From one point of view, of course, these men were autocrats; they did each what seemed right in his own eyes. But from another point of view—a truer point of view—each was for the time being and relatively to the circumstances, a genuine Democrat, since the will of each was found consenting with the hearts of all. Can we say that any of the existing Trade Union leaders (save, perhaps, Mr. Tom Mann in his best days) is a Democrat of this high temper? Mr. Thomas is certainly not one of the kind, nor has the Railwaymen's Union a man of the kind among their officials. But this only supports our forecast that not much will happen as the result of the large campaign now being undertaken.

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One phrase alone in Mr. Thomas' remarks at the Congress indicated that he had any notion of public responsibility. We have said many times that in view of the tremendous power now possessed by the big Unions, it behoves their leaders to place before themelves a national as well as a sectional good. It is contrary to public policy that an association of a million men should be allowed to hold up society for their own ends. They must show that their gain will not be our national loss; they must prove to us that in seizing their new rights they are seizing new responsibilities with them. Otherwise the situation is one of anarchy merely. It appears that Mr. Thomas and his colleagues have taken the letter of this law and made a fetish of it, for they talked of responsibility with much unctuousness but with the most pitiful understanding. What is the responsibility it is apparent they have in their minds? Not, believe us, the responsibility of striking a blow for the redemption of the working classes with the immense power they have now accumulated; but the responsibility of keeping the present peace! Yes; that is it precisely. Having obtained their power and having obtained it, as we affirm, solely for the purpose of serving society by delivering at least one section of the proletariat from the degraded status of wagery, they are now too timid to use the power for that purpose, and talk instead of responsibility. Why, what would have been said of Napoleon or Cromwell if, having prayed for popular power and been given it, they had straightway begun to make terms of surrender with the enemy? Yet in talking of responsibility in their sense of the word, the Railwaymen's leaders are guilty of just this moral feebleness. We repeat that their power does indeed carry with it a re-

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**NOTES OF THE WEEK.**

Too much value must not be attributed to the apparent unaniuity with which the Railwaymen's officials carried most of the resolutions at the recent Congress at Swansea. Long practice has made the control of meetings comparatively easy to the wirepullers, and much of the business is conducted almost automatically. The decision, a fortnight ago, however, of the Miners' Executive to press for the abolition of the Three Shift System should put us on our guard against accepting a unanimous Executive or even a unanimous Congress as necessarily representative of the rank and file. In that instance, as we know, it was only after the rank and file of the miners had sought outside their officials for a spokesman that the officials acted; and then more in pique, we believe, than in good faith. The same, we believe, than in good faith. The same, we believe, that in seizing their new rights they are seizing the rock of democracy. But that is not at all our idea!

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Step by step," said Mr. Thomas, "stage by stage ... we shall have come to something practical by means of our programme for the emancipation of the workers as a whole." Would that we could believe it! Would that we could, as economists, allow ourselves to believe it! But, as we have before pointed out, there is not an item on the programme now adopted by the Union that will ensnare by a single step or a single stage a single railwayman, let alone "the workers as a whole." Suppose even what is most improbable, that every demand of the programme is conceded by the mark. But eight or eighty, the money must come from men's leaders would count on the sacrifice of the share-holders. There remain, therefore, the public and the railwaymen, and where, in the second, is the emancipation of the railwaymen, and where, in the first place, is the emancipation of the railways, and where, in the second, is the emancipation of the rest of the workers? Though conceivably receiving more wages per week and enjoying a little more leisure, the railwaymen will remain exactly as they are now, whose wills are from the direction of others. They will be no more free, no more independent, no more manly for selling their birthright for thirty rather than for twenty pieces of silver a week. Responsibility will still be denied them; they will be as eight or eighty, men whose wills are from the direction of others. In short, they will remain what they are, wage slaves with not a step taken nor a stage overpassed towards emancipation. And for the rest of the world, what of them? Let us suppose that the cost to the companies of the concessions now being demanded amounts to the estimated sum of eight millions per annum. It is not an over-estimate, we believe, and thirteen millions is said to be nearer the mark. But eight or eighty, the money will come somewhere; and an interview in the "Star" with the managing director of the New Transport Company states the only three possible sources. They are the trading and travelling public; the shareholders; and economists! Now one of these we may strike out as theoretically possible only; for not even the Railwaymen's leaders would count on the sacrifice of the shareholders. They remain, therefore, the public and the staff—which of these is it to be who will bear the brunt of the increased costs of labour? Will the public, or the working staff, or both, stand the strain? Or will the railway company be able to keep up wages? Will the increased costs of labour rise? If, on the other hand, economies such as the Transport Company's manager recommends are carried out, the railway staff can be reduced by a considerable percentage. And who, as the final result, will be the better off? • • •

The abolition of the "twicer" or dual office-holder in the Union was proposed, it appears, and rejected. But this again need cause no surprise, for of the delegates present an easy majority in all probability had their eye on a public as well as upon a Union career. Is it likely that, whatever the opinion of their rank and file, these mewling M.P.'s and J.P.'s would come forward with the voice of the workers in the open meeting, that they hope to march to glory? On the other hand, the resolution was unanimously adopted that embodied the principle we have long advocated, that of Union control of its industry. The nationalisation of the railways, says the resolution, would not be acceptable to the Union unless it allowed to Labour "a due measure of control and responsibility in the safe and efficient working of the system." This, to be sure, is something rather mild and humble; for even the existing companies, with their co-operation of the Union in preventing accidents provided that no directorial control was insisted upon. But it is a beginning, and as such of historic if not of immediate importance; above all, it will grow. If only the propaganda now in its opening phase is vigorously continued (chiefly by our readers, for the present), by the time of the next Congress the foregoing resolution will be widened in its scope to admit of a demand for direct control, says Mr. Thomas, and that alone, will mark the beginning of the end of the wage-system. • • •

Mr. Harold Cox on the need for popular instruction in economics is a stale joke. The man himself has no grasp whatever of the subject; for who does not now realise that while labour remains in the category of commodities wages can never rise by the confession of an obdurate economist. But not only can wages never rise under the wage-system, but they will continue to be, so to speak, the effect that step by step, stage by stage, as Mr. Thomas would say, the wage-system will fail to be able to provide even the means of subsistence of the proletariat. What, therefore, are we likely to see is the abolition of the wage-system by one means or another; by the capitalists acting through the machinery of the State, if the present drift continues; or by Labour acting through blackleg-proof Unions if the present drift can be diverted. Now we do not say that Capital is more aware of the decision before it than Labour itself. On the contrary, there are among capitalists the two parties of Progressivism and Reactionism exactly as there are in the Labour movement; and of these two it is now one and now the other that makes its voice heard. For example, there is no doubt whatever in our minds that, with all his cant of philanthropy, Mr. Lloyd George belongs definitely to the party of the capitalist. What must be his aim but to nationalise labour at its source, and what are the sources of labour but maternity and children? And then let us suppose Mr. Lloyd George's speech of Saturday last, and note how he declared that he meant to extend the guardianship of the State over the children of the land." The guardianship of the State—why not say virtual ownership and done with it? They and the children of the land—why not define them as the children of the non-income-tax-paying classes, for no other has Mr. Lloyd George in mind? It is plain enough, we think, what Mr. Lloyd George is after—the carrying out of the first item of the Progressive Capitalists' programme—the nationalisation of the industry of labour. So much for the advanced school; but, as we have said, there is the backward school of capitalism to which Mr. J. J. Hill, of whose recent speech the "Times" last week made a feature, undoubtedly belongs. Discussing the chances of England in the coming race for the possession of the world market, Mr. Hill remarked that "we mean to extend the guardianship of the State over the children of the land," The guardianship of the State—why not say virtual ownership and done with it? They and the children of the land—why not define them as the children of the non-income-tax-paying classes, for no other has Mr. Lloyd George in mind? It is plain enough, we think, what Mr. Lloyd George is after—the carrying out of the first item of the Progressive Capitalists' programme—the nationalisation of the industry of labour.

But even the Government are much divided upon the subject; for while with the hand of Mr. Lloyd George they are subsidising wages right and left, down to the railways the hand of Mr. Burns and of his successor at the Local Government Board they are attempting to stem the stream. Mr. Herbert Samuel in the last debate upon State Housing drew an analogy between State grants for cheap houses and the direct intervention of law plants in retail trade wages; and he denounced one with the other. But this is to strain the gnat and swallow the camel; for a Government that at this moment gives back in State services to the proletariat fifty per cent. more value than it receives in taxation from the same class is already
subsidising wages by that amount, and proportionately pauperising the workers. Professor Pigou, however, that most sinister apologist for Progressive Capitalism, takes up Mr. Samuel on a split hair and argues that a grant in aid of cheap cottages is not a subsidy for low wages, since it does not act differentially. What on earth has this academic distinction to do with the real facts? Granted that it is the case that cottages rented at less than their economic rent do not differentiate the idea from the hard worker and thus do not penalise the idle at the expense of the efficient, it is nevertheless true that by so much as the rent is lower than competition would fix it, by so much is the workman subsidised and enabled to accept a lower wage than his needs otherwise would demand. In short, whether individually or collectively received, is in the end a subsidy of low wages; and no minute distinctions are worth considering either pro or con.

The Unionist Committee on Industrial Unrest is composed of amiable persons with a sincere desire, we believe, to bring peace into industry. But their Report just published shows signs neither of much courage nor of much intelligence. It is really lamentable that at this time of day a voluntary Committee of students should take up the subject of the Industrial Unrest and make no mention in their Report of the failure of the wage-system or of the devices now everywhere being discussed in Labour circles for abolishing the wage-system. What is the need for all this self-deception, for all this refusing to face facts? It is the plainest of truths that industrial unrest exists because wages are going down; and it is the plainest of theories that wages must continue to decline while the wage-system remains. Surely a perception of these things may be attributed to the Labour movement; and what need to look further for the origin of the unrest? The Unionist Committee, however, contemplating these facts at a discreet, unheroic distance, contents itself with suggesting that “it is necessary that employers should abandon the principle of buying Labour in the cheapest market.” Why, unless the wage-system itself fails to pay sufficient wages and thus stands condemned? And why, again, suppose that a plea ad misericordiam is going to influence employers as a whole? To ask employers engaged in competition with the whole world voluntarily to pay more for their Labour power than they need pay or than their competitors pay is to ask a sacrifice of them that not one of the Unionist Committee would be prepared to make.

Of the detailed suggestions for dealing with the situation we have not much patience to write. Firstly, they are scarcely to be distinguished from the practical programme already under adoption by Liberal politicians. Except for the suggestion of a new Royal Commission on Factory Inspection, indeed, we do not believe the Report contains a single idea that has not already lost the name of its author and become a common piece of political tinkering. The principle of the Minimum Wage, for example, enforced by means of Trade Boards—was it worth the while of the Unionist Committee to waste hours of golf to formulate it anew? Compulsory investigation of trade disputes, government action against casual and blind-alley occupations, encouragement of voluntary agreement, etc., etc.—these are all the commonplaces of the trade, the hustings and the Government departments. Secondly, they are in their totality no more than shoe-strings where cables are scarcely to be distinguished from the practical proposals for securing industrial peace of the most far-sighted statesmen. What, we ask, will be the value then of all the items, singly and collectively, on the Unionist programme? Being fair-weather precautions only, they will assuredly fail the Unionist Party in the approaching storms.

Current Cant.

“Mr. Wyndham Lewis is one of the greatest masters of design yet born in the occident.”—Ezra Pound in the “Egoist.”

“Marinetti is a romantic, not a realist.”—Wyndham Lewis in the “New Weekly.”

“Rest means a stop to progress.”—Mr. Marinetti.

“Iron economic laws are tending to purify advertising.”—Review of Reviews.

“He who accepts democracy must accept advertising.”—Dr. Max Nordau.

“How to get rid of grey hair.”—Clarion Advert.

“Twice this week the Labour Party has scored a victory.”—Daily Citizen.

“We must destroy the injustice to the rich.”—The Spur.

“For the future I will read the advertisement column more carefully, there is good reading in it.”—The Londoner.

“Mrs. Besant dares to do in India what no other may do... Mrs. Besant loves to do new things.”—L. Haden Guest.


“Individual selection has become not only a fine, but a necessary art.”—The Bystander.

“All who place their country before their party should read the ‘Globe’ every evening.”—The Globe.

“Candidates for divinity degrees at Cambridge should, it is proposed, be required to give evidence of a competent general knowledge of Christian Theology.”—The Times.

“Lord Northcliffe, the man above all men now living in this country whose influence over the intellectual needs of the greatest number...”—Holbrook Jackson.

“There is nothing more valuable in the recent literature of politics than the series of Reports prepared by the Unionist Social Reform Committee.”—Fall Mall Gazette.

“If one is to reveal oneself, it must be in one's own way, with little thought of art or risk.”—John O’London.

“England expects that every man, woman and child should learn Cinema acting.”—The Picturegoer.

“'Pygmalion'... provides a capital evening's entertainment.”—Daily Telegraph.

“The effect of an ordinary picturehouse programme undoubtedly tends to the improvement of general knowledge.”—Glenn H. Harris.

“Mr. Fred Rodger, who was the Temperance Legislation League's District Organising Secretary for Lancashire resigned his position a short time ago. A promising opening occurring... he is now associated with an up-to-date Picture Palace in Welsh Hartlepool, where he feels that he is doing something on practical lines in the direction of providing a counter-attraction to the public-house.”—Temperance Legislation League.
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdad.

As I stated in my article of last week, the real cause of the tension between Turkey and Greece is to be sought in the existence, and the approaching completion, of the two Turkish Dreadnoughts, originally built for a South American Power and afterwards bought by Turkey while still under construction. These two warships are practically ready, and, unless war definitely breaks out, they are expected to leave British waters for Turkey early in July. An outbreak of war gives this Government the power to hold the ships up until hostilities are over (otherwise we should not be acting as neutrals) but unless there is an actual state of war we have no power to keep the vessels here.

That Greece keenly feels this is shown by the urgent requests addressed by her Minister here, M. Gennadius, to the Foreign Office; for it is fully realised that once the Turkish Navy is strengthened by two Dreadnoughts the command of the Aegean passes from the hands of Greece into the hands of the Turks. As I have said, however, unless war actually breaks out our Government has no power whatever to insist that the ships shall remain here pending a possible settlement of the dispute between Greece and Turkey by purely diplomatic methods.

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What is the issue? It is felt that there are two answers to this question. If Greece intends to insist on war, so as to make sure that the Turkish battleships shall remain with us until the power of the Ottoman is entirely at an end in the Near East, it is obvious that any pretext will be good enough for a declaration. The alleged pretext is one that could quite easily be decided by means of diplomatic negotiation. The Greeks allege that, presumably by way of revenge, and with the object of making sure that the Ottoman Empire in its new form shall not be weakened by foreign elements, the Turkish Government has instigated, or at least encouraged and connived at, a general expulsion of Ottoman Greeks from Asia Minor and the small portion of territory still remaining to Turkey in Europe. The number of men, women, and children expelled—with the customary hardships and pillage—is stated to be about a quarter of a million. The Greeks demand, officially, that these persecutions shall cease, that the Ottoman Government shall indemnify the sufferers, and that it shall guarantee that such outrages shall not recur.

* * *

The Turkish Government's version has also been made known. It states that the trouble arose, in the first place, because more than 300,000 Moslems were driven from the territories newly acquired by Greece—driven from them, too, with great cruelty and privation. These Moslem refugees spread along the coast, and, in their bitterness of heart, attacked such Greek villages as they came across. The Porte states that it has striven successfully to restrain the almost inevitable conflicts, which are now at an end. The suggestion is further made that an interchange of views would settle the problem, as the lands in both countries could be made over to the refugees which have now arrived in each. Apparently the Greek Government continues to demur to this proposal because the Turkish Government has not given the required guarantee that such incidents shall cease.

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The Greek version of this incident fails to take account of one feature of the new situation in the Near East which even the Turkish Press appears to have neglected. It may be the desire of the Turks to drive all the alien elements out of the Ottoman Empire, though this is very doubtful. It is much more likely that the last bitterness which has at last shown itself between Turk and Greek broke out, as the Constantinopole version alleges, when the two found themselves together in the circumstances already described. But even if the Turks do drive the Greek elements out of the Empire they will be themselves under the yoke of other alien elements which cannot be driven out by the sword or by pillage and massacre. Turkey has already been apportioned, for all practical purposes, among the great financial interests of Europe.

From time to time I have mentioned these concessions, and even specified some of them in detail. The Bagdad Railway Company alone has a whole series of subsidiary concessions, such as permission to build waterworks, construct harbours, erect storehouses, and so on. France and England have asserted their commercial claims and had them confirmed where necessary. The Austrians have not been far behind the Germans, and even the Italians have had their little railway concession just to keep them in the running with their greater neighbours. Turkey may drive out as many Ottoman Greeks as she likes; but the destinies of the Empire will continue to be swayed by rises and falls on the London, Paris and Berlin bourses.

It is surprising enough, when we come to consider even the bare outlines of Turkish financial questions, to know that the disputes which followed the second Balkan war have not yet been settled in Paris. Indeed, the Balkan Financial Commission, which was appointed for this express purpose, should have shown some signs of coming to its senses long before now. This Commission, let us recollect, was first formed when the war between the Allies and Turkey came to an end; and its specific duty was to discuss the financial questions arising out of the Balkan war—the first and, shall we say, official war. A few sittings were held at the end of May and early in June, 1913; and then the outbreak of war among the Allies brought its proceedings to a sudden conclusion. A few attempts were made later in the year to set about the work, but the political, social, and economic situation of all the countries affected was in such a chaotic state that it was found useless to attempt anything.

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A week or two ago, I now understand, France took the lead in asking the Governments of Bulgaria, Servia, and Greece whether it would be possible to resume the discussions which were interrupted last summer. The replies have been favourable, on the whole; but no further sittings have been reported. It is unlikely that any will be held for some little time. The chief questions for this ad hoc Commission to decide are:

(1) The transfer of a portion (if any) of the Turkish Public Debt to the already existing Public Debts of the Balkan States concerned in the war.

(2) The guarantees (if any) to be given by the States taking over the Debt for the service and ultimate redemption of the liability thus transferred.

(3) The position of those concessionaires who are now under the jurisdiction of the Balkan States, although they obtained their concessions from Turkey in the first place.

(4) The payment of a war indemnity (if any) by Turkey to the Allied States.

* * *

Last year, as I stated at the time, the Balkan States undertook to become liable for a portion of the Turkish Public Debt only on condition that a war indemnity was paid. As any war indemnity paid by Turkey would have had to come out of the pockets of French financiers, the Powers were unable to meet the views of the Balkan States on this point. I understand that Russia, at first inclined to support the Balkan countries, has now decided that it would be impolitic to ask Turkey for money. The financial situation of Turkey, indeed, is so very bad that a war indemnity is out of the question.
Towards National Guilds.

The "Nation" believes it has discovered in our scheme of National Guilds an admission that "knocks the bottom out of the labour-time basis of exchange." "For how," it asks, "is it conceivable that Guilds empowered to "decide by democratic suffrage what hours shall be worked and at what rates the conditions of em- ployment' should adjudicate between the delicate claims of groups of specially skilled workers or managers to receive higher rates of pay than those which the majority of the voters get?" Well, we were not supposing either that the members of the Guild would be fools or that the laws of supply and demand would be suspended. The common sense of the Guild would weigh up the relative values of the duties performed by various groups and scale their payment accordingly. Above all, if common equity did not make the relative scarcity of great skill or organising ability would quickly set matters right.

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"A long series of experiments disposes of the feasibility of the self-governing workshop or factory, and there is no reason to hope for any larger measure of success for similar experiments upon a larger scale." But, in the first place, no such long series known to us has ever disposed of the feasibility of the smaller scheme; and, in the second place, the larger scheme is of an entirely different character. The experimental small workshops of the past existed in the midst of competitive industry; their success was emphatically the interest of nobody but themselves; in short, they were surrounded by enemies. The National Guilds, on the other hand, have a national monopoly of their trade; their success is a matter of universal concern; the whole of society would conspire with them.

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In the appendix of Mr. Henry Lascelles on the formation of a Railway Guild the writer expressly stipulates that the appointments must continue to be made from above and that the management must have a reasonably free hand. This, says the "Nation," conserves the "very bureaucratic methods which belong to capitalism and the State." We may remark, first of all, that Mr. Lascelles' recommendation of appointments from above was expressly confined to the formatory phase of a Railway Guild. When the Guild is in being more democratic methods might, and probably would, be employed. Secondly, a reasonably free hand in management is exactly what it purports to give—a reasonably free hand. If we are to assume that the Guild members will be unreasonable, then strait waistcoats must be our only wear; Thirdly, our objection to present bureaucracy is neither to its existence nor to its methods, but to its divorce from its industry in the matter of its object and personnel. Bureaucracy has a bad name, but it does not deserve to be hung on that account. Assuming a democratically elected Guild management with a reasonably free hand, its methods might be bureaucratic, but its object being common with that of the Guild and its personnel being composed of Guildsmen, the evil associations of a capitalist bureaucracy would tend to disappear.

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"A State bereft of all industrial functions, though devoid of religion. Apropos of religion because it ceases to bear the Oxford Review. Except for the admission of the continued existence of Capital "eventually," we accept it as a reasonable forecast of the course of coming events.

The real significance of such a book lies in the growing recognition that in any satisfactory reconstruction of industrialism the workers engaged in the several processes shall be directly represented in the control. The persons who supply the labour, as well as those who supply the capital, must be reckoned "owners" of the business, and that joint-ownership must carry with it not merely security of tenure but the right to participate in the profits. Slowly and irregularly but both public opinion and the course of events are moving in this direction. The demand for a decent minimum subsistence wage and for security of employment, which trade unionism and public policy are alike supporting, is a first stage in the march towards this new order. Direct co-operation between the State and the rival organisations of Capital and Labour for promoting and carrying out agreements is the second stage, that on which we are just entering. As Capital and Labour in the several trades become more fully organised for such work, the hand of the State must be more firmly pressed, so as to secure the public against the dangers of excessive prices, and other abuses of monopoly likely to arise from combinations of Capital and Labour in strong trades, such as mining and transport. Eventually, some reasonable balance of the interests of Capital, Labour and the Consumer may be found in a re-organisation of the business structure in which each of these highly interested parties has a proper place. But if these structures take the shape of National Guilds, the national political organisation will claim to be directly represented and to exercise a casting vote in all decisions that affect the well-being of the community.

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Of matter for comm. in the review of the book appearing in the "Saturday Review" there is little. In planning a return to the conception of society as a vital organism we forget, it is argued, that the independence of the several trades, such as mining and transport. Eventually, some reasonable balance of the interests of Capital, Labour and the Consumer may be found in a re-organisation of the business structure in which each of these highly interested parties has a proper place. But if these structures take the shape of National Guilds, the national political organisation will claim to be directly represented and to exercise a casting vote in all decisions that affect the well-being of the community.

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"There is to be no metallic currency, only barter or exchange of paper specialists. How foreign bourses will regard these unsubstantial assignats is not explainable. How foreign bourses will regard these unsubstantial assignats is not explainable. And need we anybody who understands the present system of foreign exchange. "If they (the saving members) may lend their savings out from the wage system' is the door leading to the establishment of the Servile State with the regimentation of the proletariat for the use of profiteers. But it is precisely to divert the country from that way out that we have offered our suggestion of another way. National Guildsmen.
Industrial Unionism and the Guild System.


No one who has any claim to speak with authority in the Trade Union world now questions the need for the most extensive amalgamation of Unions that can possibly be secured. The Industrial Unionists have foresight and won their battle against "craft" Unionism: they have proved conclusively that the Unions cannot be an effective fighting force under or against the wage system unless they copy the organisation of production itself, and include as nearly as possible all workers in a few great Unions covering each an entire industry. The "occupational" and the "craft" basis of organisation have been shown to be, in nearly all cases, inadequate for the class struggle, and we are beginning at last to see, in the case of the National Union of Railwaymen, the power that may be wielded by a great Industrial Union.

It is, no doubt, natural that the Trade Unionists who have led the Industrial Unionist movement have thought more of increasing their economic power in the present than of the organisation of industry in the future. They fail to see that it is their first business to attack and overthrow capitalism, and that, till our industrial system lies in ruins, it is hopeless to think of detailed methods of reconstruction. This is certainly a short-sighted view, and it is of the greatest significance that the Guild idea is now taking hold of the workers with growing strength and rapidity. For, when once they grasp the central dogma of Guild-Socialism, along with the work of destruction must go a process of building up, and that the new society must be developed by the workers themselves out of the materials which the capitalist system affords. Guildsmen, at any rate, are in no danger of failing to understand this. They agree with the Syndicalists in recognising that the Trade Union is the germ of that body which will in the fullness of time assume the conduct of industry. It is important that they should go further and see clearly that the success of their efforts depends on the development of Trade Union structure in the near future. Guild Socialists cannot afford to dismiss this question of structure as being merely a problem for experts in industrial action. It does matter, from the point of view of economic reconstruction, no less that in the class struggle, that Industrial Unionism should triumph as quickly as possible.

Collectivists who pretend to be more or less sympathetic to Guild-Socialism always plead that enlarged powers should be given to the Trade Union under Socialism as an "organ of criticism." They maintain that the Unions, so far from losing their importance, will remain powerful, and will receive large powers of representation and consultation from the Socialist State. In short, they dream of industry run by a series of State departments which concede to the Unions, as bargaining bodies, complete recognition. But, in their vision of the future Society, the Trade Union remains, so far as control is concerned, always external, advisory, critical. It never assumes control and leaves to the State the function of advising, criticising and bargaining as an external body.

It is not necessary or relevant in this article to expose the futility of the Collectivist view. What is important now is to point out that either of the two possible bases of Trade Union organisation might conceivably suffice under Collectivism, though even here the "industrial" basis is, from a fighting point of view, by far the more efficient. For the Guild-Socialist there is no such choice. He looks forward to a State of Society in which the actual conduct of industry will belong to the Guilds, and he sees clearly that this will come about, not through the voluntary concession of such powers by the State, and still less through the "setting-up of Guilds by the State," but as the result of the persistent demands of the Trade Unions themselves. Only by the impetus of their own intelligence and economic power can the workers pass from the era of collective bargaining to the era of collective control, to Guild-Socialism from the wage-system.

If, then, the workers are to demand control from the State or from the employers, they must build up an organisation capable of assuming control. Clearly such a body must be "industrial" in structure. All workers in or about mines must be in the Miners' Union, the whole personnel of the cotton mills must be in the Union of the Cotton Industry. A body consisting of clerks or mechanists in one Union, but preserves in tact the occupational or "craft" principle.

One instance will explain this. Advocates of amalgamation on an industrial basis often have thrown in their faces the "Amalgamated" Society of Engineers, and we are told either that this is amalgamation of the right sort, or that the A.S.E. has failed to eliminate such "craft" Unions as the Patternmakers, the Coremers, and the Ironfounders from the engineering trades, and that, therefore, "craft" Unionism is right and amalgamation wrong. Whichever is said, the answer is obvious. The A.S.E. is not an industrial but an occupational amalgamation. It includes men of a number of skilled crafts; but it has never aimed at organising every worker in the engineering industry. It is a significant fact that it is now beginning to open its ranks to the less skilled, and that opinion among engineering workers is clearly setting in the direction of Industrial Unionism.

There may be a few classes of workers among whom it is inevitable that the occupational basis of organisation should for some time continue to survive. Shop assistants, for instance, make a body apart, who could hardly be organised except together; clerks shift easily from industry to industry, and therefore should for the present be in a common organisation. Even here, however, the Railway Clerks, who have now their separate Association, ought obviously to be fused with the N.U.R. Their employment is comparatively permanent, and they have interests in common with the whole body of railway workers. Apart from them clerks clearly need separate organisation. A good many general facturers, again, shift easily from industry to industry, and for this reason will probably be organised together, at least until the far easier system of transference from one union to another, which Industrial Unionsists recommend, becomes effective between the great Unions of the near future.

All these, however, are exceptions. In the main, the structure of Trade Unionism must be industrial, if it is either to serve its purpose of fighting capitalism, or to take on its newer and higher function of control. Out of "occupational" Unionism, however widely its net is spread, can come only bureaucracy tempered by recognition: Industrial Unionism will not only serve as an instrument in the war against the wage system, but will also prepare the workers, while they are engaged in the struggle, for the period of more peaceful activity which awaits them at its end.

THE NEW AGE

JUNE 25, 1914

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The Nationalist Volunteers.

By L. G. Redmond Howard.

"Le secret de la diplomatie," say the French, "est de donner le tort à l'ennemi." The secret of diplomatic success is to make your opponent appear in the wrong: and it seems to me that Mr. John Redmond's latest move is decidedly a score for Sir Edward Carson: indeed, it may almost be called the Irish leader's only mistake, the turning to the old physical force argument at the fifty-ninth minute past the eleventh hour.

For if there is one thing more than anything else has won Home Rule it is that spirit of moderation and self-control on the part of Nationalists which was continually giving the lie to the fears of oppression on the part of Orangemen.

I remember upon the very day of its introduction, when Mr. Asquith had just sat down, the tense attention of the House and the contrast between the calm and almost timid appearance of Mr. Redmond and the harsh and almost insolent attitude of Sir Edward Carson; and at one moment when the Irish leader was disclaiming any intention to lord it over Ulster, I remember the Orange champion suddenly turning round with the words:

"Then will you consent to the exclusion?" Unprepared for such a request, the Nationalist replied more or less evasively, yet not at all, to my mind, unsympathetically; but there the controversy stands to-day exactly where it stood then—though the answer is different and it is doubtful whether this latest reply in the shape of armed volunteers is the wiser answer.

Mr. Redmond was insisting on that celebrated occasion that much as Englishmen might expect there would be no exuberances such as were exhibited by his countrymen in the past: all extravagances would come, as they have come, from the other side. And of course it strengthened his position considerably: it gave him all the value of the "law and order" designation, and there is no doubt that there is magic in words just as in situations. Many a crime has been perpetuated in the name of liberty: many an invasion has been rendered possible by calling it a deliverance, and there was always something ludicrous in an army of defence where no attack was intended.

It was just precisely because John Redmond had doubled the strength and doubled the right to raise an army, and did not, that his constitutional demand was so powerful; and it is a thousand pities that merely for the sake of party, he should have allowed himself to fall into the obvious trap which would put Sir Edward Carson back in the right; for, raised obviously to prevent the permanent exclusion or free inclusion of Ulster, he can point to it as indicative of the spirit in which all legislation will be conducted.

It is in my opinion therefore a considerable mistake—but it is not one which the armies of Nationalism can very logically refute. If Sir Edward Carson can intimidate Parliament by open rebellion then so can John Redmond: if a "Liberal" Government is bound to listen to "Orange" agitation a "Unionist" Government will have to do so when "Nationalists" volunteer.

Unfortunately, coming at the present moment—and mark you the cuteness of the time, for a month later it would have been a threat to the King—it ceases to be a matter of Home Rule, but is merely to obtain Ulster by hook or by crook, with the result that it indicates that very spirit of domination which Ulster so much fears.

Miss Alice French in last week's "Freeman" writes: "Shoulder the musket! There's right in the cause. And freedom and fame and the world's applause.

And the land of your birth, that is dearer than all, Needs your aid to abolish ascendency's thrall.

The only mistake about the exposure is that Ulster does not demand "Ascendancy." All that Ulster demands now is "Isolation," and it is the Nationalists who clamour for Ascendancy; and by so doing are further from it than ever. For if England hesitates to confide Ulster to Home Rule Parliament far more will she hesitate to hand Ulster over to a Home Rule army—for that is what it means: and it is just here that Mr. Redmond will find out his mistake.

There is all the difference in the world between a small minority, panic-stricken by every pulpit denouncing the creed as the moral poison of the land, and every platform denouncing them as the hereditary foes of the country, arming themselves in resistance, and a huge machine claiming to be trusted under pain of death: it makes too much of scenes from melodrama where the villain makes himself appointed trustee at the pistol's mouth.

The whole crux of the situation lies in the nature of the concessions to Ulster, and to be real concessions and true guarantees they must be freely entered into by that party they are intended to protect, otherwise they are no guarantees: nothing but colossal folly could either accept them or impose them.

The geographical grievance I think has been admirably met by the Government's willingness to allow any counties to contract itself right out of Home Rule: but that having admitted the grievance of decreasing size they should go on to put a time limit, when it is just time that will, on the supposition, increase the grievance, passes comprehension, and can only be attributed to pressure from the Irish Party, not to the intelligence of the English Party; and it more than justifies Sir Edward Carson's phrase, "It is like a capital sentence with a stay of execution for a term of years"; and certainly no Catholic Bishop having once promised the danger of Protestant atmosphere in Trinity would have entertained such a concession as a six years' clerical control before absorption into secular management.

The analogy between the logic of Catholic isolation in matters of education and Presbyterian isolation in matters of legislation was never more complete: granted the principle of the grievance you give it time: and any trial and experiment must be followed by freedom not compulsion, else the trial is nothing more than a farce.

I have already explained on many occasions in The New Age that I do not believe Ulster has anything to fear—nay, I believe she has most to gain: but for that very reason I am so anxious to see her take her place in Dublin with the dignity of freedom. If Catholics had the right to a separate university and "hands of Trinity" was conceded, why have not the Protestants a right with "hands of Ulster"?—there is many a self-sacrifice: and any trial and experiment must be followed by freedom, not compulsion, else the trial is nothing more than a farce.

The fact is we hear a great deal too much about the dawn of liberty and the coming of freedom and a great deal too little of the advent of difficulties and the necessity of responsibility. Home Rule is far more likely to feel like a great burden than a great emancipation—heavy with complex problems and highly technical questions which will call not for demonstrations of strength or exuberances of enthusiasm but deep, silent study: and not the least of these is the getting on with the least possible friction of spirit, all of which is the very antithesis of Volunteers.

Had Mr. Redmond even joined the Orange Volunteers, say, with the stipulation that he was ready to fight against anything he measured—be it as an indignity to her position or as a danger to her creed he would have inspired confidence and shown true spirit of Nationalism. Nay, had he with recent-
ment begged his own followers not to arm, but instead made it a point of securing one Protestant among their friends, all this would have been oil to the new machinery he is about to set in motion for Home government. But by raising the old fighters and their spirit he has alienated the very men whose sympathies he most requires at the present moment, and the only result of his action will in all probability be the strengthening of the demand for exclusion irrespective of time: it is, in other words, a perversion of a principle by which Sir Edward Carson that two can play at his game, but with the permanent disadvantage of illustrating that very spirit of domination which hitherto the Orange leader could only assert was latent, and as such it was a decided mistake.

Nobody ever doubted Ireland's patriotism—but what is needed is patriotism of a different kind, and it takes far more sacrifice to exercise self-control and work for reconciliation than to abandon all restraint and get up an agitation—and it takes far more brains. If this be Redmondism then it is a victory for O'Brienism; for O'Brienism, denounced under the general designation of "faction," is the still small Voice that called for peace, friendship and goodwill, and seeks to establish permanent exclusion of the dissentient counties.

Diplomatically, Mr. Redmond "se donne le tort," as the French say, he is putting himself in the wrong, and a far less capable man than Sir Edward Carson would be able to reap an advantage from the situation: Compulsory trusteeship has a nasty smell. I have no doubt that the Orange leader will score by the situation, for the Nationalists having secured all they want are not content, and want to prevent the Orangemen having any freedom of consent in what affects them, and one cannot but wish him God speed in his resistance, if it is not but wish him God speed in his resistance, if it is, in other words, give Ulster a half his armour on. ("Hallelujah!") "Praise Him!") You won't win if you do. You want to win, don't we? So put on your whole armour and you will be able to resist the wiles of the Devil. ("Hallelujah!") "Praise Him!" etc.) For he's the same all the world over. ("Precious blood of Christ..." "Hallelujah!")... The shield of faith whereby you may be able to quench all his fiery darts...

(Sits down. John Ferguson is called upon to lead us in prayer.)

Ferg. (an American negro): O Fader, O Fader, we tank dee with oben hearts... we tank you becos dis have meet our hearts all over de wor'd (Prays to the gallery.)... Dou wilt not disappoin' us, becos doun storehouse is fu' of good things. ("Hallelujah!") "Praise Him!")... Dou art great. ("So He is.") Dou art migh'y in dy power. ("Power.") "Praise Him."

Col. Wansworth: O God, our Heavenly Father, our eyes are open to Thee. Thou hast draaenaw us from every laand to go forth in Thy name to deelaare a the gloory of Thy grace. O, to-night come neearer to us, and to-night let a new revelation be made to us... Let not only the name of the Salvation Army be heard through the world, but also the name of Christ...

Mrs. Bramwell Booth: I do feel that every one of these meetings have... I am convinced that up in that wonderful world, up there where we shall not be worried, it will be one of our chief joys to tell one another of our battles down here. I don't know how we shall be able up there to prove our love to Him—we shan't have any chance to show Him how we love Him. cry, 'That great joy to fight and suffer for Him. We have that joy to tell one another of our battles down here. I don't know how we shall be able up there to prove our love to Him—we shan't have any chance to show Him how we love Him. cry, 'That great joy to fight and suffer for Him. We have that joy to tell one another of our battles down here. I don't know how we shall be able up there to prove our love to Him—we shan't have any chance to show Him how we love Him. cry, 'That great joy to fight and suffer for Him. We have that joy to tell one another of our battles down here. I don't know how we shall be able up there to prove our love to Him—we shan't have any chance to show Him how we love Him. cry, 'That great joy to fight and suffer for Him. We have that joy to tell one another of our battles down here. I don't know how we shall be able up there to prove our love to Him—we shan't have any chance to show Him how we love Him. cry, 'That great joy to fight and suffer for Him. We have that joy to tell one another of our battles down here. I don't know how we shall be able up there to prove our love to Him—we shan't have any chance to show Him how we love Him. cry, 'That great joy to fight and suffer for Him. We have that joy to tell one another of our battles down here. I don't know how we shall be able up there to prove our love to Him—we shan't have any chance to show Him how we love Him. cry, 'That great joy to fight and suffer for Him. We have that joy to tell one another of our battles down here. I don't know how we shall be able up there to prove our love to Him—we shan't have any chance to show Him how we love Him. cry, 'That great joy to fight and suffer for Him. We have that joy to tell one another of our battles down here. I don't know how we shall be able up there to prove our love to Him—we shan't have any chance to show Him how we love Him. cry, 'That great joy to fight and suffer for Him. We have that joy to tell one another of our battles down here. I don't know how we shall be able up there to prove our love to Him—we shan't have any chance to show Him how we love Him. cry, 'That great joy to fight and suffer for Him. We have that joy to tell one another of our battles down here. I don't know how we shall be able up there to prove our love to Him—we shan't have any chance to show Him how we love Him. cry, 'That great joy to fight and suffer for Him. We have that joy to tell one another of our battles down here. I don't know how we shall be able up there to prove our love to Him—we shan't have any chance to show Him how we love Him. cry, 'That great joy to fight and suffer for Him. We have that joy to tell one another of our battles down here. I don't know how we shall be able up there to prove our love to Him—we shan't have any chance to show Him how we love Him. cry, 'That great joy to fight and suffer for Him. We have that joy to tell one another of our battles down here. I don't know how we shall be able up there to prove our love to Him—we shan't have any chance to show Him how we love Him. cry, 'That great joy to fight and suffer for Him. We have that joy to tell one another of our battles down here. I don't know how we shall be able up there to prove our love to Him—we shan't have any chance to show Him how we love Him. cry, 'That great joy to fight and suffer for Him. We have that joy to tell one another of our battles down here. I don't know how we shall be able up there to prove our love to Him—we shan't have any chance to show Him how we love Him. cry, 'That great joy to fight and suffer for Him. We have that joy to tell one another of our battles down here. I don't know how we shall be able up there to prove our love to Him—we shan't have any chance to show Him how we love Him. cry, 'That great joy to fight and suffer for Him. We have that joy to tell one another of our battles down here. I don't know how we shall be able up there to prove our love to Him—we shan't have any chance to show Him how we love Him. cry, 'That great joy to fight and suffer for Him. We have that joy to tell one another of our battles down here. I don't know how we shall be able up there to prove our love to Him—we shan't have any chance to show Him how we love Him. cry, 'That great joy to fight and suffer for Him. We have that joy to tell one another of our battles down here. I don't know how we shall be able up there to prove our love to Him—we shan't have any chance to show Him how we love Him. cry, 'That great joy to
O, the beautiful (etc.). I am going to ask my dear Commissioner — from Denmark ("Hallelujah!") and applause. A lady, inaudible as her name, speaks a while and then calls upon some of her section for "a beautiful Danish song." Eight determined but husky individuals break the peace with their Lord, beyond all understanding. Mrs. Commissioner Booth-Tucker then introduces "an Indian party," consisting of six or seven little girls whom she announces as members of criminal tribes.

Mrs. Com. B.-Tucker: In India we're rather troubled with these criminal tribes. Four or five years ago the Government of India approached us to ask if we could take charge of one of the criminal tribes. If you can, they said, we will find plenty more for you. (The children are now pulled about and made to sing a "song with beautiful English words but an Indian tune," all about the "plomi la'd" and "my nati la" of Hindustan," Loud applause and cries, rumbling of big drums and shaking of tambourines. Com. B.-Tucker continues.)

Chris-fellow-soldiers, I think we are having a beautiful congress. . . . We've got so much to say. Just one little word, to tell you we are getting on beautifully in India and God is blessing our work in a wonderful way. . . . But a very clever Sayer, I think that little boy must have been a little girl.

Someone asked us the reason why our Army prospers. I said, or rather my Commissioner said, the reason is that all our officers in India have wives and know how to use them. Com. B.-Tucker is a bit of a Suffragette (Interruption. An alleged devil-dancer is produced.)(Exhibit says . . . . . .)

"Every Nice 'Girl Loves a Sailor"!

From Zealand, yes, from Zealand; From the farthest South we are. . . . (After this song has been sung a score of times, a lady of the chorus is asked to speak.)

Lady: I am delighted, dear comrades and frends, to give my testimony ternational. . . . Not one word of all His promises has ever failed me! (Applause. The Lady is nevertheless led unwillingly away. The "Every Nice Girl" chorus is revived. Enter two reporters to Press table, where Stud. has been alone.)

1st Rep.: Funny show, isn't it?

Stud.: Two hours are enough for me. (Exit Stud. halleloing.)

Democracy in Esse at Holland Park.

We have had time in the six or seven years that the London Salon of the Allied Artists' Association has been in existence to see what it is effecting. The material obstacles and disadvantages have proved, as the founders believed they would prove, to be trivial and easy to bear. The advantage to the public and the benefit to the artists has been shown, to any one who really cares to think about the subject at all, to be incalculable. They are of a nature to increase in geometrical progression, and geometrical progression soon outstrips our grasp of number.

As everyone knows, the Allied Artists' Association was founded in order to give to every artist who desired it unhampered access, by exhibition, to the verdict of public opinion. This means, of course, and I prefer to begin by a statement of the most obvious objection, the throwing open of a great exhibition to all the incompetents, who are many, and all the funsteries (who, for economic reasons, can never be admitted to the Royal Academy, but in the world. Such a programme, on the face of it, made a call on the founders of conviction, of nerve and of indefatigable energy of no common order. To two men the Association is probably most deeply indebted. The one is a critic, who throws a wide net, if I may say so, rather an indulgent net over anything that calls itself modern. I have named Mr. Frank Rutter. If his worship of Modernity with a large M, like the cult in politics for Humanity with a large H, might be made by me matter for destructive criticism it would be tedious and nonsensical. But, in art, things are settled by example, and not by precept. Truth is great and will prevail. By all means let us have the incompetence and the funsteries dragged out into the open, so that all can see its nullity. Not the least service rendered by the Allied Artists' Association to art is that it gives to the empty and the incompetent rope enough to hang themselves in public. Cubists, Futurists, Vorticists, and God-knows-who-ists may publish manifestos and interviews. But at the Allied Artists' they have to pay, cash down, with their persons. Here we can see what it is they are making all this rumpus about. Their pictures turn out to be nothing but the crudest posters of a tum that has, alas, not only added to a world of gold is great. So it is. But this is just where they can show to what extent they really are critics. I find fifty-two painters marked in my catalogue as exhibiting. Of these a great proportion...
Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

To call it "the hit of the season" is absurd. "Pygmalion" not only got its blow in first, but it knocked the season out; and the queer weather that has been suffering lately is the result. But a medical friend told me that there is a use for Potash, it maintains the alkaline balance, or something like that; so I dosed myself with half a matinée of it. The other half of the matinée was "Perlmutter," with intervals of tea and other noxious fluids, for the weather was very sultry. Iky Moses, what a play! It was not "only a chew," as John Lawson used to sing; it was "chewses, chewses," all the way, and what was not "chewses" was dresses. And it all began with a genius.

This young man had better be careful: I am getting to know him too well. First there was Rubinstein; he was a Russian Jew and a musical genius. Then there were the Hambourgeois, Russian Jews and also musical geniuses. Also, there was Daniel Melsa. Then David Quixano went upon the stage in Mr. Zangwill's "The Melting-Pot!"; he was supposed to be a Russian Jew and a musical genius. Now Boris Andrieff takes the stage, in "Potash and Perlmutter!"; and he is supposed to be a Russian Jew and a musical genius. This is becoming monotonous, and makes even a pearl mutter. I had never heard of Boris Andrieff before, so let us examine his claims to the title of musical genius. When the curtain rose, he was employed as a bookkeeper in the office of Potash and Perlmutter. He had sent a customer a bill for 80 instead of 800 dollars, thus illustrating the well-known indifference of genius to money. Perlmutter wanted to "fire" him; but Potash refused, and threatened to destroy his partnership papers if Andrieff were discharged. Left alone with Andrieff, Perlmutter curtly raised his wages from twelve to fifteen dollars a week. This was proof positive of musical genius. Orpheus with his lute made trees and to know him too well. First there was Rubinstein, with intervals of tea and other noxious fluids, for the weather was very sultry. Iky Moses, what a play! It was not "only a chew," as John Lawson used to sing; it was "chewses, chewses," all the way, and what was not "chewses" was dresses. And it all began with a genius.

The example of Lucien Pissarro and Gore is seen at its beneficent work on all hands in this exhibition. In two of A. H. Hudson's three paintings may be seen the advantage of the cleaner, clearer key set by a study of the landscape of the great Impressionists. The canvas, "Newington Gates," painterlike as it is, cannot hold its own decoratively with the cleaner and franker Oberbogeus and Klohnstein. It looks rancid by comparison. Marguerite Dalgleish reveals a talent of great interest, which a measure of success should bring to considerable proportions. Her self-portrait is a brilliant piece of incisive structure. In William J. Poter we have already an intelligent scholar of Gore's subjects and treatment. It is never dangerous for a student to follow a realist, since a realistic master only introduces him to nature, and says: "There! Now forage for yourself." Any excessive similarity will soon disappear, since nature is rich and varied enough to efface the memory of any master, however talented. M. A. Mathers is a revelation of a brilliant talent. The painting of the woman in a bath is certainly one of the best things here. An interior by J. D. M'Intyre, with the back of a woman at a piano, is an instance of the fine and normal use of oil-paint. The expression is fluent and easy, and the material has an unctuous beauty. While so many young men are yelling and gesticulating to attract attention, it might give them pause to see the modest flowers of a reasonable and serviceable art tended and brought to perfection by women, whom they would probably be horrified to be told are quietly proving themselves to be their superiors. It would puzzle some of our buzzers, our explorers, our grugglers, our rat-tatters, our cracklers and our roa-reaters to put forth canvases like those of Josephine Mason, or the brilliant exercises in a high key of S. H. Gunston. Noise is not everything.

WALTER SICKERT.
formed one of them suitably to the taste of Chicago. With an equally deft touch, she added sixty per cent. to the partners' price; and the buyer not only bought a lot of them, but fell in love with the girl who wore the model. Ruth had evidently made up her mind to stay and spend her days in the company of Boris Andrieff and Irma; and it was quite evident that she would not allow Irma to monopolise his evenings, when a calamity happened. Andrieff was arrested on an extradition warrant, charged with having thrown a bomb in Russia. "I didn't do it," he assured Ruth Goldman; and being ruth by nature as well as name, she rang up Senator Murphy and instructed him to defend Andrieff. She also agreed to work for Potash and Frlmutter; and it was clear that, whatever happened, Boris Andrieff, Russian Jew and musical genius, was captured.

But the play does not conclude as you might think it would. I have not space to detail all the complications, but the fact that emerges from the second act is that Irma loves him. There is no doubt about this. She turns her back to the audience, puts her nose in her handkerchief, jerks her shoulders up and down, then puts her nose down Daddy's collar, and says: "Oh, Daddy." Daddy pats her back and tells her that he loves her. Irma loves him. There is no doubt about this. She turns her back to the audience, puts her nose in her handkerchief, jerks her shoulders up and down, then puts her nose down Daddy's collar, and says: "Oh, Daddy." Daddy pats her back and tells her that he loves her. Irma loves him. There is no doubt about this. She turns her back to the audience, puts her nose in her handkerchief, jerks her shoulders up and down, then puts her nose down Daddy's collar, and says: "Oh, Daddy." Daddy pats her back and tells her that he loves her. Irma loves him. There is no doubt about this. She turns her back to the audience, puts her nose in her handkerchief, jerks her shoulders up and down, then puts her nose down Daddy's collar, and says: "Oh, Daddy." Daddy pats her back and tells her that she sells clothes only to make her happy. That is love, clearly enough; I could not mistake such symptoms. Boris is out on bail, 20,000 dollars, pledged by Potash; he is allowed to put his arms around Irma, and to dodge her nose to get at her lips, while Daddy plays propriety and thinks of the time when he was young. Then Boris is instructed to jump his bail. There must be no risk of his going back to Russia, where only 7,000 people live; it is to-day when they stand, cared for but incongruous, amidst a city of 200,000 inhabitants. Like the ballads of Casablanca, it has affected us all much in the re-discovery. I will not be so egregious as to write about the Parthenon (thereby joining hands with many advanced young men of our time)—though not for the same reason), but can safely leave it to common knowledge and the Hellenistic spirit. I have a guide, a soldier on furlough, who took nothing for granted. The three varieties of the column and the three ages of Greek art were constantly on his lips. At every possible excuse they issued forth in a sumptuous and satisfying sentence. But when you get him on the subject of his savings he was a very different man. I drove with him one day to Eleusis, a matter of nearly thirty miles there and back, through the wooded gorge that leads from the plain of Athens on to the sea-coast road fronting the Straits of Salamis. A noble drive. But of Eleusis there is little left but hopeless ruin. The Mysteries did not save their Temple from destruction.

The best panoramic view of Athens is to be obtained from the top of Mount Lykabettos, that huge cone of rock surmounted by the little Greek Church of St. George. Flat beneath it and circling round the hill, like a sickled moon, lies the city. Just opposite, but on a lower level, rises the Acropolis. Athens crouches between the two hills and, as though squashed in their grip, bulges out into the country on either hand. This is the Attic plain, bounded by Mount Hymettos to the east and by Mount Parnes to the north. Over the shoulder of the Acropolis, four or five miles distant, cluster the houses of Piraeus, that busy and repulsive port, backed by the narrow sea of the Greek islands. No other view of Athens could rival this.

The centre of the town is disfigured by an atrociously ugly Royal Palace. In this city of graceful buildings its blank, unadorned, white squareness is a monstrosity. It has the kind of large and solid dreaminess which would have appealed to George Eliot. I should say it must be the most completely despised and distrusted Palace in the world, but perhaps it is, on that very account, dear to the democratic Greeks. Behind it appears the outline of Mount Hymettos, whose bleak and uninviting slopes belie the two romantic associations of its name.

The air of Athens in April is fresh and balmy. The bees are beginning to wake upon the farther banks of Hymettos, and a pellicud light distils itself over the reddish earth. At early morning and at sunset there is a certain charm to be felt from walking out into the arid plain. That is when you feel the real personality of Greece, land of clear distance and mild breezes, and lose forever from your heart the ideal Greece of...
legend and romance. Already in spring a dry dustiness has settled relentlessly upon the boulevards and the budding trees. We must wait till the new water supply has rejuvenated the ground for the untired land to become a garden. Then, indeed, Athens may no longer disappoint the traveller. Let me add but one more disillusioning touch. The honey of Mount Hymettos is no choicer than other honey, the wines of Greece are resinous and to be avoided, the native cookery tends towards a love of garlic. By their fruits ye shall know them!

Westwards from the capital a railway traverses a stony and dried up country to Patras, the port for Brindisi. The high crossing of the Corinth Canal alone breaks the monotony of the eight hours' run. A sparse population of wild shepherds inhabit this barren waste and tend the goats that feed upon the scrub of the mountain sides. No one but a blind enthusiast would wish to linger in this weary spot.

Of Patras I saw nothing. It was already dark when I arrived and the lights of my steamer were gleaming in the harbour. After a mediocre dinner, made horrible by a garlic-breathing waiter, I was rowed out to her and went to bed to the accompaniment of a thunderstorm. Next morning I was in Corfu.

The old Venetian fortress crowns the entrance to the roadstead, and an enduring mass of green verdure spreads everywhere over the visible land. Far off, the steep and desolate mountains of Albania stand blue against the sky, and, indeed, Corfu itself is hilly to an unusual extent; though the richness of its soil mitigates the austerity of its appearance. After traversing the thirsty land of Greece the sight of this island is like a cooling draught. Corfu is still what it was when Homer sang its praises.

No sooner had we anchored than a gentleman from the shore, lavish in plausibility but somewhat inarticulate in expression, urgently offered me his services as guide. He explained that he wanted to take me a short drive for an exorbitant price—or rather, that is what his explanation amounted to. I listened sympathetically to this syren and, after making a few obvious reductions in his terms, I consented to go with him.

The town is of the usual Southern type, with a mixed population of Greeks and Italians. When I was there it was the temporary home of 6,000 Turkish prisoners of war. These be-fezzed and khaki-clothed men were lounging in crowds along a wall overlooking the sea, were leaning out of windows of their sombre barracks, were squatting in courtyards, yawning away the long days of their incarceration. They appeared neither downcast nor happy—merely lifeless. Not so the officers who, with the larger freedom of parole, were of the land) is a paradise of fertility—the fertility of vegetation and in exquisite beauty rivals the shore, lavish in plausibility but somewhat inarticulate in expression, urgently offered me his services as guide. He explained that he wanted to take me a short drive for an exorbitant price—or rather, that is what his explanation amounted to. I listened sympathetically to this syren and, after making a few obvious reductions in his terms, I consented to go with him.

The carriage soon draws you beyond the outposts of the town and you enter upon a country that in exuberance of vegetation and in exquisite beauty rivals the finest islands of the West Indies. This peninsula of Corfu (you must scale the castle grounds to grasp the beauty of his island to him he was at length feign to assure me, almost with tears in his eyes, that it was, in truth, a place extremely good for one's health. Such was his most powerful flight of commendation. Well, after all, when I think of it, he came pretty near the mark. For, apart from everything else, it must be "extremely good for one's health" to live upon that hill-side, overlooking that glorious bay with the "dying fall" of the mountains beyond. So it seems to me, at any rate.

THE WICKED COLLIERS.

It was a noble Earl who shook his coroneted head:

"I'm deeply grieved," he said, "to see these colliers so misled; Whatever they are thinking of beating me, upon my soul! Our trade and commerce rest upon a basis of cheap coal. And yet there's no demand from which these greedy fellows shrink, and all to get more money for their Unions and their drink."

"Come in!" His agent entered then, and showed him solid grounds for estimating the year's mining royalties at not less than fifty-four thousand pounds.

It was the careful mineowner who scratched a thoughtful head:

"It's very sad," said he, "to see these colliers so misled. What though our Capital's return may show a constant fall, What do they care? They'd willingly appropriate it all! What can a collier want with more than thirty bob a week? They need a good sharp lesson for their most infernal cheek.

Well—what d'ye want?" this to the trim accountant, tall and lean, Who said, "Sir, I find that this year's profits amount to twenty-five thousand six hundred and thirty-seven pounds fourteen."

The conscientious Railway Chairman wagged a solemn head:

And said, "It's shameful that these colliers should be so misled. The strike should be made criminal—men should not be allowed—(Paid agitators, too)—to fool the ignorant collier crowd, And teach them to have no regard for aught but dirty pelf. As though one's duty ended with the interests of oneself, And now about this dividend." Here his energies were bent To making a net profit of ninety-five thousand pounds say a dividend (on the watered stock) of five and a half per cent. It was the City merchant then who kept a level head; "Dear me, dear me!" said he. "How can these men be so misled? Their selflessness is horrible, it takes away one's breath! They don't care if, to gain their ends, the people freeze to death. But as they say they'll have their way at any sacrifice, We're most reluctantly compelled to raise our selling price." Then wrote: "In consequence of what these selfish men have done, We hereby give notice that the price of coal, cobbles, and slack is raised five shillings per ton."

JOHN STAFFORD.
Readers and Writers.

Mr. Curle has partly himself to thank for the hostile reviews his study of Joseph Conrad (Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d. net) has provoked. The majority of reviewers do not come to such a study with a real desire to compare notes with another critic—in a word, to deepen their own appreciation; they come either with minds made up or with opinions waiting to be confirmed, and as to a public lecture rather than as to a common discussion. And Mr. Curle has so far played into their hands as to write in somewhat the lecturing style. Over and again he delivers himself of a clear judgment in a good essay style, only to supplement it by comments which are conversational and prompt. It is like a lecturer reading a paper and interrupting himself to make additional (or rather, subtractive) comments. The reader, however, who can skip these intercalations will find the study not only interesting as an example of sincere devotion, but illuminating on its subject. Conrad, in fact, is made greater for me by Mr. Curle than I should have thought possible. Almost he has persuaded me to be a Conradian.

In the course of 250 pp. with very little digression, Mr. Curle fairly navigates his subject—Mr. Conrad’s style, Mr. Conrad’s Men, Mr. Conrad’s Women, Mr. Conrad’s irony, and so on. But, though the first and last chapters (the best written in the book) convince me that Mr. Curle might have succeeded in writing a chapter on “Mr. Conrad’s Philosophy,” he never does it. He tells us in his preface that he “dislikes the habit of writing gravely about the philosophy of novelists”; but this is nonsense; for within a page or two he is gravely contrasting Conrad as a “philosopher” with Kipling as an “observer”; and in his chapter on Mr. Conrad’s “Psychology” he comes very near discussing gravely the very topic he “disliked” to consider. Besides, dislike it or not, it is in the long run by his philosophy that an artist lives or dies. Far from “wrecking,” as Mr. Curle says, “the meaning of a work of art” by examining it philosophically, if it cannot stand that, it cannot stand time. And Conrad, moreover, has nothing to fear from such an examination. On the contrary, our appreciation of his work will grow as we plumb his mind and try its depths. For in his own despite Mr. Curle now and then does write gravely about the philosophy of Mr. Conrad; and when he does, it is well done, and the correspondence that we might have expected from a “futility of the world” properly describes an article of Mr. Conrad’s creed; I am pretty sure, in fact, that it does not; for the world, I imagine, exists for Mr. Conrad to be understood; and to exist as a problem is not to be futile. On the other hand, Mr. Curle appears to me profoundly right when he maintains that Mr. Conrad has simple ideas such as courage, compassion, honour and fidelity as his base, and when he shows us that Conrad’s method is to test them in the lives of men.

We are asked to believe, on the assurance of Mr. Conrad himself, that had Mr. Fisher Unwin not accepted his first work, “Almayer’s Folly,” he would never have written another. It is easy to say so now; and no doubt it was Mr. Conrad’s feeling at the time. But could so powerful an impulse to write have been baulked by a single failure? I imagine that Mr. Conrad would have fallen back upon what Blake called the “wrath of God”—alas old Buck—and resolved to conquer or die.

A correspondent asks me to recommend a magazine, weekly or monthly, for the reading of a girl of thirteen. I’m sure I don’t know of one, and I do not particularly wish to know of one. There are plenty of books to be read; and physically her slave. I do not believe it, of course; but the opinion was no doubt Strindberg’s; and he certainly wrote his books on the theme. No man “loathes” the

nothing remains but to await the next issue. It is like confining religion to a Sunday service. And this is to assume that the magazine is worth reading at any time!

One of my colleagues observed the other day that the defect of Futurism is that it is a reaction against Art not against Life. It is a fine critical observation and I wish I had made it first. Hearing Messrs. Marinetti and Nevinson the other evening I was struck by their fury against their predecessors remote and of yesterday. It was to distinguish themselves from these that it appeared their campaign was being undertaken. This will never do; for to be moved by art is not just to be moved by life. I heard, too, the “noise-tuners” at the Coliseum. The “Futurists” talk of representing life in place of merely reproducing life; but in fact every one of the twenty-two instruments of the orchestra reproduced some natural sound with servile fidelity. This again will never do; for if art is not the representation of life it is certainly not its reproduction. Again I remarked the emphasis laid by Messrs. Marinetti and Nevinson on the absurdity of immortality. This, I think, is the worst sign upon their movement; for an art that does not aspire to immortalise its work is vulgar from the beginning. For our mortal needs not art but contrivance is necessary and sufficient; but for the soul nothing but what at least promises to be everlasting has interest.

What perhaps is of value in Futurism is its affirmation of the claim of the age upon art. Use, it expounds say, the material of your own time for your art, for every other is more or less alien. There is something in this; but, once more, it is a question of insight. To see deeply into one’s contemporary life is to see life much as it has always been and always will be. Plato writing to-day would write much the same as Plato writing two thousand years ago. The dialect of truth does not alter much. On the other hand, I agree that subjects ought to be taken from to-day. It is the treatment—above all, its depth and truth—that determines whether the resultant work is one of art. I can imagine works full of acuteness and empty of art. Imagine them? Look at the bookstalls!

Dr. George Brandes’ “Friedrich Nietzsche” (Heinemann. 6s.) contains four essays written during the twenty years from 1889 to 1909, the third containing the correspondence that he wrote to Nietzsche. But the author confesses, a strange whim of fate that made him regarded by two such different types as Nietzsche and Ibsen in the light of an ally; for he remains singularly unaffected by either of them. In defence of the Liberalism or Radicalism with which he had been associated in Denmark in his earlier years, Dr. Brandes is at pains to deny that Nietzsche had produced any change. “My principles,” he writes, “have not been in the slightest way modified by Nietzsche.” And I suppose he would maintain the same in respect of Ibsen. But there is nothing to boast of in this, is there? On the contrary, I find it a trite Philistine. Of course Dr. Brandes goes on to say that it was as a great man that he admired Nietzsche; he was a splendid example, so to say, in a world of thought. 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intellect of a woman; she cheerfully despises it as a rule. Again Dr. Brandes hints that Nietzsche knew from experience a good deal of the love and hatred of women—for how else could he have written so penetratingly? I believe it, but as yet as palpable evidence has been published. Has Dr. Oscar Levy some new information to give us? By the way, Dr. Wyndham Lewis differed from Nietzsche in his valuation of the institution of marriage. As a good Radical—democratic, too—Dr. Brandes would transform and perhaps abolish marriage. As an "aristocratic radical" Nietzsche, on the other hand, protected and preserved those processes. Which is right? I shall have to publish some more Tales for Men Only to answer the question.

R. H. C.

Views and Reviews.*

Building on Shand.

ACADEMIC psychology has two demerits, it has neither practical nor philosophical value; indeed, it seems to be only a reiteration of formulable laws coming from the relations of various literary terms descriptive of sensation or action. For practical purposes, we need to know only the processes of the mind, and their relations with the processes of the body; for philosophic purposes, we need to know the nature of those processes expressed in terms of universal validity. Philosophically, as Croce has shown, psychology, like all sciences, has no validity; he says, with that scorn that marks the philosopher: "Let the psychologists, then, keep their classes and sub-classes of feeling. We, for our part, not only do not dream of dispossessing them of such a treasure, but shall continue to draw from it, when necessary, the small change of ordinary conversation." Practically, as well, what can one do with 144 empirical laws, of which this is a fair sample? When either a primary impulse, or a desire, or a sentiment is frustrated, sorrow tends to be evoked, in proportion, other things equal, to the strength of the impulse, or desire, and the degree of the frustration.

The book fails at the outset. We should know what we mean by character before we attempt to explore its foundations; but I can find no definition of character in this book. If the doctrine of the temperaments is useless to the science of psychology, as Mr. Shand argues, because it seems impossible to get a precise definition or description of them, what is character? When is a character conscious? We know that consciousness is something at first unconsciously, afterwards consciously, to pro-
test the symptoms are many, the cause cannot be single, is to fall away from the purpose of his own investi
gation. If the variety of the manifestations is a proof of the variety of their causation, how can one formulate empirical laws of character? The manifestations of every character are manifold, and if we are to assume that their causes are also manifold, we can know nothing of either instinct, impulse, emotion, or sentiment, for the relations between them and conduct must also be manifold. Mr. Shand must have forgotten his own first empirical law, that "mental activity tends, at first unconsciously, afterwards consciously, to produce and to sustain system and organisation," when he committed himself to the hazardous hypothesis that Love is a complex emotion because its manifestations are various.

There, in his first law, is the problem that he never attempts to solve. Is character conscious or unconscious? We know that consciousness is something super-added to the other constituents of personality, and that therefore implies a disorganising process of disorganisation among those other constituents of personality. If system and organisation exist prior to mental activity, it does not seem easy to prove that system and organi
sation are a consequence of mental activity. Mental and physical activity probably do not produce and sustain system and organisation; indeed, there are, as Mr. Shand says, two kinds of forces at work within us, organising and disorganising; and if the organisation exists prior to mental activity, it would seem that we have to attribute the mental activity to these forces. In this case, we have within the individual a conflict of character, if by character we understand a habit, or a predisposition to work in a certain way. But a plurality of characters in an individual is unthinkable, and as character would seem to be descriptive of the individual, it is plain that Mr. Shand has not got down to the foundations.

That disorganising power of the mind, which Mr. Shand mentions but does not consider, makes all attempts at a science of character futile. The science of character has become different not only to himself, but to those who know him; there is, for example, the famous case of the soldier of Austerlitz who believed himself to have been killed at that battle, and protested that "what you see there is not himself, but only a machine that has been made like him." The fact that there could be such "a discontinuity, a lack of fusion between two periods of psychic life," as Ribot describes it, makes apparent the prime defect of any attempt to show the organisation of character. For although, in this case, the cause of this fundamental change was physical, the process of disorganisation is probably constant; and Freud argues that we have to explore a psychology of repression. If personality may be dissociated, either by shock or by mental activity, the science of character fails; for these actions and reactions between primary, secondary, and tertiary systems, between instincts, impulses, emotions, and sentiments, must cease to be effective. The demonstration by Freud of the fact that there are two paths to consciousness, a direct and an indirect one; and that there are processes of condensation, dramatisation, and substitution, guarding the threshold of consciousness against undesirable intruders, warns us against accepting any merely symmetrical conceptions of character. The relation between joy and anger, for example, must vary according to the individual, that is, according to the character; indeed, even the definitions of joy and anger must vary likewise, if we admit a systematic structure of the mind and character, for clinical evidence

* "The Foundations of Character." By Alexander F. Shand, M.A. (Macmillan. 12s. net.)
The Easy School of Play-Writing.

By Charles McEvoy.

The Repertory movement, from its first popular inception, in this country, at the Royal Court Theatre in 1904, has been synonymous with realism. It has been said that everybody could write one good novel, and it is equally true that most people could write one good "Repertory" play, provided that the word "good" be taken to mean conformity with the rules of realism as most of us misunderstand it to-day.

Realism on the stage is a much simpler thing to achieve than realism in fiction. In the latter case, there is at least the transmutation of an idea into words; in the former it is often merely the transmutation of that idea into a crudely actual, physical movement. All of us who are familiar with the realistic school of drama know those inevitable pauses in the action of a piece when a lump of real coal is deposited on an apparently real fire, or a real blind is drawn up, or a real pot of tea is being made. Now these things may be properly subordinated to and expressive of a dramatic episode, but the temptation throughout all the new school of realistic, and usually domestic, drama, is to introduce "familiar touches" with a view to enhancing the sense of verisimilitude, whereas, as a matter of artistic fact or phenomenon, nothing of the sort happens.

Actuality on the stage is wrong, and not right; as the mysterious dramatic potentiality of the marionette figure goes to prove. The fact that we perform our plays through the medium of real people reduces our dramatic possibilities, and the more life we make it possible for a disastrously manly young man to purchase a weekend railway ticket.

We turn to these longeval rhymes. They commence:

Cold sea whose spirit feels
Torture of cleaving keels,
Than life more sweet,
Than death more strong...

Asches of roses,
Shadows of song,
Anathema free,
My soul is like thee,
A tortured thing, O sea,
The keels sweep over me
Of keen regret.

It is curious that Mr. Spence's soul should be like only a ship's wash and never—shall we say?—like the broad, unscarified ocean. And what is "Galleons' fret"? A "Hymn to Music" starts off with an offence against sound, by rhyming "man" with "clarion," and finishes with an offence against sense:

And in the universe's crossing tissues,
What can we know of warp who scarce the woof can scan?

Do ye hearken, ye dead?... We would rise, we would rise, to partake of your doom and your delight... But on lips and on eyes the worms and the vampires have fed, we can kiss, we can smile not—awaiting eternity's fiat. We hearken, we die!

Very Satanic indeed; but not so Satanic as the grammar of, "We hearken the harps and the whispers," in the same piece. "O God! O Satan!" comes the murmur up from Goightly, further on, "Give us back our flesh!" Here is another fine first stanza from
the longest piece in the book, "The Song of the Dagger." —

Let knight and lord
Sing of the sword,
I am the bard
With soul of bard
Who hymns the poignard.

"Soul of bard" is new. God is, as usual, maltreated.

In "To a Woman in Hell" our poetaster cries:

To God's shame let my soul be shod
With pain, as from the first!

"Lailah" with its lines, "Ah, she is a courtesan. . .
She is everything to each," reminds us of the babu's
description of Caesar's wife, as being "all things to all men.

We wonder, after all this Satanic song, what
Mr. Spence considers Celestial; and we find:

The poet's heaven is that he first hath known.

Infancy's images make paradise.

But, alas, infancy's images with poetasters make for
infantilism. Mr. Rabindranath Tagore's book, "The
Crescent Moon," is all about babies.

The smile that flickers on baby's lips when he sleeps—
does anybody know where it was born? Yes, there is a
rumour that a young, pale beam of a crescent moon
touched the edge of a vanishing autumn cloud, and there
the smile was first born in the dream of a dew-washed
morning—the smile that flickers on baby's lips when he
sleeps.

Baby knows all manner of wise words, though few en
earth can understand their meaning.
...O greedy heart, shall I pluck the world like a fruit from
the sky to place it on your little rosy palm?

We see what it means, but all the same it sounds
uncommon nonsense. "I wish I could take a quiet
corner in the heart of my baby's very own world.
Really worse than versified obstetrics, this prosified
what-a-young-mother-ought-to-know! The six coloured
illustrations in this book are as much signs of the time
as the other contents. They have been done by various
Bengali artists in a Western infantilist style. They are
quite inarticulate and their style could only be described
as "pappy." They stand together with the rest of the
book as a typical production of the Europeanised babu.

If Mr. Tagore's language is thin, Mr. Mackereth's
is thick—thick as pudding. The "Times" commends
"the rich exuberance of his fancy and of his diction."

If Mr. Mackereth is full of words
And images, and when the
floodgates of his soul are opened
there bursts forth a

Mackereth is full of words
and images, and when the
floodgates of his soul are opened
there bursts forth a

But "fullsomeness" would be a better
word. Mr. Mackereth's grammar is
often faulty. Mr. Helston cries,
"Aphrodite at Leatherhead."

Having written it, he polished off a sonnet as "His
Answer to those who imputed to him Impurity in regard
to the Preceding Poem." "Love is lovelier for its
lust," be answers, and we turn back to see what could
so have affrighted "Those." We find that the poet
discovered Aphrodite in a valley. "There was a sweet,
pure passion in her eyes." Of course! but she is some-
what coy.

Then spake I to this lady in such wise:
O Incarnation lovely of my Love,
O lovely lust of Increase!
O Bride of Burgeoning.
O Bride of Burgeoning.

Whereupon she "slipped down beneath me..."

"At the flood—
At the full flood-tide take me," then she gasped,
And so would he, mutually mad through all
Anticipation's raptured interval,
Limbs interwoven, beating bosoms clasped.

Mutely mad, ay, there's the rub.
For he has so much
to say about Love, and Lust, and God:

Yea, as the Yeast of God, in man shall rise
The sun of Truth.
The sun of Truth.

And the lady has to reply at great length:

Already in me quickens craft of thee!
And all my womb, with mortal love entralled,
Shall burgeon with fresh fruit of Poetry...

Now we know whence Versicles are born. But, Impu-

riety in this? Bunkum!

C. E. BECHHOEFER.

"Songs Satanic and Celestial." By Edward Spence.
(Mathews, 15s.)

"The Crescent Moon." By Rabindranath Tagore. (Mac-
millan, 4s. 6d.)

"On the Face of a Star." By J. A. Mackereth. (Long-
mans, 2s. 6d.)

"A Vision of Reconciliation." By Edward McQueen
Gray. (Methuen, 2s. 6d.)

"Aphrodite and Other Poems." By John Helston.
(Heinemann, 5s.)
Pastiche.

WAKE UP, ENGLAND!

Cutting the cackle, I remark that we have introduced into modern painting four new elements which are changing rapidly all over Europe. These are: the unpreconceived notion of the artist and the cinema. This unpreconceived notion is the unpreconceived notion we have taken from the cinema. We have an entirely new notion of the picture since it is done exactly the way the artist of the painter would explain in words; but you seem unable to understand our notion from our paintings, and will not do.

Firstly, then, no picture should be a mere representation! This is new. We have just discovered it. The photograph, the cinema, have outdone mere representation! This is new. We have just discovered it. This proves that other art than the new art has been of, other narcistic, soporific. And so we do imply this. What has art done, hitherto, but kept us down, yearning, searching after Nature and moons! Ha! movement for Us! The motor-bus, the yellow, green and crimson ting! gliding like snakes through the limousine! Why, Nature and the old Art have brought things to such a pass that it is actually necessary to bully people into liking a charming city like London, where there is more machinery than the world has ever seen!

Take, now, the topographical record. It reproduces a scene which has entirely altered his character for what might, just as the camera reproduces a face. We Futurists say that a picture must be the plastic abstraction of an emotion. Why isn't this the essence of a composite even painted? But think of the cinema representations of scenery. The very trees rush across the landscape! Trains, motor-cars move, and it is only necessary to have a man at the back, rattling gravel, for us to get the art to life. We have thus introduced an entirely new art into life, art to life. We have thus introduced an entirely new art into life, art to life.

Our second discovery is that art must be the expression, intensification, and concentration of life! Some critics say that Turner's train gives just this emotion, that one feels the tenseness of a thing moving at its highest possible speed, that one is not outside and a mere spectator as at the cinema, but one is inside and only less identified with the motion than men are identified with the motion of the planet. These people are, of course, wrong!

In picture by means of abstractions, forms, colours, dimensions, that do not imitate natural forms, it is possible to create emotions infinitely more stimulating than those created in imitating nature! Abstractions, of course, are not in nature. We Futurists are not in nature. We are outside nature, which is only moons and moons and old ruins, and not planes and dimensions and speed and that sort of thing. Turner's speed is, of course, a delusion. You have only to look at one of our Futurist pictures of speed to see and feel the real thing—everybody and things whirling—zing!—you can almost hear the man with the gravel!

Our second discovery is that art must be the expression, intensification, and concentration of life! Some critics say that Turner's train gives just this emotion, that one feels the tenseness of a thing moving at its highest possible speed, that one is not outside and a mere spectator as at the cinema, but one is inside and only less identified with the motion than men are identified with the motion of the planet. These people are, of course, wrong!

Our third new element is that art must be an intensification of life, therefore of modern life, of which the chief and distinctive feature is speed! The chief and distinctive feature of modern machinery—no, no, of modern life, Life!—is speed.

Look how we pop across the Atlantic in five days—less! We go for the sake of the speed. For instance, Mr. Ollibah, therefore he has a true idea of modern life, that is, is ten years ago. He pops across now to see how fast he can go! He doesn't want to do anything else, bless you! He lives for speed. Life! He is displaced in him all his old wornout human plotings and plantings. Ollibah is no more a Prop of the Empire and a man; he has become a geometric splendent, a pure and poetic chief of a new, chief and distinctive feature of his life—Life!—is speed. In intensifying mechanical speed in our paintings, we give you, therefore, the real life.

This leads to our fourth new element—the painting of the "states of mind"; that is to say, we claim that by means of contrasts of colors, lines, and dimensions, it is possible to portray the artist's various states of mind. This is supremely important, until every woman would admit. Some people would, of course, object that the artist is not concerned with his states of mind, but with statesments of his mind. And these will be the persons who accuse us of being petty and ill-balanced.

The fact is that our work is, above all, the lyrical and emotional expression of the time of machinery, and therein lies its whole beauty! We are not to be deceived by the machine-minder's apparent human squirmings and struggles which he is being geometrically and splendidly. The glory of this age, and therein lies its whole beauty! We Futurists glorify mechanism. All that's wanted is more of it. The Trade Unions are combining for this end.

Art is not a narcotic, it is not a drug, but a stimulant; not a soporific, but a tonic. This is to imply that other art than the new art has been of, other narcistic, soporific. And we do imply this. What has art done, hitherto, but kept us down, yearning, searching after Nature and moons! Ha! movement for Us! The motor-bus, the yellow, green and crimson ting! gliding like snakes through the limousine! Why, Nature and the old Art have brought things to such a pass that it is actually necessary to bully people into liking a charming city like London, where there is more machinery than the world has ever seen!

People should constantly buy new pictures. A picture should never be lived with. Who could live with any picture for ever knowing that it is not a picture to see and feel the real thing—everybody and things whirling—zing!—you can almost hear the man with the gravel!

This concludes my remarks, except that it is useless for artists to ignore the Press just as it is useless for journalists to ignore the general public—thus advanced and intelligent body beginning to realise that what England to-day is the Pest, the Futurists now are to England!
J. St. B. : Well, is mine a good dog, or is it not a good dog?

N. : I don't know enough about dogs. I suppose it is a good dog.

J. St. B. : No "suppose" about it! Is it a good dog?

J. St. B. : Of course, if you don't know anything about dogs, it's useless wasting time talking about it. Just give me the money, and you can take the dog, which I can tell you is a good dog.

N. : But I don't want it.

J. St. B. : Well, a moment ago you said you wanted a dog.

N. (irritated) : Yes, I do want a dog, but not that dog.

J. St. B. : Oh, well, what's the matter with it, pray?

N. : It didn't say anything was the matter with it, did it?

J. St. B. : Well, first you say you want a dog; then, when the dog is produced, you don't want it. Either there's something the matter with the dog or you don't know what you want. But as you can't say what's the matter with it, it's evidently the latter.

N. : Well, it isn't.

J. St. B. : Then what's the matter with the dog? Do you know anything about dogs or are you just talking in the air?

N. : I don't like it particularly.

J. St. B. : Don't like it! ! ! What don't you like?

N. : The dog.

J. St. B. : But you can't dislike a thing without knowing why you dislike it. What do you dislike about it; the length of its tail, the condition of its coat, the number of its feet? Can you point to any defect in it?

N. : No-o.

J. St. B. : Of course you can't; it's pure bred with all the points and in perfect health. Show me what's wrong with it.

J. St. B. : (from here on N. is too exasperated to stick to the simple fact that he does not fancy the dog) : I don't like that sort of dog.

J. St. B. : And what's wrong with that sort of dog?

N. : The sort of dog it is.

J. St. B. : You want to be a little god and create only one sort of dog!

N. : I never said I only liked one sort of dog.

J. St. B. : Well, do you know what you did say? How can you tell whether you like only one sort of dog when on your own confession you know nothing about dogs?

N. : Well, tell me what there is about this dog that I should like.

J. St. B. : It's a pure French poodle and has all the points.

N. : But what are the points?

J. St. B. : Get some book on dogs and study the subject for years as I have done.

N. : But isn't the net result of all these points simply that the dog is a French poodle and not some other poodle?

J. St. B. : No, it isn't. There are good and bad French poodles. This is a perfect French poodle. Take it and buy a book about dogs and then you'll know what you should like it.

N. : But I don't care whether it's a perfect French poodle or a prize Pomeranian, or an immaculate Mastiff!

J. St. B. : But you want a dog—or is it really a canary that you want?

N. (his politeness exhausted) : Damn it all, man! I don't want that particular bloody dog?

(Exit Nietzsche.)

W. J. T.

MORE CONTEMPORARIES.

By C. E. BECHHOEFER.

V.—The Egoist.

Views and Comments.

Anent egoism. We have to-day three discoveries of ours in the rather obscured at least usually so realms of philosophy to bring it into the "which do so certainly and so satisfyingly seem to set us in the ranks of the great thinkers for ever. They are these, our trinity garnered opposite from the first fruits of our "saviours" and other perverted products of man and concerned with him. "Twinkle twinkle, little star, how we wonder what you are!" we tell them, and they quite idiotically do not seem to take any notice of our question. "Answer, you fools!" we go on, and still they do not, so we must for them. First, then, greed is the thing.

"Two forces are at work in the world: first, force, the noblest work; second, force, the highest impulse; second, force, the noblest work; third, and lastly, the attempt to impose one's desire for property over all around to their disadvantage, and one's impulse for action, and so frequently and unsuccessfully indulged in by them, and settled for, let us hope, only temporarily. So we remember that all they are there for is to amuse those who take the heights of our wisdom look down on them and MAN, with their striving and their beautiful eyes and their passion for children, as we said, writing only—what it was we or the week before—anent the dignity of self-interest. These foolish "persons," with their so ridiculously widespread cast and sentimentality anent joy in action and justice, ignored us and usually go on, and still they do not, so we must for them. First, then, greed is the thing.

R.A. AND HIS FRIENDS.

By Richard Aldington.

Whenever I meet my friend Mr. F. S. Flint, I say to him, "Why, damme, Flint, old fellow, as one poet to another, what are you working at now?" And he replies, my perfectly wonderful friend Flint, "I've just had tea with the only critic in London." "I've just written an ode to my blue socks," I said, "I've been climbing elm-trees." That's what usually happens, but last time I saw my friend Mr. Flint I said to him, "Why, damne, Flint, old fellow, as one poet to another, do you know what we are now?" He said, "I have just had tea and popcorn with the only critic in the world, so I don't know where or what I am. What do you mean by 'we'?" I said, "Why, damne, Flint, old fellow, as one poet to another, we're Vorticists!" And my friend Flint said, "That may be good enough for you, but I'm past that days ago; but I'm sorry, I can't stop now. The only critic that ever wants me to write an epic before supper, and I've got to go and get some ink." I said, "But, damne, Flint, old fellow, as one poet to another, what is Vorticism?" And my friend Flint said, "You know, Life, beauty, marble, dead leaves, verse libre—but you really must excuse me.

Now, everyone knows that, if it hadn't been for me and some of my friends, who are also poets, poetry would have been forgotten in England long ago. Of course, I and my friends are all Vorticists, and always have been. What could be more beautiful than sloppy marble and dead leaves on the pavement, and birds hopping? Isn't it? as my friend Flint says in his perfectly beautiful French poems. . . .

IS.

By Huntly Carter.

"What is art?" my Carter-hoarse critics ask. Let me try to explain to their noble intellects. "Art is Soul! Soul is everything! Soul is pine-apples! Art IS! Pine-apples ARE! I received this revelation eight years ago, when I was tending sheep with my old patron, Professor Munchausen, for a madame in the Falkland Islands, some seventeen miles east of Greenwich. He it was who taught me that mass-rhythms and soul-settings and every other wave of beauty have their rise from the spiritual harmonies of a woman's . . .

CORRESPONDENCE.

Madam,—The last instalment of Mr. James Joyce's serial in your columns (June 15) concluded as follows: "That is horse stink and rotten straw," he thought. "It is a good odour to breathe. It will calm my heart. My heart is quite calm now. I will go back." I should like to tell you how often the same thought has suggested itself to me when I have been enjoying the smells of a stable. As I open my windows in the morning and smell the freshly heaped manure . . .

Madam,—. . . syphilis.

Madam,—Dr. Havelock Ellis's wonderful book, "The Psychology of Sex," is the Bible of the new movement of which The Egoist" is queen . . .

Madam,—We, the undersigned, beg to bring the following manifestation of ours to the notice of your readers and their husbands: "To question oneself or one's friends is always pleasant. But one prefers to do it oneself. . . ."
Sir,—In a recent issue you assert that "by no means under heaven or hell can wages be raised while the competitive wages remain in being." Whether and how that "question" is a difficult question which I leave to geographers. It is, however, an historical fact that on one great occasion there was an enormous decrease in the demand for labour, and although the recorded facts we can learn a good deal as to how wages might be raised again.

In the last plague death swept away about one-third of the people of England. The result was an instant and prodigious rise of wages. All historians are agreed on this point, and the fact is proved by a number of Parliamentary statutes which were passed in the vain endeavour to keep down wages.

The results of the Black Death are very completely set forth in Chapter 8 of "Six Centuries of Work and Wages." They are sufficiently summarised in the following paragraphs:

"The rise in agricultural labour is, all kinds of men's work being taken together, about 20 per cent.; and of women's work, fully 100 per cent. The result is marked, universal, permanent, and conclusive, even if we had not on record the statistics of the labourers. It appears that the Statute of Labourers was entirely inoperative."

"The death of hands told far more on low-priced labour than it did on high-priced. This is strikingly illustrated in a man's labour. Before the Black Death women were employed in field work, as in reaping straw after the corn was cut, in hoeing, in planting beans, in cleaning them, and sometimes in serving the Thatcher and tiler. Generally, they are paid at the rate of a penny a day, but sometimes less. After the plague, women's labour is rarely recorded, but they are seldom paid less than twopence a day, and sometimes as much as threepence, 8 day. The same facts are observed in boys' labour, which becomes much dearer.

"The idea of a rise in the price of provisions. The different kinds of grain are not appreciably dearer, beyond what is occasionally due to the unfavourable character of the seasons."

"The free labourer, and for the matter of that, the servile, was, in his way, still better off. Everything he needed was as cheap as ever, and his labour was daily rising in value. If the tailiff would give him his price, well; if not, there were plenty of hands wanted in the next village, or a short distance off." This enormous change was not a short-lived one: it lasted for some hundred and seventy-five years. Says Thorold Rogers: "I find that the fifteenth century and the first quarter of the sixteenth were the golden age of agricultural labour, as of anything else to interpret the wages which he earned by the cost of the necessaries of life. At no time were wages, relatively speaking, so high, and at no time was food so cheap." It is interesting to see how the facts of the Black Death exactly agree with the deductions of the classical economists. Ricardo, who was probably quite ignorant of the above facts, was the father of the Iron Law of Wages: he based his reasoning on the assumption that population would always keep on growing as rapidly as the food supply. Ricardo, Mill, and all their followers always maintained that if the labourers could restrict their numbers, they could raise wages indefinitely.

Now, it is perfectly manifest that if the limitation of population was to free the physician was able to produce the above results, a similar limitation caused by human volition would have results of the same character. Hitherto the common labourers have never limited their numbers in any country; they have left that to the bourgeoisie and a few aristocrats of labour. There can be little doubt that very soon the movement and the returns of the seven classes in this respect, and the movement could be immensely stimulated by means of a vigorous propaganda. I think that the limitation of their number is a certain and infallible relief to the working population than any other plan which has yet been discussed.

R. B. Kerr.

**THE ANTI-SUFFRAJE LEAGUE**

Sir,—I should like to thank Mr. Gibbs for his letter on Mrs. Humphry Ward and the Anti-Suffrage League. Mrs. Ward would undoubtedly split the League if it had any life in it, but it is moribund. A suffrage paper recently spoke of it as "withered and withered," and the description fits it exactly. It is difficult to see why the League continues to drag on, except for the purpose of providing amusement for the half-dozen ladies who run about the country making nice little speeches in the style of the vicar's wife at a parochial tea-party, at hole-in-the-wall meetings, where the only lecture is that the reviews of the "Review." It has existed long enough to have founded flourishing branches in every town and centre in the kingdom and in every suburb of London, and to have made a real, live, anti-suffrage society, crowds of workers would join.

MARY ELIZABETH DE CARLTON.

**RAISING THE COLOUR BAR.**

Sir,—In the discussion now going on as to the "raising of the Colour Bar," both the advocates and the oppo-
ments of the proposal assume that to carry it into effect would be of great economic benefit to the mines; and the opposition is concerned (which are great, of the total white complement of the mines) practically none at all. Natives and coloured men are not likely to replace skilled labour for many years to come.

Ask any enterprising and successful building contractor in Johannesburg whether he would prefer the kind of work they do with in Johannesburg with a view to economic experience of the world. There remains to be dealt with another alleged advantage to the employer in the use of coloured labour instead of white men. The white man strikes; the native does not.

This advantage reminds us of the story of the newly-engaged commercial traveller, who, in sending in his expense account at the end of his first month's work, included an item for a "suit of clothes." The firm's accountant hauled him over the coals and told him that he must not put such things into his expense account. The amount was disallowed. The next month's account was passed without comment. It contained no such item as a "suit of clothes," but there was a line for the suit all the same. It was called something else.

The native doesn't strike or make people uncomfortable at Orange Grove. When the conditions don't suit him he just quits down and disappears. The Red and Black strike has come to work. What is the economic difference between a "strike" and a "shortage of native labour"? The main difference that I see is that the strike is much more effective, from the workers' point of view, than the strike. The white men's "strike" has not raised white wages a penny piece in the last fifteen years. The native's "shortage" has raised native wages in proportion to the number of men who come to work. The more the mines depend on native labour, the more they will be in the power of labourers who cannot be starved out by the employers. The recruiting arrangements and Acts of Parliament of years have not stopped the advance of native wages in the past—and they won't in the future. The native is learning his power, and he is going to use it. The "silent" strike is his weapon.
and above price; of course, that will be when National Guilds is issued in penny pamphlets (see review).

W. R.

P.S.—I shall still continue to read the "Clarion" in Current Cant.

THE BASIS OF THE GUILD.

Sir,—Ought not J. A. Frome Wilkinson to add one more to his five main gilds, viz., that of distribution. For twenty odd years we have been endeavouring to organise all distributive workers in one Trade Union—all grades in all trades including the highest positions of management, and yet our task not yet one-quarter finished—but we shall arrive. Meanwhile, you will be interested to know that the seed of your ideas is finding much fruitful soil amongst our twenty odd years we have been endeavouring to organise to his five main guilds, viz., that of distribution. For the armies of the Allies. M. Caradjas was asked to withdraw these disgraceful charges. and yet those in a position to judge have assured the Government bureau for this purpose. At the very outset and yet no word nor yet had the consideration to withdraw these disgraceful charges.

During the campaign the Greeks accused both Turks and Bulgars of committing the most horrible atrocities, and yet those in a position to judge have assured the writer that the Greeks themselves were by far the worst offenders.

C. F. Dixon-Johnson.

THE TRUE SITUATION IN EGYPT.

Sir,—In reference to Lord Kitchener’s report about Egypt, the Press has paid a high tribute to him as an administrator and a great statesman, and referred to his five main guilds, viz., that of distribution. For the armies of the Allies. M. Caradjas was asked to withdraw these disgraceful charges. and yet those in a position to judge have assured the Government bureau for this purpose. At the very outset and yet no word nor yet had the consideration to withdraw these disgraceful charges.

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C. F. Dixon-Johnson.

Sir,—Looking at that illegal interference of the British Con- General in the Administration of Egypt, anybody who has any acquaintance with that country will see quite plainly that that interference means the retardation of the natural progress of the land of the Egyptians and to educate and “civilise” (? ) them; it is a regrettable intervention which, considering the present condition of affairs in Egypt, is to main tain an army capable of facing any in-aided force. The Prime Ministers promised most solemnly to avoid any criticism against any Government act or any official. They must submit to that condition, for a word from the Minister of the Interior is quite sufficient to bring the life of any paper to an end. If the Government, however, wants to be just and upright it sends those journalists to the criminal court. The appeal granted to murderers and burglars is not enjoyed by these poor editors and writers.

Public speakers are no longer allowed to hold meetings in these so-called happy days of Egypt under British rule. We do not ask England to approve any of these acts or conditions, for our Khedive and his Ministry are responsible before us. One thing and only one we ask England to—do to evacuate Egypt and not to pretend to love Egypt or Egyptians.

We beg to sign ourselves, on behalf of the Sphinx Society, yours faithfully,

A. H. Hilmy, President.

S. Disouky, Secretary.

A LETTER FROM HADES.

Sir,—Again Pluto permits me to write to you. A deceased Fabian (God knows how he got here) has told me many things concerning an Act of Parliament. It is called the "Trade Board Act," and Judge-arbitrators are the judges. In any case, it will be a great source of wealth to the country. No business can be multiplied in number. The poor journalists have to choose the most polite words, and avoid any criticism against any Government act or any official. They must submit to that condition, for a word from the Minister of the Interior is quite sufficient to bring the life of any paper to an end. If the Government, however, wants to be just and upright it sends those journalists to the criminal court. The appeal granted to murderers and burglars is not enjoyed by these poor editors and writers.

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A. H. Hilmy, President.

S. Disouky, Secretary.
and the eyes of your Liberals will glisten, for doth not a General Election loom in the distance?

Sir,-I recently took the opportunity to visit Sig. Benedetto Croce. In spite of his work and my still French, he spared me a few minutes' conversation, in which we touched on many things, from the sublime to the ridiculous, from the Guilds and Ariosto to Deussen and Phillpotts. Mr. Croce is a short, broad man of middle age, and light in complexion. His eyes, set harrarming her labour. If she be not efficient, the gods help her, for she will never know the reason why she cannot get employment.

Consider, Sir, that the Cynic Messiah, the kinsling of the rich, whom I? In short, he with the chilly spotted nose in his bosom. This concentrated evil hath caused gd. Insurance stamps to be printed by the million. Now, these will not be required. The plum-stone pulpers will have to pay gd. per week instead of rd.; thus, for their small increase, they will pay in the first year 3s. 7d. for badge of birth, and 8s. 4d. for extra insurance. Sharks, my good Sir! I could love them, fondle them, call them soft names, stroke their teeth, and kiss their eyelids, but when I consider your rulers I cannot express the impression. Mr. Loone-Duck Quack told me that this legislation was all for the good of the Poohah. Petronius and I, could stand this no longer, and we have come to Corbeville.

It now transpires that Mr. Fabianus Weave had bribed Charon with the promise of a better job in Hades as soon as his colleague Mr. Servilius Status Shor arrived.

THEOGNIS.

A MISSIONARY UP TO DATE.

VAINHIGER'S "AS IF."

In Naples.

Sir,-Mr. Sickert so deliberately misrepresents me in his article, "The Richest Painters in London," that as I cannot expect many people to read again all the paragraphs about this particular, I choose to give only these two most characteristic couplets of music-hall songs which he has written, and still has my letter, I will say simply what I did say.

I said or implied (I have my soul, my art, my paint thick as for another to paint thin. I said this in defence of Mr. Ginser.

The creed of a Neo-realist, which he seems to inte...
rested in, is individualist, and, consequently, tolerant. Critics have become so discredited now that it is interesting to know that the just generation, who were depressed, and still more wonderful, elated by their sense of responsibility. HAROLD GILMAN.

Ye Gods! Half the popular pictures in the Royal Academy are most excellent in design and composition. I take quite the opposite view, and say that good composition never yet made a picture. What becomes of drawing, technical knowledge, colour, tone, the thousand and one necessities of perfection and much else, above all, the painter’s own temperament? Had Hals, for instance, or the “Archers of St, George,” at Haarlem, been the most excellent in design and composition. Yet they have never been much of a success as a picture. Perhaps Hals has got nothing to do with the matter in hand, but as the old music-hall song says—

“You make room for your uncle,
There’s a little dear
Tommy make room for your uncle;
I want him to sit here:
You know mama has got a bun,
That she will give to you;
There’s a good boy:
Now don’t annoy:
Make room for your uncle do.”

Yes, sir,—St Señor—but if the uncle who has to make room for Tommy nowadays, and Place aux dames has become the mot d’ordre; but my grandfather used to tell me how he always voted against the admission of Angela Kaufmann to the membership of the Royal Academy. Oui autrefois nous avons changé tout cela. But all this, you say, is apodictimony. Whatever’s that? One of the Vorticists? I am sure I don’t know. Ask Lamb. He knows everything.

“He knows about it all: he knows, he knows.”

You say, that I said I promised to tell you something about impasto: I never said anything of the sort: I don’t know anything about it. Ask Lamb. He knows. I said it was past two. "Deux heures passées, as the old music-hall song says—

“We won’t go home till morning,
Till daylight doth appear.”

Allez vous coucher mes enfants, dormez bien, soyez sage. You say that I invited Ginner and Obadiah to dinner: and that Gilman has shed his flannel shirt, and put on a dinner-jacket and a boiled rag; and Ginner has had a new set of Frankenhoe, the “Adoration d’enfants,” for instance, or, the “St. Anne,” or even the “Virgin of the Rocks”?

You can find a dozen students in every art school who know more of conventional design and composition than Hals or Leonardo ever knew; but they are not artists, and those in the South Kensington schools, who are drilled in little else, probably never will be.

—NO—composition never yet made a picture.

HUGH BLAKER.

LAYING IT ON THICK.

Sir,—“C’est magnifique mais ce n’est pas la guerre.” I remember coming home one night with him and Sir Barthemy Bloggs to whom that evening I had just introduced him, and he would insist that the Laws. I don’t care what you say—of the office of the water, Constable, and me moque de vous,” he said. Répète de fourneau. You are no more a genuine Constable than I am. C’est bien vrai répondez le fic. You are but a Bedford policeman yourself. Vous n’êtes pas un constable ni de la France ni de l’Angleterre. Allez vous en, mon petit bonhomme. A la casaque—la casaque. If you belong to the Protestant force,” replied the old guffin, and your name is Robert, Robert, to quel j’aime! Tout lasse, tout passe, tout casse. Past, present, and future. “Go home—it’s time you were in bed,” replied the officer of the Law. Then—Time was made for slaves. Temps fugit: Temps edax rerum. Mort aux zozieux! and breaking into the old music-hall song—

“Every member of the force
Has a watch and chain, of course:
If you want to know the time,
Ask a policeman.”

He was run in, and fined next morning, for ‘insulting behaviour’.

Now, the moral of all this is, that it is unwise to hurt people’s feelings. Mr. Sickert, I perceive that you are an Expressionist.” I am. I love the language of the people, and I have always admired le mot de Cambonne. I belong to the old Guard. La garde meurt, mais ne se vend pas. But revenons à nos moutons, I wanted to tell you that I always was a pure painter: a sort of Fra Angelico, who always painted a genoux, you know. What the devil are you laughing at? Jeune homme, vous n’avez pas le sentiment religieux; but all this, I allow, has got nothing to do with the matter in hand, but as the old music-hall song says—

“Tommy make room for your uncle,
There’s a little dear
Tommy make room for your uncle:
I want him to sit here:
You know mama has got a bun,
That she will give to you:
There’s a good boy:
Now don’t annoy:
Make room for your uncle do.”

But talking is dry work, as the old music-hall song says—:-“Champagne is not the drink for you,
And Ginner to dinner: and that Gilman has shed his flannel shirt, and put on a dinner-jacket and a boiled rag; and Ginner has had a new set of Frankenhoe, the “Adoration d’enfants,” for instance, or, the “Virgin of the Rocks”?

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HUGH BLAKER.

LAYING IT ON THICK.

Sir,—“C’est magnifique mais ce n’est pas la guerre.” I remember coming home one night with him and Sir Barthemy Bloggs to whom that evening I had just introduced him, and he would insist that the Laws. I don’t care what you say—of the office of the water, Constable, and me moque de vous,” he said. Répète de fourneau. You are no more a genuine Constable than I am. C’est bien vrai répondez le fic. You are but a Bedford policeman yourself. Vous n’êtes pas un constable ni de la France ni de l’Angleterre. Allez vous en, mon petit bonhomme. A la casaque—la casaque. If you belong to the Protestant force,” replied the old guffin, and your name is Robert, Robert, to quel j’aime! Tout lasse, tout passe, tout casse. Past, present, and future. “Go home—it’s time you were in bed,” replied the officer of the Law. Then—Time was made for slaves. Temps fugit: Temps edax rerum. Mort aux zozieux! and breaking into the old music-hall song—

“Every member of the force
Has a watch and chain, of course:
If you want to know the time,
Ask a policeman.”

He was run in, and fined next morning, for ‘insulting behaviour’.

Now, the moral of all this is, that it is unwise to hurt people’s feelings. Mr. Sickert, I perceive that you are an Expressionist.” I am. I love the language of the people, and I have always admired le mot de Cambonne. I belong to the old Guard. La garde meurt, mais ne se vend pas. But revenons à nos moutons, I wanted to tell you that I always was a pure painter: a sort of Fra Angelico, who always painted a genoux, you know. What the devil are you laughing at? Jeune homme, vous n’avez pas le sentiment religieux; but all this, I allow, has got nothing to do with the matter in hand, but as the old music-hall song says—

“Tommy make room for your uncle,
There’s a little dear
Tommy make room for your uncle:
I want him to sit here:
You know mama has got a bun,
That she will give to you:
There’s a good boy:
Now don’t annoy:
Make room for your uncle do.”

But talking is dry work, as the old music-hall song says—:-“Champagne is not the drink for you,
And Ginner to dinner: and that Gilman has shed his flannel shirt, and put on a dinner-jacket and a boiled rag; and Ginner has had a new set of Frankenhoe, the “Adoration d’enfants,” for instance, or, the “Virgin of the Rocks”?

You can find a dozen students in every art school who know more of conventional design and composition than Hals or Leonardo ever knew; but they are not artists, and those in the South Kensington schools, who are drilled in little else, probably never will be.

—NO—composition never yet made a picture.

HUGH BLAKER.
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