Socialist and Labour bodies, the enthusiasm of which for women's suffrage is much less to-day than it was two years ago. Ninety-four branches of the I.L.P., we are told, have issued a notice refusing the use of their platform to militant suffragettes. The prohibition is not, we are sure, on account of militancy alone. Even when militancy has been dropped, the prohibition will remain. The Cause, in short, is lost for our day. Reap the whirlwind and the reaper will reap. Militancy has killed it; and the restoration of reason will bury it. There is some hope at last that the mind of the nation may be concentrated on the major problem of our industrial civilisation—the abolition of the wage-system.

We do not propose to write a word this week on the Irish situation, which, to be sure, is getting along very nicely. Between the Nationalist and the Unionist Volunteers peace in its Irish fashion will be born. But we have to remark on the futility of the Unionist protests against the autocracy of the Cabinet in the matter of Home Rule, in the face of their acquiescence in the same autocracy in the matter of the Insurance Act. Never mind, for the moment, whether the Insurance Act was bad or good. The Unionists no less than the Liberals knew that there was no mandate for it, knew that on introduction it speedily became unpopular, knew that if the House of Commons or the people could have had their way the Bill would have been defeated. They nevertheless consented both to the forcing of the measure through by the party machine and to its passage through the House of Lords. Now compare this with their arguments against Home Rule. There is no argument, Parliamentarily speaking, against Home Rule that could not have been applied to the Insurance Act. Yet they swallowed the one and not only boggle at the other, but denounce the Cabinet system that is able to make them take it. It will not do, Mr. F. E. Smith, it will not do! It is impossible to employ despotism for one thing and to refuse to employ it for a similar. By precisely the same means as the Government with Unionist consent passed the Insurance Act the Government is passing the Home Rule Bill; and it is too late to object to the procedure on merely particular grounds. It is true, and so true, as Mr. Smith says, that the Cabinet is all-powerful and that the House of Commons is its paid retainer; but it is no more true against Home Rule than against the Insurance Act.

We saw that rebel of the stars, Infernal grim,
His face entrenched with thunder-scars,
We saw that rebel of the stars,
Infernal grim,

LUCIFER.
Current Cant.

"The beautiful Victoria Memorial."—"Daily Mail."

"Mr. Arnold Bennett cannot, at any rate, be reproached with working along a groove."—Solomon Eagle.

"Mr. Wells easily solves the woman's question."—"The Literary World."

"England under Georgian finance is rapidly becoming a Loafer's Paradise."—George R. Sims.

"Cinema players are usually actors and actresses."—Home Chat.

"Advertiment says so—customer believes it—confidence created—Progress."—Callithenes.

"Church attendance underlies all benevolent projects."—North American.

"Man has learned to be a law-abiding citizen of his own country. He must now learn to be a law-abiding citizen of the world."—Felix Moscheles.

"His Majesty will hold a council. . . ."—"The Times."

"The right of women to love should be more fully recognised."—W. L. George.

"The purpose of Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Act is less the well-being of the individual worker than the good of the whole working community."—"The Star."

"Ireland is not a nation, and never was."—F. E. Smith.

"When Socialism attains its full growth there will be provided a plan of painless extinction for old men."—The Victor of Carlsbrooke.

"Arthur M. Binstead has in a marvellously short space of time established 'Town Topics' as one of the mouth-pieces of all that is joyous and coloured in London life."—"Daily Sketch."

"We shall all see a new thing in journalism when the 'Daily Mirror' mammoth holiday number is published."—"Daily Mirror."

The 'News and Leader' is obviously the best family newspaper, because the best families read it. This is proved by the statements of the leading advertisers. —"Nation" (Advert.)

"A boy climbs a tree to dazzle the young girl who has dared him to do it; the branch breaks, and in this little incident is symbolised the love story of a vigorous tale of the sea."—"T.P.'s Weekly."

"We in England have a hard, direct, swift speech, if we and no doubt Radical members are congratulating themselves on having brought the Foreign Secretary to heel. Nevertheless, although the statement may be couched in such language as to make it accurate in strict wording, there is not as much truth in it as we consider its spirit. Since I wrote last week the 'Berliner Tageblatt' has definitely reaffirmed a declaration it made some days ago to the effect that 'conversations' (not, perhaps, 'negotiations') are being exchanged by England and Russia, and that these conversations have for their subject the naval situation in the Baltic and the North Sea, and the strategic measures to be adopted in the event of an Anglo-German war. Further, we have already entered into a definite agreement with France in regard to the Mediterranean, as the French Press and unofficial French politicians well know. We had no other means of looking after our interests there; and in the present state of the European tension the Triple Entente had no option but to discuss defensive measures."

These negotiations, let me add, depend on certain other factors which I have hinted at from time to time. In the first place, there is great discontent in France—discontent, that is to say, among the ruling classes and officials who are 'in the know'—because this country has not tried to reorganise its army on an adequate war footing. The French officers who were present at our manoeuvres in 1911, 1912, and 1913 went home very badly impressed with what they saw. When the great German army increase was announced last year, the French Government made another effort to get the English Government to do something towards improving our Expeditionary Force. Our Government allowed a declaration of war, might be made public, or at least that some reference to it should be made in the House of Commons by a responsible Government official. This request was also refused. All that we could do was to promise to make some arrangements with the Russian naval authorities.

As we would make no public pronouncement, as the French people in the mass were becoming restive over the German armaments, and as our Expeditionary Force in any event seemed to be a poor affair, the Three Years' Service Law was inaugurated. I think I have at various times explained the attitude of the French people towards this revised form of military service. They accept it because they wish their country to be
defended; but they would gladly revert to the two years' service if England would give those assurances which would alone make the two years' service justifiable. The Socialists and advanced Radicals throughout the country naturally took advantage of this to urge friendly relations with Germany—forgetting the fact that Germany has time and again rejected all such overtures, whether made by France or by England.

In the face of these facts, it is quite evident that the anti-English elements in France have not a sound case, though a plausible one, when they suggest that an alliance with Germany, and the giving up of all claim to Alsace-Lorraine, might induce the Germans to relinquish their hereditary antagonism to the French and thus lead to a return to the two years' military service. M. Caillaux, as we might expect, is at the head of this movement, which he assiduously cultivated even before the revised term of military service was discussed. Everybody connected with French politics knows this; and no one knows it better than M. Poincaré, the President of the Republic. Hence, when M. Ribot formed his Cabinet, he had no choice but to be on his guard against a new rise of anti-Germanism. M. Caillaux, on the other hand, has the French tradition and national sentiment on his side; while M. Caillaux, the former favouring the maintenance of the Entente with England, and the latter advocating an Entente with Germany.

If I say that I am entirely with the President and against his former Premier and Finance Minister, M. Caillaux, it will be understood that I do so, not because of a sentimental feeling for the French as against the Germans, but, among other reasons, because with M. Caillaux are associated, in my judgment, the most undesirable elements in French finance; perhaps I should rather say Continental finance, for M. Caillaux' party is supported from sources beyond the Rhine. A strong France, whether allied with us, or against us, or neutral—though no country can be neutral nowadays—is essential for the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe. M. Caillaux and his friends are prepared to wreck every French tradition, just as Mr. Lloyd George and his friends are prepared to wreck every English tradition, to attain their ends. M. Poincaré, on the other hand, has the French tradition and character at heart just as The New Age has the English tradition and character at heart. It is this opposed moral view, more than the political enmity that distinguishes the bitter relations between the two men and their respective supporters.

Grave telegrams have appeared in the Press regarding the relations between Turkey and Greece. Turkey, let me recall, recently bought two Dreadnoughts which were destined for Brazil, and with these two warships she would have the undisputed command of the Aegean—she would, at any rate, be able to blow the Greek navy out of the water and seize some of the Islands. Realising this, the Greek Government has seized on a pretext for causing Turkey to keep quiet, and for this purpose war has been threatened. No great inquiry was needed to find a reason for interference. Ever since the conclusion of the last Balkan campaign Turks have been driven out of Greek territory back to Asia Minor, and the Turks have retaliated by encouraging the Greeks to leave Ottoman territory. It only remained for one country to accuse the other of using force, and the thing was done.

A sharp note from Athens to the Porte was the signal for an outburst in the Greek Press and a hurried discussion among the Powers. If war could be declared within the next two or three weeks, before the two battleships were ready, they would be detained in English waters until it was over. Hence the Greek anxiety to secure from Turkey some sort of guarantee of peace—to be counter-guaranteed by the Powers—or to annihilate the remnants of the Ottoman navy so long as there is an opportunity of doing so. Turkey and the Powers believe that there will be no war; the Greek Government holds a contrary view. And there the matter rests for the moment.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

The present concentration of the Flying Corps upon Salisbury Plain with its inevitable accompaniment of accidents is drawing public attention to the aerial arm. Not that that arm has not already received its share of attention. If Press and public were as interested in soldiering in general as they are in aeroplaneing in particular our military position would be a more secure one.

It is not the business of these notes to deny that the influence of aircraft upon war will be a very considerable one. It is, however, necessary to protest against the moral deterioration which has lately begun to affect all arms, and which can most properly be described as "air-lunacy"—a condition not unlikely to become as ludicrous and as tactually pernicious as the "rifle-funk" which followed the introduction of breech-loading weapons some half century ago. To cavalry, infantry, and guns aircraft are a danger—so much must be admitted. Certain additional precautions must be taken to provide for the new factor, in the same way that certain additional precautions could justifiably have been taken when men began to use rifles which loaded through the breech instead of the muzzle, and therefore were capable of firing several times as fast. But now, as then, the wise will protest against such an exaggeration of the effects of the novelty as shall dull our military training to a farce. After all, an additional risk is an additional risk, and is a reason for proceeding more carefully, not for ceasing to proceed at all. And yet it is to some such result that we are being urged at the present moment.

See how it was in the case of the breechloader. A breechloader fired many times as fast as a muzzle-loader, and many times as far. Greater caution and greater preparation had therefore to be used in the attack. But a certain class of lunatic came forward and told us with tears in his eyes that we were not to shoot at all—that attack had become impossible, and so forth. The fact that if the defenders were armed with breechloaders so were the attackers, so that the novelty largely neutralised itself: that and a hundred other considerations too many to repeat had been forgotten; and as a result we were afflicted with the absurdities that damaged our army's reputation and effectiveness at the time of the South African War.

It is the same with aeroplanes. It is indisputable that aeroplanes can see things which cavalry cannot. Troops moving across country will therefore have to take precautions to make themselves invisible which were formerly not required. It is, however, obvious that the precautions must not be such as to prevent the troops moving at all. It is better to achieve your object even at the cost of being seen by an aeroplane—which, after all, may overlook you or not get the information back in time to be of use, or bungle the job in the thousand ways familiar to students of military history—than to stultify yourself and your commander's plans by hiding in a wood and refusing to budge. The question is simply this, Is it better to execute your task at the risk of detection, or to give it up because of that risk? In nine cases out of ten the first plan is the correct one. The tenth case will, of course, always occur. But it is absurd to neglect the possibility of the nine in order to provide for it.
Towards National Guilds.

According to a Reuter's telegram (not, we believe, published in any English paper, where the news might be dangerously !) the Italian journal, "Stampa," recently reported that, in consequence of the shipping strike, "the federation of shipping owners has offered to give up the ships to the federation of seamen to run them on a co-operative basis." We know at present no more of the facts than these: but several commonsense remarks may be permitted. In the first place, the seamen alone cannot be regarded as forming a guild since as yet they do not include in their organisation or even in affiliation with it, the officers and engineers and other shore staffs necessary to the whole industry. Secondly, capital is required even for a co-operative society and whence are the men to obtain the huge capital necessary even to continue an industry such as shipping? Is it not probable that they would be compelled to purchase loans at an exorbitant rate of interest? Thirdly, if the proposal is that the men should supply Labour as a Union to the present shipowners and divide the contracted sum proportionately among themselves, it is interesting as a confirmation of our forecast that to a blackleg-proof Union the employers will offer terms of partnership. Finally, in our opinion, the Italian Government would be wise to buy up the ships and to hand them over to the seamen for administration on condition that the latter would affiliate their Union with those of the rest of the persons concerned in the industry and accept national responsibility.

Labour leaders are always talking about the revolution and waiting for it to happen. But it is true of revolutions as of many other things that if you want them made to your liking you must make them yourselves. According to the time-honoured conception of the aims and methods of Trade Unionism, a trade union is "a continuous association of wage-earners for the purpose of maintaining or improving the conditions of their employment." (Webb.) Well, it is in this conception that a revolution must take place before there can be any real revolution in industry. For the definition assumes the continuance of the wage system and the direction of all the efforts of the Unions to ameliorating its conditions merely. We know now, however, that while the wage-system continues wages generally cannot rise, and conditions can only be improved by means of State charity for which the workmen must pay in increased subservience to profiteers' efficiency. What is therefore needed is a revolutionary change in our definition. We must say that a trade union is "an association of wage-earners for the purpose of creating a monopoly of their labour by means of which to obtain joint control with the State of their industry."

It is not merely as an aspiration after freedom (though that would be enough to justify it) that some such transformation of conception is desirable for Trade Unionism; but the change is necessary on the best economic grounds and on the lowest grounds of Trade Union interest as well. It is well known that the recent extraordinary increment in membership of trade unions began to dwindle about a year ago when it appeared that the hopes engendered by the Syndicalist movement were failing materially. That shrinkage in the rate of increase must continue, we fear, unless immediate efforts are made to present to the workers a new motive for joining and remaining in their Unions. And what motive could be more inspiring than the hope of becoming free men so soon as their Union is blackleg-proof? To strengthen the Union would become almost a religious duty under these circumstances. And the economic justification is no less satisfactory. There have, we do not deny, been occasions when Trade Union policy has been anti-economic and when the success of the Unions would

Thrust let us first assume an army educated to face the aeroplane in a rational manner. A division of this army is deployed for the attack—a terribly lengthy and difficult proceeding—and is well under way when a hostile aeroplane comes buzzing overhead. (We assume it to be known to be hostile, though what means there exist of distinguishing hostile from friendly machines we have not yet discovered.) Everybody is of course very much annoyed. The hostile irruption will very likely mean the detection and announcement to hostile headquarters of the dispositions for attack. The enemy's artillery fire will come gusting in from all quarters, in effect from the knowledge, and his counter attack may fall to better effect. If these were the only considerations such a force might be justified in dispersing to the woods and caves until the hostile scout was gone—then, if possible, to renew its attempt. But reflect what such a proceeding would mean! All dispositions are confused and lost: all possibility of concerted action is gone: the direction is lost: everyone has vanished nobody knows where, and must be hung up like this buzz around again. I submit that any army whose delay and muddle by simply sending an aeroplane to time is lost, and time is everything in war. Even when greater than the danger of detection, at any rate when of deterrence and when proceeding—and is well under way when a hostile scout was gone—then, if possible, to renew its attempt. The ordinary human soldier likes nothing better than a protecting and comfortably shell-proof ditch. He gets into it a great deal more willingly than he gets out. I forbear to criticise the various absurd devices recommended for concealment—the "dunghill" device, in which regiments solemnly arrange themselves in little clusters arranged chequerwise up and down a field in the line of battle and wait for it to happen. But it is true of revolutions as of many other things that if you want them made to your liking you must make them yourselves. According to the time-honoured conception of the aims and methods of Trade Unionism, a trade union is "a continuous association of wage-earners for the purpose of maintaining or improving the conditions of their employment." (Webb.) Well, it is in this conception that a revolution must take place before there can be any real revolution in industry. For the definition assumes the continuance of the wage system and the direction of all the efforts of the Unions to ameliorating its conditions merely. We know now, however, that while the wage-system continues wages generally cannot rise, and conditions can only be improved by means of State charity for which the workmen must pay in increased subservience to profiteers' efficiency. What is therefore needed is a revolutionary change in our definition. We must say that a trade union is "an association of wage-earners for the purpose of creating a monopoly of their labour by means of which to obtain joint control with the State of their industry."

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**FROM MY WINDOW.**

A brown bird in a sky-blue puddle,
Chirping with joy;
If one might only be a sparrow,
And not a boy;
A merry, ragged troubadour,
And nothing more.

T. R. A.
have been to the disaster of national industry. But their success in liberating industry from the inefficiency (particularly as regards quality of production) involved in wage-labour is a national demand and must shortly become a generalised Universality. To survive in international competition, it is not quantity that will tell in England's favour, but quality. And quality is incompatible with waggery.

The fear that the Guilds when formed will tend to take the relaxation of the standards of competitive industry shows a remarkable ignorance both of prevalent standards and of past experiences. Except at special prices, of the nature of tips in reality, few goods of their success in liberating industry from the inefficiency (which is status) dependent upon it, would be satisfied with the current standards is against sense and against history. The history of the old Guilds proves that the restrictions on shoddy production were as severe as they were strictly kept. The records abound in instances of punishments rigorously enforced for mixing "weak stuff" with "good wool" as well as for idling at work. Everything, in fact, goes to show that the current standards both of workmanship and of work would indubitably be raised if the elements of proflitering and servility were removed. And think, too, what a lever public opinion would have when each industry has a body to be kicked and a soul to be damned. At present nobody is responsible but the consumer, and he is powerless. The Guilds are responsible and the consumers, through public opinion and the State, are also powerful.

One of the first conditions of a great constructive future for the Trade Unions is their present accessibility to intelligent public opinion. In this respect it must be confessed that so far they are discouraging in their attitude; for very far from welcoming discussion or advice they resent either as indifferent or as imper-tinent. This primitive feeling is due doubtless to the fact that the Trade Unions have been somewhat of a secret society formed to combat public opinion chiefly of its enemies. Moreover, it has been their frequent experience of intellectuals in general that, having climbed into notoriety by means of Labour discussions, they have then sold out to the capitalist classes. Who, for instance, are the chief advisers of Capital this day, whether in the Press or in social reform? Are they not almost without exception ex-members (when they are not still members) of the Fabian and other self-styled Socialist and Labour societies? On the other hand, there have been honourable friends of Labour who have gone down to their graves with the red flag flying; and more and more, we believe, the numbers of these will increase. As it grows more clear that Trade Unions are an essential condition of any great national future, so the concern of the public with Trade Union affairs must increase. Sooner or later, therefore, the Trade Unions must learn to listen patiently to public criticism and to discriminate between the advice of friend and foe.

The letter from Mr. G. D. H. Cole, published in these columns on May 28, raises the interesting problem of the relative rates of pay in the various guilds under a National Guild System. We agree with him that to allow everyone an equal right to abstract principles of economic interests they understood and felt in concrete, - is it, upon social necessity) each guild will be equal to any other guild; in short, what is called the "pull" of every guild will be equal. From these considerations it follows, we believe, that in the main the "pay" of the guildsmen of every industry will tend to equality.

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

Hamilton's Economic Coup. III

That the Constitution was framed and finally forced upon the American community by a group economically interested, and more or less, a body of no position, the statesmen who devised the Constitution themselves disinterested? Professor Beard has dug up the public and official documents of the period and finds that most of them were financially and personally interested in the issue. He poses the question, however, that "Did they represent distinct groups whose economic interests they understood and felt in concrete, definite form through their own personal experience with identical property rights, or were they merely working under the guidance of abstract principles of political science?"

It is interesting at the outset to note that, out of the fifty-five members of the Convention, at least forty were on the Records of the Treasury as holders of State securities. Let us start with the great man, the "Father of his Country," George Washington. He was probably the richest man in the United States, a man of unsurpassed financial ability. In addition to his great estate on the Potomac, he possessed a large amount of solid capital judiciously invested in Western lands. He owned land in Ohio and the Great Kenhawa, more than 35,000 acres, valued at 200,000 dols.; in Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, North-West Territory, Kentucky, in Washington, in Alexandria, in Winchester, in Bath. He owned United States securities. He held shares in the Potomac Company, the James Rider Company, the Bank of Columbia and the Bank of Alexandria. In addition, he owned slaves and live-stock galore. Had he owned that property to-day his wealth would equal Carnegie, Rockefeller and Astor rolled into one. Nor was that all. He was a considerable moneylender and had "bonds and mortgages to nigh £10,000,000."

The genius of the new era was undoubtedly Alexander Hamilton. It was his organising ability that put the Constitution on a firm foundation. He rallied the creditors, the financiers, the bankers and moneylenders. He identified their interests with the new Government. He promised and secured a protective tariff for the manufacturers and so shepherded them into the fold. So, too, with the land speculators, who were intimately interested in public securities, because they had bought practically all the land warrants from the soldiers. Hamilton was certainly the handman of the new dispensation. But he was the hero of more than one financial scandal. Our own Marconi affair was very small beer compared with Hamilton's speculative excursions outside his proper work as Secretary of the Treasury, the American equivalent of our Chancellor of the Exchequer. In 1793 he was accused of a criminal violation of the laws and suspected of being a defaulter. A committee was appointed to investigate these charges (how history repeats itself), but particularly that Hamilton had made the public moneys "subservient to loans, discounts and accommodations" to himself and friends. He was vindicated, but rather doubtfully (history certainly does repeat itself). In 1797 Hamilton was involved in a much more desperate affair: Collender, a notorious pamphleteer, published a series of papers charging Hamilton with joint speculative ventures with
two men, Reynolds and Duer. A jail-bird named Clingman got into communication with Speaker Muhlenburg and hinted that a fellow-prisoner, Reynolds, had been associated with Hamilton in security operations and that he possessed the incriminating papers. The Speaker called in Monroe and Venable and heard the confessions and that he possessed the incriminating papers. The Speaker called in Monroe and Venable and heard the confessions and that he possessed the incriminating papers. The Speaker called in Monroe and Venable and heard the confessions and that he possessed the incriminating papers. The Speaker called in Monroe and Venable and heard the confessions and that he possessed the incriminating papers. The Speaker called in Monroe and Venable and heard the confessions and that he possessed the incriminating papers. The Speaker called in Monroe and Venable and heard the confessions and that he possessed the incriminating papers. 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The Speaker called in Monroe and Venable and heard the confessions and that he possessed the incriminating papers.
The Food Supplement and the Guilds.

In the Food Supplement which made so heavy a thing of last Monday's "Times" there is an article on the London guilds. The writer states that the guilds were associations formed for the purposes of mutual help and benevolence, that gradually they evolved into mysteries, as associations of manufacturers and traders, and that the mysteries in their turn developed into livery companies. The distinction between a mystery and a livery company is not given.

Nothing could be more misleading or more unjust to the true history of the guild system. There is no shameful record of the degeneration of guilds into commercial associations. The writer of the "Times" article is misled by the double character of the traders' guilds and the bi-liguility of the mediæval townsmen of England. A thirteenth century Londoner called the association to which he belonged a guild or fraternity when he spoke of it in its religious or social aspect, a craft or mystery when he thought of it as an industrial union. All crafts or mysteries were guilds or fraternities although all fraternities were not mysteries.

And the livery companies represent the guilds only in the sense in which a toenail carefully preserved in a shrine represents a great saint. They are relics of the guilds, and like other relics relate the maxim as to the survival of the fittest.

The guilds belong to the history of the principle of voluntary association which is as important as it is difficult to chronicle. Their development in Western Europe was helped by an article of mediæval faith, that which imputed mystical virtue to a society. This was clearly presented and preached by the Church, but attached no less to societies other than the Church, who had all the support of ecclesiastical example. A mediæval citizen believed quite definitely that he acquired virtue by the simple fact that he belonged to a guild. When a reforming dean wished to mend the morals and manners of the minor canons of St. Paul's he formed them into a college because, as he stated, of the virtue inherent in a corporation. This conception gave to the guilds the great integrity and permanence of what is held sacred.

They existed all over the country. Wherever a village was a little wealthier, a little more populous than the others it had one or more guilds. Knowledge of many of them is limited to the religious duties they performed in common, but it is unfair to deduce from this that they had no less to society other than the Church, who provided them with difficulty kept in check. There was conflict between the manufacturers and the merchants, and conflict between the victuallers, with their tendency to raise the cost of living, and the main body of the community. In this connection it is noteworthy that the sub-heading of the "Times" article, "History of Victualling," is apt rather to the Food Supplement than to an account of the guilds, for the victuallers were the arch-enemy of all that was best in the guild system.

As for the livery companies they arose first in the last decade of the fourteenth century, and they were distinguished from the trading guilds by the fact that they acquired charters from the king, no more confirming of ordinances but confirmation which enabled them to hold property and to sue and be sued. In 1422 there were one hundred and twelve recognised trading guilds in the city, and of these sixteen of the wealthiest had bought charters. Of the later companies some owed their charters to the policy of fostering the middle class in the city pursued by the Yorkist and Tudor kings, most to the money they could contribute to the royal exchequer. The government of the city wisely resisted the existence of these companies because they derived their power from a source outside itself, from the king. But the history of the chartered companies has little interest except that which belongs to the companies of merchant adventurers, who appeared first in the Tudor period and have no true connection with the mediaeval guilds.

"The golden age of commercial honesty and industrial efficiency," writes the "Times" author, "never had any real existence. The records are full of complaints of fraudulent dealing and dishonest practices." Does he then conclude from another page of his own paper that the people of this land all habitually murder, thieve and commit assaults, save when in lazy moments they loiter around the pillory? The true deduction is that the guilds were burnt under their noses, and bakers had a means of guarding themselves against both.

Helen Douglas Irvine.
Futileism.

Or, All Cackle and No Ones.


By Charles Brookfarnier.

(ENTER STUDENT. The hot room is full for the most part of elderly (passées?) ladies, including such half-forgotten crimes as Messrs. Cunningham-Graham and Nevinson père. Barely twenty minutes late the lecturers arrive. An ironical applause from a frivolous audience. Sig. Marinetti rises and introduces "mon ami Nevinson" and refers to "les nois-teuners" whose performance is eagerly expected. Mr. Nev. rises.)

Mr. Nev. (reading his speech—[!!!]). But he seems frequently to digress: Before I read the manifesto... I will make some remarks. England to-day is no more a decadent country in art than in commerce.

STUD. (sotto voce): Nor no less, neither.

Mr. Nev.:... Cumber him unfavourably with a second-rate Parisian painter, and say how much finer he is than the latter is.

An ARTIST: So he is!

Mr. Nev.: You're a Russian! (Commotion.) Doubtless—snobs... what was known as back-benchmark or a vile thing sprung up in England... namely, the Pre-Raphaelites... the Neo-Primitives... superficial and highly accomplished colour-photography... The Futurists... their art, so Vorticiists!... (Commotion.)

The ARTIST: Vorticiists! (Commotion.)

Mr. Nev.:... Abstraction of an emotion remembered, seen, smelled or heard... representation in painting or sculpture is absurd, this had already been realised by Blake and Turner in England... three paintings by [Kandinsky] at the Allied Artists' Association's Salon, which to my mind are simply gorgeous! (STUD. shudders at the memory of formless yellow blobs)... Our pictures are no longer static, but dynamic... entirely different conception of the shape of the grandstand at Epsom when the horses are racing past it than when the course is empty. This is not the representation of an optical delusion, as many people think, but the expression of a state of mind. This is most important!... sane, legitimate... and vital... an engineer if he fails to make a woman understand the working of a simple piece of machinery (AUDIENCE: Oo-oooh!...). The soft, flowing and accidental lives of a woman's leg or a rural landscape... London, its chromatic crowds, red motor-buses (etc.), through which some black limousine glides like a snake.

STUD.: Where in futurity have I heard that before?

Mr. Nev.:... Also important from a commercial point of view... barbarians of the West End (some giggles)... putting a pony on Durnhar Two... backwoods of Chelsea (more giggles) the modern artist must advertise... Selfridge's... materials are extremely expensive. Nobody listens to the singing of a corpse or the histronics of a dead actor (more giggles)... virile, original, and, above all, English... (He reads the manifesto, in which occurs, "Immortality in art is a disgrace"! As he cries, "Forward! hurrah for motors! hurrah for speed! hurrah for draughts! hurrah for lightning!") an assistant fires a small piece of magnesium wire. Tremendous Futuraristic effect. Then, "We call upon the English public to support, defend, and glorify the genius of the great Futurist painters or pioneers and advance-forces of vital English art: Atkinson, Bomberg, Epstein, Etchells, Hamilton, Nevinson [!!!], Roberts, Wadsworth, Wyndham Lewis." Mr. Nev. sits down amidst laughter and shouting of names. Marinetti rises and commences to wander on and on with much emphasis and gesture and mopping of sweaty brow.

Mr. Mario (in French): I am forced to repeat some of the arguments put forward by mon ami Nevinson... les passeistes... les passeistes... le Times"... they say you're a little eccentric... they never go as far as the word "mad"... call you a "clon"... To be an advance-guard in art is to sacrifice everything... It is time to put aside half-words... We are in Futurism to solve art. The painters haven't sold any pictures. The question is serious, very serious, and I insist... Mon ami Nevinson has already told you that modern sensibility must be introduced into modern art. (Tells it all again, with variations, explanations, enlargements, etc., etc., very, very prosily.) Mon ami Nevinson (proses)... One man puts a picture in his drawing-room, another puts it in his dining-room, another in his lavatory! (Much laughter.)

STUD.: So there's no futurity in Futurism?

Mr. Mario: Futurism (etc., etc.) Futurism (etc., etc.)... Futurism is a mass of research... It is necessary to remember that life is always right... The great speed of motors and limousines... (etc., etc., punctuated with innumerable "Voila la pointe importante"). (STUD. wishes he would cut the cackle and get to the nois-teuners)... It isn't the desire to say "I am an innovator"... for the smile of some woman or the money... We are a score of capables!... Art, for the artist is for Germany is an expert. He seeks out all that is worst in the world and tries to support it... I have often said what I mean by detestable sensibility in art... (Says it all again. STUD. dozes, in spite of Mr. Mario's waving of fists, etc.)

STUD.: I insist. It is time to put aside half-words... We are in Futurism to solve art. The painters haven't sold any pictures. The question is serious, very serious, and I insist... Mon ami Nevinson has already told you that modern sensibility must be introduced into modern art. (Tells it all again, with variations, explanations, enlargements, etc., etc., very, very prosily.) Mon ami Nevinson (proses)... One man puts a picture in his drawing-room, another puts it in his dining-room, another in his lavatory! (Much laughter.)

STUD.: No! Futurism is a sort of lava... Electricity which rules the world... ever to advance and never to look back. (Having thus wandered, prosily, volubly, and enormously quickly for another hour, Mr. Mario sits down, his collar unstarched with sweat; the audience, too, is tired out with his prosiness and the heat. He pops up again.)

Mr. Mario: I am quite at the disposition of the audience. I'm not a bit tired. (The hideous rumour spread that, though the "nois-teuners" are present, they have not got their instruments and will not perform after all. The disappointed audience begins to disperse. Mr. Mario studiously addresses some of the angular monstrocities that are shown as Futurist sculptures.)

Mr. Mario: The face isn't dented in nature, but it is in the plastic; the mouth isn't swollen in nature, but it is in the plastic. (As Mr. Mario departs, two small persons shake him enthusiastically by the hand. They are "les nois-teuners.")

STUD.: (wearily): All this cackle and no—Futurist—noises! (EXIT STUDENT.)
The Thickest Painters in London.

The attitude towards criticism of the painter, the painter pure from any taint of the pen, is a comedy of unending entertainment. I was pure myself once, in the last century, and the reign before last. I can remember, even now, when we thought that our names in print on our paintings had the most enormous importance. We may have laughed at George Moore’s French. I heard a lady say about Steinlen the other day that he was “awfully Parisian,” though born a Swiss. We knew that George Moore, though “awfully Parisian,” printed “Marchand de vins” with an s. We read in one of his articles his regret that the expression “l’addition” had ousted “la note.” “I shall probably be the last man,” he sighed, “who will ask ‘pour la note.’” He was not only the last but the first. We used to giggle at his technical gaffes. Announced, he had painted the shadows in Miss Alexander’s skirt by lifting the paint with a dry brush, and exposing the black ground of the canvas. He talked of people using Naples yellow years after it had been banned from every living palette. He announced in the “Speaker” that one of the best authenticated canvases of Constable’s, of Salisbury Cathedral, which was exhibited at the Old Masters, was not genuine. I had the pleasure of introducing him to Sir Frederick Burton before the same picture—unfortunately after his article in the “Speaker” was in print! But none of these things prevented the news flying round the Hogarth Club that Moore liked, or didn’t like, one of our pictures. Steer and I would tramp gravely from Addison Road to the Dudley Gallery to see what George Moore had said in the album of Press-cuttings. And I believe we were genuinely elated or depressed according. The painter-pure retains, unaffected by the deaths of kings, and the passing of empires, his profound belief in the impregnable rock of Romeike. I have seen Whistler spend mornings of precious daylight showing Nocturne after Nocturne to the football correspondent of the Wilham local paper. He would tolerate anything from people who he thought were going to write “nicely” about him, even their company, and, if they were artists, astounding as it may sound, their work.

I have never been able to get out of any painter-pure exactly what he would like art-criticism to be. My nearest approach to discovery was from the lips of Whistler himself. I wished to introduce M’Coll to him, and thinking to prepare the way and to tender, as they say in France, the spirit of the Master, I said, “You know, the author of that article in the "Saturday," ‘Hail Master!’” “Humph,” said Whistler, “that’s all very well—‘Hail Master!’ But he writes about other people, other people, Walter!” Of course, with Whistler, there was a twinkle. And now Mr. Gilman, with or without a twinkle, scolds me because I have written about Mr. Lamb! What has Mr. Lamb done that he should not be written about? “The only harm I know concerning him” is that he doesn’t paint thick enough to please Mr. Gilman and Mr. Ginner, and that he elects to paint elaborate and thought-out compositions of figures. Is the "neo-realist" doctrine that this is wrong? May Mr. Lamb not be allowed to sin in company with Mantegna, or Veroneese, or Tintoretto, or have Mr. Gilman and Mr. Ginner repealed Mantegna, or Veroneese, and Tintoretto? We have that two can play at that game. Signor Marinetti and Mr. Nevinson have this week repealed not only Mantegna, Veroneese and Tintoretto, but Mr. Ginner and Mr. Nevinson as well! I am waiting for next week’s Sunday papers to find Signor Marinetti and Mr. Nevinson themselves repealed in turn, and we shall then all be “as you was,” as our drill-sergeant used to say. When we have all been comfortably killed we shall be able to go on painting in peace. And then the Arcadia foreseen by the music-hall song will be established:—

“We’ll do just the same as we did before!
Stop out late at night!
But never come home tight,” etc., etc.

Of course if The New Age were a magazine which illustrated its critical articles with reproductions of the painters’ pictures, a certain reserve would be imposed. The Editor might give me a hint that nothing was to be said about impasto as Mr. Gilman and Mr. Ginner were sensitive on the point. But

“Even Freddy Archer ‘ill Sometimes put you in the cart, yer
Never know!”

Only recently the Art-world has been convulsed by a regrettable incident in a matter of this kind. A distinguished collector of my acquaintance, naturally desiring to be properly classed, is said to have accepted with pleasure the proposition of the editor of an art magazine to permit his collection to be photographed, and an article to be written about it. In such cases it is generally understood that proofs of the article are to be submitted to the collector, so that any expressions not purely laudatory may be struck out. As those familiar with the pitiless writings of publicists, know, these proofs, by a lamentable and deeply deplored oversight, do not always reach the collector before the magazine is on the bookstalls. Now, on the supposition that, in defiance of the etiquette of tame-criticism, any expression not entirely laudatory slips in, we have a pretty quarrel, which will repeat itself as long as writers consent to do the letterpress round illustrations furnished by artists, or worse, by collectors. The artists will maintain that it was the collector’s duty to see that the reproductions of their pictures were garlanded with nothing but praise. The collector will probably maintain that the artists should not have sold him pictures about which it was possible for the most severe critic to write anything but ecstatic praise. The editor will, unless the collector takes out an injunction, have filled several pages of his magazine franco with quite nice illustrations, which is his business, and the artists will reflect with bitterness that not even in the sanctuary of a private house are their works safe from these infernal critics, who, damn ’em, will persist in going on criticising, just as the artists will persist in going on painting. However, Mr. Gilman and Mr. Ginner having stepped briskly, and uninvited, on to the operating table, I must, after the usual question as to whether they wear any false teeth, put on my white jacket and proceed. They talk a good deal about Cézanne. I admire what is good in Cézanne perhaps as much as they do. But I think I have looked at him more carefully. What is the classic phrase in France about Cézanne’s execution? “Des minces couches superposees.” Will they look at the Gores in the New English Art Club, and say, whether that skilful, delicate, draughtsmanlike, reticent use of thick paint, that eloquent variety of touch, is not an ideal technique? Considerable painters are often blind to more than one truth at a time. I am inclined to think that, just at present, Mr. Ginner and Mr. Gilman attach a somewhat doctrinaire importance to the virtue of impasto in itself.

Walter Sickert.

THE PASSING OF WAR.

Enough of wars. The new age rings.

"Tis time that man left childish things.
Enough of wars, and leave to boys
To play with military toys.
Enough of wars. Man hath such foes.
Let man save man from his great woes.

Even Freddy Archer ‘ill
Sometimes put you in the cart, yer
Never know!”

E. H. Vissiak.
Unedited Opinions.

To be or Not to be.

I see that a case of dual personality has got into the newspapers and is now the text of a hundred articles. What do you think of the phenomenon? I mean, of course, the phenomenon of the dual personality.

Well, it is no less interesting now that the Press is discussing it; on the other hand, we are no nearer understanding it.

Then you accept the fact without question?

Not only because of the phenomenal evidence I have read, but perforce from my own experience.

Oh, have you met with cases of dual personality?

Yes, and of multiple personality; and so have you, and so have we all. It would be strange if we had not, since every one of us is a multiple personality himself.

But that depends upon the observer. Given a sufficiently sympathetic and keen observer I should not like to say what he could not detect in us. But to the extent of our own self-study we cannot, at any rate, conceal our multiplicity from ourselves.

What form does the multiplicity assume in your observation?

Why should I serve as the victim of this analysis?

Very well; as you please.

They were submerged, I suppose, and died for lack of exercise. Possibly, but the further questions arise: by what means were they submerged and how were they kept submerged?

By the preoccupation of his mind with his political tendencies?

That was the method, no doubt; but the power that brought about the preoccupation was, I should say, Will. In this respect it occurs to me that the Will and the Brain must be of parallel natures. As the brain is as much an instrument for forgetting as for remembering, so the Will is as much a power for suppressing as for expressing.

But there is a past to be forgotten by the brain—what is it not to be expressed by the Will?

A past also, I think we might say: but a past of desires and aptitudes instead of a past of memories. And it is this past of desires and aptitudes that constitutes, you think, the background of personality?

Yes, I believe that is something like the truth. And you will observe that it allows us to regard the Will as analogous in other respects also with the brain.

In what other respects, for instance?

In respect of the duty of developing and exercising it, and respect of the consequences of not doing so. In the case of the brain it is clear, is it not, that development and exercise are the work of education and self-education? And of the consequences of the neglect of these, the chief, is it not, is a brain too weak to perform its proper tasks of forgetting and remembering.

And of the will, too, much the same may be said. Assuming it to be the case that the will exists to suppress and express desires and aptitudes, the neglect of either function means to find oneself flooded with desires over which one has no control. When they are weak or transient we call them moods; but when they are strong enough and insistent enough to capture the brain for a time and to overpower the ruling will, then we see the phenomenon known as multiple personality proper.

But why do you refer to the duty of maintaining a single personality? Is not the cultivation of all the latent powers of man and of all his potential moods and persons at least as desirable?

Well, it may be so at another time in the history of man, but it is certainly not so now. On the contrary, in my judgment it is the first present duty of man to master his potencies by deliberately selecting one among them for cultivation and suppressing the rest.

You surprise me! Am I the only character Troy to become narrower than we need be, more specialist, more severe with ourselves; to play the tyrant over our moods and powers; and to act a single part on the stage of life?

Exactly.

And why is this a duty, may I ask? Who made it a duty? To my mind it is a kind of puritanism.

May be you are right; but the duty need be none the less for being given a bad name. I conceive that this selection and this suppression are duties because it may be observed, first, that the admittedly most admirable men in the world have always accepted them; and, secondly, because the consequences of neglecting them are commonly accepted as contemptible to behold and painful to endure. Surely these are a sufficient indication of the reality of the duty.

And what is the Will, may I ask?

A will, which is a brain for a time and strong enough and insistent enough to capture the brain. For which his total personality supplies the means of realizing what is there to be suppressed by the Will?

In the case of the brain it is clear, is it not, that desires and aptitudes are for the present it may be transcendental, the less for being given a bad name. I conceive that the Will and the Brain must be of parallel natures. The parallel is of style.

Yes.

But you reflect upon the matter you will see that it is. But what evidence is there that these admirable men are admirable on account of their suppression of themselves; or that the rest are contemptible for giving themselves free play?

As to the first my reading of biographies leaves no doubt about it. It is impossible to examine the psychological history of any great man without realising how many moods, whims, desires and personalities he has forcibly suppressed. From the well-nigh infinite source of his potential characters, he appears to me to have selected one and one only for development in this life; and in its interest to have ruthlessly suppressed the rest. That, I should say, was his self-discipline.

But is it not an arbitrary proceeding and must it not result in a great deal of hypocrisy?

Arbitrary; I agree, it may seem; but I do not believe it is arbitrary in fact. Time and place are the determinants in the sphere of Right. At one time and in one place, it is right that a certain characteristic from the group of characters constituting the personality, should be chosen to play its part. At another time and in other circumstances, another character may be called for. But why?

It is the sovereign will that must be the judge; and I do not regard its judgment as arbitrary though for the present it may be transcendental.

You mean, in short, that a man can play any part for which his total personality supplies the means; and, in the case of great men, he selects his part in accordance with the time and place in which he finds himself?

Yes, that appears to me right—does it not to you?

Or, if not, a parallel and an illustration may assist us.

Let me hear them by all means.

The parallel is of style. You realise, of course, that the formation of style is one of the most difficult and rare occurrences in literature. But what is necessary to create it? Is it not an infinite resource rigorously constrained into a single channel of form? I think if you reflect upon the matter you will see that it is. But we do not say when the style has been perfected: How arbitrary or how hypocritical to have suppressed so much—no, we admire it as an achievement of the masterful and selective will. Similarly, as I think, we admire perforce the same exercise of will in the creation of a single personality from the chaos of personalities weltering in the depths of human consciousness. A complete character, in short, is style in conduct: it is style in manhood!
much wretchedness was crowded into his life as would have appalled his meanest subject; yet, all the time he had great outward glory. If in the years when calamities raised upon him, and he was crying and praying for a bullet to end it, he had been of such a disposition as to be affected by it, and to remain serenely joyous, and afterwards to have told us how it was done, then, indeed, he would deserve to be called 'the Great.' As it is, I deny that title. Cervantes was, as a man, much greater; so was Spinoza: to mention only two."

If the first sentence upon "Frederick" was hard, the second would be perhaps more so. This is to raise the moral question upon Spinoza's; but it may still be a grand spectacle, when a man's acts and feelings are at one with his "The Social Significance of Modern Drama" (Nineteen-Eighty Four: 4s.). Quoting Strindberg she defines the dramatist as "the preacher who is capable of "pressing questions of his time."" She hastens, it is true, to disclaim any intention of defining the dramatist as necessarily propagandist; but I confess her disclaimer does not satisfy me. It is obvious, in fact, in her subsequent essays as to the methods peculiar to the dramatic art; for it is upon these that everything turns. To my mind the propaganda of art is truth—truth actual or truth potential: in a phrase, art attempts to reveal the spiritual structure of the world with which it deals. And its method is representation by means of figures and actions. But to apply these definitions to modern dramatists is to become aware of a misfit; from which it may be concluded that the definitions are wrong or modern dramatists are. I leave my readers to make their choice."

I referred last week to four late English critics, all of them admirable. On Dowden Professor Gerothwohl contributes an article to the current "Fortnightly Review," in which he speaks, as I did, of Dowden's ripe common sense. "Take this sentence as an example; 'All the historical and scientific dealings with minor artists do not nourish the soul.'" It took some courage for a heretical professor to say that; but it took also experience to learn it! Readers fancy, no doubt, that anything they read with attention must be good for them, since, as they argue, the value is in the way they read as much as in what they read. But it is not so. One might as well say that it is of no matter what we eat so long as we chew it thoroughly. The nourishment is not in reading but in what is read. Dowden had discovered that; and it is the first requirement of a competent critic."

It does not follow, however, that the most clairvoyant critic would undertake the least work. It affords nourishment to nobody. The liberal attitude of mind is to influence choice by raising standards of taste, but to leave in the main both the bad and the good to grow as they will together. Mr. G. K. Chesterton defined the type as "a man who if he could by waving his hand in a dark room stop the mouths of all the deceivers of mankind would not wave his hand." To this type belonged Browning, he tells us; and I believe it. But no less certainly did Dowden belong to it: and Verral, whose collected Essays I have just been re-reading. What a man was Verral, and how I wish there could be a cheap edition of him published immediately! My correspondent should take notice that Verral in his later private life was a continuous sufferer. Who can, by thought, escape the chance of these things? But never once did Verral allow his pain to affect his judgment or even his humour. In all the world's weather he was the same. And look at his essays! Mr. Balfour recently delivered a lecture on Verral's remarks upon Dryden. I have read and appreciated them. Verral's gift was so well suited to the manipulation of meanings; he could have talked for ever upon anything without repeating himself; and the technique of Dryden suited him. But read for a profounder delight his essay upon Propertius' "Cynthia." Oh, that is the way the classics should be treated!"
boyhood an aversion. He could not understand, he said, how so great a poet could “leave such piffle.” It is a temperamental criticism and betrays Verrall’s distrust of anything he could not discuss dialectically. Even in opinion Ovid, whether he simply the ass bearing the sacred burden or himself a high priest of mythology, left anything but piffle, and least so in the “Metamorphoses” which Verrall probably had in mind. Given the proper approach to the subject, mythology, I think, is rational as modern science. Yes, I am not writing carelessly: as rational as modern science! I believe it was, in fact, the science of pre-intellectual man.

And in recording it, Ovid did a great service. I believe it was, in fact, the science of pre-intellectual man. A boy no more, and so great a poet could “leave such piffle.” He glanced downwards and surveyed his spacious paunch irritably, then flicked the ash with his silk handkerchief.

“Six navvies,” I remarked mechanically. He glanced upwards and surveyed his spacious paunch irritably, then flicked the ash with his silk handkerchief.

“Six good for nothing beer-wallopers. . . Legislation! . . . Legislation! Talk about your legislation! What they med is fumigation. My friend,” he lowered his voice, “what we want is discipline—severity. Mind you, I don’t object to Social Reform worked on the right basis. Sensible politicians ought to make a lot of sensible laws for the lower classes—sensible laws.” He dropped his hand-bag upon the pavement and felt in his pockets.

“What sort of laws would you suggest?” I inquired anxiously.

“Sensible laws,” he answered. “Real, sound, sensible laws. Stop their getting drunk, that’s the first sensible move. Drunk away with all this horrible drunkenness among the working classes. You’d be surprised, why they’re half-drunk all the time. Cure that, and everything else would adjust itself. Now when I was a boy . . .

“Come nearer the corner,” I said, “we’re getting in people’s way standing here.” He picked up his hand-bag and we moved.

“When you were a boy,” I repeated kindly.

“When I was a boy,” he continued, “we realised that the working classes were a lot of lazy humbugs, and acted accordingly. Just turn your head—see ‘em? There are to prove my words; six of ‘em outside the four-ale bar of the ‘Eagle and Child.’” He pointed with his gold-mounted walking stick.

“Six navvies,” I remarked mechanically. He sneered. “Six good for nothing beer-wallopers. . . Legislation! . . . Legislation! Talk about your legislation! What they med is fumigation. My friend,” he lowered his voice, “what we want is discipline—severity. Mind you, I don’t object to Social Reform worked on the right basis. Sensible politicians ought to make a lot of sensible laws for the lower classes—sensible laws.” He dropped his hand-bag upon the pavement and felt in his pockets.

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“Come nearer the corner,” I said, “we’re getting in people’s way standing here.” He picked up his hand-bag and we moved.

“When you were a boy,” I repeated kindly.

“When I was a boy,” he said confidentially, “things were different. Working people weren’t catered for like they are to-day. Not a bit of it. No pampering in those days. No Socialism, no Lloyd George, no taxing the rich to help the poor; no State-aid for degenerate and useless paupers. No incentive for ‘em to breed regular like they do to-day. It seems incredible—here’s a man calling himself a politician actually encouraging ‘em to breed! The man’s mad. Stark, staring mad. Don’t it stand to reason if you encourage ‘em to breed there’s going to be a big surplus that ain’t wanted? And don’t it stand to reason that we as a Christian country can’t allow ‘em to die of starvation—though they don’t deserve anything else. . . What about Nature’s law? She’d pretty soon kill ‘em off if we let her have her own way . . . we’re too sentimental, that’s my belief. All these hospitals and sanatoriums. When I was a boy we didn’t have ‘em and things were in a much healthier condition than to-day.”

“Listen here,” he said. “What is all the trouble about to-day?” He paused and waited for a reply.

“Extreme commercialism,” I replied. “Extreme commercialism slowly poisoning the fundamental joy of work which is innate in man.”

His eyes bulged. “What!” he almost shouted. “Say that again.”

“Extreme commercialism,” I repeated, “is slowly poisoning the joy of work which is innate in man.”

“Commercialism,” he exclaimed with a puzzled look.

“What on earth’s commercialism?”

“A false value,” I answered brightly. “A false value of a spiritual condition, or rather of a spiritual quality.”

He came nearer to me and peered closely into my face. “Young man,” he said, as if with inward pain, “if you can’t reduce the trouble to a less insane issue, and I’m damned if I know what you’re talking about, we won’t discuss the matter further.

“Sanity,” I replied, “is merely a matter of opinion. Commercialism and spiritual values are universally regarded as facts beyond the dispute of rational individuals.”

His expression became sullen.

“But what’s all that got to do with the social problem?” he demanded. “What’s all that got to do with those six beer-shifting navvies outside the ‘Eagle and Child’?”

“Everything,” I replied. “Those six beer-shifting navvies, as you term them, are being poisoned not merely by bad beer but by bad—very poisonous—conditions of existence which, indeed, become rampant in bad beer.”

You see, it runs something like this: poisonous condition of labour, that is, commercialised industry, resulting in a poisoned soul, resulting in poisoned beer, resulting in your poisonous philosophy. The solution of the Social Problem which annoys you so intensely, lies in a reversal of this diabolical process which shapes something like this: a healthy social philosophy, or rather religion, resulting in a normal and healthy condition of labour—of craftsmanship, resulting in the manufacture not only of pure beer, but also of pure cloth, pure food, pure boots, pure newspapers, pure books, pure architecture, pure art, and a pure humanity.”

My friend uttered no further word. He stooped down, picked up his hand-bag, shook my hand and disappeared.

ARTHUR F. THORN.

THE WANDERER.

Full oft he travels on the endless road
That leads from Luna to the giant bay,
Where infant planets sport, or hurl themselves
Into the heavens with a shower of gold;
Now a bright meteor slides across the path
Trailling a liquid glow along the sky,
And spurs erratic on his furious way.

Ofttimes he leaves the regions of the air,
Shaking the dust of stars from off his feet,
And seeks adventure in the waters deep.
Here giant terns and shapeless masses sway
To the dull rhythm of the Ocean’s roar.
But most he revels in his natural earth
Where he may roam across the wind-swept heath,
Unseen of man or any living thing,
And throw his hands up to the sleety clouds
That roll like caravans across the sky,
And cool his hot lips in the driving rain;
Or seek deep valleys nestling in the folds
Of riven mountains, or the wilder woods;
Or meadows flaming yellow to the sun;
Or stand upon the summit of a cliff,
A lonely Figmy lost in his own world,
Shouting fierce paens to the fiercer sky,
And drink with quickened breath the salty breeze
Swept from the foamy sea.

Anon he turns
And with a weary sigh, inclines his step
Down the steep path that leads him home again.

ANDRE B.
Views and Reviews. 

War and the Wage System.

Mr. Brailsford's Pacifism has at least this merit, that it does not immediately irritate his readers. We are far indeed from the petrifed moral logic of Tolstoy, or the infuriating ingenuousness of Novikov; and Mr. Norman Angell's "New Pacifism," the appeal from the soul to the savings bank, is criticised as effectively as the mere anti-militarism of the Continental Socialists. Mr. Brailsford does not attempt to show that war does not pay, because, so far as the Great Powers of Europe are concerned, he does not think that war is likely. "Between two States which are approximately on the same level of industrial development, conquest promises no gain, even to the financier. If the Germans could annex Lancashire, they would alter nothing in its economic life. It is self-subsisting. It has capital enough for its own needs, and more than enough. It is, so to speak, saturated with capital, and could absorb no more from German stores. It is being as fully 'exploited' (to use a convenient if controversial word) as it possibly can be by its own native capitalists. The same thing is true of the Rhineland, and what is true of Lancashire and the Rhineland is true in some degree of all civilised countries, including not only our 'white' colonies, but our older tropical possessions. They are not the 'places in the sun' to which the modern Imperialist turns his gaze. He seeks new countries to 'exploit,' promising regions with virgin mines, untilled fields, cities without banks, routes without rails. These are the opportunities he covets. He is pleased to have them without conquest, and he does not desire war. His ideal is to fence them in as an economic sphere of interest, within which he may dump his capital as a national monopoly." He puts Mr. Norman Angell, and the Russian Rationalists, out of court with a phrase: "The purpose of armaments is not war, and all that can be said of the folly of war is a sermon that fails to hit our modern sin."

The purpose of armaments is the preservation of peace, Peace with Interest; and it is clearly from this point of view that Mr. Brailsford attacks the policy of armaments. Your Peace will cost you more, unless you find some cheaper means of preserving it, he says in effect. Talk is cheap: let us revive the Concert of Europe. Abolish the doctrine of capture at sea, and the navies of the world may be enormously reduced. Nationalise the manufacture of armaments, and there will not be the same temptation to waste money on them; for if Finance depends, in the first or last resort, on the diplomatic service, backed by armaments, for obtaining "concessions," a Government that supplies both the armaments and the diplomatic service will be inclined to scrutinise rather more closely the demands of Finance. Institute a register of foreign companies financed with English capital, and only grant diplomatic advocacy out of court with a phrase, "the purpose of armaments is not war, and all that can be said of the folly of war is a sermon that fails to hit our modern sin."

The purpose of armaments is the preservation of peace, Peace with Interest; and it is clearly from this point of view that Mr. Brailsford attacks the policy of armaments. Your Peace will cost you more, unless you find some cheaper means of preserving it, he says in effect. Talk is cheap: let us revive the Concert of Europe. Abolish the doctrine of capture at sea, and the navies of the world may be enormously reduced. Nationalise the manufacture of armaments, and there will not be the same temptation to waste money on them; for if Finance depends, in the first or last resort, on the diplomatic service, backed by armaments, for obtaining "concessions," a Government that supplies both the armaments and the diplomatic service will be inclined to scrutinise rather more closely the demands of Finance. Institute a register of foreign companies financed with English capital, and only grant diplomatic advocacy and support to those concerns that are thus registered, and have thus obtained Government sanction. In short, let us make Finance definitely national, and only "hang out our banners on the outward walls" for the sake of, let us say, five per cent. interest, with a minimum wage and an eight hour day for the dear niggers that we exploit.

These are only a few of Mr. Brailsford's suggestions, reproduced, I must admit, with none too much gravity. But who is to do all these things? It is easy to talk about "democracy" and "the will of the people;" but the fact is revealed by Mr. Brailsford himself that Finance can, when it likes, control the Government. Indeed, he protests that the irregularity of the relations between Finance and Government is one of the great dangers of modern politics, a steady persistent control of either one of these forces by the other being, in his opinion, preferable to the present spasmodic alliances between them. It is a fact, stated by Mr. Brailsford, that "the income derived from invested capital abroad now vastly exceeds the income gained by the capitalist class from the export of goods." Finance does not bother about the export of goods; it exports the means of making and transporting goods, as not only Mr. Brailsford, but others have said. For example, Mr. Carnegie has said, in his "Empire of Business": "Japan and China are building factories of the latest and most approved character, always with British machinery and generally under British direction. The jute and cotton mills of India are numerous and increasing. It is stated that one British manufacturing concern sends abroad the complete machinery for a new mill every week." Hear Peter Kropotkin: "English and German capitalists, English and German socialists, the vast majority of the Russian and German stores. It is being as fully 'exploited' (to use a convenient if controversial word) as it possibly can be by its own native capitalists. The same thing is true of the Rhineland, and what is true of Lancashire and the Rhineland is true in some degree of all civilised countries, including not only our 'white' colonies, but our older tropical possessions. They are not the 'places in the sun' to which the modern Imperialist turns his gaze. He seeks new countries to 'exploit,' promising regions with virgin mines, untilled fields, cities without banks, routes without rails. These are the opportunities he covets. He is pleased to have them without conquest, and he does not desire war. His ideal is to fence them in as an economic sphere of interest, within which he may dump his capital as a national monopoly." He puts Mr. Norman Angell, and the Russian Rationalists, out of court with a phrase: "The purpose of armaments is not war, and all that can be said of the folly of war is a sermon that fails to hit our modern sin."

What can "the will of the people" do? Only this, which Mr. Brailsford never contemplates; it can abolish the wage-system, and, with it, the profits and interest that, in an increasing degree, find investment abroad. An economic problem cannot be solved, it can only be propounded, by politics; and without some change in the economic factors, there can be no change in the consequences deduced from them. To show the fallacy of the diplomatic doctrine of the 'balance of power,' it is not the service to clear thought that may be imagined, for, as Mr. Brailsford himself says, "the struggle for a balance is, in short, the effort to be so strong that one may hold or win some distant field of effort or investment. Behind the diplomatic struggle we saw as its explanation the profound change which has come over the whole modern structure of 'trade.' From the standpoint of profit, the exchange of goods has become secondary. . . . We traced the adaptation of diplomacy to this economic change and found the root of our modern difficulties in the principle that it is the business of the State not merely to protect but even to further the enterprises of its private citizens abroad. To realise the working and significance of this principle is to understand that force is not an irrelevance in the modern world. The State stands behind these accumulations of adventuring and emigrating capital. It makes the wedge for their penetration, and supplies the pressure behind it. On the plane of egoism, armaments are for the capitalists' class entirely rational. Without them to accumulate them has an adequate motive, and the struggle for a balance of power is seen to be a phase and an expression of modern finance." Having demonstrated this, Mr. Brailsford only passes a series of pious resolutions, the carrying out of which he admits to be "neither rapid nor easy." One turns back to the attempt to create a monopoly of Labour, able, at least, to treat with Capital on equal terms, with the feeling that, if Peace, or, rather, Disarmament, be a blessing, it is only by a complication of the economic factors, resulting in the destruction of capital seeking investment abroad, that it can be obtained.
Vital English Art,

(A Lecture delivered by Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson at the Dore Galleries.)

BEFORE I read the manifesto on vital English art that Signor Marinetti and myself have drawn up together, I will make some remarks on different subjects, and on many different British characteristics that are hindering all modern art in England from being genuine and preventing British art from being a vital, powerful and important factor in national achievement both here and abroad.

Though Americans come over here and gaze on England as on some interesting old woman with a past, a little island full of historic ruins, stagnation and sentimentality, which to them in their intellectual savagery stands for culture.

Doubtless, because he is a Frenchman, and an Englishman cannot be expected to be so naturally gifted. If Turner was living to-day the critics would go to end-

But it is almost entirely a perverted snobbery. And this is much more harmful, because there are hundreds of people who have been influenced, especially in poetry and ignore every effort made by an English artist, to which they have been abandoned representation of concrete forms or colours for interpretation by means of abstract forms and colours, the Cubists, such as Picasso, Metzenger, Leger, Duchamp-Villon, and so many others. As I believe the latter now like to be called, and the Futurists.

But while all these movements were taking place abroad, a vile thing sprung up in England from which we have not yet recovered, namely, the pre-Raphaelites, the Revivalists, the re-hashers and dishers-up of a past and decayed sensibility. The neo-primitive art as they are called to-day, and which now flood the New English Art Club and are much patronised by the so-called contemporary art society.

How can neo-Primitivism be contemporary art? No doubt the study of Archaism, Primitivism and Deformation has been necessary in order to break away from the superficial and highly accomplished colour-photography into which the Impressionist School degenerated.

The superb simplicity and intensity of the Primitives cannot be obtained by imitating their forms or technique, nor is it possible for an artist living to-day, traveling by tube, by bus, by taxi, surrounded by steel construction hoardings, petrol vapour and speed, how it is possible to create emotions infinitely more stimulating than those created by contemplating nature.

Now this is the whole justification of all arts. Thereby representation in painting or sculpture is absurd. This includes Futurist Music, which I heard yesterday for the first time; it is quite abstract, and not imitative noises as is supposed. So in painting, by means of contrasts, of abstract colour, form, lines, planes and dimensions that don't in the least imitate or represent natural sounds, but by means of contrasted notes, rhythms, crescendoes, diminuendoes, harmonies and cacophonies, it is possible to arouse violent emotions. This includes Futurist Music, which I heard yesterday for the first time; it is quite abstract, and not imitative noises as is supposed.

In this exhibition I have seen many people gaping at these pictures, who keep on pointing to some corner and ask what is it. Most of them have been to a concert, but it never, never occurs to them to single out a bar of music and say: 'What is it? I've never heard a sound like that in nature!', and proceed to group apes and call the composer a degenerate madman. Why don't they? Simply because they know that music can never be the imitation or representation of natural sounds, but by means of contrasted notes, rhythms, crescendoes, diminuendoes, harmonies and cacophonies it is possible to arouse violent emotions. This includes Futurist Music, which I heard yesterday for the first time; it is quite abstract, and not imitative noises as is supposed.

In Europe there are roughly three modern schools that in England are continually being confused with each other. They all have one thing in common: they have abandoned representation of concrete forms or colours for interpretation by means of abstract forms and colours, the Cubists, such as Picasso, Metzenger, Leger, Duchamp-Villon, and so many others. As I believe the latter now like to be called, and the Futurists.

However, we Futurists have introduced four new elements into painting, which are changing rapidly all over Europe the preconceived notion of what a picture should be.

The first, that no picture should be a mere representation; a photograph can get a likeness of a person, or topographical record of a place much better and much quicker than any artist.

A picture must be a plastic abstraction of an emotion, remembered, seen, smelt or heard, not visually, but mentally felt.

In this exhibition I have seen many people gaping at these pictures, who keep on pointing to some corner and ask what is it. Most of them have been to a concert, but it never, never occurs to them to single out a bar of music and say: 'What is it? I've never heard a sound like that in nature!', and proceed to group apes and call the composer a degenerate madman. Why don't they? Simply because they know that music can never be the imitation or representation of natural sounds, but by means of contrasted notes, rhythms, crescendoes, diminuendoes, harmonies and cacophonies, it is possible to arouse violent emotions. This includes Futurist Music, which I heard yesterday for the first time; it is quite abstract, and not imitative noises as is supposed.

In painting, by means of contrasts, of abstract colour, form, lines, planes and dimensions that don't in the least imitate or represent natural forms, it is possible to create emotions infinitely more stimulating than those created by contemplating nature.

Now this is the whole justification of all arts. Therefore representation in painting or sculpture is absurd. This had already been felt by Blake and Turner in England, by Cezanne, Van Gogh, and Gauguin abroad, absolutely realised by Picasso and Kandinsky, but in the case of the two latter they seek form or colour for its own sake and are so able to produce an abstract emotion, and this is a very important movement, and the three paintings by Kandinsky at the Allied Artists are to my mind three of the finest modern pictures I have seen.

But the Futurists have introduced a second element in...
painting, namely, that art must be the expression, intensification of lyrical and emotional life.

It is this that has so greatly shocked some artists, who like to consider art as something solemn, something exquisite, something apart that has nothing to do with life.

Therefore they dismiss the whole Futurist movement as mere descriptive painting.

The third new element follows on account of the second, namely, that art must be an intensification of life, therefore of modern life, of which the chief distinctive feature is speed. Therefore we introduce into our pictures a search and expression of movement. That is to say, our pictures are no longer static, but dynamic. This also includes simultaneousness of many consecutive moments and displacement of objects. In Paris and Cubists and Orphists such as Gleizes, Leger, and Delauney are also studying this problem: that is, that a stationary or static object throws itself against or is distorted by a moving or dynamic object. For example, your mind receives a totally different conception of the shape of the Grand Stand at Epsom when the horses are racing past it than when the course was empty. This is not the representation of an optical delusion, as many people suppose, but the expression of a mental impression.

This leads to the fourth new element—the painting of "the states of mind," that is to say, we claim by means of contrasted colours, lines and dimensions, it is possible to give the artist's various states of mind.

This is really quite a universal sensation as regards colour. We talk of seeing red, having the blues, and feeling green, etc.

This concludes my brief survey of the historical and technical side of Futurist painting, and I think I have proved that Futurism is therefore not an exceptional development of the movements of the last century, though it is now absolutely different and opposed to them.

This is important, for many think that Futurism sprang from nowhere, and is a mere reaction and a contradiction for the sake of contradiction, and not an evolution.

Also I have proved that our technical aims are not only clear and logical, but absolutely sane, legitimate, abstract not descriptive, and above all vital, powerful, and in complete unity with the spirit of to-day—its complexity, harshness and rapidity.

Because we are so clear and logical, many critics accuse us of being too scientific, which cannot be art, which is necessarily lyrical and emotional.

This would be quite true, but for the fact that our work is above all the lyrical and emotional expression of our time, which is a mechanical age, and therein lies its whole beauty.

Other critics who are old, and unlike the modern young man, have no more of the mechanical sense than a modern woman, they naturally find our language utterly unintelligible.

This is no more our fault than it would be an engineer's if he fails to make a woman understand the workings of a simple piece of machinery.

No doubt there are several here to-night who can see no beauty in machinery, the straight line or the geometrical form, who prefer the soft, flowing and accidental lines of a woman's leg or a rural landscape. To them this is something sensuous or repulsive; therefore beautiful.

But Art is not a narcotic, it is not a drug, but a stimulant, not soporific, but a tonic.

Many people have come to consider a picture to be a thing to look at when they come back tired at night; to soothe them.

If you are tired, don't look at a picture; have a good dinner and go to bed.

After your bath in the morning by all means look at it. Let it refresh you, stimulate you and rouse you to action; so that when you go out you marvel at the beauty of a modern and vivid coloured town such as London, its chromatic crowds, scarlet motor-buses, yellow, green, crimson taxis, white, drab, pink houses, a monster kaleidoscope through which some black limousine glides as a snake.

As a picture should be a violent stimulant, it should seldom or never be hung in an ordinary room.

The Japanese have realized this for centuries, namely, that a picture is bound to lose all emotional appeal if seen constantly, so they only bring them out on high days and holidays.

No one could live with a singer, incessantly and constantly singing in a room. So it is impossible to live with a picture. This applies to all pictures, past, present and future. Why is it no one would now take the Mona Lisa as a gift? It isn't a very bad picture, it is simply because we cannot walk or go anywhere in Europe without getting a reproduction of her smile, which by its very monotonous becomes that of a grinning imbecile.

Artists and the public have become aware of this. Consequently artists began to supply pictures that could be lived with. That is, pictures that one did not notice, which necessarily could have no colour and no very clearly defined masses or lines. Unless they were smudges in mud they would force themselves on you, therefore would be inharmonious, hard, unrestful, undecorative, and in bad taste.

This point, that a picture must never be lived with, is also important from a commercial standpoint. As the silly excuse of a rich man or woman that they have no place to hang it, is completely destroyed.

Therefore I hope all dealers will unite with me in ostracizing the merely decorative picture. A picture is not a wall paper or a carpet any more than it is something solemn, ethical and educational, for enlightening or improving the conditions of the masses.

In England many have come to think this, with the result that at the present moment the best arranged and the best exhibition of modern English art is to be seen in Whitechapel.

Yet no philanthropists come forward and open a similar large gallery to enlighten the barbarians of the West End for which artists don't have to pay a heavy subscription.

However, an artist cannot lose too quickly his reputation as an educationist and become known as some form of professional sportsman who is willing to supply the greatest luxury that exists in the world to-day. That is to say, a rich man will spend his money joyfully on women, motors, dogs, meals, houses, concerts, theatres, opera, in fact, every conceivable thing but a modern picture.

I hope the rich will realise this because if art gets known as an extravagance de luxe it is within the limits of possibility that we artists would be treated with that respect that could alone be equalled by a jockey.

I am convinced we could win and lose our patrons just as much money. In fact, putting a pony on Durbar II at 20 to 1 would be absolute show-ha'penny.

So we would become an important factor in modern civilization, an artist and a man! Not a melancholic, puny, effeminate, degenerate outcast without enough food in his belly or clothing on his back, sulking in his lair in the backwoods of Chelsea, complaining incessantly of his sincerity and modesty.

The modern artist to-day must advertise. If Selfridge, who supplies necessities, finds it necessary to spend thousands a year in advertisements, how infinitely more necessary it must be for an artist who is supplying pictures.

Many critics and members of the public think this terrible, and very much against etiquette. We are not the medical profession, therefore we are at perfect liberty to do so, and our works is not necessarily insincere because we do so. On the contrary, we want to sell in order to paint more pictures, and they are not painted for nothing. Materials are extremely expensive.

As the Englishman is not only a snob, but a hypocrite and a mass of insincerity, he naturally cannot be-
lieve in the sincerity of the modern artist, who without one exception is perfectly honest.

The result is that the critics try to explain away "the whole modern movement as insincere, incompetents who are trying to gain notoriety." When they say this they are simply pathetic instances of the liar never being able to believe anyone else.

I am dead sick of this cant about sincerity, or that eternal question: Do you think this movement will last? Of course it won't. At least, I hope not. No good movement lasts. It changes and evolves. Only bad, to listen to the singing of a corpse, or the histrionics of an author. This is not an impossibility. Nobody attempts and fails.

So the critics and the public must begin to wake up and appreciate a painting within the lifetime of its author. This is not an impossibility. Nobody attempts to listen to the singing of a corpse, or the histrionics of a dead artist.

This concludes my remarks. I have deliberately kept of them. We simply say it is impossible to get inspiration from it or to let it dominate us, just because evolution and change in vital art is essential, and it has no eternal truths. The test lasts. It changes and evolves. Only bad, or fifty or sixty years.

Of one believe in the sincerity virile, original and, above all, English. This concludes my remarks. I have deliberately kept of them. We simply say it is impossible to get inspiration from it or to let it dominate us, just because evolution and change in vital art is essential, and it has no eternal truths. The test lasts. It changes and evolves. Only bad, or fifty or sixty years.

FUTURISM is so misinterpreted, no doubt due to the new generation of critics who simply don't know their trade. It is useless, as so many artists do, to ignore the public, and try to explain away "the cant about sincerity, or that eternal question: Do you think this movement will last?" Of course it won't. At least, I hope not. No good movement lasts. It changes and evolves. Only bad, or fifty or sixty years.

But Gilman says that any fool could learn as much at any school.

To see him play it down is not an impossibility. Nobody attempts it.

The enemies of modern art are trying to gain notoriety. When they say this they are simply pathetic instances of the liar never being able to believe anyone else.

But it is useless, as so many artists do, to ignore the general public as usual about twenty years ahead of the journalist, and is changing with an extraordinary rapidity, so that even our most conservative politicians are preaching open revolt, sedition and revolution. Though the general public is as usual about twenty years ahead of the journalist, and is changing with an extraordinary rapidity, so that even our most conservative politicians are preaching open revolt, sedition and revolution.

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But Gilman says that any fool could learn as much at any school.
THE TORTEOISE.

AN EARTHY STORY WITH A HELLISH MEANING.

Unto what shall we liken the World of Labour, and with what shall we compare it? It is like unto a tortoise that rose after long sleep and found itself in uncongenial surroundings. A dim world it found—a far different place with many a sunny corner and with an abundance of delectable food. It determined, therefore, to travel in search of this favourable food without delay. But, lo! a strange misfortune overtook that tortoise even as it said within itself, “I will arise and seek this pleasant place.” A curse lay on all around; so that the food which the tortoise found at the wayside brought great misery upon the patient creature. For, instead of its body being strengthened for the journey, the whole of the sustenance passed up into the shell. Now, indeed, was the creature in an evil case. Pressed down to earth by its increasing burden its steps grew feeble. Wearily it dragged its legs along until tortoise-nature could go no farther. Fast prisoners beneath its own unyielding shell it lay; and the dream of a fairer land beyond fled from its bewildered brain.

GEORGE A.

EXPOSTULATION.

Come Christopher, and drop thy tedious theme About this Act the nightmare of the damned And bid thy soul ascent a little higher To regions where no fourpenny stamps exist.

’Tis true, about the town a flood Of school-boy rhyme thy pen haves well unloosed, And well I know that thou hast heard those fools Who saved the crowd at bye-election times And wasted theirs with frantic Quixotic zeal To open eyes dimmed by their fruitless toil. Bid it good-bye, and consolation seek In thoughts like these; the dragon’s teeth are sown, In South-East London where the traffic swirls Around the tusked lions of sour Or in a sea of jeers sought to appear As though ’twere manna from the blessed skies Or praise and song from wise men of the East, Nay, even now, their fangs sprout from the ground And later, let the mean-souled Pimps beware. Dost thou not note the rumblings of the storm? As though ‘twere manna from the blessed skies Your mind is tender, but the stuff that ties To regions where no fourpenny stamps exist.

THOMAS SADD.

MORE CONTEMPORARIES.

By [C. E. BRIGHTFIRE]

(4) “THE ACADEMY.”

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

So the Unions are once more in power and the Liberal-Radical-Socialist party are looking round for scapegoats. Of course, there was that silly rotter, Mr. Lloyd George, and he was enough to put anybody out of their game. But the whole result of the elections exactly bears out our contention of last month. We said:—

“If we were backing our fancies for the Parliament

Stakes we would put our money on Bonar Law, for what on earth the stewards will do with Asquith in the weighing-in room, we don’t know.”

Ostracism and deportation are too jolly good for that blundering old mistid, Mr. Asquith. Birching is what he deserves, and birching he shall have, if “The Academy has still the mighty influence it used to wield. Birching would bring him to his senses; all doctors know it is the only cure for lunacy, hysteria and crime. In the name of our common heritage of manliness and intelligence, give him twenty strokes with a good supple birch, and let us be there to see it done properly. We guarantee his particular brand of Radicalism would soon die out.

If there is one thing more important than politics it is the correspondence in last Wednesday’s “Times” on golf. . . . The Government are a party who do . . . We learn that eggs are now ten a shilling. We hope this price will remain stationary.

SLOW BREATHINGS.

This gimmer of eternity And little bit of love, A word or two of destiny, This gimmer of eternity Slow breathings, which and far.

And take me to thine arms, belov’d, To soothe and there is not, For all my soul is tender And why in where is what?— Slow breathings, which and far.

ANGELINA MACDOODLY.

WOMEN.

Women, God bless them! The sweet darlings, how I love them. Aderable creatures! But every woman has her own funny little way, you know; and if I do dare to point it out, you mustn’t drag me before a bar of beauties as a misogynist. What, what? For instance, I have known some women who . . .

CECIL COWPER.

LETTERS TO CERTAIN EMINENT AUTHORS.

XII.—MR. FRESBEE PICKLEWRIGHT.

SIR,—I would have you know that I have a mind of my own, and a judgment and taste to match. You may spare yourself the trouble of trying to intimidate me with mere verbosity, for, as I always say to myself, “Now, remember what you want. You want Stuff; Stuff and guts. Not the sort of Stuff that brings a blush to the withered cheeks of sour Or in a sea of jeers sought to appear As though ’twere manna from the blessed skies Or praise and song from wise men of the East, Nay, even now, their fangs sprout from the ground And later, let the mean-souled Pimps beware. Dost thou not note the rumblings of the storm? As though ‘twere manna from the blessed skies Your mind is tender, but the stuff that ties To regions where no fourpenny stamps exist.

WILLIAM BULL.

THE THEATRE.

“The Girl from Bath.” . . . elaborate and clever . . . skilful and excellent . . . brilliant and inspiriting . . . neat and witty . . . light and sparkling . . . light-hearted and unifying . . . fresh and charming . . . light and graceful . . . rapid and jolly . . . impassioned and spiritedly . . . clear and excellent . . . fun and beauty . . . skill and witchery . . . etc. and etc.

EGAN MEW.

THE AWFUL PHRASE AT THE WINDOW.

By Darrell Figgis

Everything in these electric and architectonic days tends towards dramatic journalism. Dramatic journalism is a synecdochic preoccupation with an obsession of kinds. Dramatic journalism . . . dramatic journalism . . . for the present nothing but dramatic journalism. D. F. —

CORRESPONDENCE.

SPARKS FROM WORD-BOOKS.

SIR,—As to the Basquerville word, “Jingjongs,” mentioned last week, the following fragments from an old French book on hedge-trimming may be held to elucidate its meaning. . . .
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

GUARANTEES IN BUILDING.

Sirs,—I send for your reference the Form of Contract issued by the National Health Insurance Commission (England), clause 16 and 17 of the standard Form of Agreement kindly sent in by our correspondent confine the responsibility of the contractor to fulfilling the conditions laid down by the architect. From this it is obvious that any amount of shoddy work is possible in building on the guarantees of an approved society. It will be seen that there is no definite change in status if after marriage they cease to be employed. The agreement between the N.H.I.C. and the New Age is remarkable.

THE INSURANCE ACT.

Sirs,—The enclosed letter was received by the secretary of an approved society. It will be seen that there is a definite change in status from insured employee to non-insured employee. The change of status of (b) is worth noticing. There may still be some people who think it’s these damn Socialists who make class distinctions between rich and poor. Women, also, please note that there is a definite change in status if after marriage they cease to be employed. The agreement between the N.H.I.C. and the New Age is remarkable.

(a) A person leaving the United Kingdom with no definite intention of returning within one year.

(b) A person employed otherwise than by manual labour whose rate of remuneration is raised definitely above £150 a year.

(c) A person who enters upon some occupation, apparently of a permanent character, which is not employment within the meaning of the Acts.

Particulars are also required in regard to women members who have ceased to be employed on the occasion of their marriage.

* * *

THE NEW AGE AND THE PRESS.

Sirs,—It is becoming quite usual nowadays to see the words "New Age" and "National Guilds" scattered throughout the Press, quite appropriately, but it would be of assistance if they left all those references to "the book" to "National Guilds." For the rest, Mr. Wardle, M.P., the editor of the "Mahratta," Mr. B. G. Tikah’s English paper, published in Poona, reprints, with acknowledgments, several of C. R.’s "Indian Notes" from your issue of January 28, replacing with dots several phrases which it dare not publish for fear of being prosecuted for sedition. Mr. K. C. Pillai, in his "India" article, states that the Northumberland Miners’ protest was reprinted in your "Notes." And that is all for the week.

PRESSCUTTER.

STIRNER AND NIETZSCHE.

Sirs,—I am afraid I have not been able to make my point clear to "Wanderer." I certainly do not believe, as he thinks, that "the Protestant parson, when he recites the Ten Commandments, is at the same time exhorting his flock to do just as they please." But I do believe, and not only believe, that this flock need not listen to his parson; for one of the principal tenets of the Protestant faith is "the freedom of the individual conscience." I described it in my preface to Mr. Chatterton-Hill’s book of the same title. It was its principal weapon against Catholicism, the sharp sword by means of which the Protestant succeeded in cutting himself loose from the Church of Rome. If "Wanderer" will be good enough to give a minute’s thought to this doctrine, he will see that it may easily lead, as I have stated, to the evil of moral anarchy and nihilism. Of course, I myself, not being a Catholic, or a reactionary, or even a Jew (except by race, which, I hope, specially enables me to approach theological questions), do not entirely condemn this principle of "the freedom of conscience," and I do not wish, for that reason, and estimable Catholic critics propose, to have it abolished and to go back to medieval conditions. All I wish to say and to point out is that this principle is open to abuse, and is being abused most shamelessly in our midst. The authority of the Protestant Church being undermined, men and women have begun to listen to their "own sweet wills" and to their instincts and individualism, with the result that Nietzsche and philosophers who have made a systematic creed out of this licentiousness have consequently become popular. One of them is Max Stirner, the theorist of Democracy and Anarchy, who most certainly is an outcome of Protestantism, and who could not have sprung from any other nation than Protestant, Nihilistic, individualistic Germany.

Now Nietzsche could not have arisen from any other creed and nation either; but "Wanderer" is quite wrong in coupling his name with that of Stirner as an "unlimited individualist." Nietzsche is, on the contrary, a very "limited individualist," as limited and dogmatic an individualist as is the infallible Pope of Rome, with this difference—that Nietzsche’s infallibility has a somewhat safer foundation. There is nothing of the liberal, of the lay priest, of the modernist, of the Bergsonian in Nietzsche; here we are confronted with something like a prophet: one who lays down the law, and a very rigid law, into the bargain of the law, instead of authorising the unlimited "freedom of conscience" for all, is directed entirely against this freedom of conscience—in the wrong direction.

The egotism of the self-absorption of extreme individualism of our age and Nietzsche’s spiritual basis, he traced it back in history and religion, and he found its root in Christianity and Protestantism, which in the end even denies it. We are not said to not care to obey either the Ten or any other commandments.
But in one way, as I have said, Nietzsche himself remained a German and a Protestant; in one way he might be described as "Wanderer," as a relative of Stirner. For Nietzsche carried on the great tradition of Protestantism, inasmuch as he continued to protest: he protested in the modern current of ideas, he continued to protest his conscience as a descendant of a "commodity," as the Darwinian phrase goes, to "evolve"—but if this should not be so, if this tradition should be kept alive, if the courageously Nietzschean spirit should find determined as it lowers, there is still hope that out of our Democracy and our Anarchy may arise something worthy, noble and beautiful.

* * *

ART AND ARISTOCRACY.

SIR,—I must correct what I take to be Mr. Penty's conception of my view of liberty in this matter of art—apparently "little less than playing the fool." I hope I have nowhere averred that modern or medieval discipline should be altogether dispensed with. I do however wish to say that a discipline should not be that of a self-conscious—"an automatic Government, in fact, supported by their wealthy clients—but of artists unofficially revered and emulated by their students and craftsmen by their apprentices. All that Mr. Penty has to say of this modern discipline is "sub-conscious to the artist, who is conscious esthetics which produced the Renaissance. Thus he would have us believe it is a matter of form and principles of handling materials and not of spirit (if the co-operation of free craftsmen is not essential to the spirit of Gothic work has been done in spite of the wage system. Its beginnings will probably be as weak and faltering as most beginnings have..."

* * *

"ADVERTISING AND PROGRESS."

SIR,—No reviewer can possibly understand every book which comes into his hands, but a reviewer is, at least, in duty bound to read a book to which he devotes two columns. Had "A. E. R."

save medieval conditions of art, it is, I imagine, improbable that our art will be medieval in form, because, as far as we know..." and "it is most clearly and emphatically made."

* * *

JAMES NORTON.
three times as large as the capital engaged in production, your reviewer will persist in following the path of the classical economists and in discussing the economics of production as if the selling of goods without advertising is far more cumbersome, costly and wasteful than the selling of goods by direct and open advertising.

Why is this consideration omitted from such a long review?

This point answers his reference to the "Ten Commandments." It would cost as much or as little to produce Ten Commandments now, but your reviewer agree that it would cost several millions less to make them in this form.

The twelve Apostles really were the most successful advertising men of the Christian Era in my sense, and in the second century Bernard Vaughan had in mind when he recently declared that "his firm" had been "advertising" for 2,000 years. Surely, Father Vaughan is as qualified to express an opinion on the point as your reviewer! Did not the early Christians meet as "two or three gathered together" in the catacombs, and do they now not meet freely and openly in the bleak street corner or in the solemn cathedral? Do not delegates from five continents shortly come to a specially erected hall in the Strand? I say that advertising has accomplished it, divinely, practically more for our soap. But if two million or more housewives decided not to buy the products of the Standard Oil Company, it would wreck Port Sunlight, but we could still wash our faces daily, although we should have to pay more for our soap. But if two million or more housewives decided not to buy the products of the Standard Oil Trust, they would hit themselves as hard as they hit the cheapens selling. It is a sort of huge commercial debate which comes from the socal control either of total natural resources or of the total resources within a high tariff wall. There is anything organisation makes a curse instead of a blessing of labour-saving inventions as well as of labour-saving advertising.

We simply contend that advertising simplifies and cheapens selling. It is a sort of huge commercial debate before the audience of humanity, the potential supporters. We contend that it displaces older, more costly, more wasteful, and more cumbersome methods, and Mr. Selfridge, Sir William Lever, and others who can speak from actual experience can bear me out.

Your reviewer fails to see that we do not contend that there is anything ultimate about advertising. It is exercising a useful function in the simplification of trade. I would even say that advertising makes it possible to dispense with skill, and I suspect the intellectual honesty of people who did say on this point was that this was one of the "consequences of advertising, according to Mr. Hole." What I actually said on this point was that advertising is the cheapest way of selling goods. Mr. Hole's argument that advertising is the cheapest way of selling goods, and that progress is the saving effected in the cost of selling goods. Mr. Hole, of course, is no more obliged to read my review than I am obliged to read his book; but I suggest that it is impossible for him to correct me as he would like to do if he does not read my article. His suggestion that the advertising of Blackpool is not advertising a commodity is only another instance of that lamentable "slackness in the use of words" to which I have previously referred; in any economic sense of the word, it is clear that Blackpool has never been advertised.

Blackpool is only a local name for a number of commodities, services, and robberies; and Mr. Hole's argument is that advertising has not reduced the prices of these commodities, or rendering those services, or effecting those robberies. The advertising of Socialism, which he mentions in the same breath, is not a form of advertising; but I must remark that, in his letter, the distinction is not clearly made. He calls advertising the "commercialisation of commerce," and says that it is not clear that any difference between the two is only possible if society does not secure the full benefits of such simplification, that is more a question of the state of public intelligence than of the economics of advertising.

Mr. Hole assumes in this passage that the private and social net product of advertising is commensurable, and practically asserts that any difference between the present result of advertising and the hypothetical, must not be urged against the practice of advertising, but against the state of public intelligence. But this hypothetical state of public intelligence, that is, the hypothetical state of a state of public intelligence, that falls to obtain the full social benefit of the simplification of commerce is, ex hypothesi, that state of public intelligence to which Mr. Hole is simply urging the advertiser to do so. Mr. Hole's assertion that he has distinguished the policy of advertising, and Mr. Hole is simply urging upon people whom he politely regards as fools a policy of which the private and social net product are not commensurable. I repeat that the argument is that the effect must be a diminution of total effective demand.

I did not say that Mr. Hole had defined advertising as creating a demand for a certain product, I specifically said that this was one of the consequences of advertising, according to Mr. Hole." What I actually said on this point was that advertising is the cheapest way of selling goods. Mr. Hole's answer, of course, is no more obliged to read my review than I am obliged to read his book; but I suggest that it is impossible for him to correct me as he would like to do if he does not read my article. His suggestion that the advertising of Blackpool is not advertising a commodity is only another instance of that lamentable "slackness in the use of words" to which I have previously referred; in any economic sense of the word, it is clear that Blackpool has never been advertised.

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I did not ignore Mr. Hole's argument that advertising effects a saving in the cost of selling goods, as the quotation that I have made proves; and in the last paragraph of my article I argued the probable consequences of this economy. But at the present time, the impression is, as either Mr. Hole or Mr. Hart argues, that no matter where and buyers have hidden themselves, I contend that the phenomenon is due to the fact that effective demand, or purchasing power, is less than it would have been if society was more democratic, and offers advertising as a means of lowering prices. I am sorry that that plea for sympathy has not fallen on more sympathetic ground.

I am sorry that your reviewer cannot see that there are two distinct questions. There is the monopoly which is the result of the socal control of total natural resources or of the total resources within a high tariff wall. There is the question of the monopoly which comes from the socal control of total natural resources or of the total resources within a high tariff wall. There is the question of the monopoly which comes from the socal control of total natural resources or of the total resources within a high tariff wall.

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enormously increase production without increasing correspondingly the purchasing power of the people. The only chance of escaping, as Mr. Hole himself is that, "if 'Quaker Oats' are bought for breakfast, loose oats are not bought in consequence," and so on through the whole list of goods used or consumed. In other words, we shall spend our money on branded and standardised goods—that is, on goods produced largely by machinery, which implies a corresponding decrease in the total amount paid in wages, and therefore in the effective demand. That the private and social net product of advertising is not commensurable with its private net product is clearly shown in this analysis, for the last of the "tangible factors" of "goodwill" is the "absolute completeness of control over consumer." The question of tariffs does not arise in this connection; and when Mr. Hole argues that "when an advertiser has built up a business by advertising he must give value and retain standard of quality," he is, I think, rather more enthusiastic than scientific in his advocacy of advertising.

**THE EVIL GENIUS OF ANTI-SUFFRAGISM.**

Sir,—I have often written in your columns on the subject of Anti-Suffragism and Anti-Feminism, and I hope you will be able to find space for an excerpt from the argument of the article by which Socialists and Liberals—indeed, the whole country—will view with horror. I refer to Professor Cherington's analysis of "Goodwill," reproduced in Mr. Hart's section of the book. The purchase of "goodwill" by advertising is only a means to the establishment of a monopoly, and quite a necessary means. The social net product of monopoly is not necessarily commensurable with its private net product.-acre reasoning is shown in this analysis, for the last of the "tangible factors" of "goodwill" is the "absolute completeness of control over consumer." The question of tariffs does not arise in this connection; and when Mr. Hole argues that "when an advertiser has built up a business by advertising he must give value and retain standard of quality," he is, I think, rather more enthusiastic than scientific in his advocacy of advertising.

**A MISSIONARY UP TO DATE.**

Sir,—Your correspondent who writes under the above title has apparently got hold of a private invitation and programme of the Commemoration Day Proceedings being held to-day at Livingstone College. Your readers who do not perhaps know what is the purpose of Livingstone College will find it difficult to supply the context of this quotation, which has been omitted. Livingstone College exists for the purpose of teaching missionaries how to preserve their own health and that of their families when they go to unhealthy climates, and those of us who have travelled about the world and know the risks to which such missionaries are exposed believe that it is unjustifiable to send missionaries to such places without training in Elementary Medicine and Hygiene, and I feel sure that your readers will agree that it is only just that such training should be given. If, however, they may have been led to think that Livingstone College teaches missionaries to coddle or to go abroad in order to have an easy life, I told my former students, the splendid pioneers who have gone forth from Livingstone College, connected with all kinds of societies. I hope you will allow me to make this addition to your correspondent's statement.

CHARLES F. HARFORD,
Principal, Livingstone College.
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