

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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All communications relative to THE NEW AGE should be addressed to THE NEW AGE, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It might have been expected that after sneering at the South African Trade Unionists for being driven to rely upon his political assistance, Mr. MacDonald in Parliament last week would have made the most of his opportunity. The case against the South African Government was so strong as to be unanswerable, he had the secret or open support of a good deal of public and political opinion, and, in addition, there was his chance to show those damned Syndicalists how a political expert like himself sets to business. All these advantages, however, proved to be of no value to Mr. MacDonald; for in the end he not only ruined his case, but he has added to the difficulties of the whole situation and knocked another nail in the coffin of political action into the bargain. The case against the South African Government was of the simplest. There not only was no plot on the side of the men, but all the evidence goes to show that the boot was on the other leg. Look, for example, at the admissions made and the defence offered by Generals Botha and Smuts. Is it possible for any reasonable being to read it and not conclude that we have here to do with a pair of slim liars if they are not lunatics? They admit that after their capitulation to Labour last July they swore such a situation should never recur; and they admit that they set about preparing for it. That, in our opinion, is quite sufficient evidence of the existence of the plot, for it unmistakably establishes motive. Nor was there anything to compare with it on the Labour side. We know that there was no Syndicalist plot on the side of the men. Such a nightmare has never entered their heads. From first to last their movement had for its object the satisfaction of one of the legitimate demands of any trade union in the world—protection of its members and a guarantee of security. What plot can be made out of this? If the South African Trade Unionists were guilty of Syndicalist conspiracy in making these

demands, every member of a trade union in England deserves to be hung, drawn and quartered.

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To conceal their passion for revenge, the Boer generals not only laid their plot and then put it into the Labour nest to hatch, but they gave out through the medium of our Press that the Labour movement in South Africa was capable of even worse things than conspiracy against the State. There was the native peril, for example; there were also dynamitards among the Trade Unions. We are amazed that even so corrupt a Press as our own should have given credence to these lies about their own flesh and blood, for the truth is that there is not and never was a word of truth in the reports. Had there been any native peril, it is monstrous to suppose that in the midst of the strike the white Trade Unionists would not have joined even with their masters against it. They too have lives to lose and wives and children to defend—as dear to them as the lives and wives of the capitalists are to their class; and in the face of a common peril, had such existed, the strikers would have put by their grievances as they have done thousands of times in history before. As for the dynamitards among them—where were they? We know that the very first offer of the Transvaal Federation was of police to keep order. Did this seem like encouraging dynamite? We know also that short work was made of the only Labour speaker who ventured to hint at sabotage. If this was the kind of spirit among the men, the charges brought against them by the Boer generals are not only without foundation, but they are calculated criminal libels. It is a bad sign for England when even the stupidest of our public can be persuaded to believe them.

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The dastardly plot having, however, got itself believed, the South African Government could then make use of it for their strokes of revenge. Martial law, as we all know, was declared and, in addition, imprisonment of all the leaders, and deportations for some of them, were resorted to. And here in the Act of Indemnity proposed in the South African Parliament and requiring to be endorsed in our own, was Mr. MacDonald's opportunity. The indemnity against all the crimes committed under martial law we should our-

selves have been prepared to see Mr. MacDonald accept and to have refrained from criticising him for it. After all, the thing was done, it related to the past, and nothing said by our own Parliament could have altered matters. But the case was very different with the deportations. There, as anybody can see, it is no longer an act of oblivion and indemnity that is in question, but a fresh act of commission. The very gravest questions of politics are raised by an attempt to slip a Bill of Attainder referring to the future through the body of a Bill nominally referring only to the past. That there was a clear distinction to be drawn between the martial law and the deportations not even Mr. MacDonald could fail to see. Indeed he observed that the South African Parliament was actually legislating by means of the Indemnity Bill, and squeezing a profit, so to say, out of an apology for a loss. But to have observed this was not only not enough, it involved the necessity of remarking a good deal more. Among other things, it certainly necessitated, in our opinion, an amendment of the resolution by means of which, while the Indemnity clauses could be accepted, the clauses referring to the deportations could have been either formally censured or even deleted.

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Mr. MacDonald would probably reply that even so amended his resolution would not have been carried. But, in the first place, its mere publication would have indicated pretty clearly to South Africa where precisely the line of censure was to be drawn; and, in the second place, we are almost certain that the resolution, if not carried, would at least have been better supported than the actual resolution. Such a professional politician as Mr. MacDonald might have been supposed to be capable of reading the signs of opinion in this direction long before the debate itself took place; and their manifestation during the debate was nothing short of remarkable. The "Times," for example, from the first news of the deportations, did more even than reserve judgment until General Botha's defence should appear; it declared that only the most proven peril could justify such a step. And when General Botha's defence was published, the "Times" comment on the deportations was to the effect that their necessity was, to say the least, very doubtful. Is Mr. MacDonald so ignorant of his trade that he is not aware that a hint like this was a hint to be taken? He did not surely expect the Government to confide to him that in their view the deportations were beyond excuse! Yet, for political experts, the announcement in the "Times" was no less than this. Again, it was obvious long before the debate, that all the Liberal journals here, without a single exception, were prepared to condemn the deportations at the same time that they were prepared to assent to the Indemnity Bill proper. Was this hint, too, lost upon our great political expert? Did he dream that our Liberal Press would be unanimous against the wish of the Government? The collusion was too significant to be uninspired or without meaning; and its plain meaning was that our own Government would have been glad of a popular excuse for declining assent to deportations without trial.

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We know that to partisans (such as Mr. MacDonald is always lecturing) the view that our Cabinet could possibly object to the deportations must appear ridiculous. But Mr. MacDonald knows better; and, if he does not, the remarks of Mr. Harcourt must open his eyes. For though the Press has not commented on them they are really of such a character as to be almost startling in their implied condemnation of the action of the South African Government. Mr. Harcourt was careful to say that his permission as Secretary of the Colonies was only asked for the deportations when it was too late to withhold it; and he was equally careful to say that Lord Gladstone, our Governor in Africa, had been similarly placed. Now would he have made these statements, voluntary as they were, unnecessary as they were, indiscreet as they must appear to the

South African Government, if his intention had been to defend General Botha? It stands to our reason, we must say, that under those circumstances he would not only have concealed the fact (had it been a fact) that neither he nor Lord Gladstone had been consulted, but he would have given Parliament to suppose that he approved of them. But he did neither, and in unmistakable terms. He not only did not conceal his ignorance of the doings of the South African Government, but he expressly denied that either he or Lord Gladstone approved of them. Mr. MacDonald may draw what inferences he likes from this evidence; but the inference we draw is that neither Lord Gladstone nor the Cabinet at home, however they might agree about martial law, could or would have consented with their foreknowledge to the deportations.

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And there are reasons for this attitude of theirs, quite apart from the sentimental reasons that fools may attribute to them. The deportations are in themselves the very foolish act of which a self-governing dominion can be guilty. They cannot bring industrial peace, but are, on the contrary, a sure means of keeping industrial war alive. Deported leaders are nearly always powerful leaders, and in their very absence lies their strength. Our Cabinet is not so ignorant of history that it does not know this; nor is it so stupid as not to be aware that the reaction will come in South Africa when the complaisance of England with the deportations will appear in the light of treachery. For Africa, be it noted, is already divided upon the subject. General Hertzog, for one, a most powerful politician and anti-British at heart, was opposed to the deportations. So is Mr. Merriman. It is probable, we should say, that at the coming Autumn elections the South African Government may be dismissed in consequence of the deportations—and how will the British Government appear then? Further than this, it is certain that there will be reaction in England. Unless every Liberal is a hardened and abandoned liar, a large part of the party cannot stand by and see the principles of Liberalism smashed by the creature of their legislation. They cannot forget, if even the Tories can, that two hundred millions of money and thirty thousand British lives were spent to compel Kruger to refrain from doing no more than a quarter of what General Botha has done. Was there no appreciation of this in the marvellous political mind of Mr. MacDonald? But there was in the minds of at least a half of the members of the Cabinet!

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And, as the "Times" says, still more serious questions were involved. The most serious, perhaps, is that of the limits of autonomy in the case of the self-governing dominions. We certainly shall not be accused of wishing to restrict unduly the responsibilities of the corporate members of the Empire, since to the category of autonomous bodies we would add, as our readers know, the great industrial guilds of the nation—yes, and preserve them in their charters through thick and thin. But an autonomous body within a larger body can only be relatively independent; for its absolute independence ceases with the limits of its charter. But what are the limits within which the autonomy of the Dominions is confined? It would be well, perhaps, if the question were never raised in a practical manner, for the incident of the tea-party at Boston can never be forgotten, nor how the limits of the two areas were then fixed. On the other hand, without limits of any kind, the Empire is simply an illusion, cemented by words and constructed of lies. Is that what all the flag-wagging has been about? Does the Empire mean no more than that? It will be seen, however, that Mr. Harcourt was practically driven into this universal and negative position through the simple stupidity of Mr. MacDonald. Faced with the choice between agreeing with Mr. MacDonald's ill-considered resolution and assenting to the Indemnity Act, deportation clauses and all, Mr. Harcourt, however anxious to except these latter from consent, had really no alternative but to

swallow General Botha's demands holus-bolus. That they were unpalatable Mr. Harcourt made clear; that a majority of the House even would have reserved the deportation clauses we think probable; but what is certain is that by accepting the whole Bill and under such circumstances, the Imperial Parliament has now committed itself to a precedent not of regulated but of un-regulated autonomy for the Dominions, tantamount in its effect to the abdication of the smallest power of control. This moral, indeed, was drawn by Sir Gilbert Parker, a Canadian, in the brief discussion that followed Mr. Harcourt's speech. "A momentous pronouncement," he declared it; and nobody with an eye beyond to-day will deny that the description is just.

It is useless to speculate on what practical deductions the other Dominions may draw from the successful revolt of South Africa from British traditions and our own abdication of authority to deal with it. Time will doubtless bring home to us its consequences. But, for the sake of Labour politicians in the future (if, as we fear, the wretched breed is to continue), we may comment on the failure of Mr. MacDonald. We have no doubt whatever that in letting down the Government, as he thought, lightly, he fancied himself a very subtle fellow on whom the larger appeals of Empire had not been lost. He would show the world that though a Labour man and therefore (if he only knew it) honourably bound to speak for his class on this occasion, he could transcend their narrow views and rise to the heights of statesmanship. Never was there a worse occasion for his statesmanship, and never before has his failure in statesmanship been more complete. For we repeat that England expected on this occasion that the Labour Party would do its duty! What other party in the State could voice the protest of England without peril to the Empire but the Labour Party? Had the protest been initiated by either the Liberal or the Tory Party officially or even by group, the fat would have been in the fire, and the Dominion parties would have closed up and the curfew would have rung for the Imperial lights to be put out. Both parties instinctively knew that this was the situation and the Press and leaders of each were busy in anticipating it. But what could not safely be done by either of the governing parties could be, and as they hoped in their hearts, would be, done by the Labour Party. The Labour Party had no Imperial significance; its protest, however loud, would have imperilled nothing. On the other hand, had its protest been loud enough, the voice of England might have been heard behind it and yet without the open collusion of any official party. Thus General Botha might have been moved to reconsider his blunder and, while absolving Parliament from any offence, have withdrawn the deportations to the satisfaction of the whole English world and the laying of an Imperial problem now momentarily opened. Unfortunately, our cunning little Labour politician, eaten up with snobbery and having all the feelings of a cad towards his own class, must needs take the warnings addressed to the Liberal and Tory Parties as warnings addressed to *him*. Though not in their position of responsibility and though professedly and in the sight of all men the spokesman of the English working-folk and of no party in particular, he must needs think that the statesmanship of the other parties was his also. The other parties, it is obvious, cannot but praise him, since apish sycophancy is still a form of flattery; but respect him—it is not in human nature! There is no respect possible for Mr. James MacDonald. In mitigation of his snobbery, however, must be placed as a contributing cause of his failure his fanatical hatred of Syndicalism. What the man means by it is beyond his power to explain; but whatever it is, he stands towards it as Sir William Bull stands towards Socialism. Mark how this intellectual, this brain of Labour, this Marx-Bebel-Jaurès rolled into one, treats the charge of Syndicalism brought against the Trade Union leaders of South Africa! Does he pause to consider whether the

charge is true or even probable? Does he anxiously inquire whether, even if Syndicalism exists in South Africa (which it does not), it is the Syndicalism made known to him by the "Daily Express" and other organs of the higher sociology? Not he; the word is enough, and, before you can say knife, he is denouncing Syndicalism as "the worst enemy of organised labour," pronouncing Syndicalism to be the cause of the strike in South Africa, and apologising while professing to plead for his colleagues whose sin is only more honourable than his own. The sight of Mr. MacDonald excusing men whose character is at least one of manliness is, let us hope, the nethermost depth of political Labour's humiliation.

Nothing, however, is settled that is not settled right; and we may certainly expect that both here and in South Africa the event of the deportation without trial and without guilt of nine Trade Union leaders will have its sequel. In England, if Mr. MacDonald does not move hell to stop it, the tour of the deported men will, we imagine, stir up the Labour movement to do what Mr. MacDonald was too much of a flunkey to do—namely, to compel the Government, secretly or openly, to "advise" General Botha to re-admit the ostracised leaders and to pay them such compensation as he can. Nothing short of the return in honour of the deported men can satisfy, we are sure, either the sense of justice or the sense of pride which are in our race. General Botha may have been to Oxford, General Smuts may be British in all but race and name; both may imagine that England, now that Parliament has consented, will consent to their act of hostility; but, were they English indeed, they would realise that until that act is reversed it will be neither forgotten nor forgiven. Do they remember how Majuba stuck in the gizzards of the English for twenty years? Fought on February 27, 1881, it rankled in the English mind until it was wiped out by the events of 1900. It is an ominous coincidence that a fresh defeat of the British—this time our civil traditions—at the hands of the Boers will culminate on the same date in February this year when nine white men will land on our shores kicked out from South Africa for no offence known in any civilised law.

But we have quite a good reason for supposing that the event is not dead in South Africa either. The possible fall of General Botha's ministry, the resignation in disgust of Lord Gladstone, the significant division of opinion in all parties there, are political matters of some importance to those who trouble about such things. But infinitely more important are facts of another kind within our knowledge. As we ventured to guess before ever a cable could reach us, the expense of the whole Botha-bouffe has been too much for South Africa. *It will never happen again*. According to the "Rand Daily Mail" the bare cost of the citizen army was £40,000 a day. Another fifty thousand per day was lost in gold production. In Johannesburg alone the liquor trade calculated its losses at £7,000 a day; and the wail of the retail dealers, who complain that they have been squeezed dry, is pitiable. On the other hand, it is not likely that the deportation of nine men out of ninety thousand leaves the proletariat without potential leaders. We have evidence, indeed, that the leaders who are now preparing to take the place of the deported leaders are in as much advance of these as these are of themselves of only a few years ago. Events teach, and the Labour movement of South Africa as well as General Botha can profit by them. Thus we have, on the one side, a determination never to incur the expense of such a strike suppression again; and, on the other, a determination to repeat the cause, if cause it was. Who can doubt that here are the elements of a compromise, and of a compromise favourable to the men? But the first condition even of such a compromise is the repeal of the deportation clauses of the Indemnity Act and the re-admission of the exiled men.

Current Cant.

"Mr. Justice Eve, in the Chancery Division yesterday, 'Some people think that the less you look at these old masters the better. Old masters—Velazquez and so on. What were they? I should turn them into cash if they were mine.' (Laughter.)"—"Daily Mail," February 12.

"Mr. Dooley is one of the greatest modern writers of English."—RUDYARD KIPLING.

"My relations with foreign Powers. . . My Government. . . My negotiations. . ."—KING GEORGE.

"The people are looking to the churches to solve the dark problems of existence."—REV. CHARLES JOSEPH.

"The Press can, perhaps, do more than politicians to soften the temper of parties . . . it can proclaim a truce of God."—"The Star."

"Official Liberalism has come, not without difficulty, to an appreciation of the question of what the future of the British Race is to be."—The "Times."

"We English are the most adaptable people in the world."—"The Spectator."

"Oh for one hour of Great Botha in Great Britain. There was no Larkin with Labour loot where Boers are the bosses."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"The working man is selfish, foul-mouthed, ill-behaved, and violent."—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

"Progress is the order of the day, and we are of the opinion that the passing by Parliament of the Daylight Saving Bill would be another rung in the ladder of Progress."—The "Leytonstone Express."

"F. E. Smith's brilliant career is but opening. . ."—A. P. NICOLSON, in the "Nineteenth Century."

"The journalist must be in earnest, he must dream dreams and see visions."—J. S. R. PHILLIPS.

"The working man has more time to-day than ever he had."—REV. W. COLLETT.

"Knowing how Mr. Frank Harris justifies his Christian name. . ."—"Daily Mirror."

"The Crown remains unbribable, unassailable, powerful, and still broad-based upon the people's will."—"Daily Express."

"We have the essentially British instinct for law and liberty which detests everything that savours of Muscovite arbitrariness and of not playing the game."—LUCIEN WOLF in the "Graphic."

"Happily, the business world is as vitally interested in the production of pupils of the right type as the Educationist is, or ought to be. . . Happily, a good start has already been made in many quarters for securing co-operation between the school and employer."—CLOUDSLEY BRERETON in the "Contemporary Review."

"Not even the proceedings instituted against Crippen after his dramatic flight and capture could equal the sensational tension of the Sumner case."—"Liverpool Courier."

"The United States, with a vast area, bangs, bolts and bars the door against free immigration."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"The King's Speech has transformed the whole political situation."—The "Star."

"The clanging of a tram-car bell in the Jerusalem streets is to us, not a warning of the coming of the vandals, but a sign of progress."—"Jewish Chronicle."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

LAST week a curt telegram from Constantinople announced that an imperial iradé had been issued, formally sanctioning the arrangement reached by Sir Edward Grey and Hakki Pasha in London a few months ago. This is the latest proceeding in connection with the Bagdad railway; and, like every previous step in the negotiations, it has left the Triple Entente a little weaker and Germany and her allies a little stronger. England now consents to the extension of the line to Bassora—our face is saved by the provision that the extension shall not be undertaken without our consent. England gives up all claim to participation in the construction of the railway, and merely asks that she shall be represented on the board of directors by two members, who will see, as far as possible, that no rates likely to damage British interests are imposed.

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Only one grain of comfort, a very small one, is left us. Turkey is assured of the sovereign rights she has exercised over the Sheik of Koweit, that little domain bordering on the Persian Gulf; but, in return for this recognition of her suzerainty, she recognises the "autonomy" of the Sheik—a pleasant splitting of words, meaning that so long as England can maintain her supremacy in the Persian Gulf and the adjacent waters the Turkish Government will not attempt to interfere with the Sheik of Koweit. The rights of the English shipping companies concerned are also "safeguarded."

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France is no longer a party to these negotiations; for so far back as 1909 the French Government decided to devote its energies to looking after the more important French interests concerned in the Tripoli-Homs-Bagdad section of the line, leaving the Bagdad-Gulf section to England. These latter negotiations have not come to a conclusion, or anything like one, and Djavid Bey and the German financiers are still discussing the various of the line in Berlin. Since the Balkan war a new country has come on the scene, and Italy now claims her rights as a conqueror and demands participation in the Syrian railways. Her demand has already been granted in principle, and it is now known that the task of the French Foreign Minister will be much more complicated than the Government expected four years ago.

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I have already referred to the concessions which the Powers expect to get from Turkey for the exploitation of Asia Minor—concessions, indeed, which have in many cases been granted already. The railway privileges, although they are highly important, must be reckoned as only part of other privileges which will in the course of time prove much more valuable. The Germans, for example, have the concession for exploiting the forests "in the neighbourhood" of the Bagdad railway—an elastic term of which full advantage is now being taken. It may be assumed that the coal and other mines near the route will not be neglected as soon as capital can be raised. The German Government always works with the next four or five generations in view, and its acquisition of the Bagdad line is only part of a very well-laid scheme.

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Of Italy, France, and this country the same remark cannot be made. The German Government has one advantage over the countries just mentioned in that the feelings of the ruled need not be taken into consideration. Our own foreign policy is fairly continuous, but an election may cause a good and strong minister to be displaced for a weaker man. This, of course, has happened in France time and again since, in the 'eighties, Germany set seriously to work on the Bagdad scheme; and the coming and going of French Ambassadors and Foreign Ministers had a disastrous effect on

the policy of France in the Near East. At one time the French populace appeared to favour a strong forward policy in Asia Minor; at another time a spirit of distrust fell upon the people, and fears of the sudden advance of a German force, or of trickery by the Spaniards in Morocco, or of an alteration in the attitude of England, resulted in a change of policy. The German Government never allowed itself to be disturbed in this way. I am not insisting that this is a good method of rule if it be generally applied: no doubt I shall be told that social reforms in England and France have made greater progress under more enlightened forms of administration.

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The country that knows its own mind and is prepared to support its designs by forceful means is at a great advantage in the Near East as compared with countries which pursue a vacillating policy. Italy is a newcomer in Syria, but whatever she may decide to do is not likely to interfere with the plans of her powerful "ally" in the north—how these alleged allies love one another! The Germans think that Italy should have stuck to Tripoli. On the other hand, France and England have been known in Asia Minor for years, and their recent policy there has detracted considerably from their none too large prestige. They will be able to develop the small interests they have, no doubt; but they will do so in future with the knowledge that German officers are in command of the Turkish army and that Russia is too busily occupied with Armenia and with Persia to furnish them with assistance on the spot in time of trouble.

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I may as well mention here what the next step in Germany's foreign policy is to be—her foreign policy, I mean, so far as Asia Minor is concerned. In connection with the Morocco dispute Germany made us familiar with the ominous expression "compensations," and in the same way she is likely to impress upon us the different meanings which may be attached to the phrases "sphere of interest," "enclave," and "zone." It is the last word, I think, which is likely to give rise to the greatest amount of discussion. In brief, Germany is about to seek a zone of territory on either side of the Bagdad line which shall give her as much authority there as is now being exercised by the United States for a specified distance on either side of the Panama Canal. It is no longer sufficient for the German Government that the Bagdad railway shall, for the most part, be German-owned and German-managed; it must run through territory which is as much German as is the soil on which the Sans Souci Palace is built. This introduces an entirely new factor into Near Eastern affairs; but a factor which is certain to be discussed with acrimony during the next few years.

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As a complement to the development of railway lines (and, in consequence, the development of land also) in Asia Minor, an agreement has already been reached between the Greek Government and a French Company, the Société des Batignolles, whereby a new railway of great international importance and strategic value will be built in the new Greek territory annexed as a result of the Balkan war. This new line is to link up the railway at present running to Larissa with some convenient point on the Oriental Railway—Verria, perhaps, which is on the line to Salonika. It will in consequence be possible to travel from Paris to Athens, via Uskub and Nish in two days and a half. (Since the Servians took over Nish the Turkish name has been changed back to the old Servian form of Skoplje.)

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Following upon this, of course, it is hoped that the traffic to India may be diverted from Calais-Brindisi to Calais-Athens; and, even if this scheme cannot be immediately proceeded with, there remains ample opportunity of economic development in Epirus and Northern Greece.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

AMONG my military recollections is one of a promising young officer reproved by a senior member of the General Staff for reading Schopenhauer. Schopenhauer, according to the wisdom of Camberley, was morbid and unprofitable. Far better were the time devoted to "professional literature," by which term I suppose the aspirant is to understand the "Red book," or one of those studies of campaigns upon the geometrical system beloved of Hamley, in which a happy lack of imagination and general incapacity to think have permitted some text-book writing hack to discourse learnedly upon "lines" and "positions" and "communications" and "re-entrants," and every conceivable thing except what matters—the skill and energy of officers and men. Well, well! A light is thrown upon our Staff by all this kind of thing.

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The young officer's idea was perfectly correct, although I do not think that he was wise in his choice of Schopenhauer. He saw that to understand soldiering you must understand life—which may seem rather a large order, but is an indispensable one. The biggest fool of a foolish time is the specialist. You cannot shut off the things of this world into water-tight compartments, labelling one "Religion," and the other "Philosophy," and the third "Soldiering," and the fourth "Art," and so on. To understand any one department one must acquire at any rate a working knowledge of all. The man who confines himself to one subject—who, like our friend from Camberley, reads nothing but "professional literature"—forces himself into a groove. And grooves lead inevitably to error.

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It is a failure to grasp this important fact which is to blame for the modern cult of the specialist—the "expert," as he is called. It is seen that the subject is large and complicated. It is seen that to practise in it requires a long and intimate acquaintance with the details of which it is composed. So much for the one side of the medal on which we are so fond of gazing. The obverse, however, is not less striking. Thereon you find it written that it is easy not to see the wood for the trees: that the great mistakes of history have originated not in some error of detail (for such are comparatively easy to repair, and are soon detected because so many persons are looking for them), but in a false assumption at the root of the problem—some omission so gigantic that everybody took it for granted, and those who did perceive it scarcely dared to question it. Now since the specialist is nearly always immersed in detail—and, indeed, it is his business to be so—it is upon the man with a knowledge less minute, but more far-reaching, that we rely for the correction of these fundamental mistakes—upon the man who can see things as a whole, who has not lost sight of the wood, and who understands the place of the wood in a yet larger system. Such men are never too common. Today they are less common than usual because we deliberately discourage them.

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The classic instance of the specialist's failure is found in the Revolutionary epoch. The close of the eighteenth century found the standing armies of Europe in the control of men who knew the details of their business as thoroughly as anyone can ever hope to know them. War had been, or was thought to have been, reduced to a science. Every possible contingency had been foreseen—and provided for. Persons of considerable knowledge, both theoretical and practical, had enumerated every move and the counter to it. The teachers of Ju-jitsu who will show you how to break an opponent's neck with your thumb and forefinger, and will then show your opponent how to smash your right ankle as soon as you try to do it, are not more omniscient. To imagine the helplessness of the military pundits of

1792-3, confronted with the Revolution, we must imagine a Ju-jitsu wrestler acquainted with all the moves that are open to a man fighting with his naked hands, suddenly confronted by an opponent with a rifle—with a possibility, that is, which they had not provided for because it seemed to them either impossible or outside the rules of the game. It is obvious that in such circumstances the more acquainted with Ju-jitsu a wrestler was, and the more steeped in Ju-jitsu traditions he had become, the less likely he would be to foresee the rifle contingency or to provide for it. All his art would not be worth a little common sense and the most amateurish acquaintance with the possibilities of rifles.

Now it is the problem of the future not how to make our officers more learned—they are already about as learned in their profession as Englishmen are likely to be—but how to cultivate their grip of reality, their knowledge of men, their power of using their wits and adapting themselves to circumstances—powers which are apt to become atrophied by years of routine in time of peace. I am told by my optimistic friends that the Englishman already possesses these qualities in abnormal measure, and that they will reappear at the first breath of danger just as they appeared in the Indian Mutiny and the Napoleonic wars. It may be; but I should like to point out that those events took place before the British subaltern had been compelled to deaden his brains by "professional literature." The England of those days had two classes of officer. One read—and read well—philosophy, poetry, history and what not; in short, all the contents of those country-house libraries which he founded, and which—significant fact—are not being renewed. The other did not read at all. But he lived and moved among men. He had a working knowledge of all classes, and was, through the medium of grooms and pugilists, in considerable sympathy with the lowest class from which his men were drawn. If he lived in India, he had often acquired administrative experience of a remarkable nature. He had organised armies, conducted negotiations and overturned thrones. In either case, therefore, the officer was a man of the world in the best sense of the term. His successor surpasses him in acquaintance with the niceties of drill and fieldwork and in a knowledge of the latest fads of the military schools. But if in the hour of trial that knowledge fails—as a considerable part of it is bound to fail—I doubt whether he would be equally capable of improvising methods suitable to the situation.

Acquaintance with detail, unless it is corrected by knowledge of essentials, deadens as much as it enlightens. That knowledge of essentials, so far as it can be acquired from books at all, is to be sought in wide and catholic reading. I do not mean that the soldier must be a competent literary critic. Matter must be his aim rather than the form in which it is presented. But both in theory and practice officers should be encouraged to put themselves in touch with life. The way not to make soldiers is to isolate them on Salisbury Plain and tie them down to "professional literature."

I see that my Hebrew antagonist has returned to the charge with a demand that should justify my dislike of his people. I have neither time nor space to do so, nor does the case demand that I should. Our controversy turned not upon whether Jews were nice or nasty, but upon whether contributors to the Press have the right of expressing an opinion in the matter. I contend that they have. I can express opinions relative to Catholics, Protestants, Turks, and infidels without arousing a tempest of silly and unmanly squealing, and it should be the same with Jews. It is quite intolerable that in an age when neither tradition nor sacrament inspires reverence, and when freedom of speech is alleged to be within the right of everyone, that immunity from criticism which has been denied to God should be revived for the benefit of an obscure tribe of Asiatics.

The Fate of Turkey and Islam.

By Ali Fahmy Mohamed.

IV.

The Egyptian Nationalist Party.

I THINK it is necessary to explain here a force in Egyptian politics which has had the greatest influence, directly and indirectly, on the fortunes of Turkey. For it must not be forgotten that Cairo has become, more especially since 1907, the centre—the metropolis—of all sorts of Oriental intrigues and counter-intrigues. As a country occupied by the troops of a foreign Power, there is in Egypt, naturally, a Nationalist movement to drive the foreign usurper out of the motherland. In the Akaba incident of 1906, which nearly caused a war between England and Turkey, the Egyptians naturally sided with Turkey and the masses. We believed that the Turkish Saviour was coming to drive the unbelievers out of the land. In fact Al-Ghazi Mokhtar Pasha announced in the "Al-Lewa" that 100,000 Ottoman troops were camping near Akaba, and that his son, Mahmud Pasha Mukhtar, was to march at their head right to Cairo. Matters thus became more complicated, Lord Cromer became more obstinate, and the British fleet was hurried to the Levant. Although the affair was peacefully settled, a campaign was begun in the English Press against the "ungrateful Egyptians," perhaps not without reason. For England was surprised to find that all Egypt turned so suddenly against her and sided with the Turks whom she considered to have ruined Egypt, while she (England) had saved the Nile Valley from anarchy and chaos, and had endowed it with prosperity. In short, the Egyptians were punished for their ingratitude in the Denshawi Incident, by hanging four unfortunate peasants and sentencing many others to various terms of penal servitude and flogging; for the nominal cause that an English officer, a certain Captain Bull, died of sunstroke after having been beaten by the unfortunate villagers whose pigeons he tried to shoot without their permission. This affair was destined to have an unfortunate effect on Egyptian politics and the Anglophobe movement. A sharp but admirable Press campaign was carried out in the Egyptian Press, and we, the youthful generation of the land, were easily convinced that everything good was done by our compatriots, the elder Egyptians, and everything bad was done by the English. Not only had we the example of Denshawi, but here had obvious failures in all educational institutions and other departments, for which the Nationalist Press advocated a remedy to which the English displayed their objection. We had not been given sufficient and progressive history—at school—to train us in the evolution of nations; and we accordingly believed that the English were the curse of the land and that every evil done not only in Egypt, but in the whole East, was caused by them. And thus every movement unfavourable to the English was always applauded by the public—the ignorant and innocent public! To us in Egypt the friendly relations between England and Turkey were not only a bad omen for Egypt, but for Turkey, too. We all believed that England had no business in the East except to destroy Islam, and exploit the resources of Mahomedan countries; and that she would do nothing to help Islam or any Moslem people unless she was paid for it, in manifold.

At that time, I wrote two articles in "Misr-el-Fatat" entitled "The Warnings of History"; and these caused much sensation. The subject of one of these, which was in six columns, was the rôle played by Great Britain in the Berlin Congress; how she betrayed Turkey, who was then her ally by virtue of the Cyprus Convention; and brought about the dismemberment of the Ottoman dominion in the manner already mentioned. I do not remember exactly the subject of the other article, but it tended to the same conclusion, namely, that the faith of English politics could not be relied upon.

Up till that time, I did not go beyond the Oriental method of theories. I then believed that everybody, high or low, who advocated reform was devoted to the cause of reform. I knew nobody working in politics except the enthusiasts of the Nationalist Party; but I remember well that when I was invited to a wedding of a friend of mine, I recorded in my pocket-book some names of notables and others whom I meant to approach with my political ideas. We chatted, at the wedding, on politics, and praise was lavishly bestowed on those who were serving the Nationalist cause. Among those I approached were two of the most noted Egyptian politicians, namely, Mahmud Bey Anis, a member of the managing committee of the Nationalist Party, and Hassan Musa Al-Akkad, who played an important part in the old Nationalist movement. I laid before them my two plans: first, the solution of the Egyptian question by means of arbitration—a European Congress—which aimed at the substitution of the English occupation by a Turkish or an international garrison and the internationalisation of the Egyptian administration, in such a manner that the whole arrangement would result in the neutralisation of Egypt; second, that Egypt should be represented in the Ottoman Chamber. I found Mahmud Bey Anis with a weekly paper that has since praised him to the highest heaven; and he began to complain to me of the attacks on himself, but he did not expend much courtesy or generosity on the editor of that paper. But when I began to speak on the two public subjects, the talk was unconsciously turned to the weekly paper; and it was in vain that I tried to set before him a plan to go in deputation to Constantinople.

When I talked to Hassan Al-Akkad about my two subjects he interrupted me in every line, and raised all sorts of objections to every point. He said that the best plan was to go back to the ideas which he advocated in 1870-1880, so I departed. I could no longer have any faith in members of the Nationalist Party, who rejected every plan I laid before them. It was apparent to me that merely to go on shouting, in the open air, for a Constitution or evacuation would not have any practical result. The English authorities gave the Nationalists the impression that the Khedive had the Constitution in his hands, and they accordingly began to challenge the Khedive and his Court. Farid Bey, in the first speech after his election as leader of the Party, warned his Highness by citing the example of the fate of Louis XVI when he hesitated and refused to grant a Constitution. It was stated that the Khedive could not sleep for several nights after that speech was made, for fear that national enthusiasm had reached a climax of fury.

It was at that time, more especially immediately after the Khedive's return from his state visit to London in 1908, that I began to write to him my letters, imploring him to put a stop to intrigues against the Nationalist Party, and to use his influence to get the management of the Party into more competent hands. For this absolutely justifiable action, I was despised by the Nationalist leaders on the one hand, and sometimes threatened, at other times flattered, by the Courtiers, who began then to exercise a powerful influence over his Highness. They told me plainly that the Khedive had entirely ceased to mix in politics; and advised me to attend to my own affairs. It became clear to everybody that the new alliance, which was called the "Entente Regime," between the Court and Sir E. Gorst, was established, and that it allowed the Court an extensive power to frustrate the Nationalist Party, in the Oriental method, in lieu of certain concessions. Then Farid Bey wrote his two immortal articles entitled: "What People Say," in which he openly said that the Khedive had contracted a private loan of £3,000,000 with an English firm, payable on the day that the English evacuated Egypt, and that his Highness was no longer interested in the public welfare beyond its effect on his income from his private estates.

At that time, too, there was much development of

foreign intrigues in Egypt against England. It was rumoured that Germany was desperately struggling to regain her influence in Constantinople, and that her intrigues extended to the banks of the Nile. It was said that after she had demonstrated her anger with the Young Turks in the matters of Bulgaria's independence and the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, she promised the Young Turks to get them compensation by wresting Egypt from England, if the Young Turks would bring about the downfall of Kiamel Pasha, the avowed pro-English Grand Vizier. Baron Oppenheim, Hon. Councillor of the German Legation in Cairo, was rumoured to be influencing certain Egyptians to inaugurate an anti-English propaganda, and Farid Bey's visit to Germany that summer made the rumour credible. Other Egyptians known to be Nationalists, such as Hofez Bey Ramagan, the Cairo Advocate, and Yousif Bey El-Moulhi, the notorious sequestrator of "Al-Lewa" (who was the Court's underling in frustrating the Nationalist Party), visited Germany, too, on a political mission.

The Cabinet Council.

By Conclavist.

THE Premier: Gentlemen, I have called you together to-day so that you might present reports of your various departments. With the changes which are about to occur I thought it would be profitable to all concerned, both those who are quitting and those who are exchanging office to hear a general outline of the matters at present engaging their departments. This will enable you, to some extent at least, to familiarise yourselves with questions which you may be called upon to answer in the House or on the platform. We will first take the report of the Home Office. Mr. McKenna.

Mr. McKenna: Mr. Premier and Gentlemen, I am pleased to report that the militant movement of the Suffragettes is dying rapidly.

The Premier: From the application of the Cat and Mouse Act?

Mr. McKenna: Oh, no, Sir. Neither that measure nor forcible feeding would have killed the movement. The Press notices enjoyed by those women subjected to forcible feeding or the in-and-out-of-prison treatment would always have kept up the supply of heroines anxious for the advertisement of martyrdom. But from the moment one of the leaders proclaimed herself an authority on the subject of pox the militant movement began to decline. So, Sir, we may reasonably anticipate an early dissolution of the movement.

The Premier: That, I think, Gentlemen, is a most satisfactory report. In addition, it appears most fitting that as it was these Pankhurst creatures who created the movement, so they are the proper people to kill the thing. We will next take the report of the L.G.B. Mr. Burns.

Mr. Burns: Mr. Premier and Gentlemen, seeing that I am about to have a successor at the office of the L.G.B., I am delighted at this opportunity of informing him of the matter I have in hand at present. There is every prospect of my new Star Chamber method for the internal management of workhouses getting into operation without the knowledge of the general public.

The Premier: What do you expect will be the result, Mr. President?

Mr. Burns: Well, really, Sir, I cannot say for certain. But I was hoping that under my new system we should be able to kill off five paupers for every three we kill off at present. Of course, Gentlemen, that is nothing like what we could accomplish if we had the lethal chamber, or the free use of prussic acid. But I am afraid we dare not at the moment risk the introduction of these. The masses unfortunately have not yet reached that stage when they will view with indifference the destruction of the surplus poor as they do surplus dogs and cats. Still, Sir, I am pleased

to say everything is steadily tending in that direction. The constant pressure which we are applying to the working classes will eventually force the man of twenty-five to support us, when he sees that no one will employ his fifty-year-old father, and he is left with no choice but to kill or keep him. I feel convinced he will view the destruction of his father without regret. That prospect I feel sure, Sir, will gladden the hearts of my successor and the Chancellor.

The Premier: A capital report, Gentlemen. Let us all hope the new President of the L.G.B. will carry to a successful conclusion the good work so happily initiated by the old one.

Mr. Samuel: I will do my best, Sir.

Mr. Asquith: I am sure you will. These paupers are a terrible burden on our rates and must be thinned out. I think we may safely leave their destruction in the hands of the new president. Why a manual having reached the age of fifty and being of no further use to any employer should hesitate to die, is one of those things I could never understand. However, now we know what action is being taken against them, we may reasonably hope to see a steady reduction in old and middle-aged men of the manual class. We will now hear what the Chief Secretary has to say. Mr. Birrell.

Mr. Birrell: Mr. Premier and Friends, I am happy to say, on the whole, the situation in Ireland is greatly improved. In Dublin, thanks to a felicitous combination of priests, police, politicians and publicans, Larkinism has been crushed and the revolt of labour defeated. And further, thanks again to carefully selected juries and magistrates, we have succeeded in preventing anyone being made amenable for the murders of the men Byrne and Nolan and the girl Brady. During that late trouble it was delightful to see how all those in authority worked together. The Lord Lieutenant, myself, Archbishop Walsh and his clergy, Mr. Murphy, and Jacobs the Jew, Mr. Dillon, Nugent and his Hibernians, the Orange gentry of the Kildare Street Club—we all had one aim and object—to confine 100,000 souls to one-roomed tenements, and we have succeeded admirably. But, unfortunately, Gentlemen, this happy, open combination between Dublin Castle and the Romish priest is viewed with alarm in the Northern Counties. It has undoubtedly strengthened the demand of the Protestant working men for separate treatment. They are apprehensive that in an industrial dispute in Belfast the Catholic priests, as in Dublin, would join the master class against the workers and, with the support of a National executive sitting in College Green, would crush out all efforts of Labour to better its condition. I have, therefore, Mr. Premier, somewhat reluctantly, I confess, come to the conclusion that we shall be forced to give the four Northern Counties something like Home Rule within Home Rule. Being a Nonconformist I do not contemplate with pleasure the possibility of any community being placed under the heel of clericalism. Actual persecution I do not fear. There is really no danger of that. But actual repression, the stifling of the voice of the people; active opposition to mental development and the acquisition of greater independence amongst the working classes I do apprehend. I therefore think, for the protection of the Northern Catholics themselves against the tyranny of clericalism, some special arrangements regarding Ulster should be made.

My solution of the problem would be: A council representing the four Northern Counties sitting in Belfast, possessing the right of veto on all legislation which they thought injurious to themselves, for a matter of twenty years. At the expiration of that time we should have a new generation of Irishmen who had learned to act for themselves, without the direction of the clergy on either side. These men I have no doubt would join together and put down all clerical pretensions to power. That I venture to offer as a solution of the Ulster problem.

Mr. Asquith: Gentlemen, I think the suggestion of the Chief Secretary is excellent; much better than Sir H. Plunkett's and others I have heard. I will submit it

to Mr. Redmond, who I know at bottom has no particular love for the priest in politics. We will now take the report of the Chancellor. Mr. George.

Mr. Lloyd George: Mr. Premier, Friends and Enemies. Since our last gathering here I have participated in a most exhilarating series of events. Amongst other things I have been to Glasgow. On my way thereto I stopped at Carlisle and told the jumpers of the border town that I would free them from the last vestige of feudalism. And they were fools enough to believe it. Of course, I did not explain that I intended to substitute for the conventions of aristocracy the manacles of plutocracy; and the men of Cumberland have not gumption to scent it for themselves.

I then proceeded to Glasgow and had great sport. I called one duke a liar and the son of another duke a sharp. This latter fellow was trying to pose as a flat. But I was not taking either him or his property at his valuation. I have a valuation of my own for everyone and everything. If anyone dare refuse to accept it, I say: "Yah—you're a son of Ananias." Neat, aint it?

Mr. Burns: Rats!

Mr. Lloyd George: Ah: that is just like the President. Not even five thousand a year has enabled him to cultivate a taste that can appreciate such exquisite wit as mine. Ah, well, the connection between pearls and swine still holds good. As I was saying, Sir, these Scotchmen are queer folk. They pose before the world as being men of penetration. Well, they had before them "The People's Small Holdings Act," "The People's Budget," and "The People's Insurance Act." All frauds, as you know; so patent, indeed, that even the Cow of Lendrum could see through them. And yet, such is the power of codology, my fairy tale about land taxes was gulped down by these Scotchmen as eagerly as their native toddy unsweetened. When I returned to London I discovered Ramsay MacDonald sitting weeping on my doorstep fit to break his heart. Poor fellow, he was in a terrible state as to the course he should pursue regarding these deported Labour men from South Africa. I took him in to breakfast and sat him down to some porridge, and such was the flood of tears which fell into the browse that he found the use of milk unnecessary. He declared that he would rather be out of the country when these men arrived; and hinted that we might create some kind of a Commission on which we could give him a seat. Like all of us his appetite has evidently been whetted. At first I was inclined to oblige him and suggested a Commission to ascertain the exact relation between the dog-star and the dog-fish. But then I reflected. MacDonald can be most useful to us in the House, so I rallied him to come and move a resolution and put up a furious speech. "That's all very fine for you," he retorted. "But anything I may say now will be cast in my teeth when I take office." "Never mind, my dear fellow," said I. "Look at Burns." Thus encouraged, he consented to come down and play his part. So you will take anything he says at its true valuation.

Mr. Churchill: That's all very interesting—but what about finance?

Mr. Lloyd George: Finance?

Mr. Churchill: Yes, finance! That's your department. Have you forgotten it?

Mr. Lloyd George: Now, Sir, I call that real nasty. The First Lord knows my limitations in this respect as well as anyone. He knows that my knowledge of finance is so small that I cannot distinguish between a gamble and an investment. And yet, he demands that I should deal with finance. Tut, tut.

Mr. Churchill: Well, sit down and stow your gas. You evidently know no more about anything that matters than a stuffed duck knows about sage and onions. I do not see any reason, Mr. Premier, why this fellow should pester us eternally with his wretched fudge.

Mr. Asquith: I feel it is time that I should intervene. You cannot complain, Mr. Chancellor. You have had a long innings and added nothing to our knowledge. I

will now call upon our colleague Buxton. As this will be the last time he will address us in this room, I wish you three gentlemen, Burns, Samuel and Masterman, to pay particular attention to what he says. Mr. Buxton.

Mr. Buxton: Mr. Premier, at the outset, permit me to thank you for the great honour you have conferred upon me by elevating me to the peerage and promoting me to the governorship of South Africa. There are some, I know, who think that I am getting more than I deserve. But you know different, Sir. To the Chancellor and Mr. Masterman have fallen the honours of the Insurance Act. They were operating in the House for all men to see. Consequently the plutocratic promoters of the measure give to them the chief credit. Now I do not wish to rob these gentlemen of their laurels, but I wish to point out, Sir, that my action, in the end, will prove more effective in reducing the working classes to that condition of slavery which we are aiming at, than anything accomplished by the Chancellor. Permit me to explain. During the time I was conducting part 2 through Committee Room "B" I received information that our intention as embodied in section 74, par 1, had been discovered. Thereupon, I commissioned Mr. P. W. Wilson to announce through the "Daily News" that the section was withdrawn. Through this move the opponents of the measures were bullied into the belief that the *Penal Industrial Colony* clause was abandoned. The trick, Sir, answered perfectly. It enabled me to remodel and extend the clause into the most perfect weapon for the degradation of the working classes that has ever been embodied in legislation. You will find it now, Sir, called Section 100. It contains a complete scheme for the institution of Penal Industrial Colonies, which should be put into force as early as possible. I had intended, had I remained in office, to apply to the Webbs to work out the details for us. Those people have a real genius for this kind of thing. And as they are old friends of my successor I suggest that he apply to them for assistance in the undertaking. That is all I desire to say, Sir, and thank you again for your kindness to me.

Mr. Asquith: Now, Mr. Burns, you have heard what Mr. Buxton has related regarding your powers under Section 100. I hope you will enlist the services of the Webbs and get these penal colonies into working order as soon as possible. Perhaps Mr. Harcourt would like to say a few words.

Mr. Harcourt: Mr. Premier, I have nothing of any consequence to report. The work of my office is running quite smoothly. There is just one thing I should like to say. I see my friend and colleague Gladstone is about to come home. How I envy him his achievement. To have attained immortality as the man who established perpetual imprisonment in England and perpetual banishment in South Africa is given to few. That it should have fallen to my dear friend Herbert seems to be most fitting. And yet, I envy him the distinction.

Mr. Asquith: Now, Gentlemen, I hope this exchange of views and information will be of benefit to you all. You should be able now to assist or defend each other in your various offices.

PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN.

He was born—as most, in the main—
Except his mother knew less pain.
Nurses and doctors watched beside
He, who became his mother's pride.
He grew: went to a proper school—
His father's once. (He followed the rule.)
School days past, he went to college,
In due time acquired knowledge;
Thence, he passed to his proper place,
Married—and bred—with seemly grace.
All things fitting and all things right
In his own and his neighbour's sight.

Though favoured by fortune and loved by fate,
He carried no riches beyond the gate.

W. Y. D.

The Genesis of French Syndicalism—and Some Unspoken Morals.

By G. D. H. Cole.

III.

WHEREVER it manifests itself, Syndicalism has two distinct aspects. It is at once a policy of Direct Action in the present and a vision of the coming Society. Of late years, Syndicalism in France has curiously confused these two points of view: professing to repudiate all theory about the future and to be merely a plan of campaign for immediate use, it has continually affirmed, almost in the same breath, its faith in a new Industrial Commonwealth, based solely on organisations of producers. The confusion is plainest in the work of M. Sorel, whose philosophy of Violence, for all its denial of prophetic intention, is but the continuation of his first work, "L'Avenir Socialiste des Syndicats," a distinct and definite attempt to found a new Society on a Trade Union basis. M. Pouget, again, repudiates the idea of forecasting the future and gives an exposition of Syndicalism as a method of Trade Union action, but also writes, along with M. Pataud, the elaborate prophetic romance "Comment nous ferons la Révolution." But on the whole, it cannot be disputed that there has been in France a considerable reaction against long views and Utopian speculations.

This change can hardly be dissociated from the actual change in industrial organisation. It will be found that, where French Syndicalism remains prophetic, it still cleaves in the main to the old concepts of local autonomy and Anarchist-Communism. "Comment nous ferons la Révolution" is, in most of its essentials, a Communist romance; it might almost have been written, long before Syndicalism was heard of, by a disciple of Kropotkin or even of Bakunin. Syndicalists, in fact, have tended to give up theorising largely because a great deal of their theory has already become obsolete. They have not thought out a new system of organisation capable of supplanting Capitalism in such a way as to accept as its basis a national Trade Unionism. They have not carried their speculations beyond the embryonic stage of local organisation: they have produced no theorist great enough to work out the conception of Pelloutier in the light of more recent developments. We shall not be wronging them if we maintain that they have kept silence because they have nothing new to say—because, realising the inadequacy of their first sketch of the future, they have failed to put in its place a profounder analysis and a more complete reconstruction.

Syndicalists in the country would do well to realise the full meaning of this change in the attitude of their friends in France. Syndicalism in England has been too apt to exalt the unessential: a good many English Syndicalists, mainly recruits from the Anarchist ranks, have gone on preaching the principle of federation and local autonomy as the basis upon which the whole movement rests. But Trade Unionism in England is so predominantly national in character, the "craft" or "industrial" bond is so strong and the local bond so weak, that no theory which aims at a federal system based on general local associations of producers can possibly make headway. The really vital doctrine of Syndicalism is the doctrine of producers' control: it asserts fundamentally that the producers must secure the control of their work, if the work is to be honourable and the community real. Anything that undermines this doctrine is contrary to the whole aim of Syndicalism; but, if this be accepted, the question of machinery remains secondary, to be settled according to the actual conditions under which modern industry is, or can be, carried on. The federal basis of Anarchism is no essential part of Syndicalism: it came to be regarded as vital because Syndicalism arose in France at a time when local organisation was easiest,

and because there was already there a strong Anarchist movement to serve as a basis.

The Syndicalism, therefore, which is most commonly preached by those who call themselves Syndicalists, is, if they would but realise the fact, essentially a national product of French conditions. Moreover, it is at the present time, even for France, something of a back number. It can only emerge revitalised and fruitful if its advocates consent to re-examine their first principles and to rebuild in view of national differences and modern conditions.

As we have seen, there is at least one school of Syndicalists in Great Britain which has attempted this reconstruction; but most schools still persist in denying its necessity. The French type of Syndicalist often becomes impatient when he is told that his aim is to secure "the mines for the miners, the railways for the railwaymen, and the patients for the doctors." He maintains quite truly that he has never upheld the right of any section of the community to *own* the means of production, or to use them for the exploitation of the consumer. In his system, the conflicting interests of different sections of producers were to be reconciled locally in the *Bourse du Travail*: the local Unions of miners, etc., had an important function in the control of production, but the national Unions or Federations were, comparatively speaking, unimportant. This type of Syndicalist is therefore contemptuous of the criticism that he is merely substituting a multitude of profiteers for the profiteering of a few. The weakness of his critics is that they have failed to realise the difference between his point of view and that which they are denouncing; if once they see this, they can easily point out to him that, where strong national Unions already exist, the interests of the various sections cannot be reconciled locally: interests nationally organised must be nationally reconciled.

There is, however, a type of Syndicalism to which our critic's objection legitimately applies. The authors of the "Miners' Next Step" do clearly look to the ousting of the capitalists in each industry by a method of direct expropriation, which will substitute for private ownership and control complete ownership and control by the national organisations of producers. They would transfer to the national Union the part which was played by the local Union in Pelloutier's ideal, and in this manner create a new Syndicalism based on a national Trade Unionism. This reconstruction, however, lacks the pivot on which the whole Commonwealth, as Pelloutier saw it, would have to revolve. There is no national organisation to take the place of the *Bourse du Travail*.

Where, then, Pelloutier advocated a form of Anarchist Communism, these new Syndicalists stand for an Anarchism that is fundamentally individualistic. It was possible to suppose that, if sectional organisation remained chiefly local, the Bourses would be able to hold the balance among the different bodies of producers; but clearly national Trade Unions demand a far stronger co-ordinating force. The power of the national Unions would be so unequal, and there would be such possibilities of the exploitation of the less by the greater that it is no longer possible, if the controlling force of producers is national, to dispense altogether with an authority standing for the community as a whole. The attempt is sometimes made to supply this force in the body of the Trade Union Congress, or, in France, the *Confédération Générale du Travail* itself; but clearly such a body would either be too weak for the purpose, or would be in fact the State which the Syndicalist professedly sets out to abolish. A Trade Union Congress capable of holding the balance between the national Unions is an impossibility, unless it acquires such powers as transform it, in effect, from a Federation of national Unions into a body no longer federal, but practically a State Parliament elected on a sectional, instead of a local, basis. Such a Congress would be repudiated no less vehemently by the new Syndicalist than by the old Parliamentarian.

But the objection to this new Syndicalism goes deeper. It is not desirable that this ultimate reconciling body should be elected on a sectional basis, or that it should directly represent the various bodies of producers. In that case, it would only reflect, instead of reconciling, their divergence. What is needed is a body standing for the community as a whole, the representative not merely of its industrial life, but of all its national purposes and aspirations. Syndicalists make the mistake of imagining that the State of the future must necessarily resemble, in all its essential features, the State of to-day, that it must remain capitalistic, bureaucratic and oppressive. But the State is the expression of the structure of Society; as the class-structure finds its natural expression in the class-State, so true democracy, based on Trade Unionism, will find its expression in the national State, which will be the expression of the national will. Confronted with Trade Unions which are their own masters in the industrial sphere, the State will cease to be the natural enemy of the worker, and will become the natural partner of the producers' organisations in the ordering of the national life.

If, then, it be regarded as fundamentally anti-political, not merely in the sense that it holds the State of to-day to be only an instrument in the hands of the oppressor, but also in the sense that it aims at the entire destruction of every vestige of communal expression outside the producers' organisations themselves, Syndicalism is a theory of which no serious account need be taken. If, on the other hand, it is realised that Syndicalism only implies the satisfaction of the workers' demand to control their life and work, it remains still a vitalising force, capable of transforming Socialism into something better than a bureaucratic Collectivism. It will survive only if it succeeds in reconciling the conception of social solidarity which was fundamental to Communism with the development of Trade Unionism on a national basis—if it can avoid relapsing into Individualism, and at the same time preserve its insistence on the need of control, by the actual workers in each industry, of the normal processes of production and distribution. In short—for the moral need no longer be unspoken—it can survive only in the form of Guild Socialism, which is, for this country, the essential parallel to Syndicalism in France. The theory of National Guilds is the restatement of local Syndicalism in terms of national Trade Unions.

Towards the Play Way.

By H. Caldwell Cook.

I.

IN these notes will be found many disconnected thoughts on education which it is my hope some day to shape into a practical system. The central idea of the whole theory is simple enough: We are to Play. But why we are to play, and, especially, how we are to play, will take me long to tell.

The natural means of study in youth is play, as anyone may see for himself by watching any child or young animal when it is left alone. A natural education is by practice, by doing things, and not by instruction, the hearing how, as you may see in the flight of a young bird. And telling can only be the servant of trying, not its substitute. Certainly preliminary advice and warning might save us from many a sore trial, but we rarely profit by any experience other than our own. The burnt child dreads the fire, but the child that has only been warned is still to be burnt. Therefore wild oats are more approved by men of the world than moral lectures. But instead of leaving a child to gain wisdom by painful as well as pleasant experience, it is well to let him try as much as he can for himself under guidance. It would not be wise to send a child innocent into the big world; and talking is of poor avail. But it is possible to hold rehearsals, to try our strength in a make-believe big world. And that is Play.

The main concern in a child's life is that manifold business understood clearly by him, and dimly by his elders, as Play. He wakes up in bed even before the dawn, and plots out a fairyland of play-doings for the day until he is allowed to get up. Then while the fires are still crackling on the wood you can hear him pattering about the landing or singing on the stairs. Dressing is a nuisance because it requires his presence in one place for some twenty minutes; toys must come to table; food itself must furnish a game. Porridge is an island in a sea of milk, and he would be rather more interested than shocked to find a chicken in every egg. School, above the Kindergarten, is a nuisance because there is no play. So he lives on throughout the daylight hours, playing many parts, as pirate, or king-in-a-crown, or beast of prey; in the treetops, or under ground, or sailing merrily on the salt sea, until that little nightly tragedy of bedtime. After dark, nurse, however amiable, comes as a fury with abhorred shears. As an onlooker at the drama I always regard her coming as the prelude to an affecting finish. She is the executioner whose summons must be obeyed. Have you not admired the fortitude with which the little hero—though there are cowards, we know—goes on his round of farewell to the waking world? Have you not observed that he always carries an air of detachment, salutes even his mother as though he were thinking of something else; and how he looks back from the door? However, one shall find upstairs certain friends who can float in a bath; and after all:

My bed is like a little boat;
Nurse helps me in when I embark.
She girds me in my little coat,
And starts me in the dark.

And so to dream.

It must have occurred to everyone that since a child's life under his own direction is conducted all in play, whatever else we want to interest him in should be carried on in that medium, or at the very least connected with play as closely as possible. Why should there stretch such an abyss between the nursery and the class-room? Ah, yes, they tell us, but life is not going to be all a game. They must learn the *serious* side of things. By the life of the world! What could be more serious than childplay? I know of nothing so whole-hearted, so thorough, so natural, so free from stain, so earnest, as the spontaneous playing of a child. Take a child in the nursery and consider him beside these grave adults at their concerns. Compare a game of toy soldiers with the conduct of a war. The difference is in degree and not in kind. Consider whether the little maid in the day nursery is less engrossed in the care of her doll than the other maid in the night nursery is in the care of the baby. Do you play more fair at politics than we do at ninepins? And has any man as much care for the rules of the game in commerce, and as much respect for his opponents as he has in cricket? In the one it is a question of what he can make, in the other all is subject to fair play. I tell you that sincere endeavour and honesty of purpose can only be relied on under conditions that favour their continuance! Whether he be paid or not, so long as a man's heart is in his work it is well with him and well for the work. Beyond that we cannot go. The force of extraneous need, or compulsion of any kind, however necessary it be, blunts honesty, dulls the zeal of whole-hearted endeavour; and if it come in much strength will spoil all. The Child is the true amateur, he does a thing for the love of it. Among all workers he is the player, and alone is fit to stand beside the genuine artist, the self-sacrificing physician and the inspired poet or seer. His hearty interest is a powerful engine which will carry a heavy load eventually to its appointed destination. What though you claim to know where that may be, and to know also of a shorter route? Is it not better to follow the engine that pulls the train, rather than drag it back, even though the route be roundabout? It may be that the way will prove more level and the countryside more beautiful. A child fol-

lowing his natural bent will play. His whole power is in play. Beware of trying to make rivers run up hills instead of flowing round them.

To me it seems obvious where the trouble lies: the teacher works, whether consciously or unconsciously, on his own lines, and not in and for his children. The teacher may have a beautiful system, a course of work schemed, graded, and ordered in admirable shape, and thoroughly approved by his or her chief, and by his Majesty's inspector to boot. But what if the child's mind does not work orderly?—which happens to be the case. What will his Majesty do then, poor thing? What if a growing mind scorns systematic progress (which also is true), and leaps back and forth over the field of study, now shining with the brilliance of a light full focussed, now showing as black as the back of a lighthouse lantern? Let us have outline schemes by all means, but leave the details to the hour in which it shall be told us what we shall do. Let us remember that without interest there is no learning, and since the child's interest is all in play it is necessary, whatever the matter in hand, that the method be a play-method. Otherwise there will be no guests at the table, and the feast will lie stale in our hands.

A Note on Second Chambers.

THE Supplement on Second Chambers presented with a recent number of the "New Statesman" would have been better, I think, if it had been edited with some purpose in view. As it is we have a series, not of essays, but rather of stiff and formal Fabian consular reports, and a few remarks by Professor Morgan and Mr. Snowden. Mr. Morgan writes by and large, and Mr. Snowden, as usual, writes like a minor pedant. Lord Esher is extremely disappointing; we shall come back to him presently.

So far as a few facts and correspondingly limited deductions go, Mr. Morgan's article is clear enough. It is true, as he says, that the "chances of life" of a Bill under the Parliament Act "depend on its being born in the first or second (at the most the third) session of a parliament," and in consequence "as many Bills as possible must be introduced in the first two or three years of a government's existence. . . . The early sessions are thus, beyond all precedent, prolonged, while the debates themselves are no less exceptionally shortened." It follows that even if no other factor were taken into consideration—if it were admitted, for instance, that a vast mob of voters at election times were never carried away by the clamour of the moment, and that the measures they supported need never be reconsidered—this shortening of debates in the Lower House necessitates ample scrutiny, careful revision, in the Upper.

It is the principles underlying this revision, with all respect to Mr. Morgan, which form the real bases for the constitution of an Upper Chamber. In whose interests shall the revision of bills be made? In some countries, such as South Africa, Australia and Canada, it is clear that the Upper Chamber serves only the purposes of the wealthy classes: the Senators consider nothing but money; and their most important task is to see that the working classes are held in check, politically and economically, as far as possible. Mr. Morgan says that "the chief function of Upper Houses in most foreign countries is to support the Ministry against the Lower one." This, it seems to me, is not at all a sound observation; the contrary is rather the case. In France and the United States, to give two well-known instances, the Senate is frequently in collision with the Lower House, which is equivalent to saying that it is in disagreement with the Ministry. The case of the Income Tax Bills, which have not yet been completely forced through the Upper Houses in these two countries after years of agitation, is well known. In both these instances the vast majority of the nation is against the decision of the Lower House and in favour of the Upper House.

In one part of his article Mr. Morgan has introduced a little light; but he does not throw it directly on our own problems. He says: "The tendency in politics, as in economics, is towards the concentration of power in a few hands." There is a statement the significance of which is hardly realised by its author. It has always been the contention of writers in this journal that, generally speaking, economic power precedes political power; and if we find, as we do now find, that economic interests are being concentrated in fewer hands, it will be only natural for us to expect that political interests are also being gathered into fewer hands. Hence we have the caucus system, the dependence of the House of Commons on the Cabinet, and the Cabinet itself, uncontrolled, ordering the destinies of the country. Indeed, when we say Cabinet in this connection we cannot even refer to the whole Cabinet, but only to the inner circle. Great Britain is at the present time being controlled by Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Winston Churchill, and Mr. Lloyd George. The other Cabinet Ministers are not necessarily in the confidence of these four, until afterwards.

It happens, however, that the caucus system in England applies definitely, as yet, only to the House of Commons; and, although the influence of the orthodox political leaders is strong in the Lords, there is sufficient independence left among the peers for them to vote as they please; and they may even absent themselves from every debate without incurring the displeasure of a party whip, or of their constituents. It is clear, then, that purely economic interests are not yet dominant in the House of Lords. There are several other interests to be reckoned with there—the interests of the land, the interests of those peers who have not, perhaps, much land, but who possess the social influence that comes from long descent; the territorial influence that may depend on a small as much as on a large estate; and, above all, the solid English character which—to take only one example of it—has made our civil service administration abroad so excellent, if not perfect, an instrument of government.

The whole history of the strength of England, and of England's great families, lies in those two words: territorial influence; and this brings us back to the question: In whose interests is our legislation to be revised in the Upper House? Since the rejection of the Budget of 1909-10—such is my reading of the situation—Bills sent from the Commons to the Lords run the risk of genuine criticism and of insincere, hypocritical criticism. The first type of criticism comes from the less-known peers, the "Backwoodsmen," who represent the old families, the territorial influence, the landed interest; the insincere criticism comes from the rather financial Whig group of peers, headed by Lord Lansdowne and his colleagues, who work hand in glove with the party leaders in the Lower House.

There are two comments to make on the first group of peers. To me they are preferable, infinitely preferable, to the second; but their influence is becoming smaller, and their instincts are not sufficiently sound to atone for their intellectual stupidity. It is no doubt true, as Nietzsche said in one of his later works, that intellect must be qualified by blood (i.e., descent, good birth) before it can be of much use for cultural or any other high purposes; but blood without sufficient intellect to make up for lack of instinct is as useless, I venture to submit to the Nietzscheans, as intellect without blood. While the Whig criticism of Bills is insincere, the "die-hard" criticism usually misses its mark—it is ill founded, it is unscientific; or something happens in the end to upset it.

In spite of this, the local influence of these territorial peers is still so strong that it cannot be neglected by any one who is aiming at a complete reconstitution of our Second Chamber. Mr. Morgan thinks that "we are forced to contemplate a system of indirect election by electoral colleges." He goes on to imply that we shall draw upon the county councillors, the district councillors, delegates of parish councils, and the county or

county borough members, to obtain electoral colleges. It seems to me that this suggestion is as inept as the comparison between England and France. We have had no revolution here to alter completely the number, influence, and importance of our great county families, noble or otherwise. The French people are bound, in most cases, to draw upon the equivalents of our county councillors and such people; for as a rule there are no other local worthies. In England we are very differently situated; and the experience of foreign peoples with second chambers, although of some interest to the political scientist, is of little guidance to us. Nationality is more important here than abstract theory; our institutions have been made by Englishmen, not by pedants. Our old families, I repeat, rich or poor, are still powerful; and cognisance must be taken of this fact when the revision of our House of Lords is being considered.

In two respects practically all the other contributors to this Supplement appear implicitly to agree with Mr. Morgan. In the first place, they would give us to understand that the Second Chamber, under whatever name it may have been formed, is the final arbiter abroad, and that occasional conflicts between the two Houses are almost inevitable. Mr. Robert Dell writes four columns on the French Senate without mentioning the Conseil d'Etat; Mr. Sydney Brooks writes nearly five columns about the American Senate with only a casual reference to the Supreme Court. The Supreme Court, however, is the interpreter of the American Constitution; and it may, as such, condemn any act which does not seem to be in accordance with the spirit of the Constitution. To note all the instances in which it has exercised this power would fill a "New Statesman" Supplement—I commend the suggestion to the Editor. As for the French Conseil d'Etat, it is presided over by no less a distinguished personage than the Minister of Justice for the time being, and is consulted on various legislative and administrative questions. In practice its powers are seldom exercised in opposition to the Government of the day, because it gives the Government hints before Bills are finally passed; and no Government, however strong, can afford to ignore this Napoleonic institution.

I think the writers of the Supplement ought to have kept these facts in mind and communicated them to their readers, since we have no similar bodies here. We have, it is true, the Law Lords and the Privy Council; but neither body can do anything to influence the fate of a Bill. In other words, if we admit that safeguards such as Second Chambers are necessary at all, we must recognise that France and the United States, to mention only two countries, have powerful constitutional safeguards in regular use in addition to their Senates and their Presidential veto.

In the second place, the contributors appear to assume—Mr. Snowden states his belief explicitly—that foreign countries have adopted the bicameral system only because England did so; and the possibility of Single-Chamber government in England brings with it the consequent probability of Single-Chamber government abroad. This is also bad reasoning on poor information. It is surely well known that all Europe, and not merely England, is indebted to Rome for its constitutional practice; and even in the time of the Kings, at the very foundation of the City, we find that Rome had a senate as well as a popular assembly. This principle, of course, was maintained under the Republic.

Lord Esher disappointed me because his facts were wrong. He says, for example: "Political power—that is to say, power of government and of legislation—has passed under the ultimate control of the masses of people who work for their daily bread, all day and every day." Tell this to the rank and file of the trade unions! Again: "The information on current events poured out daily for the people, information far more extensive and accurate than our oligarchic forefathers ever got by gossip and pamphlets, is a very formidable

and quite new factor." It was this sentence that led me to loosen my collar. The gossip that made its slow way from the coffee-rooms and clubs of London up to a century ago was, in essentials, more accurate by far than the distorted information supplied by our modern newspapers. We have only to read the report of any political event, such as the South African strike, to realise that. Rapidity in the transmission of news and the circulation of newspapers has not been accompanied with care in regard to facts or comments; and it frequently happens in newspapers nowadays that social and political exigencies necessitate the telling of lies.

"Il s'agit de faire penser," concludes Mr. Morgan, quoting Montesquieu. If he had written "d'ennuyer" he would have correctly described the effect of the Supplement on at least one of its attentive readers.

S. VERDAD.

Art and National Guilds.

By Arthur J. Penty.

THE writers of the articles on National Guilds ask whether under the name of "Guild Collectivism"—under which, in my recent article on "Art and Social Reform," I affirmed art would not prosper—I include or refer to National Guilds; and, if so, what is the feature in it which, being shared in common with "Bureaucratic Collectivism," is fatal to art?

In this article, therefore, I propose to state my position with regard to "National Guilds." At the outset, then, let me say that, as I imagined would be gathered from the context, by "Guild Collectivism" I refer to the scheme for the "control of industry" which the Fabian Society is now engaged in formulating. I called it "Guild Collectivism" because I view their activities in this connection with suspicion as an attempt to rehabilitate Collectivism in the eyes of Socialists; for the Fabian Society is Collectivist by temperament, and in practice opportunist, though its members may find it expedient to profess a belief in Guilds. I am convinced that they are entirely destitute of the Guild spirit, and that any scheme which they formulated would in practice be bureaucratic. This will result inevitably from their underlying thought, which is quantitative rather than qualitative, in its conceptions of society. Moreover, as Mr. and Mrs. Webb are to write the final report of the commission of inquiry, and as their article which I analysed recently shows them to be utterly destitute of any conception of the true relationship which art bears to society; it is an absolute certainty that any proposal of theirs will be inimical to art. Do figs grow on thistles?

My attitude towards National Guilds is different. With regard to the articles in THE NEW AGE, I do not look upon the scheme there set forth as a final statement of the case for Guilds, but I do feel them to be a most valuable contribution to the subject. If I do not agree with all the conclusions of the "Writers of the Articles," I do feel them to be possessed of the Guild spirit, and such differences as I have with them arise, I think, more from a difference of emphasis than from a fundamentally different way of thinking such as separates me from the Fabian Society. This difference of emphasis arises, I think, from our having approached the problem from different points of view. I came to believe in the need of restoring the Guilds by a consideration of the problems which surround the practice of architecture and the crafts in the modern world, whereas THE NEW AGE writers arrived at the same belief from a more general consideration of the needs of democracy.

Now it is to be observed that though the interests of architecture and the crafts and the interests of democracy are ultimately identical, it is nevertheless true that in the immediate and practical sense their interests are opposed. It is the immediate aim of democracy to place power in the hands of the people; the immediate

need of architecture and the crafts is to re-establish authority. This is, of course, a peculiarly modern situation. No such question could possibly have arisen in the Middle Ages, because at that time, when a knowledge of the arts was a common possession of the whole people, it mattered little to the arts how power was distributed within the community, for beauty was then as inevitable and customary as ugliness is to-day. But in our own day, when the knowledge of art is literally an esoteric doctrine known only to a very limited few, and when the artist carries on a very precarious existence, any slight economic or political change may easily end in catastrophe; for if anything is done which alters the economic position of the wealthy class, art would certainly disappear entirely from the modern world, and with it all hopes of peaceable reform, for as I tried to show in my last article, the revival of the arts and crafts is indispensable to social reform.

To illustrate my meaning, let us suppose that Guilds were established in the building trades. Each of the building trades would have a Guild of its own and there would presumably be an architects' Guild. On the face of things this seems a very simple solution. But how would it affect the art of architecture. My answer is that it would be disastrous, because it would perpetuate that class division between the architect and the building trades which it is the aim of all who are working for architectural reform to break down. For we must remember that the architectural profession in its present proportions has come into existence not in response to a demand for architecture but in response to a demand for commercial building. Architects who pursue architecture as an art are a minority within the profession. If therefore a Guild of architects were suddenly created it could have no other result than to place the minority of real architects at the mercy of a majority who regard architecture more as a profession than as an art, with results which it is easy to see would be disastrous. The ordinary professional architect would certainly resist any attempt to remove the class division existing between architects and the building trades. On the other hand, any premature attempt to merge the architectural profession in the building trades would be equally disastrous. For in that case the whole body of architects would be placed at the mercy of the building trades, and this could mean nothing less than the death of architecture, for the building trades to-day are almost entirely ignorant of everything appertaining to architecture as an art. The building craftsmen of the Middle Ages were conversant with the art of design, but the building trade to-day is not. However much one may desire to democratise architecture there is only one policy possible to-day, to safeguard the independence and authority of the architect until the building trades are leavened with architectural ideas.

Now, what is true of architecture is true not only of every art and craft in modern society but in a very much larger way of all manner of industries. The system of the division of labour has, in the interests of commercialism separated functions which in a decent system of industry would be united. Hence it is that though I believe that the Guild System is the only system under which industry may be properly organised, I regard it more as a goal at which to aim than as a practical policy of immediate reform. Before Guilds are established commercialism will need to be abolished; nay, I question the possibility of establishing them until this has been achieved. In the accomplishment of this indispensable step time is an all-important factor. We do not believe in commercialism as much as we did. With a great number of people to-day commercialism is a matter of necessity rather than choice. Hence, while it is necessary to insist upon the moral reformation which must precede the abolition of commercialism measures must at the same time be adopted to relieve the pressure which drives people into commercialism against their choice, and this it is possible to do if we think the matter out.

Firstly, as regards a reformation of morals. Recognising that the love of money is at the root of commercialism, how can we keep this motive in check? In his efforts to secure the unity of the Athenian state Solon sought to achieve his ends less by means of economic legislation than by the regulation of habits and customs. He was wise enough to have discovered two and a half centuries before Aristotle that it is more important to form good habits than to frame good laws. Accordingly he legislated against luxury, which in his day showed a tendency to increase; he acted upon the principle that the best way to get control of an evil is to remove its cause. He reasoned that inequalities of wealth owe their origin to the love of money, which in its turn owes its origin to an undue craving for pleasure and luxury. Aristotle thought that the position of women in society should be clearly defined and that their lives should be carefully regulated in view of the fact that a strongly marked tendency towards luxury is characteristic of the sex. He argued that this desire for luxury on the part of women when they have too much liberty brings about the ruin of States, inasmuch as it results in a competition for wealth on the part of men. Suffragists might do worse than ponder on this.

Applying to industry the principle of Solon that the regulation of manners is necessary to moral reform, an effort should be made, for example, to regulate advertising. The "manners" of trade must be reformed before it will be possible to reform its morals.

Then, we must destroy that worship of bigness and success which vitiates modern life. It has much to do with the growth of large organisations which are the strongholds of commercialism, while it undermines our capacity for resistance to evils of all kinds. It is unnecessary for me to do more than mention this, as I analysed the problem in three articles entitled, "The Peril of Large Organisations," which appeared in *THE NEW AGE* on January 11, 18, and 25, 1912.

We must also face the question of machinery, for the increasing pressure which its ever extended use places on the individual is the greatest of all the factors which make for the growth of the commercial spirit. Here again I must refer the reader to a recent article in *THE NEW AGE*, in which I analysed the problem.*

Behind all this there is the still larger problem of the growth of towns and the depopulation of the countryside. If we are to abolish commercialism we must reverse this process. As land reform is not my subject, I can do no more than emphasise its importance. The time is not far distant when even landlords will come to recognise that land reform is imperative to national stability.

Emigration should be encouraged in order that we may not be dependent upon foreign markets. This dependence is another of the roots of commercialism. "A nation," says Mr. Lowes Dickinson, "that is politically stable must be economically independent."

Such, then, it appears to me are some of the root causes of commercialism, and I am persuaded that it will be impossible to rid ourselves of the commercial spirit so long as these causes remain. The Socialist propaganda is on too narrow a basis. It deals more with effects than causes, apparently on the supposition that by merely superimposing systems all evils can be regulated. This certainly is not the case. Not until we widen the scope of our propaganda shall we be really effective.

My criticism of National Guilds is directed less against the aim of the proposal than against the manner of procedure. The propaganda, as I have already said, should regard Guilds more as a goal to be aimed at than as something to be immediately accomplished. There is a tendency to place too much reliance upon strikes. It would be far better to aim at building

up industry from new centres by co-operative organisation of small workshops.† Small workshops and local markets provide the indispensable basis for a revival of the arts and crafts, and in so far as the "National Guilds" idea is in favour of these it has my support.

As a generalisation the "abolition of wavery" touches the central defect of the present system, but that, I am inclined to think, is not because wages are necessarily and inevitably evil, but because under a system of large industries wages involve slavery. With small industries the evil would not be felt, for a man would then only work for wages for a part of his life, and as he would at any time be in a position to set up in business on his own account he would be able to bargain for a just wage. The alternative of "pay" seems to me to involve bureaucracy, and that, to my way of thinking, is fatal. Further, it would be impossible to regularise wages unless commercialism were first abolished, and the arts revived, for, as I pointed out in my last article, the instability of fashion, which is such a disturbing element in so many industries has its roots in the degradation of taste.

Finally, I would say that though I have criticised the "National Guilds" it is not in a disparaging spirit. Though I am unable to accept the proposal as a complete solution of our problems, it has this to its credit—that it has revolutionised thinking upon social questions and raised the tone of discussion. It has within itself the germ of growth, and the best guarantee of this is that the writers of the articles welcome criticism rather than resenting it.

Present-Day Criticism.

OUR readers will recollect an opinion given by Mr. Caldwell Cook, the master of the Perse Players, affirming the superior value of the Norse traditions above the Greek as poetical subject. Our own opinion, of course, is the reverse; and although we would not argue bitterly against Mr. Caldwell Cook's use of the Norse mythology for his boys, there seems to be small reason for his preference on the ground that the Greek traditions are less crude than the Norse, for this is their superiority. The boys belong to a civilisation which, at its best, stands upon Greek culture. If they are not to be as aliens, they must carry forward this civilisation with its complex culture, and to turn them towards a tradition which has been rejected by the genius of England is turning them from their destined task and depriving them of familiarity with the high standards raised by their forefathers. Cultural education is not simply a matter of teaching, but of awakening the mind to its highest heritage. Our heritage, needless to say, is not the violent and sentimental Norse tradition, which concerns us as little as the tradition of the cruel and feeble Druids, those abortive culturalists of these islands.

Leaving aside the question of what may be given without too great waste and injury to young boys, we may consider the decline of many modern men of talent upon the crude and barbaric, and, on the other hand, the signs of inherited high culture among the proletariat.

The preference for the barbaric is false in people who have transcended the barbaric, and, if such an inclination be not temporary, soon to be examined and set aside as narrowing to the judgment, the result must be decadence. Not courage or clear mind sends us seeking in barbarism for inspiration, but inability to support and use the stupendous culture which our unterrified, unbewildered ancestors mightily supported, and used, and added unto for bequeathal to us. If we cannot bear

† See concluding article on "The Restoration of the Guild System," September 4, 1913.

* "The Machine Problem." January 1, 1914.

this culture up, it will bear us down—for to get rid of it is not in our power! A sufficiently terrifying position is this to have caused the collapse, partial or complete, of hundreds who have realised how vast the world is compared with Atlas. On every hand, our little Atlases are trying to edge away from the world of culture upon their mental shoulders. It were a spectacle to move the gods if gods could interfere with destiny. In a fashion there is bravery—the bravery of the insane—in the modern imaginary flight from culture; for, since the exasperated heirs of culture cannot move from under their heritage, they do, with a sort of maddened audacity, look each other in the face and declare that they are quit of the burden that every instant bows them flatter into oblivion.

Now there is a classical way of temporary relief, though not of escape, from the pressure of culture. The way of relief is classical because the state of terror has often been suffered and, sometimes, has been surpassed. When it is surpassed, a nation comes to cultural re-birth. The symptoms of cultural panic may be two, namely, intense fear of stirring from formal tradition, and, more rarely, craving for release from all forms. Out of such a state of cultural panic, Dante led the Italian nation, Spenser the English, Rousseau the French: each took the way towards nature, towards simplicity, towards patriotism. We may consider briefly the cultural power in these three men. Each succeeded in saving his nation from cultural decadence; and at least one basic similarity of method characterised each of the three—natural, simple, patriotic defence, selection and use of his native language. In so far as Rousseau failed as a man, he failed as a saviour compared with either Dante or Spenser. He left chaos in many respects where the others left exemplary order. Whereas they led always upward and away from artificial barbarism, he went often so near to it that those that followed him became bewildered and demented, and Rousseau was blamed for the excesses of even revolutionary France. He did not, indeed, bear the cultural heritage of France as Dante bore that of Italy, or Spenser that of England. He attempted impatiently to shift a part of that which they raised complete on their genius. His lead was from no great predecessor, as Dante led from Virgil and Spenser from Chaucer, but he tried to lead from himself alone, with the consequence that all his cultural efforts were partial, egotistic and provincial; and when he spoke of Nature—which was very often—Nature appeared as some spot, some attire, some custom; in the others, Nature showed as all that is universal in mankind.

Yet, even of Rousseau, it cannot be said that he glorified a barbaric tradition. Although he neglected somewhat the grand European traditions, he went no further against the good of men than to over-glorify a narrow ideal of simplicity without reckoning that civilisation will be revenged upon those that underrate it. While the royal mock shepherds played in the Tuileries, the real ones were preparing for their terrible game of sovereignty; Rousseau's influence was too merely literary to merit much blame for what was in the governing classes an insult at once to civilisation and to uncivilised nature. If he did not give France the access of culture which would have raised the whole people, he cannot justly be blamed because those whom his works reached used them only to adorn folly; for there is that in them for which France must ever be grateful. Not from Rousseau arose the barbarism of the Revolution, but from the unsurpassed spectacles of levity and cruelty to which the proletariat had been accustomed by the nobility. The proletariat knew no expression but that of violence, had no idea of liberty but what might be won by violence.

Our English proletariat, to-day, has a better idea of the way towards liberty. What is the most confounding tactic of the English proletariat? We all know. The capitalist would rejoice if any cunning of his might goad the Trade Unions into a display of violence. He

cannot deal to his profit with these self-controlled, apparently motionless opponents. They waste his brutal spirit by refusing to imitate his methods. They appear as impassive to militaristic displays as the poet Goethe who refused to interrupt his way of life by so much as a glance at the soldiers striding past his house.

What use to a proletariat so cultured as this is the barbaric Norse tradition! If the Greek culture has been chosen for England by scholars to whom self-discipline is a condition of progress, if it has been utilised by the fighting aristocracy for the very purpose of balancing qualities, and thus preserving them from their worse selves, if it is the source from which English artists have drawn—then the Greek culture will profit the English proletariat whose progress is under the genius of England. The ignorant, upstart and doomed plutocracy affects to despise the Greek culture. It would suit them perfectly for the proletariat to follow Norse traditions. But every patriotic artist and publicist will see to it that the culture from which our own genius is a re-birth shall be well understood among the rising people.

Tesserae.

By Beatrice Hastings.

O YESTERDAY, difficult even to remember, where hast thou gone, bearing away my unheeded acts and speech? Alas! Thou wilt return unto me my sum of doings surely as yester-year now heaps within my reluctant arms the monsters I then created, heedless of Time.

* * *

If one is attached to truth this must be for its own sake, for so seldom that one may say, never, is truth-speaking to one's immediate interest. There is such delight in the pursuit of truth that persons who are habituated to this pursuit do not easily let it go. And although, for the reason that we do not know what truth is, a man has no claim to die for his idea of it, yet he has a claim to determine all his personal acts according to his idea of truth; for we know very well what truth is not in most instances even if we do not know what it is in all instances: We know that truth is not in theft, flattery, slander, profiteering, way-laying or murder, since all these acts require deception for their success. And yet even habitual truth-speakers often fail to push their opinions even to legitimate extremes in conduct. It is so easy to let oneself off with a recognition of the truthful course, saying, "I know what I ought to do, though I may not do it," and taking one's knowledge for the deed. The penalty for this is a loss of dignity which leaves one at the mercy of chance.

It is a rare soul that is in disinterested love with truthful conduct in regard to liberality, charity, mercy, and control of mind and body as many of us are in love with the mere recognition of truth. Not many persons have a love of subduing their personality in the service of, even, Art, which has visible results and rewards, let alone in the service of the Creation that can with difficulty be seen except in so far as it appears grossly to serve man. No wonder that the great Teachers and heroes are regarded as incarnate gods and portions of gods, for to serve Creation is a culture we mortals can scarcely glimpse.

* * *

It is the way of most of the popular writers to mention all things commonly; that is, to write of noble and ignoble things in terms which divert perception from the difference in the things themselves. Thus the author runs no risk of the reader throwing down the book from the terror he would feel if he were brought in con-

tact with what is horrible and also undecorated, or from the mysterious fear of beauty which seizes "those that hate the Muses." But all gates to hell are the same breadth. The reader is lost who accepts the presentation of ugliness when it is veiled in words stolen from beauty.

* * *

May the following observation be printed in invisible ink, or I shall certainly lose life-long friends. I see married women with a certain artistic talent commercially exploiting this under conditions of servility which you would suppose would drive them to their knees polishing floors by honourable preference; and it is all done precisely to escape polishing their very own floors! This, to my mind, is very mad. I was present once while a great female genius instructed another woman, not so pretentious, regarding some libretto which was to be set to music. In this case the literary genius was paying for the production. I never in all my life heard pompous and patronising tones more intolerable of bearing; yet the musical lady bore them. I shall never be believed when I say that she herself was then paying two servants to look after her house and little boy—yet it is true. These servants, neither of whom would she have trusted for a single night alone with the child, would have given notice had she spoken to them as she was spoken to by that woman for whose wretched libretto she was engaging to supply music to suit.

It passes my understanding how a married woman can so demean herself for money in order to feel herself excused from doing her own housework. She is not thereby excused, but is resting on self-deception, for she invites indignities merely to provide economic independence for a servant, another female. The married woman will urge that she dislikes housework, as though this were quite enough to justify her in failing as a housewife after accepting the office with all its privileges, securities, and emoluments.

I agree that a wife needs a woman companion; but a man has not a home but merely a house where he falls over superfluous females at every step. Where are those women who should be companions, taking their place unobtrusively in the household, saving their salt at every handsturn, and respectable as only a woman can be who saves her salt? They are out, avoiding the wife, sweating the sweat of blacklegs, herding together as "ladies residential," and ever in horror of the inevitable day when they shall be thrown aside for some younger blackleg. What a melancholy misunderstanding between women is here; for one half of the energy, fidelity in detail, and punctual self-discipline speeded by cunning and contemptuous employers out of women should, if generously given to a household, make them cherished friends. But so long as it is not considered preposterous for a woman to say that she does not like to look after the house her husband works to keep together, how may the poor blacklegging spinster expect to find respect in domestic life for her energy, fidelity and self-discipline? Certainly, before wives may recover the companionable help of spinsters and widows, wives literally will have to put their houses in order. It may be that industrial changes will drive the woman blackleg back to domestic work before wives shall have re-established the honour of home-making. So much the worse for feminine culture!

But the wife who unnecessarily works for pay is a double blackleg, first on man, and secondly, on those clever women who work to support children. And she will laugh at the charge of immorality with such unconcern as makes it quite clear that she may never be reached through reason!

* * *

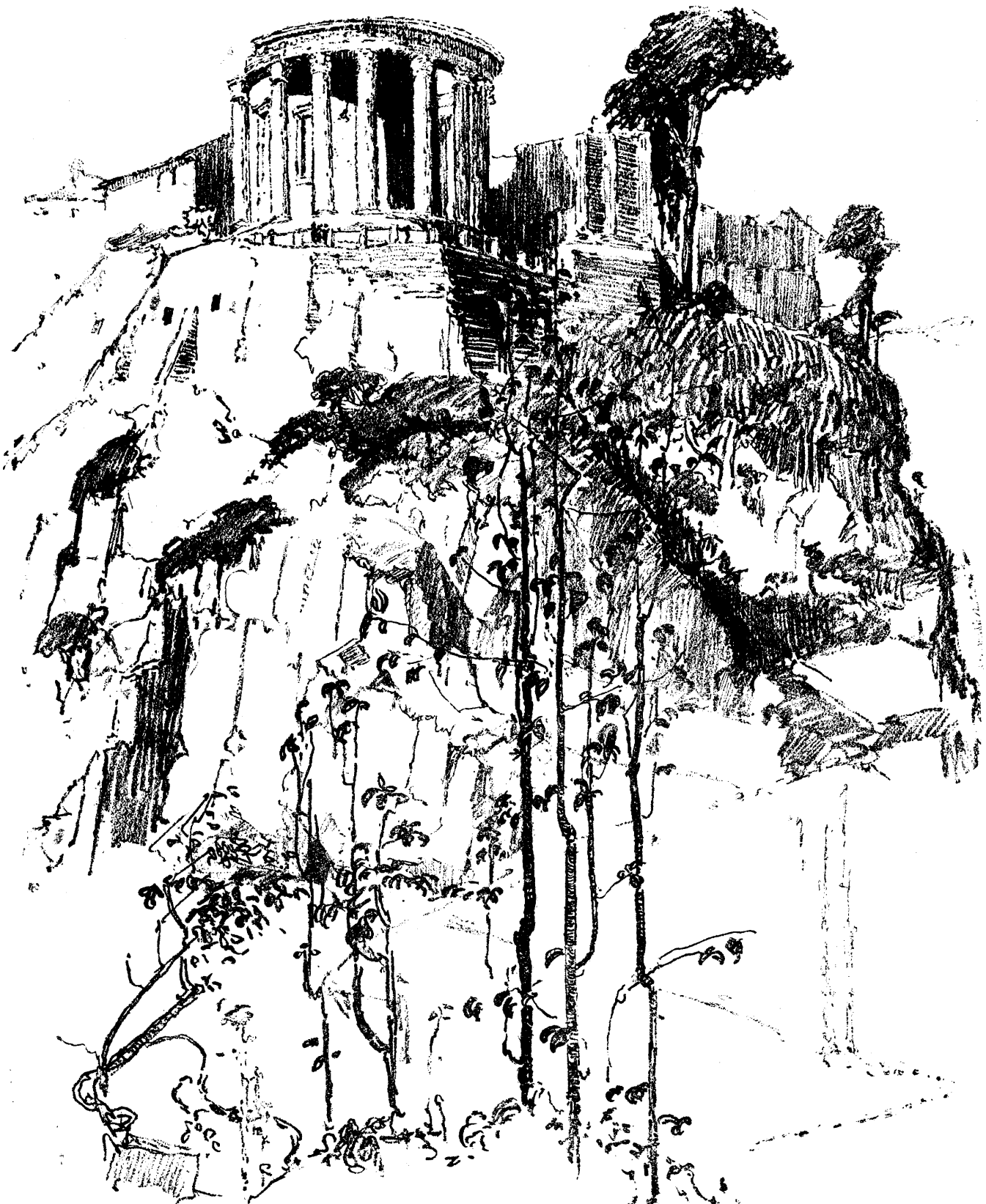
It is improbable that the Colonial woman will make more than a playful effort after economic independence, for the home of this lady is her palace, where she is the busy queen. She will take a guest for a three months' visit, and make her visitor the magnet for miles around. Who neglects her guest neglects her! In the town I lived in, there would be every evening

fifty and more houses entertaining. Everything you ate, even the bread and the potted meat, and most things that you drank had been made by your hostess and her daughters, who would never dream of leaving your food to servants' mercy. And certainly most of the girls there would have made every stitch of clothes they had on. You could not have calculated a three-guinea, or five, or ten-guinea costume as you may in so many London drawing-rooms, let alone the cost of the cakes you ate. The whole thing was an exhibition of feminine *nous* and ingenuity: and if flirtation was the order of the day, it was mingled with promising feminine skill in other ways—and besides flirtation is the order wherever young men and women meet. Only, it was gayer than it will ever be in England until the epicene female, with her expansive manly sense of affairs is conquered by the women. This epicene is a terrible deadweight in company. Present-day conversation is growing dowdy through her. Listen to her conversing with a man, or even with a woman—there is little but a repetition of facts, the scum of the newspapers, or her own especial "shop." She is thoroughly anti-social and may be depended on to do everything annoying from sulking, unless she is constantly attended upon, to breaking up a party half an hour before anyone else desires to take leave.

Some married women are really true epicenes, personally ambitious, and always with the air of playing a lone hand, severe, patronising and scornful wives, married because in their epicenity they are, of course, partly female. They talk the Larger Life, politics, White Slaves, strikes, American, Indian, African, Australian Conditions, and the horrible injustices to women. They may deign to tell one about Music, Poetry, Painting and the Drama, but they soon change such shallow-seeming but vexingly treacherous subjects, and it is as well they should, for you will be sure to remember where you read what they may have been saying, and laugh apparently at nothing and exhibit all kinds of puerile form.

Now if in a colony you hear very little intellectual talk, at least you are spared an imitation of it. For my part, I have yet to hear an intellectual discussion between men and women together. "Women break up discussion," said Madame Geoffrin, that spare-speeched Frenchwoman who kept a salon for learned men for thirty years, only allowing one woman beside herself ever to dine with the men, but favouring a few choice wives at her suppers. Men do not meet women for intellectual discussion, and the women who realise this carry off the men while the epicene is left to her parrotting, her sulky independence, and all the rest of it. In the most polite salon I know of, one which may well figure in many a memoir, when an intellectual subject chances to seize the company, we women find ourselves quaintly becoming the satellites of one blazing planet, the which is all the men. It will always happen so wherever the atmosphere is free enough for men to breathe intellectually if they choose; and serious men do not go where the atmosphere is not thus free.

I do not compare this salon with any Colonial gathering, for this is London of London, and intellectual London at that. But so far as Colonial houses are dull compared with it, so is the average London house compared with the average Colonial one, partly through the presence of the epicene with her Medusa effect on inter-sexual gaiety, partly through the entertainment being supplied by tradesmen, and what follows from this, an absence of intimate sociality, mutual feminine sympathy and triumph—in short, of homeliness! In a colony, one pays a day visit as a matter of course after a social evening, and the women thus become familiar with each other and like finds like. In London, your fellow-guests are off to sanitary inspectorships next day, or some such horror, and the chances are that you do not meet twice a year. No merriment will ever come out of such an artificial state of things, neither merriment nor freely chosen friendships, nor even revealing dislikes. One is driven to be indifferent.



TIVOLI "TEMPLE OF THE SIBYL" - FROM THE RAVINE

Fred. Richards

TEMPLE OF THE SIBYL. BY FRED RICHARDS.

Readers and Writers.

By all accounts the next few months will see the addition of a number of weekly and monthly journals to the already over-crowded market. Let me hasten at once to disclaim the deduction that I am jealous of their appearance in competition with *THE NEW AGE*. I am not. We can never be overcrowded with necessities or even with luxuries. What produces the sense of overcrowding is the multiplication of the identical, the mere repetition; and it is precisely this effect that I both fear and anticipate. Without pretending to omniscience I may nevertheless say that there is scarcely a writer living in England with whose work I am not acquainted; and if my judgment is equal to my opportunities some value should attach to my conclusion that among them all there is no group capable at present of creating a new journal of an original character. The comparative ease, however, with which journals can be started nowadays is a great temptation to add to their number without much consideration. The improbability of so frequent a complex of happy circumstances as are required really to "found" a journal is forgotten; and thus one new paper follows another with the rapidity and ephemerality of intellectual whims and fancies.

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Of the two new Quarterlies, the first issues of which have just appeared, neither, in my opinion, is strictly necessary. "The Candid Quarterly" (5s. net), edited by Mr. Gibson Bowles, is very able in the accepted sense of Carlyle's "able editor"; but none of its views are of such a character that they could not otherwise have found expression or were not, in fact, already being expressed. Mr. Bowles' opinions of a positive nature fall into two classes, those finding weekly expression in the "New Witness" and those finding weekly expression in *THE NEW AGE*. Outside these two areas the "Candid Quarterly" has not only nothing to say, but its range within them is circumscribed. I will say nothing—for there is nothing to be said—of the "literary and artistic" side of the "New Witness"; but the "literary" affairs included specifically in the prospectus and on the title-page of the "Candid Quarterly" simply receive no mention in the first issue. The three hundred pages are given up to political and economic subjects completely. By definition the "Political Quarterly" (Oxford Press, 3s., or 10s. annually) restricts itself to these departments; but, once again, with no originality to justify a fresh publication. Is there one of the articles in the current issue that would not easily have found a home in an existing Review? I am sure there is not. But in that case, the new "Quarterly" is a wasteful superfluity. I go a little further in the case of one article—that of Professor A. D. Lindsay on "The State in Recent Political Theory." Its ignorance is disgraceful in a new review. Among his statements regarding the recent Socialist revival is this, that "the men who five years ago would have called themselves Socialists and given everything to the State now call themselves Syndicalists and can find no place for it." That is the information we expect from the "Times" or General Smuts; it is unforgivable in a professed student.

* * *

In the midst of his trivial relations of his trivial observations among trivial people, Mr. George Moore in the "English Review" makes one remark the discussion of which might be useful. "The source," he says, "from which language is refreshed—rural English—is being destroyed by Council Schools; and God help the writer who puts pen to paper in fifty years' time." I do not agree with either of the implied propositions, but I do not deny that there is something to be said for them. The sources of literature in the dialect are indeed in danger of drying up, if they are not dried up already; the great "Dialect Dictionary" has, in fact, as good as reported on the post-mortem of local variations. But on the other hand, the colloquial is always with us and offers

the prospect of a boundless reciprocity with literary language. Admitting for the sake of the argument that literary language is the synthesis of dialects, its perfection is only possible when these have been assimilated and in their turn restored to common colloquial currency. Literature, so to say, takes up dialect and, after using it, restores it to speech in a purified and universal instead of local form. Thus the perfection of Greek was to be found, I should say, in Plato and Demosthenes, two of the simplest and most colloquial writers that ever lived. Swift in English is often indistinguishable from careful conversation; and, generally, style becomes perfect as it becomes natural—that is, colloquial. Thus the future of the writer is not the gloomy one foreseen by Mr. George Moore, for there can scarcely be an end to the perfectibility of language in simplicity. It is, on the contrary, a future of infinite attraction. Only when some writer arises as simple and yet as profound as Plato, or as simple and yet as impassioned as Demosthenes, shall I begin to feel any apprehension of the approaching surcease of literary progress.

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No issue of the "English Review" is complete without an article by some jackanapes; and, in the relative absence from the current number of Mr. Austin Harrison's talent for vulgarity, his place is amply filled by Mr. R. A. Scott-James. Under the title of "The Real Decadent" Mr. Scott-James ventures into denunciations of people who either do not exist or of whom himself is a specimen. Who, I wonder, are the "tub-thumping supermen" whom Mr. Scott-James describes, without naming, as standing on Nietzsche's stilts and arrogating to themselves the direction of culture? Out with their names! No beating about the bush in such a hunt! But it is not of these armorial beasts Mr. Scott-James is really contemptuous, he says; but of the pedants, mandarins, and men of university culture who, ostrich-like [original phrase!] refuse to see the great popular movements, men and opinions, of our day—Larkin and Larkinism, to wit; Giovanetti; Haywood and the I.W.W.! For loftily refusing to feel the significance of these, culture to-day is damned. Yet was it not Mr. Scott-James who only a week or two ago in a long contemporary history of the British Press managed to omit *THE NEW AGE* and yet to include "John Bull"? It was.

* * *

The coming-of-age of the "Westminster Gazette," being an event without parallel in its history, was made the occasion of congratulation from its competitors—among them the "Daily News." Glancing nervously at me (I suppose) the "Daily News" justified its praise of the "Westminster" by saying: "Good fellowship of this kind—in spite of all that its critics may say—has been on the whole a tradition and an honourable tradition of the British Press." Well, I speak as I find and without complaint since we have done our best to ignore the traditions, good or bad, of the British Press and to follow the traditions of the British people and English literature; but my experience of the British Press (and of the "Daily News" included) is that honour, generosity, good fellowship and even common fairness are rare among them and are growing rarer. Will the "Daily News" note that among all the Press-references to the exhibition of cartoons by Mr. Rosciszewsky, not a single journal, including itself, mentioned that the drawings had appeared in *THE NEW AGE*, though one journal (the "Daily Sketch," I think), in gossip said to have been written by Mr. Titterton, did discover that "Tom-titt" had once contributed to "L'Assiette au Beurre," a French magazine!

* * *

I think if I were M. Bergson I should begin to recant my philosophy; for to the extent that it is pragmatic its disciples condemn it. His lectures at the Paris University are now so popular amongst the ladies that not only has he had to protest against the unbearable odours

of perfume brought in by them, but on account of the crush of fashion and the rudeness of his audience to his colleagues he has now been compelled to alter the time of his lectures to an hour when ladies are at lunch. Things culminated last week when his audience, to ensure seats for *his* lecture, took up their places at the lecture by M. Leroy-Beaulieu who precedes him; and this they interrupted and, in fact, stopped, by chattering, wrangling and singing the Marseillaise. "From a popular philosophy," said Coleridge, "Good Lord deliver us." But the prayer should be reserved for a philosophy and a philosopher popular among women.

* * *

The points contained in Mr. Ludovici's long letter published elsewhere are really of more importance to Nietzscheans than to National Guildsmen. It was with the foolish hope of diverting Mr. Ludovici from his bogey pursuit of airy nothings that I called his attention to Nietzsche's aphorism on the future organisation of industry. That aphorism I still maintain contains the germ of the Guilds, for by no other means than the Guilds could its requirements be carried out. That an Army and a Guild are not on all fours I am, of course, aware; but their similarities are sufficient to justify the drawing of a proximate parallel. Rent, Interest and Profit, for example, are eliminated from both. So is Wages. There is a common end, subordination is by merit, and the task is national. Mr. Ludovici, it will be observed, makes Nietzsche a German for one purpose, but a timeless and abstract philosopher for another purpose. When holding up to industry the model of the army, Nietzsche had in mind, Mr. Ludovici tells us, the German army—the army he knew and that everybody knew. But when declaring that "wealth necessarily creates an aristocracy," Nietzsche had not in mind the German wealthy classes whom he and everybody knew. Oh, dear, no! But wealth as an abstract institution! I do not know that the Yankees need tremble at the distinction—I should not in their place. The precedence of a "transvaluation of values" over a change of institutions is of the hen-and-egg order. Materialists, we know, assume that values arise from institutions. Mr. Ludovici, a Catholic strayed into the fold of a rival Pope, retorts that values create institutions. Both, in my opinion, are wrong, for values and institutions actually change together and so inseparably that, except in logic, the pair can at no moment be distinguished. With the institution of wealth the guildsman has naturally no quarrel, since his organisation exists to produce wealth. But Mr. Ludovici is after a wealthy class. Yes, and though he may denounce the plutocracy of to-day with any street-corner ranter, he would not imperil the existence of a wealthy class by abolishing the wage-system on which *not wealth*, but a wealthy class, depends. I leave the subject with one further observation: it is unhappily not the fact that a plutocracy can become an aristocracy, but it is unhappily the fact that every aristocracy has ended as a plutocracy.

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A coming cheap reprint is that of "Trübner's Oriental Series," published by Messrs. Kegan Paul. It does not contain the "Mahabharata," of course, nor even the "Ramayana"; but many of the series are indispensable. I hope that one of the earliest volumes will be the "Classical Dictionary of Hindu Mythology and Religion." It should, in fact, be the first.

* * *

To Collins' "Nation's Library" (1s. net) has been added, for some strange reason, a book on Burns. The writer, the Rev. Lauchlan Maclean Watt, is just an enthusiast of a type as common in Scotland to-day as it was inversely common in Burns' own days. One can see easily enough in the eulogies of posterity the same defects that disgraced the poet's contemporaries; his countrymen are as unjust now on the side of adulation as they were unjust while he was alive. Mr. Watt fails,

I think, to appreciate the strength of Burns' mind, and mistakes gush for praise. For instance: "Great with throbbing pity for all weak creatures, a flaming indignation of scorn for all hypocrisies, steadfast witnessing to liberty and truth of the naked man, though he had to face the frost of neglect and the fire-hail of criticism for his independence, he has won the undying rewards of never-fading love." The which is poppycock, as humiliating to the ghost of Burns as the Scotch stupidity of his own day. Nor can Mr. Watt forget the bawbees. The inscribed Family Bible of Burns was recently sold for £1,560; and, says Mr. Watt, "when the auctioneer's hammer fell, the tap of it was heard from pole to pole." What a tribute—but to whom if not to Mr. Carnegie?

* * *

It has just occurred to me why I so often hate to read the eulogies of the dead. This Mr. Watt now—with his rhetoric about the dead Burns and his throbbing this and flaming that—what would he make of Burns alive yet obscure? Probably nothing; and his case is common. Critics feel it *safe* to write about the dead, for nobody cares to correct them. Besides, they need only to read a dozen or so essays about a dead man to come without effort to an apparent judgment of their own. In the case of the living, however, they both risk a little, and are compelled to be original; and hence usually their failure. On the whole I prefer the criticisms written during an author's life to any written afterwards. So, I believe, do authors.

* * *

After my recent notes on the sins of other journals in the matter of mixing advertisements with literature, it was a great shock to me to find this journal guilty of a lapse. In the issue of February 5 an interesting letter was broken in two to make room for an advertisement of Mr. Allen Upward's new novel, "The Divine Mystery." I have read the "Divine Mystery" as I read every book by Mr. Upward. He is an author who in many respects is a mystery himself, at once fascinating and repellent, stimulating and depressing, incredibly wise and incredibly silly; a study of him would be an admirable test for the powers of any contemporary critic, and I hereby invite them. But an advertisement of one of his works is not advantaged by a breach in the good manners of THE NEW AGE. On the contrary, it suffers by it. Having made inquiries I am happy to say that neither Mr. Upward nor his publishers had any hand in the matter. It was, I am told, a piece of fatality, due to the coincidence of a cross-page advertisement with one of a whole column. I am further assured that such a thing will not occur again.

* * *

More translations of Croce, I hear, are shortly due; and I am looking for two in particular: his "Logic," and his work on Marx. Meanwhile, I have read his "Philosophy of Giambattista Vico" (Howard Latimer, 10s. 6d. net) with much pleasure. It chances that my recent comments on the difference between childishness and childlikeness are fully discussed in this volume; for Vico spent twenty-five years of intense study and reflection in endeavouring to re-enter the primitive and simple mind of the early race. Twenty-five years! Think of that, and of the seriousness and devotion of such a man as Vico; and then contrast this effort with the ease with which our latter-day primitives hope to enter heaven as little children. Vico's conclusion, I may add, was that after all he was only comparatively successful.

* * *

Now that Mr. Lansbury is back from America his long overdue explanation of his sudden dismissal of Mr. Lapworth from the editorship of the "Daily Herald" ought to appear. I cannot say that the "Daily Herald" has perceptibly improved under the new regime—whatever that may be. With less spirit than Mr. Lapworth put into it, the paper is even worse edited

in point of form, and is still without any sign of a policy. By policy I do not necessarily mean anything so explicit as the propaganda of the National Guild System; for few of the "Daily Herald" staff appear to be in a position to understand it, let alone to expound it. I mean a comparatively fixed scale of values. The phenomena of the political, economic and labour world do, it is true, change, but not every twenty-four hours, nor without reason. The "Daily Herald" ought not therefore on successive days, or even during successive weeks, to support National Guilds and Syndicalism, to denounce the Unionist Press and praise the "Times" and the "Pall Mall Gazette," to dismiss the Fabians as reactionaries and welcome their organ "The New Statesman," as advanced, to sneer at culture and recommend culture, to preach the class-war and to invite all classes to co-operate with Labour. All this indicates the absence of something less even than a constructive policy, namely, a steady and consistent mind. As regards form, the test of good editing is arrangement. A journal ought to be as well ordered as a public library on the free access system. The ordinary reader should know at once where to look for anything. But this is not the case with the "Daily Herald." Save for one or two fixed features, any paragraph or any subject may appear anywhere. Some such make-up as the following would, I think, serve as a model, subject, of course, to variation under special circumstances.

Page 1.—Cartoon, as now.

- 2.—Signed contributed articles and correspondence.
- 3.—The chief news item of the day.
- 4.—Minor news.
- 5.—Parliament.
- 6.—Special features: a variable subject.
- 7.—Herald League and announcements.
- 8.—Leaders and Notes of the day, as now.

The habit of plastering advertisements on every page should also be given up; and if necessary the price of the paper should be raised to a penny. R. H. C.

Early Spring in Damascus.

By Richard Curle.

IN March the stony uplands of Palestine are covered with wild flowers and the barren wilderness blooms again. It is this, together with the Easter celebrations at Jerusalem, that draws travellers hither at a time of year when the nights are apt to be very cold. Even in Syria, where flowers are scarcer and spring comes late, you will find cyclamen and dark red anemones flourishing in the rock-crannies of the hills. You have, indeed, plenty of time to study the flora of the country as the train carries you from Beyrout to Damascus. The distance is only ninety miles, but as much as nine hours are allowed for its accomplishment—and in Syria, moreover, there is no pedantic interpretation of punctuality. At any rate, there was none on the day that I made the journey. In the freshness of the morning, almost before the sea-mist has cleared off the Mediterranean, you run through the long mulberry groves of the coast. Thence, turning inland, you climb steadily, with many an abrupt and devious twist, into the range of the Lebanon. The boulders hang steeply upon the mountain side and like a great panting animal the train creeps and grunts up to the snow level of 5,000 feet. Here, in these wide vistas of forest and sloping hill, dwell the Druses—that curious people whose secret religion admits the dogmas both of Christianity and Mohammedanism. In this winding ascent you are for ever losing and catching sight of Beyrout. It crouches far, far beneath you, growing smaller at each upward and inward curve, till at length it appears but as a handful of whitish dust sprinkled upon a promontory.

Where the winter snow still lingers by the railway track the air is keen, but once you have reached the summit it is not long before you are slipping downwards

towards the sunny plateau that lies between the Lebanon and the Anti-Lebanon. An exquisite green valley, surrounded by snow-capped mountains, unfolds itself at your feet. It is a valley smooth to the eye as a lawn, and, as I saw it then in March, soft with the touch of early spring. Upon its banks grow the vines of Syria, and farms are dotted over the low meadow land. Here, at a wayside station, on the edge of the hill I bought from a little ragged boy hard-boiled eggs (stained yellow with onion juice), coarse salt, and flat Arab bread, and made an excellent meal.

For some hours before reaching Damascus the scene becomes very uninteresting. You descend gradually through a narrow, stony gulch which remains with you up to the very border of the city. For the line now follows the bed of the Barada (the far-famed Abana of Scripture)—the very river that waters Damascus. But suddenly, round a bend, the plain opens before you, white with the blossom of fruit trees and green with the verdure of a thousand gardens. You are on the threshold of Damascus, and ten minutes later you are alighting at Beramké, the outskirt station of the city.

Although Damascus contains, by rough calculation, anything up to a quarter of a million inhabitants, they are packed so closely together that you can go from the east boundary to the west and from the south boundary to the north in an astonishingly short time. To encompass the whole city, in truth, would be hardly more than a morning's walk. The streets are narrow, cobbled, and horribly uneven, and they literally seethe with all the peoples of the nearer East. Such slow-moving crowds are unknown to European cities and would never be tolerated in them. But, then, these are Orientals, who regard neither convenience nor time. Arab camel drivers and Turkish soldiers, Syrian Christians and Jews, sleek, grey-bearded merchants, mendicants, veiled women, fanatical holy men, jostle one another upon the pavements and overflow into the road. A perpetual sound of loud argument, of hammering, of the cries of street-sellers and cab-drivers, of yelping dogs, and of the rustle of ten thousand feet, falls upon the ear, seeming to blend harmoniously with the barbaric colours of the town.

My first impression of Damascus, as I walked its streets the day after my arrival, was of a city of innumerable merchants. The noiseless footfall of age is almost lost for you in the whirl of traffic. Even in the bazaars, where once romance and commerce sat hand in hand, change is only too visible. The glory has departed from them. They have been rebuilt since the recent disastrous fire, broader and roofed with corrugated iron. Hygiene has slain not merely insanitary conditions but romance itself. Like an octopus, they spread far and wide over the town, but they are no longer the bazaars of old, the bazaars where some contemporary of "good Haroun Alraschid" might have wandered in peace. The kernel may be the same, but the shell is different.

By the populous centre of bazaar-life stands, in its noonday stillness, the Great Mosque of Damascus. But here, too, the hand of change has erased the memorials of the past. For though its history goes back long, long before the era of Mohammed, and though it has actually been a Moslem sanctuary for 1,300 years, yet the present building is but of yesterday. For it, also, has been devastated by fire, and the new mosque is not twenty years old. And Christians may now tread where once no dog of an Unbeliever would have been allowed. I, myself, my unclean boots covered with slippers, stepped upon the rich carpets where the Devout were scattered in attitudes of prayer. Heedless of my presence they were prostrating themselves before their God or reciting holy passages from the Koran as they swayed their bodies to and fro. In this proof of the living influence of their religion I could realise suddenly the Damascus of a thousand years. And, indeed, even as you walk through the streets when the day is at its full and the withering sunlight pours upon the surging masses, you are able to obtain many a glimpse of the

ancient and historic Damascus—here, in the green-tiled minaret of a mosque standing gracefully against the blue sky, there, in a marble-paved court, seen for an instant through a half-closed door, in which a fountain is bubbling.

I have said that the area of Damascus is remarkably small, and this, in fact, becomes at once apparent if you walk up to the suburb of Salahiyeh and look down upon the city spread beneath. From the side of that barren hill you see at once its close, compact formation. There are but two wings to Damascus, the street leading up to Salahiyeh and that of the Midan that straggles out of the town for about a mile of houses and granaries. And beyond the city ranges the flat and beautiful plain to which Damascus is the key. Two days' journey to the south-east it loses itself in the desert, where the Barada, its life-giver, is swallowed by the salt marshes; but from here, far as eye can reach, there is a mass of trees and grey foliage. Away to the east mountains are just visible, and behind you (if you could but see it over the shoulder of the hill) Hermon stands white and shining in the distance. The river Barada, a swift and narrow stream, flows out of the gorge into Damascus only to be carried underground and to emerge in the further plain. It is from a neighbouring summit that Mohammed is said to have gazed upon the city and to have turned from it reluctantly with these words, "Man can have but one paradise, and my paradise is fixed above."

Towards evening, when the level rays of the sun strike sideways down the shadowy mountains, the whole landscape glows with richness. Like one immense fruit garden the orchards, white with almond and apricot blossom, open fanways on all sides from the city of Damascus. The gleaming minarets are surrounded by this fragrant sea and the brown houses seem to rise from out the engulfing plain. The deepest and most unbroken quiet reigns in these orchards. Goldfinches hop from branch to branch, and in the sun-spattered glades you can watch the figures of gardeners moving silently amongst the trees. If you leave Damascus by the Bab Tuma (the other side of the town from Salahiyeh), on the high road that still carries so much of the Aleppo traffic, you will travel for mile after mile through the finest fruit garden of Asia. In March it is still chilly beneath the laced and laden boughs where the sun cannot penetrate, but a little later when the universal green will have grown more profound, and when the peach blossom will have added its lustre to that of the other trees, it must be delightful here beyond words. These environs are the real charm of Damascus. For the town itself would inevitably pall upon you at last, as all Oriental towns do, but the orchards of Damascus would remain sweet for ever.

It is in such a place, without the walls and half-surrounded with fruit trees, that Thomas Henry Buckle, the author of "The History of Civilisation," lies buried. He died in Damascus in 1862, and he sleeps in the tiny English cemetery whose unruffled stillness is unbroken by the steps of True Believers. A Jew conducted me thither, a superior person, who expressed great contempt for Mohammedans and was very urgent with me that I should visit the Catholic as well as the Protestant cemetery. I stood a few minutes by Buckle's grave, round which the falling petals will shower when spring is over, and I read what his sister has had carved upon his headstone:—"I know that he will rise again." But who would wish to rise from so peaceful a spot?

At sunset the call to prayer resounds from a hundred minarets. The muezzins' high-pitched drone floats out over the orchards, and devout men, weary from a day of toil, fall upon the ground and turn once again towards the Holy City. This is the hour to be abroad, in the mild silence of the dusk. It is cool even amidst the narrow and airless back streets of the town or the pungent smells of the Tarik-el-Mustakim—the long "Street called Straight," that cuts the city as the Rue de l'Université cuts Paris. But in the orchards, where all is still and where the pariah dogs wander not in

search of offal, this hour is by far the most delicious of the day. The call to prayer is heard but as a mysterious echo in the silence, and the scent of the trees appears stronger as the darkness falls.

There is nothing to do in Damascus at night, unless you would sit drinking Turkish coffee in one of the many open restaurants, or would walk about the streets feeding the stray dogs with Arab bread. (Poor dogs! There are thousands of them, homeless and despised, and they live on meagre charity and on unsavoury pickings.) The social life of Mohammedans does not approximate to ours. You cannot penetrate behind these dark, latticed windows, and the whole town seems to be shut off from your prying gaze. And yet the fatal West has not battered on Damascus all in vain. Two cinematograph theatres and an electric tram are evidence of its blighting touch. If this be the march of progress, I prefer retrogression.

The nights of early spring are bitterly cold in Damascus, and you are thankful to pile on the blankets. But towards morning it generally becomes warmer (strange anomaly), and at eight o'clock you can sit up quite comfortably in bed for breakfast. My window overlooked the Barada, hurrying to its underground fate a hundred yards further on, and from there I could watch the crowds demonstrating before the governor's palace at the high price of bread. Minarets and snowy Hermon made up the Eastern picture. These crowds of Damascus are good-natured, but subject to waves of intense excitement. They rise and subside in them like an angry storm coming whence and going whither no man exactly knows. Damascus is the town in which to study the psychology of crowds. And, as to individuals, I have come across many curious people here—from a Melbourne clergyman, who knew the precise spot of Paul's conversion, to a Syrian tradesman (a Christian, of course), who read La Bruyère and Pushkin, and who got up every morning at four to write essays on "family happiness" and kindred subjects. But to understand the inner lives of Moslems is a difficulty that has faced me at every step. The creed of Mohammed neither invites confidences nor suggests compromise. To the True Believer the best of Christians is merely a dog, as to the Christian the best of Mohammedans is hopelessly damned. Over and over again, as I walked through these streets, I have studied the faces of old men and of young men, and I have seen there only the proud and fanatic dogmatism of an invincible faith. And to them their religion is not solely religion, but also civilisation—a civilisation alien to Western philosophy. So the conflict wages and will wage for centuries to come.

There are, indeed, Christian and Jewish quarters in Damascus, but they have not that importance they assume in some other Moslem towns. In Beyrout, for instance, the Christians actually outnumber the Mohammedans, and in Bagdad the Jews have a great part of the city to themselves. But in Damascus, Christians and Jews together probably do not constitute a twentieth of the population. Their quarters lie on either side of the Tarik-el-Mustakim, near its further end by the Bab Tuma or Thomas' gate, and there they dwell, for the most part, like hunted animals in their burrows of houses, creeping stealthily along their smelly, narrow lanes. Their hatred of the Mohammedans is returned to them four-fold and with an inveterate contempt which would be galling to more educated races. But there is now little or no active interference with the Unbelievers. I have met, certainly, some uncommonly agreeable and intelligent men amongst the Syrian Christians, but, on the whole, these Turkish subjects of the Greek Church are a poor lot. They are "smart" and shallow. But they are sincere in one thing at least—in their hatred of the Turkish rule; and there, to a very large extent, they join hands with their Moslem neighbours. Indeed, how could the Syrians be loyal to Turkey? She drains their manhood for her unvictorious armies and she gives nothing in return. She sits upon their patient backs like a veritable old man of the sea.

In Damascus there are ancient Roman remains, and, no doubt, also, some of the memorials of Islam are very old. But at the best the age of Mohammedanism is but a breath. The pyramids of Egypt were hoary thousands of years before the Hegira and Christianity itself was already an established religion at the birth of Mohammed. Curiously enough, the most excellent private example of an antique dwelling in Damascus belongs to a family of Jews, who are probably more careful of it than most Mohammedans would be. For Mohammedans are not touched with our modern ardour of preservation. They care for their souls and for the good things of this world, but they are neither artists nor antiquarians. The well-known Damascene work is crudely garish and of a type that admits of little originality. Nassan, by the Bab Tuma, employs about 500 people in the making of gold, silver, brass and copper work and in the inlaying of tables and boxes in mother-of-pearl, rare woods, and camel bone. Many of the workers are little girls of five and upwards, and the more select inlaying is largely in the hands of Jewesses. They sit in rows, their black heads bent over the trays, every now and again glancing up with their shining, black eyes, and begging for baksheesh with voluminous smiles.

Indeed, from the youngest to the oldest, the desire of profit is strongly ingrained in the Damascenes. Here, if you like, is a race of shopkeepers. Not only do they manufacture many goods themselves, but they have made Damascus the centre of a great Eastern trade. Hither come caravans laden with tobacco from Bagdad and silk carpets from Persia. And here, also, is the Northern terminus of the Hedjaz railway. It is singular to think how even the railway but emphasises the conservatism of the Moslem Creed. For it is a line built to carry pilgrims towards Mecca, in the hope of eternal life, in the longing to gain the promised rewards of a voluptuous paradise. Indeed, the Oriental spirit lingers still within Damascus. In the dim byways and in the outlying parts little change can have fallen for hundreds of years. The electric tram and the cinematograph have come, but they have only scratched this fringe of the changeless East. The old buildings may decay and a European veneer may slightly alter the outward life, but beneath it the spirit remains the same as of yore. Veiled women steal round corners, disappearing down noisome alleyways. Men pass you, mumbling in their beards, cursing you beneath their breath. To the Orthodox and the Devout we are of no more importance than the dog they kick contemptuously from their path. Are we not Unbelievers and has not Mohammed, the servant of the Compassionate One, announced that we shall enter not into the joys of Heaven?

Though Damascus has so alluring a fascination, nevertheless, if I had to live in Syria, I had rather it were in a seaport like Beyrout than in the interior. For the apathy and lassitude of a purely Oriental atmosphere overwhelm one like an invincible tide. But on the coast you hear ever the faint murmurs of the busy Western world. Where the lazy sea flaps exhausted on the rocks you know that there starts the highway of the universe. It is remarkable, this feeling of freedom engendered by the sea, and I have felt it nowhere more mightily than when I returned to Beyrout after my visit to Damascus. Beyrout is a town very deceptive to the casual traveller, who sees only the sordid and repulsive streets around the port, and judges of it accordingly. But up amongst the pine woods, amongst the flowering gardens and the lush, wayward vegetation of its high outskirts, there is an exotic charm. Especially is this true at night when the frogs are croaking in every pool and darkness hides the snowy summits of the Lebanon.

But for sheer romance it is of Damascus I would speak first and last. Its very name conjures up all the glamour of the Arabian Nights. Is it not true, indeed, that Abou Nuwas in the story of "Noureddin Ali of Damascus and the Damsel Sitt el Milah," exclaims rapturously "Damascus is all gardens for the pleasance of the eyes"? Its fame is no mushroom growth. The

ground that Paul trod and where Saladin lies buried knew also the feet of the Roman conquerors. And now, at length, after its long Turkish subjection, it looks as if it might outlast the celebrated cities of Europe. For the disintegrating influences of modern unrest do but ruffle its surface, and presently, in the twilight of obscurantism, it will slumber again. Let the Turks but depart without successors and we will hear no more of Occidental Civilisation. By the help of Allah and the Prophet the True Believers will stamp it out.

The Last of the Urbanasians.

By Arthur F. Thorn.

I RAN into Snaith just as I was dodging up Adam and Eve Court. "Which way are you going?" he gasped, clutching me by the arm. "The club," I whispered. He gave a terrified glance round the corner into Oxford Street and then jumped back into the shadow. "For your life," he cried, and together we bolted into the darkness of the alley. "Are you quite certain of your bearings?" I gasped as we raced along. "Quite," he replied; "it'll take us just four minutes at this pace, providing—providing we are not followed." I was too breathless to inquire exactly how the position stood, or what the other chaps had decided to do. "Ross was caught this morning," panted Snaith as he dragged me through a dirty little shop and up some unlighted stairs. "God knows what's become of him." I stumbled up after him as best I could. "Is this the new branch?" I panted. Snaith did not reply, but shoved me into a very spacious room which was crowded with men of all ages, many of whom were complete strangers. "Ah, here you are," exclaimed a tall, elderly gentleman, fighting his way from the further corner where he had been talking to a group of very excited members. "Glad to see you both safe. Have you heard about Ross?" Snaith nodded quickly and removed his hat. "Yes, we got a message this afternoon at the Charing Cross Branch. It's a damned shame. Just fancy, poor old Ross, one of the initiators too. Was he disguised when they caught him?" The elderly gentleman nodded. "That's just the extraordinary thing about it," he answered, "and it puts us in a fearful hole—what on earth are we going to do?" He shook his head. "The game's up," I interrupted. "They know the disguise now; you don't suppose it will hold good in the future, do you?" Snaith sat down and mopped his face. "There's no chance of escaping from London now," he exclaimed irritably. "None that I can see, any way. All these disguises, too—sheer waste. How on earth did they detect Ross? That's what beats me." The elderly gentleman smiled sadly. "We have no definite explanation," he replied. "Ross, as you know, was an exceptionally stout man, and above the average height. His make-up was adjusted with the usual care—anyhow, whoever it was that spotted him must have been very intimately acquainted with the male physique." He twiddled his thumbs in a forlorn manner. At that moment a little red-faced man burst into the room and locked the door behind him. "It's Harris," exclaimed Snaith, "he looks pretty done up." We made a circle round him and waited for him to recover his breath. "I've just rushed over from the Kennington Swimming Baths": his eyes bulged from his head. "What do you think," he cried, "They've burnt down the Charing Cross Branch!"

I fetched him a chair and endeavoured to calm him. "Well," exclaimed everybody excitedly, "what happened?" Harris moistened his lips, and struggled into a sitting posture. "They've captured them all save Sarnar—he's safe in the Kennington Baths. He's been there since one o'clock—and there's no food—"

The crowd around Harris asked him innumerable questions, but he was too weak to say much. We helped him to undress. "You never saw such a crowd

in the Strand," he remarked in a feeble voice, as I loosened his blouse strings. "Talk about a crowd—you couldn't move. And Trafalgar Square! Well, to give you some idea, twelve of 'em had climbed up the Nelson Column with double-handed saws"—he paused, and his eyes bulged more than ever. "They've removed—they've removed Nelson!" The crowd fell back amazed. Harris was in a perspiration of fear. "You'll hardly believe it," he continued, "but Peel's gone, too. There isn't a statue left standing in London bar Queen Elizabeth and Victoria." He struggled out of his skirt and drank a glass of brandy which Snaith had procured from downstairs. "What's going to happen next?" inquired Merrivale nervously, a fine, broad-shouldered youth of about thirty.

"God knows," replied Harris. "Frankly, I don't think we shall be able to hold out much longer; in the first place, where's the grub coming from? We're bound to give in some time or other." The sad, elderly gentleman produced a magenta notebook. "How many of us do you suppose are still free?" He looked around him with a pathetic smile.

"Well," replied Harris, finishing his brandy, "I should say as many as there are in this room, and Sarner," he paused; "there's no doubt about it, they've got all the rest." The elderly gentleman made a calculation in his note-book. "Two hundred and one—two hundred and one," he repeated, sucking the end of his pencil; "and how many of the—of the—others—" (he lowered his voice) "of the enemy?" We leaned forward. "Millions," exclaimed Harris emphatically. "They simply swarm; you've no idea." As he spoke Taylor came up from the shop beneath with the information that no more food was available. There was just sufficient to carry us through till the morning. Immediately there was an uproar. "Quiet, quiet," cried Harris, "they'll hear us." There was a sudden silence during which he crawled over to the ventilator and peered through into the street below. Then he crawled back again with an expression of terror upon his face. He held up his five fingers three times in succession. "Disguise," he whispered, rolling his eyes. "If you value your freedom, disguise. They've got us; it's all up; they heard us talking—fifteen of 'em waiting outside. It's all up." There was an immediate rush for disguises; and in the chaos that followed, no single costume was properly adjusted. Harris was trying to fasten his skirt when we heard the distant shrieks and wailings of the enemy. "They are upon us," cried Snaith; "out with the lights." In complete darkness we waited—breathless. The atmosphere in the room was fetid and almost stifling. "Shall we chance it?" whispered Merrivale, in a hoarse voice; but even as he spoke the shrieking and shouting grew nearer and louder, while above the increasing roar we could distinguish the triumphant battle-cry of their leader. "They've surrounded the house," muttered Harris. "We may as well give in," persisted Merrivale, hopelessly. "What's the use of sticking here? They'll possibly burn the house down like they did at Charing Cross. After all, we shouldn't be much worse off in a Man Farm." The roar grew deeper. "Put it to the members," exclaimed Snaith. "Are we to be burnt alive, or do we attempt to escape?"

We waited for a moment, and at length came the almost inaudible word, "Escape." As we ranged ourselves in single file and Harris unlocked the door, lighted torches were thrust against the windows; flames licked the casements, and without a moment's hesitation we scuttled down the stairs—right into the arms of the enemy. A howl of delight greeted our appearance in the street, and instantly, each one of us was seized by about twenty of them. "Passive resistance," cried the elderly gentleman as he was borne away. "Remember—no violence." A shriek of derision answered him, and I heard him no more. We were then hurried along swiftly to sixteen great motor lorries which were waiting in Oxford Street. There was no chance of escape; each one of us was surrounded

by about fifty of the enemy. I recall seeing poor young Snaith being hoisted into the first lorry. As it rattled away the crowd on either side was swept into two black lines. In the lorry behind mine the elderly gentleman had fainted. A swarm of the enemy were endeavouring to revive him. Their leader, who manoeuvred through the crowd in a small aluminium motor-car, shouted instructions through a large megaphone—"Let no man be injured," came the voice above the roar. "Remember, they are the last of their race. We need them, every one." Then, as my lorry started, I looked back. Merrivale stood in the centre of the van which followed mine. He stood calmly with folded arms and made no protest. I noted that he had been stripped of his disguise, and that several of the enemy were weeping and bathing a slight wound upon his breast. "So be it," I muttered, and cheerfully submitted to the unceasing caresses of my hysterical captors.

Views and Reviews.

WHEN the dramatic critic of "The Daily Chronicle" set himself to the task of making Mr. G. K. Chesterton's play a commercial success, and proposed a public debate on the subject of miracles as a means of advertising the play, he had, I suppose, some hope that the debate itself might be interesting. Indeed, if one forgets that G. K. C. is primarily a controversialist, and is "bobby-dazzled" by his verbal trickery into regarding him as either an artist or a thinker, it is easy to expect great things from him, and to be disappointed in the event. But "Magic" itself is a polemic primarily directed not against materialism, but in favour of the miraculous element of Roman Catholicism. In the prologue and the first act, G. K. C. is concerned to establish a presumption in favour of the occurrence of a miracle; but when the miracle happens, he devotes his skill to showing that it is due to devilry, and is only a form of sin, because it is not a Roman Catholic miracle. In the debate, he adopted the same position. He urged, in his opening speech, the presumption in favour of the occurrence of miracles in general; and, when everybody had argued about miracles in general, he suddenly introduced the subject of Christianity (which had been deliberately excluded from the range of debate) and asserted that they had been arguing about Christianity all the time. The subject was: "Do Miracles Happen?" and Mr. Chesterton concluded that the resurrection of Jesus Christ was so stupendous a miracle as to compel him to believe that the Roman Catholic Church was commissioned by God to save the world and Mr. Chesterton, or something like that. The conclusion was very like a non sequitur, and it had every appearance of intellectual dishonesty; for Mr. Chesterton apparently reached the foregone conclusion that no miracles have happened or do happen except those sanctioned by the authority of the Catholic Church, which, by the way, was not the subject of discussion.

In spite of the fact that the discussion was opened with the statement of a dictionary definition of a miracle, which G. K. C. amended for the purposes of debate, the disputants could not even agree concerning the nature or characteristics of a miracle. G. K. C.'s amended definition was this: "A miracle is an event happening perceptible to the senses which indicates that there is a will, or purpose, or intelligence behind the happening thing." According to this definition, it would be a miracle if Mr. T. E. Hulme, accepting the challenges offered him in this journal, handed Jack Johnson the k.o., as the boxing experts phrase it. In G. K. C.'s loose rendering, this would be an "event," it would be perceptible to the senses, and it would indicate a will, or purpose, or intelligence behind the happening thing. But nobody (except, perhaps,

* Do Miracles Happen? A copy of the Recent Debate at the Little Theatre. ("Christian Commonwealth" Co. 6d.)

G. K. C. and Mr. Joseph McCabe) would fall down and worship Mr. Hulme, and, in addition, accept his "elliptical rhomboids" as a new creation of the universe. Yet we find, according to G. K. C., similar contingencies attaching to a miracle; it is not merely the happening, the perceptibility, and the indication of a will, that describe a miracle. That a miracle must possess the power of compelling worship, and must prove some proposition about the universe, are assumptions not clearly stated by G. K. C., but which are none the less manifest in his speeches.

But if this be so, G. K. C.'s own example of a miracle is useless. If the mountains suddenly fell down, and something happened afterwards as if there were purpose in it, we should not be, as G. K. C. supposes, face to face with the problem of a personal God. If the problem of a personal God does not arise while mountains stand, and avalanches hit or miss the huts of the mountaineers, it will not arise because mountains, avalanches, huts, and mountaineers are all whelmed into an inextricable confusion. Let God hang out a sign proclaiming that alone he did it, the evidential value of this occurrence would depend entirely on the nature of the individual mind. When a country house is burnt, and Suffragette literature is found near the scene, only minds prepared to believe that all incendiaries are Suffragettes accept the second fact as proof positive of the authorship of the first. The presumption in favour of such a conclusion is very strong, of course; but the two facts are not invariably connected, and the second does not constitute irrefragable proof of the authorship of the first. When the island of Krakatoa exploded, and the earth was glorified with magnificent sunsets for some seasons afterwards, the scientific mind connected the two events; but it did not fall into the error of supposing that God blew up the island to provide the earth with glorious sunsets. Even if, as I have suggested, a sign had appeared in the sky saying that this was the intention of God, the scientist would not have believed it. He would have argued that such a method showed such ignorance of the most economical way of providing fine sunsets as to be impossible to God.

If this is G. K. C.'s idea of a miracle, then, quite obviously, he ought to have argued that miracles do not happen. The mountains do not skip like young rams, nor do we worship and fall down, and kneel before the Lord our God. But G. K. C.'s contention was that miracles do happen, and when he was asked "Where?" he replied: "At Lourdes." But it must be apparent that the cures at Lourdes do not agree with his own definition or example of a miracle. They are events, they are perceptible to the senses; but if they manifest any will, it is only the will of the patient, for I think it safe to say that no patient has been cured who did not will to be cured. The purpose of these cures is not apparent, except to a scoffer like Zola; and he quite plainly inferred that their only purpose was the enriching of the town, the railway companies, and the Catholic Church. Nor do these cures manifest intelligence, for it is safe to say that not all those who are cured are those whom an intelligent person would select for longer life on this planet. If the cures performed by medical men do not bring us face to face with the problem of a personal God, neither do the cures at Lourdes.

So I might examine all the instances given by G. K. C. and the other speakers, of the planchette, of the transmutation of metals, of the development of a somatic cell from the fertilised ovum, etc., and show that they do not conform to the definition of a miracle given by G. K. C. The term "miracle" is really an indeterminate term; it seems to mean something previously unknown, or something inexplicable, something wonderful, or something incredible, according to the mood or nature of the speakers. Matthew Arnold, of course, cleverly evaded the problem by defining a miracle as something that does not happen. But surely the whole difference between what is called a "miracle" and a natural occurrence is (superficially, at least) the differ-

ence between apparently personal and impersonal causation. Take the example from G. K. C.'s play, "Magic." If the doctor's lamp showed a red or blue light indifferently, the fact would accord with all the assumptions of the nature of a miracle made by the speakers. It would be a previously unknown fact, a wonderful fact, an apparently inexplicable fact, and, to most people, it would be an incredible fact. But it would not be a miracle, because its causation would be apparently impersonal. But when the red light turns to blue, in consequence of Morris Carleon's challenge to the conjurer, we have a fallacious instance of a miracle; fallacious because, as a matter of fact, the personal will of the conjurer does not effect the change. If the conjurer, without using any material aids, could by an effort of will cause light shining through red glass to appear blue, that would be a miracle. It is not a question of being able to produce the same effect by other means: when Mr. Maskelyne reproduces spiritualistic phenomena by mechanical means, he does not, as he supposes, prove that the spiritualistic phenomena are produced by mechanical means: the whole question is: "Can these phenomena be produced by the direct agency of the will?"

It is clear that no analogy from science can help us. The transmutation of metals, although wonderful, is not miraculous; by careful observation, the scientist has discovered the conditions of transmutation, and he only provides the conditions, not the causation. But if the teaching of religions has any validity, it is that the will of man is an effective cause of the existence of things. "Circumstances? I make circumstances," said Napoleon, in an epigrammatic assumption of divinity. We need not reopen the controversy concerning free-will and determinism; Croce has reconciled the opponents by proving that both are right, that the will has two moments, the first conditioned by the nature of the circumstances, the second free by the nature of the will, and that the two moments coincide. If we impose upon our minds the determinist limitation: "Being as we now are, we cannot do otherwise than as we now do": we practically deny action, and await event. It is safe to say that this is the mental condition of practically the whole of the human race; it is only here and there one who dares to renew the world and himself at crucial moments. Yet it is conceivable, and therefore possible, that the will will affirm its own supremacy and create things, that miracle and not method will be the order of life; and that the mechanical utilisation of the forces of nature will be superseded by the personal direction of them.

A. E. R.

Ancient Town Planning.*

A LINGERING belief in the goodness of human nature makes us hope that the modern builder is as much of an ignoramus as he is a knave. If he had read his Vitruvius he could not fail to be impressed by the prominent position which considerations of health hold in "The Art of Architecture." Let us take the theatre as an example—an institution of supreme importance in the ancient world, as, indeed, it must be in any civilisation less barbarous than that of to-day. Vitruvius says (we quote from the translation by Wilkins): "After the site of the forum has been determined, the next care is to select the most healthy spot within the limits of the city for a theatre. . . . For those who frequent them in company with their families, engaged by the interest they take in the representations, remain in fixed attention; whence it happens that the pores of the body are exposed to the effects of the atmosphere, which, in the neighbourhood of marshes or spots otherwise unhealthy, is charged with vapours prejudicial to the human frame. . . . It is no less necessary that the theatre be not placed with its concave part facing the

* "Ancient Town-Planning." By F. Haverfield. Pp. 152, with 9 plates and 27 illustrations in the text. 8vo. 6s. net. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

south; because, from its peculiar form, the sun would heat every part alike and prevent the circulation of air, which, becoming rarefied and heated, causes the evaporation and exhaustion of the corporeal juices. On these accounts unwholesome situations must be avoided, and healthy spots carefully selected."

And so throughout, whether he be describing public or private buildings, Vitruvius, at least, seems to have realised that building is a matter which concerns primarily the health and welfare of the citizens at large, and the ancients generally recognised the importance of health considerations, as witness the very existence of such offices as the *Astynomi* and *Agoranomi*, whatever their precise functions may have been. But it is good to be able to judge, at any rate in part, how far these ideal theories were carried out by an ancient practice. Professor Haverfield's book, though this may not have been his intention in writing it, helps us to frame our answer. He himself describes it in the preface as "a scholar's contribution to a modern movement" and the original essay upon which it has been based was submitted to the London Conference on Town-planning in 1910. Now we have always thought, in spite of the splendour of Periclean Athens and Augustus' boast about finding Rome a city of brick and leaving it one of marble, that the ancient city was generally one of splendid public and mean private buildings. Does not Juvenal give us a picture of Rome with its narrow, dirty streets and mean tottering houses which even a modern jerry-builder could contemplate with complacency? As Professor Haverfield says, "Town-planning is an art of intermittent activity. . . . For its full unfolding two conditions are needed. The age must be one in which, whether through growth or through movements of population, towns are being freely founded or freely enlarged, and almost as a matter of course attention is drawn to methods of arranging and laying out such towns. And secondly, the builders of these towns must have wit enough to care for the well-being of common men and the due arrangement of ordinary dwellings. That has not always happened. In many lands and centuries—in ages where civilisation has been tinged by an undercurrent of barbarism—one or both of these conditions have been absent" (p. 11). (This "undercurrent of barbarism" rises pretty well to the surface in the slums of our large towns to-day.) Now in classical Greek times man lived for the State. We all remember Aristotle's *πολιτικὸν ζῆλον*—hence in the classical period the individual as such is badly housed. But as the idea of the *πόλις* or city-State vanished in the Macedonian era, so the claims of the individual citizen begin to be recognised, and this shows itself even in town-planning. It is rather strange that Socialists, those fools who will not see that man is an individual and that the only things of value are the things of individuality or personality, should be so interested in an art which was first taken up in Greece when the claims of the individual first began to be recognised! Not that town-planning begins in the Macedonian era. We find it right back beyond the historical period, and perhaps the most interesting part, to the general reader, of Professor Haverfield's book, is his description of the *terremare* of North Italy, which date back to the Bronze Age, where we see already that "chess-board" arrangement of streets and rectangular house blocks which are so prominent throughout his survey.

We find, too, that Herodotus' famous description of Babylon is confirmed, in all save dimensions, by the excavations which have been made; but this is not the place for a critical review of the evidence produced by Professor Haverfield. We prefer to point the moral from a few instances.

On page 70 we read, "The Roman augur who asked the will of Heaven marked off a square piece of sky or earth—his *templum*—into four quarters; in them he sought for his signs. The Roman general who encamped his troops, laid out their tents on a rectangular pattern governed by the same idea. The commissioners who

assigned farming-plots on the public domains to emigrant citizens of Rome planned these plots on the same rectangular scheme—as the map of rural Italy is witness to this day." And again on p. 77: "The two main streets appear to follow some method of orientation connected with augural science." It is a splendid instance of the fact, well known to those who study religion and other superstitions, that much of ancient ceremonial was merely good hygienics. Godliness was originally next to cleanliness, but nowadays we are primarily godly—as witness our capitalists.

It is interesting to notice how the Romans dealt with over-crowding. Their "*Coloniæ*," though primarily military outposts, were often *accidentally* occasioned by overcrowding in the city itself. We have not solved the problem at all. Silchester (p. 129) is an example to put beside our garden-cities except that instead of attempting to bring the country into the town it turns town-features into the country. "The reverse has taken place of that which we often see to-day in England. Our modern builders and architects had—until perhaps quite recently—only one idea of a small house, the house, namely, which to-day characterises the monotonous streets in the poorer quarters of our new towns, with its front door and bow window on one side, its offices behind, and its two other sides left blank for other houses to stand against. This is a town house. Yet our modern builders use it, all by itself, in the most desolate country districts. I came across one such not long ago, when driving over a lovely valley in Exmoor. There it stood, with no other house near it, yet with its two sides blankly waiting for the street that ought to form itself to the right and left" (p. 131).

The book concludes with pointing out the difference between the difficulties of the ancient and modern world in town-planning, but we are grateful to Professor Haverfield for his very lucid exposition of what archaeology has to teach us about ancient town-planning. We feel the beam in our own eye. R. B. A.

THE MINER.

I wonder if it was God's design
That a man should earn his bread,
Toiling away in the dark o' the mine,
With Death hanging over his head;
For a fault just here and a prop too few,
Or a lamp drawn out of its sheath,
And an "empty" stands in the family pew,
While a "full" truck's shunted down underneath.
And all I can say of a task like mine
Is, "I wonder whether it's God's design."

I wonder God doesn't deem it a crime
That some wives should be slaves
Toiling away at washin' o' grime
That's come from the underground caves;
For clothes are spoilt as soon as they're cleaned,
Till a woman is never at rest;
And a boy's near dead as soon as he's weaned,
Till Life seems a bitter and cruel jest.
And I wonder whether a wife like mine
Is meant for a slave by Law Divine.

I wonder whether 'twas meant that coal,
That our fair land should lie
In desolate slag-heaps, line upon line,
With nothing to gladden the eye;
That miners should dwell in such dingy rows
Of dingy huts in dingy towns,
While their sweat to the barren coinage goes,
And their temper's lost for a few half-crowns;
And when for an easier life I pine,
I wonder if that was not God's design.

I wonder whether 'twas meant that coal,
Industry's hard, black food,
Should cost in its getting the human soul,
And then, in a criminal mood,
That men should put it to murderous use,
Or uselessly rather, should kill
The human lives that the great fleet's cruise
Exacts as due by the War-god's will.
No, I fear that the final fruit of the mine
Is a blot on the beauty of God's design.

A. GASCOIGNE RICHARDS.

Pastiche

MODERN REVIEWING.

"The Times," February 12.

François Villon was at his worst when he wrote court poetry. Yet for some strange reason Francis I. delighted in him. Surely Francis I. must have been aware of our opinion: Villon was at his *worst* when he wrote court poetry. Francis ought not to have delighted in Villon, unless he had some reason stranger than that Villon was at his worst when he wrote court poetry. It is awfully annoying! Marot, too, whom Francis employed to explain Villon to him (for, although he delighted in Villon, he didn't understand him)—Marot was shockingly deficit in his ideas about Villon. The good Marot, with the best of intentions, could not wholly comprehend Maistre François, nos chers! Marot never dreamed that a day would come when men would gladly devote half of their waking hours to gleaning even the most apparently trifling fact about Villon's career: how, for instance, he, with three none too reputable friends (what a *devil!*), bullied some scriveners and stuck with a dagger the aged master who sallied out to defend his clerks from the bold ruffians: how Villon was condemned to death for this assault and wrote a flippant quatrain—so Villonesque of him!—and how he condescended to appeal for his life and got off with Villonesque luck. Ah! the snows of last year—truly, where are they? Many great spirits have engaged in the formidable task of recovering Villon's remains. *Amazing* progress has been made. It is now exactly fifty years, exactly, since M. Longnon discovered the famous documents which inspired Stevenson's brilliant (but wrong-headed, nos chers!) essay. This was a Magnificent Beginning to a knowledge of the man himself, such as Marot never dreamed of. Longnon was succeeded in his task by M. Marcel Schwob. To the *unending regret* of all lovers of Villon, M. Schwob died, having written but two chapters of the Great Work which he had projected. It was terribly vexing. But M. Pierre Champion, the pupil of Longnon, the friend of Schwob (what a *devil!*), has received the Torch. In two beautiful volumes he has given to the world the results of ten years' devotion.

Romance had not quite succumbed to economics in Villon's day. Even he, modern of the moderns, nos chers, cannot hold himself sometimes from a meaningless romantic vein. Hold himself from a vein. But essentially he stood for the new world against the *old*. Stood for economics against romance. He never deceived himself; he belonged to the new order and became the first great French poet. He knew that all the other poets before and since have thoroughly deceived themselves and are not poets at all.

Though M. Champion has not been so gloriously fortunate as his predecessors in that he has discovered no fresh manuscript which bears upon the life of Master Francis—Maistre François Villon—François Villon—Francis!—he has recreated the times in which the poet lived. He throws a sudden Flash of Light upon the Company of false clergy with whom Villon associated. To discover Villon's Paris has been M. Champion's loving labour. With Villon, modern French poetry begins. To recognise the great art which directed that beginning, it is *all-important* to realise how closely he was attached to the poetry of his age. He was the forerunner of a New Epoch, yet in him sometimes the spirit of antecedent literature ran to *vain repetition*, and he was impelled to add to one perfect ballade two others parallel and inferior. He had not the benefit of our study of his life and works, nos chers, which is more than a pity, for we could have instructed him in le parfait Villonisme. In the transition from the "Lais" to the immortal "Testament" he rose from the schoolboy task of presenting his Legatees with appropriate tavern signs, to the creative art of presenting them with appropriate poems. Appropriate schoolboy tavern signs creative art of presenting Legatees. Stevenson has represented him as the genius of insincerity. Really, we could slap Stevenson! Never was poet more utterly *sincere*. There was perpetually *débat entre le cœur et corps de Villon* (Anglicé: struggle between the spirit and flesh of Villon), and that explains him for anyone who can understand. And for his truth he has been called a liar! It is shameful! He saw the realities of his age which are realities of all ages. The hanging of children. He knew that we all have to die, and so he thieved and murdered instead of weakly and dis-

honestly trying to enjoy the little lease of life before the final *danse macabre*, that dance at the end of a rope to which we must all come, nos chers! Let others die in their beds if they please. Villon was a Great Poet because he had not the lie in the soul. Any man seeing the world to be not as Villon saw it has the lie in the soul. Any man who pretends to be a greater poet than Villon has the lie in the soul. Villains and would-be villains, arise and salute—the Master! R. A. F.

INTERLUDE IN A LIBRARY.

" . . . philologists who trace
A panting syllable thro' time and space."

—COWPER.

This crotchety and half-unwashed don
Shuffles about with wagging pate and hugs
Lexicons to his frozen heart. He peers
Thro' triple goggles, with the purblind stare
Of some strange fish. He pounces on a haul
Of faded roots as featly as the bird
Takes into custody the proverbial meed
Of timely rising. . . .

You depend on it—

He's the Nth. grandson (not so far removed)
Of him who settled HOTI, and who based
OUN in its fitting aspect. MAGISTER
ARTIUM of three Universities,
Doctor in sundry kinds of folly, he
Has scaled Fame's ladder, rung by rung, till now
The clouds have got him.

Forty years ago

He framed an emendation in the text
Of some dark Alexandrine papyrus
That made six men in Europe gape. (Cf.
"Archives of Paleography" vol. X
Page fourteen hundred odd). And thereupon
He wrote a treatise whose Latinity
Leaves not a doubt that old Theocritus
Blundered in laws of Syntax, and, in fine,
Knew not his Greek. Then some Academy
Upon the Elbe, in mighty joy thereat
Hailed him with rapture and a Ph.D.

This was a feat, in sooth, but divers years
Of luminous research have made it naught—
A tawdry bauble like the exercise
Of some young froward stripling, still intent
On Latin construes.

His Compendium

And Indexed List of genealogies
Of them who gorged at Alexander's feast
Still remains peerless. His Aeolic gloss
And metric Targum to the book of Psalms
(Done from the Hebrew finally restored)
Was joy to proselytes unnumbered. Then
He lisped in Sanskrit for the Sanskrit came.
He probed Upanishads and Vedic Hymns
To track defective verbs. He pored upon
The myriad-lined Mahabharata, where
With unexcelled sagacity he found
Three cases of Abnormal Ablatives,
And nothing else.

So he by dint of zeal

And stolid scholarship, discovering
What others failed to seek, and missing that
Which many cherished, garnered in renown
That will secure him wondrous necrologues
In twenty Learned Journals, and a name
For every eunuch guarding Wisdom's couch
To bate his breath at . . .

Friend, let's come away,

And watch the sparrows frisking on the steps. . . .

P. SELVER.

IN WANTON MOOD.

I live in a house
And a mouse
Lives there, too;
It's very nice
And the mice
Think so, too,
For they nibble the cheese
When I lie at my ease
In my bed;
And they wander abroad
When I nap,
But the trap
Strikes them dead
Where they gnawed.

I'm a bachelor living alone,
 And a bone
 Of lamb Canterbury I chew:
 So may you;
 It is good for the blood
 As the sap for the bud,
 It keeps things together you see;
 But those mice
 Are not nice;
 They gnaw in the night
 Till it's light
 And sleep is a stranger to me.
 It's a funny world, don't you think?
 If you don't, let me say so in ink;
 The world is a blunder
 And also a wonder;
 It is true
 The sky's blue,
 But why is it true it is blue?
 And things come and go,
 But why is it so?
 Ah, those mice gnawing wood!
 I'm sure 'tis not good
 For my sleep, if it's good for their life. . . .
 I'd far better get up and marry a wife. . . .
 It's a funny world!
 P'raps the whisky I had
 Has made me so bad;
 Lord, what a night!
 See the stars in their flight!
 What a sight for a man, what a sight!
 But I'll get back to bed,
 For to-morrow—why, to-morrow
 I may be with yesterday's sev'n thousand
 years!

So
 I slept the sleep of him who wakes
 At nine, with many pains and aches,
 And finds the old world just the same,
 And neither heaven nor earth to blame;
 An old, old world not understood
 Because it speaks of bad and good;
 And has two faces, like the man in "The
 Pilgrim's Progress."

But those mice
 Are not nice,
 Nor the fleas
 And cockroaches.

What is a man
 More than a little tin can?
 Who's to know why trees are trees,
 Or why boots aren't made by bees?
 Or why man prefers to live
 Though the world is "take and give"?
 Ah, those mice
 Know as much about these things as we do!
 H. E. FOSTER-TOOGOOD.

HISTORICAL IMPRESSIONS.—No. 7. THE NEW METHOD.

The sale of "Harper's Weekly," and the consequent retirement of Colonel Harvey from a hebdomadal editorial appearance, was commented on at length by most American journals, particularly as Colonel Harvey (who was the discoverer and perhaps maker of President Wilson) took the opportunity of writing a valedictory, in which he confessed that the weekly had been run at a loss by his firm, for a great many years, owing to the change in public taste. He had declined to write down to the mob (which numbers most of America's shining lights), and had accordingly suffered. Commenting on this valedictory, the "Grand Rapids Press" wrote in May, 1913, as follows, their opinion coinciding with that expressed by the majority of the American newspapers:—

"Words must crack like whips and sting like snakes; they must be punctures as well as sounds. Writing to-day must be crisp and terse. Thoughts must be boiled down into tabloid form. Force and vim must never be sacrificed for grace. The strong, short words must come like shots from a machine gun."

I must confess I should shrink from the task of representing dramatically the man behind the gun, if it were not that, like Daniel, I have had a vision related to me. And this is it.

Lord Northcliffe dreamed that he was in the editor's room of the "Daily Telegraph." It was such a shock to find himself there that his first thought was that he was dead, and that, after all, in the next world the

punishment does fit the crime. However, he quickly perceived that the editor and a sub were already there, and, with a sigh of relief and a grin of satisfaction, he began to watch proceedings. The editor took a letter from the table and reads it aloud: "I shall come at 9.5. The paper shall be conducted as usual to the last tick. When I come I shall spout the leaders into the machine. —Nathaniel P. Chewgum."

EDITOR: What a style! And it's four minutes past now; in another minute he'll be spouting into the machine.

SUB: Can't we throttle him? Just fancy old Burnham selling the show, and with such conditions!

EDITOR: Got about ten times its worth, I expect. It was getting a bit heavy. One of the clubs wrote privately that it had broken down some of their furniture. They'd had to get specially strong legs put on the "Daily Telegraph" table.

SUB: But I always thought that's what sold it! People could start in the morning, and it would last out the day. (Northcliffe chuckles.) What was that?

EDITOR: Oh, only a rat! We keep them to eat the MS. sent in. My dear chap, they weren't referring to the size. The fellow was a wag. I know him.

SUB: But he couldn't be representative; he must be quite an exceptional—

(The door opens, and Quartermaster Nathaniel P. Chewgum, billionaire proprietor and editor of the "Grand Rapids Press," U.S.A., enters.)

CHEWGUM: 'Night, gentlemen!

EDITOR and SUB: Good-evening, Mr. Chewgum!

CHEWGUM: Quartermaster Chewgum.

EDITOR and SUB: Quartermaster Chewgum.

CHEWGUM: Everything O.K.?

EDITOR and SUB: We're only waiting for the leaders.

CHEWGUM: So, I'll begin right here. Seats, gentlemen! (Lord Northcliffe in his corner shifts from one foot to the other. The editor and sub take chairs after the sub has arranged the machine.)

CHEWGUM: I've got five pars, and each par has a punch in it. No long-winded twaddle about nothing. Short, snappy grapeshot from the editorial gun on five or six chief topics.

NO. 1.—OUR FUTURE.

Our birthday! Changed for good! New leaf turned, old skin burned! We stand now for Progress, Peace, and Pungency. All who oppose are Renegades, Decadents, and Liars! Long live the King! ! !

NO. 2.—RELIGION (CHRISTIAN SCIENCE).

Are you aware, Mr. Reader, of Sloane Square? Finest slap-up piece of 'tecture in the country! That's outside! Inside, the soul of man, and Mr. Bishop. Mr. Minister Quantum K. Bishop. You've been waiting for it, Mr. Reader! It's waiting for you! Just one word. Go!!

NO. 3.—HOME RULE.

Cut-throat Redmond! Fenian Asquith! Jack-anapes Winston! Georgie Porgy, and Bibulous Birrell! We don't want you, but we just name you. We'd like to know where you are after that last blow in the eyes from Bonar. We know where you'll be. In the country, growing vegetables. That's what you're fit for. Pull up everything by the roots and call it progress. Dismember and call it growth. It's time you went home for good. And you're going, you're going, slow but sure.

(Lord Northcliffe, who at first was smiling, has now an uneasy, almost anxious expression.)

NO. 4.—THE SUFFRAGETTES.

Will no man rid us of these female vermin? That screeching she-cat Christabel, is there no man brave enough to seize her and bring her to justice? If we had men governing the country, instead of a packet of senile gollywogs, by now there would not have been a Suffragette from Land's End to the Orkneys. We call on every man, who is a man, to repudiate at the polls this sentimental Dorcas Society which calls itself a Government, and thus help to stamp out this pest which afflicts us.

NO. 5.—SPORT.

In another column we give a third of a million sterling to the first Englishman across the herring pond and back. Fools talk glibly of our decay in sport. There's no decay, except elsewhere. In Germany, France, Italy, decay spreads like a purple blot on a white napkin. In England we see no sign of it. It doesn't exist except on the lips of liars

and hired detractors. That is why we give a third of a million. We know no foreigner can win it.

(At the last words Lord Northcliffe, whose anxiety had been all along growing intenser, awoke in a heavy perspiration, and for hours after trembled in every limb from the fear he had experienced of this unexpected competition.)

W. J. T.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE "DAILY HERALD" AGAIN.

Sir,—After Mr. Lansbury has told the majority of the members of the "Herald League" (which consists of working-men who have given of their very scanty leisure and savings to keep alive a paper which they hoped would express their hatred of smug robbers) that he does not want them or their money, now that (among others) a titled Suffragist lady is keeping the paper, he still has the cheek to advertise in the "Herald" for workmen's pence for "Our Special Birthday Fund." It is really outrageous.

The democrat, Lansbury, ardent for votes for women, will have no votes for "Herald Leaguers." Similar to the W.S.P.U., the League must be controlled by himself and officials paid and appointed by himself. The only committee through which the "League" could ever express any opinions was dissolved just before Mr. Lansbury left for America, and he left orders that no other was to be elected. When it was elected, neither he nor the paper would recognise it.

"The holy war on property" has now disappeared because Mr. Lansbury might be sent back to finish those three months in prison, and, instead, we have a highly rhetorical attack on man, who, according to John Scurr, is the routinier, while woman is essentially creatively original. It does not matter, if you are wordy enough, that all history seems to prove the opposite.

Seeing that propertied women want the vote to protect property, it is disgusting that a few political Betties should go about shouting that votes for women is an immediate cure for women's low wages.

Of course, no discussion on the subject is allowed in the pages of the "Herald," which, if it is as free as other papers, is yet sufficiently intolerant. It also does not allow you to say that it shows a lamentable ignorance of human nature to suppose that great reforms cannot be brought about by appealing to men's benevolence. Direct appeal to class hatred is no longer allowed. Christ went about among the poor denouncing the rich, but modern Christians do not.

Mr. Pethick Lawrence (in the "Herald") expressed the opinion that if working women are poorer than working men, it proves that the class opposition between workers and robbers is not greater than any opposition of interests between men and women. Also he would put the votes for women cry first, and, therefore, women's housing, food and wages second. I need not trouble to answer such views; they seem to show what an effect the Suffrage movement has on the brain.

ARTHUR D. LEWIS.

* * *

THE LABOUR PARTY.

Sir,—With reference to the comparison, in THE NEW AGE of 5th instant, between the Labour and the Irish Parties, I submit that, as it has taken thirty years for a party of eighty to bring one measure of reform within sight of success, it is not fair to denounce the failure of half that number to achieve similar success in twenty years. The matter may not lend itself to solution by a political rule-of-three; but suppose the Labour Party chose to be even more independent than the Irish, and voted against the Government, on a critical division, so as to bring about a general election, what guarantee is there that the majority of the electorate—that is, the majority of the proletariat—will not only elect again more Tories than Whigs (as they did in 1910), but a majority of Tories or Whigs, independent even of a coalition?

J. W. O'LEARY.

* * *

A CAUTION.

Sir,—I see it is announced that some of the wives of the deported South African leaders are thinking of joining their husbands in England. Nothing would suit General Botha better, as by that act the leaders would appear to acquiesce in their own exile. May I urge the men through your columns to give no countenance to this, but to order their wives and families to stay in South Africa? It

will be time enough for them to come when hope of their breadwinners' return is over. But that is not yet by a very long way!

T. R. COULSON.

* * *

GUILDS AND NIETZSCHE.

Sir,—There is little reason for Nietzscheans to claim that the aphorism quoted by "R. H. C." "contains the germ of the National Guild System."

The aphorism in question contains four definite ideas, each of which Nietzsche probably derived from Carlyle, whom he professed to despise. Each of these four conceptions is to be found repeatedly in "Past and Present," written forty years before "The Will to Power."

The following quotations may not be the best, but will serve:—

Nietzsche: Workmen should learn to regard their duties as *soldiers* do.

Carlyle: A Chivalry of Labour . . . far nobler than any Chivalry of Fighting was. . . Your gallant work-holds, as others did, will need to be made loyally yours; they must and will be regulated, methodically secured in their just share of conquest under you;—joined with you in veritable brotherhood, sonhood, by quite other and deeper ties than those of day's wages.

Nietzsche: These receive emoluments, incomes; they do not get wages.

Carlyle: See above, et seq.;—How would mere red-coated regiments, to say nothing of chivalries, fight for you, if you could discharge them on the evening of the battle, on payment of the stipulated shillings,—and they discharge you on the morning of it? (Italics mine.)

Nietzsche: There is no relationship between work done and money received.

Carlyle: Cash-payment never was, or could except for a few years be, the union-bond of man to man. Cash never yet paid one man fully his deserts to another; nor could it, nor can it, now or henceforth to the end of the world.

Nietzsche: The individual should, according to his kind, be so placed as to perform the highest that is compatible with his powers.

Carlyle: Labour, wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all Sciences, all spoken Epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms,—up to that "Agony of bloody sweat," which all men have called divine. . . . The latest Gospel of this world is, Know thy work and do it. . . . Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness.

C. W. WILKINSON.

* * *

"R. H. C." AND NIETZSCHE.

Sir,—In reply to "R. H. C.'s" two notes in your issue of February 5 allow me first to suggest that it is surely a little too early in the controversy to make use of such bitter reproaches as are to be found in these letters of my opponent. Neither of us has exactly lost yet, why then be angry? It does not precipitate, it simply delays a purposeful conclusion to retrace his steps in order to re-define his position against what he feels to be misrepresentation.

Let me take "R. H. C.'s" communications in the order in which they appeared in the columns of THE NEW AGE. In the first one he implies by his opening denial that I conceitedly understood his first question relative to Nietzsche and the National Guilds as if it were addressed to myself as an authority on Nietzschean exegesis. This is an absolutely gratuitous inference. What was there in my reply to provoke this deliberate denial on the part of "R. H. C."? What are the facts? "R. H. C." in THE NEW AGE of January 22 coupled my name with a question which, I suppose, he meant to be general. After quoting Aphorism 763 of the Will to Power, and saying that it contained the germ of the National Guild System, a conclusion, which in all fairness, I suppose, I may say resulted from "R. H. C.'s" personal reading of the aphorism—he challenged me to "fall back on it" if I chose, for my assumed great order of society. I replied to this challenge by giving my reading of the aphorism, because "R. H. C." had made it my concern to say what my reading was. With what justice, then, can "R. H. C." imply that my answer called forth his opening denial? Now to the next point? "R. H. C." continues: "The phrase 'transvaluation of all values' appears to have got into Mr. Ludovici's head to the exclusion of any possible meaning attached to it." Again, this is perfectly gratuitous; in the first place, because it is obviously impossible constantly to be defining every one of the

terms one uses, and, therefore, one must use some phrases summing up whole doctrines, the explanation of which one assumes one's opponent knows, and knows one knows oneself; and, secondly, because "R. H. C." used the phrase National Guild System without explaining what he meant by it, I were to imply that he was merely using NEW AGE tags, devoid of meaning and the mere shells of actual doctrines, I should be making a discussion on the subject quite impossible. So much, for the present, for what I cannot help regarding as an unnecessarily obstructive method of discussion employed by my opponent.

With regard to the actual arguments in "R. H. C.'s" first reply. Let me take them also one by one. First, "R. H. C." says, "there is no mistaking the purport of the aphorism quoted" (i.e., Aphorism 763, Will to Power). If this be so, then, by implication, "R. H. C." concludes that there is only one way of reading it, and as he read it to mean the germ of the National Guild System, it must mean that germ; and that anyone who reads it differently must be twisting it about.

What are the four ideas contained in the aphorism?

(1) That workmen should regard their duties as soldiers do.

(2) That they should receive emoluments, not wages.

(3) That there should be no relation between the work done and money received.

(4) That each workman according to his kind be so placed as to do the best of which he is capable.

If any one, two or three of these conditions can be shown by "R. H. C." to be necessarily and exclusively affiliated to the National Guild System, and not to any other system, "R. H. C." would be right; but since it is possible not only to see the germs of other systems in this aphorism, but also to point to at least one striking difference between its conditions and those of the National Guild System, according to my reading of the Aphorism, he is wrong. For instance, how do soldiers regard their duties? I am speaking of the soldiers which Nietzsche obviously had in his mind; for he had served in the German Army, and this experience would naturally occur to him at all times when army or military questions were uppermost in his thoughts. Their duties, in addition to being ennobled by constituting parts of a whole scheme of national defence which sheds a certain glamour upon every factor in the scheme, are imposed upon them by certain superiors—superiors to whom they are answerable in the event of any delinquency. What is their relation to these superiors? They are subjected to these superiors by a central organising board, at which they have no voice. Their superiors are bestowed upon them from above. They can neither select nor reject them. Now, if this soldierly relation to superiors, and to the duties and delinquencies of a military life, is that involved by the National Guilds for the ordinary workman, I can only say that my reading of the National Guild System is not the same as "R. H. C.'s."

"R. H. C." proceeds: "Had it (the transvaluation of all values) any reality for him (me) he would see that the abolition of the wage-system and the concurrent establishment of guild industry actually imply an accomplished transvaluation." Now, it is precisely because a transvaluation of all values has so much reality for me that I cannot see that to which "R. H. C." lays claim for the System of National Guilds. Because, as I understand the matter, institutions and systems grow out of values and not values out of systems and institutions. To begin, therefore, with a transformation of systems, it strikes me as constituting an error in the order of precedence. It is character that builds up institutions, it is character that maintains them; and character is the spiritual product slowly evolved out of values. So slowly, indeed, is character evolved out of values, and so gradually is the change in character effected by a change of values, that an immediate, a sudden and a radical change in institutions may by comparison seem the more practical, the more business-like, and the more efficient method of reforming a nation or a continent in trouble. But that which, on the surface, appears the more immediate method of reform, is, I submit, not necessarily the more genuine or the more fundamental.

In his second note, "R. H. C." accuses me of twisting, distorting and misreading Nietzsche in pursuit of the will o' the wisp which Nietzscheans call his doctrine. I cannot understand what purpose is served by making such a charge. Will "R. H. C." believe for a moment that I am as determined as he is to get at the facts in this matter? I shall not accuse him of twisting, distorting and misreading Nietzsche to suit his own ends; I take it for granted that he is much too anxious to arrive at the truth about the question. Cannot he credit me with similar earnestness?

Over this matter of wealth, let me assure "R. H. C." that though he is perfectly at liberty if he chooses to read "modern plutocracy" wherever Nietzsche in his works refers to "wealth," he cannot very well insist upon everybody else doing the same. Nor can he justly accuse one of twisting and distorting Nietzsche's writings if one does not impose that absolutely unfamiliar meaning of the word wealth upon Nietzsche's use of it. On the same principle, "R. H. C." might argue that wherever Nietzsche spoke of aristocracy and the aristocrat, he meant the German Junker, or whenever he spoke of Higher Men, he meant the men in the highest positions of his day. To anybody who reads Nietzsche with understanding such meanings are not nearly so obvious as "R. H. C." would have us believe. He writes: "Wealth as an institution meant obviously to Nietzsche exactly what it means to Mr. Ludovici, namely, a *wealthy class*, or, once more, a plutocracy, and it was of this class and not of 'wealth as an institution,' that Nietzsche affirmed it necessarily creates an aristocracy."

"R. H. C." is entitled to this opinion if he chooses; but seeing that it is a perfectly arbitrary interpretation of Nietzsche's words, he cannot well expect everybody to share it with him; and I, therefore, think that when in a more confidential tone he continues: "I am certain, and, so may your readers be, that Nietzsche assumed that the existing wealthy classes, in other words, our dearly-beloved plutocracy, could and would be moralised, etc.," he takes up an attitude so oracular and divinatory, and betrays an intimacy so profound with that will o' the wisp, Nietzsche's doctrine, that the Nietzscheans he rebukes for biased exegesis appear as mere tyros beside him.

For Nietzsche knew perfectly well how to estimate the value of the modern plutocracy, as I pointed out to "R. H. C." last week, and it was about the modern plutocracy created by democratic conditions that we were speaking. To refer, therefore, to a "wealthy class," without reserve, as equivalent to our idea of the modern plutocracy, as "R. H. C." does in the passage quoted above, is to create unnecessary confusion. My reasons for believing that when Nietzsche spoke of wealth in the terms used in "Human all too Human," Part II, he meant wealth as an institution cleansed of its present pollution, are, first, that Nietzsche was so constantly revaluating modern values that one has as much right to understand and read a revaluation here as in a host of other instances where modern ideas are given fresh and chastened definitions (see, for instance, "My Concept of Freedom," Aph. 38 Twilight of the Idols. "My Concept of Genius," Aph. 44 Ibid. "Progress in my Sense," Aph. 48 Ibid, and a host of other instances); secondly, that if Nietzsche had meant the modern plutocracy the context would have revealed the meaning; thirdly, that according to the quotations I gave in my Art Notes last week, it is clear he was perfectly well aware of the hopeless shortcomings of the modern plutocracy; fourthly, that his works are full of warnings and sign-posts cautioning the student against the very reading which "R. H. C." has adopted, and, finally, that Nietzsche knew perfectly well, and actually said that "In the world even the best things are worthless without those that represent them" (Zarathustra I, XII.) How about wealth, then?

ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI.

* * *

"THE NEW AGE" AND THE PRESS.

Sir,—“Press-Cutter” says, in last week's issue: “THE NEW AGE principle, as I understand it, is that the assets should be vested in the State. The shares represent the assets, so that Mr. Reid was charging ‘The Guild Writers’ with serious inconsistency when they were assumed to be asking for the transfer of the shares.”

THE NEW AGE's principle as to State ownership is not mentioned in Article XV, nor, as far as I can ascertain at present, is it alluded to in the articles on “Guild Socialism,” I to XIV. I have referred to my file of the articles I to XV (which is not, however, complete), and instead of any indication that the assets are to be vested in the State, I find statements which imply the contrary.

If your writers have not included the proposal about State ownership in the articles, I am not to be blamed. If they have, will you quote from the articles?

With regard to public controversy, it is usual to controvert statements about which doubt is felt by means of a letter to the journal in which the statements were made. Owing to pressure of work, I had temporarily given up some periodicals, including THE NEW AGE (regretfully, as a reader since the first issue), and I heard, accidentally, that my “New States-

man" letter about the "original" scheme of THE NEW AGE was under discussion. I have not yet seen THE NEW AGE for January 22.

PHILIP REID.

[“Press-Cutter” replies: It is no kindness on the part of Mr. Reid to misrepresent the National Guilds in another journal; and it is no excuse that he has not read all the articles you have published. He is obviously too busy for public controversy, and I advise him to give it up.]

* * *

Sir,—According to “Public Opinion,” your propaganda of the National Guilds is “the most discussed constructive new idea in the world of Labour.” For the most part, however, it appears to be sub rosa. But we shall arrive in time, never fear—if only under another name; for Mr. Webb positively announces in the current “New Statesman” that his report will “consider that form of partnership in the control of industry which has lately been put forward by THE NEW AGE.” I should like to make a guess at what Mr. Webb will say. Two things are certain: he will omit to mention that the Guilds assume the abolition of wage slavery; and he will be apprehensive of the fate of the consumer. On both grounds he will lean to Collectivism, in fact, while paying industrial democracy lip-homage. You will see! At the threshold of his consideration he makes the tragic error of confounding the Guild System with Syndicalism. It is, he says, a form of Syndicalism. But the “Syndicalist,” edited by Mr. Guy Bowman, makes no such error. To Mr. Bowman, National Guilds are a “fake,” designed to “hustle the workers into the catacombs of a political society.” So there you are once more—accused of Syndicalism by Collectivists and of Collectivism by Syndicalists. What can be better—or more splendidly isolated from the fanatics of the extremes? But your writers have no cause to complain. While the Webbs and the Bowmans are repudiating you, your propaganda is making headway in practice. Do your readers realise, as I now do, that the recent Labour movement in South Africa was neither Syndicalist nor State Capitalist, but Guild? In the Cape newspapers during the strike there was only one subject of discussion: the “Guild Socialism” (as they call it) of THE NEW AGE. Letters in dozens appeared in the “Cape Times” and “Cape Argus,” advocating a Railway Guild on the lines laid down in THE NEW AGE, and expressly stating that the Labour movement there had this as its object. Among the correspondents were Mr. J. H. Dean, the secretary of the Cape Province Federation, who not only declared himself a Guild Socialist, but wrote as follows of Mr. J. T. Bain, the chief of the deported leaders: “I repudiate the statement that my chief, Mr. Bain, is a Syndicalist. He is not. He is a Guild Socialist, a disciple of THE NEW AGE, a journal for which even Sir Maitland Park must have a profound respect.” Other advocates of the ideas were Mr. L. Turok, Mr. Hugh M. Meyler (a member of the Cape Legislature), Mr. W. J. Strange, and the Rev. J. Balmforth. Both the “Cape Times” and the “Cape Argus” devoted editorials to the discussion, each admitting the a priori merits of the scheme, though naturally adding criticisms. So “fascinating,” in fact, has the discussion proved that I believe the whole political and industrial world in South Africa is now engaged in continuing it. After that, it is possible that even some of your contemporaries in England may pluck up courage to whisper the name of THE NEW AGE.

In the “Church Socialist” for February, two references appear. One is in the nature of a too brief but excellent article proving from English history that economic power precedes political power. The other is the query: “What is THE NEW AGE doing with the musty old theory that ‘establishment’ [of the Church] means that religion is the one department of life in which people can have privileges without responsibilities or conditions?” But is not that the very claim of religion? I really thought it was, and that this was the foundation of the teaching of Christ. The Church is not an industry or a corporation; it is not even a State within a State; it is the State itself in its religious aspect. As such, it either includes everybody or ceases to be national. They cannot have it both ways. But I wish some of your learned correspondents would examine the history of the subject. Mr. Conrad Noel is waiting for a reply. In a more surprising place, however, than the “Church Socialist,” friendly references to the Guilds have occurred. Mr. J. Smith, M.Sc., in the “Catholic Times and Opinion” (January 30) not only notes that last year produced a “strike for status,” but contends that “the next demand of Labour will be a demand to participate in the management of industry; thereafter the way is clear for the

return of the Guild System.” THE NEW AGE is not named, but I think we need not trouble the Catholic editor’s conscience about that. Two even obscurer references to your propaganda are to be found, one in the current “Nation” and the other in Mr. Bowles’ “Candid Quarterly.” A masterly article in the latter on “Science and Life” contains the following passage:—

“Amid all the sneers at the impracticability and visionary character of communistic schemes, let it not be forgotten that science is a communism, neither theoretical nor on paper, but actual and in practice. The results of those who labour in the fields of knowledge for its own sake are published freely and pooled in the general stock for the benefit of all. Common ownership of all its acquisitions is the breath of its life. Secrecy or individualism of any kind would destroy its fertility. Even the great industries of the Continent have already learned this lesson to a remarkable degree, and the openness and freedom with which they frequently allow their special knowledge to become public is a matter for surprise among those who are engaged in the same field at home.”

And in the eighth article of his series on “Wealth and Life” in the “Nation,” Mr. Stephen Reynolds has the following passage:—

“No matter how industrialism may be mollified, no matter how it may be gilded with the illusion of liberty, the status of the worker remains that of a tool. Wage-slave he is often called, but tool is more descriptive. . . . The mendacious stupidity of regarding the worker as a free and independent agent could never be maintained, but that so much self-interest is bound up with it. First and foremost, the human tool has to live. Industrialism comes down on him like a desert brigand: ‘You will work on my terms, or be left to die.’ He can make himself troublesome, but not effectively. . . . Not all the efforts of organised Labour have raised real wages. They never substantially will do so, as long as the workers remain tools; the most organised tools can do only what tools can.”

The above passage, and, indeed, the series in which they appear, convince me that either Mr. Reynolds has been reading THE NEW AGE—or possibly writing it!

PRESS-CUTTER.

* * *

RELIGION AND ART.

Sir,—Replying to Mr. Mitchell’s point as to the impossibility of providing a new religious tradition—say, by return of post—one might remark that in the present age it is necessary above all things to be prepared for the unexpected. The usual method of discussing the art problem, or other problems, is to assume the bearing upon the case of such factors alone as are immediately recognisable in the present, while ignoring others which have undoubtedly existed in the past, and such also as may be said to possess an equally certain, if potential, possibility of existence in the future. There is said to be nothing new under the sun; and if it be true that history moves in cycles, or in spirals, then that which has existed in any previous epoch must necessarily recur under a new form in the future, and obviously that which is the furthest behind us in the old world, must be the nearest to us in the new.

If Mr. Mitchell is concerned about religious traditions, he may easily satisfy himself that they are springing up all around him. Take, for example, Christian Science, the Higher Thought, the Bahai Movement, not to speak of the numerous “occult” societies in existence; indeed, one of these, to which I have the honour to belong, is even praised with faint damns in the issue in which Mr. Mitchell’s letter appears. Not only is there need of a new religious tradition in Art, but there is also much more of the said commodity in existence at the present moment than living artists will be able to digest for a considerable time to come. However, by the next generation, this difficulty should be overcome.

FRANK J. MERRY.

* * *

HARLEY STREET.

Sir,—The argument employed by several of your correspondents against Mr. Barker is the argument of the blackleg. This, it was doubtless presumed, would be a final objection for the readers of a journal devoted to the cause of trade unionism. But before concluding that this should be the case, may I interject a few observations. In the first place, it is obvious that of non-

members of any given union there are two kinds: those not good enough in skill, training, or character to get in, and those too good. The former are usually known by the fact that they command less wages than their organised fellows, and only find employment when these are locked out or are on strike. The latter, on the other hand, can never be said to blackleg the members of the union, since they do not accept lower fees, nor, in fact, perform any work within the compass of the union men. They are, in short, monopolists on their own.

Now, I think it will be admitted that Mr. Barker belongs to the second and not to the first of these two classes. The skill he possesses in bone-setting is not something common to the medical profession, or of a character too low for them to acquire; it is a skill which at present is beyond them. By excluding him from their ranks the doctors are not therefore excluding a blackleg, but what I venture to call a whiteleg—one who, in fact, can do something the ordinary profession ought to be able to do, but cannot do.

On the supposition that the medical profession is a guild chartered by the State to cure all national diseases by the best means available, it is the duty of the profession, of course, to protect itself from inferior competition. But is it its duty to protest against superior competition? Compare, for example, on this point the appearance of the genius among men of talent anywhere. No doubt whatever that an organised body of professional men, responsible for their status, are justified in closing up against the charlatan, but are they wise to close up against the genius? The two, it is true, are often similar in method, but by their works ye shall know them! Is the medical profession so stupid that it cannot trust itself to discriminate between an exceptional genius and a quack? Or the case of THE NEW AGE itself may be cited. You have told us that THE NEW AGE is boycotted by the press, from the "Times" downwards; and I have no doubt that the real reason is that your journal is regarded as a kind of "outsider." You have not conformed to the regulations of Fleet Street; your writers are not journalists in the professional sense of the word; and altogether, no doubt, you are regarded as a blackleg. But we know very well that it does not follow that THE NEW AGE deserves to be regarded as a blackleg. As a matter of fact, it is jealousy and not professional prudence that inspires the hatred of you that exists. Similarly, I think, it is not in the interests of medicine that Mr. Barker is boycotted by the profession of which he is a distinguished though an unacknowledged member; but out of sheer jealousy of superiority. The little men of talent hate him as the little journalists of Fleet Street hate THE NEW AGE, not because he is their inferior in any respect, but because he is their superior.

Of Mr. Barker's skill there is, I presume, no possible doubt in the mind even of professional doctors. They dare not, indeed, attack him on that ground. But equally of his goodwill to the profession or to the public at large there is no possible doubt. If Mr. Barker were a quack, his methods would not only be secret, but he would keep them secret to retain their monopoly. But, on the contrary, Mr. Barker offers to teach them to the profession free of charge, to demonstrate and spread them to his own personal loss, perhaps. This is the oddest form of blacklegging I have ever come across! No quack of my acquaintance has ever indulged in it.

I submit that in the case of Mr. Barker we have an example of the *evil* conservatism of a profession, and one which, far from recommending trade unionism, will tend to damn it. For his thirty thousand patients, most of them cured by this "blackleg," cannot without base ingratitude support the strengthening of a union which has boycotted a man superior to themselves. As a way out of the difficulty, I would suggest that the Medical Council be authorised to admit to full if honorary membership any person like Mr. Barker on the report of a committee of his peers on his skill alone. There is not the least doubt that, but for their superstitious belief in the efficacy of their certificate, the doctors would long ago have admitted Mr. Barker. Unless the profession is to blackleg, by blacklisting, another genius, the sooner they claim Mr. Barker as an honoured member of their profession the better. J. S. OXLEY.

* * *

Sir,—The yelps of "M. A." and "H. A. Barker" are the common yelps heard from blacklegs and their backers (often the same person under a bashful alias) when cor-

rectly described. There is the usual sympathy with other blacklegs, the usual silly gaff that their methods never fail (every trained man has certainly to repair their ignorant mistakes), and the usual foolish gag that they have a monopoly of certain knowledge—which, of course, is obvious nonsense.

Around the fringes of all trades and professions are found these rotters, all in possession of some wonderful secret, all advertising it for the sake of suffering humanity (of course!) and all conveniently silent about their rotten failures.

Bluff, bunkum, and blatherskite should be their motto—blackleg and scab serve well for their names. My compliments to "H. F. S." A. B. B.

* * *

BRITISH MUSIC.

Sir,—The classic effusion signed "D. C. Parker" urges me also to yoke my clichés together and rush to the fray. I know nothing about music, but I'll undertake to rot with Parker. Now, sir, the truth of all this controversy, as it appears to me, lies somewhere midway between me and Parker. Parker says that many young composers envied Mr. Holbrooke's chance in "The Children of Don." But I say that there never was any chance with that libretto. Parker is right in saying that music is not merely something with which elegant young ladies fill their leisure. I say that *nobody* ever thought it was. Parker says that music is an emotional art. I say that it is *purely* intellectual. Parker says that we lag behind other countries in testing new movements. I say that we are *absolutely* in advance of the whole earth. Parker says that it is strange to think the citizens of an Empire on which the sun never, etc., are so indifferent to a new rising musical sun. I say that they are absolutely indifferent to the Empire, but liable to go *mafficky* over any new musician, even Wagner. Parker says that this narrow-mindedness of ours could be brushed away by serious musical talk. I say that talk, being a whisk, our serious interminable talk is *the* crumb-brush of lamented musical feasts of the gay past—that talk is the devil's own besom and ought to be suppressed. Parker says that a pillar of musical art ought to be ashamed of himself for calling "Tristan" a vampire. I say that the pillar deserves a *pension* for his veracity. Parker says that riot is a tribute to honest conviction. I say that riot is a tribute to *power*, honest or dishonest. (No midways here, Parker!) The riot of the South African Government is a tribute to the power of Labour. I say that the *boycott* is the genuine tribute to honest conviction. The boycott of Labour, known as the Strike, is the tribute paid by Labour to the honest convictions of Capital. The peculiar character of the boycott is that it rebounds and kills those who are too small to handle it. I remark that the hands of Labour seem just about the right size to take up or lay down this tribute as they please. Poor little Parker tries to boycott British music. He puts on a show of immobility. He will die, will Parker! Parker says—oh, damn Parker! Let him go sweat with emotion under "Tristan." It say it leaves me boycottishly cool as a cucumber. Cool, sir, and indifferent! R. A. F.

P.S.—The midway fact is that I neither boycott nor riot against "Tristan." It is middling comic to see the heirs of Purcell and Bishop sweating voluntarily under the whip of the Nibelung of Music.

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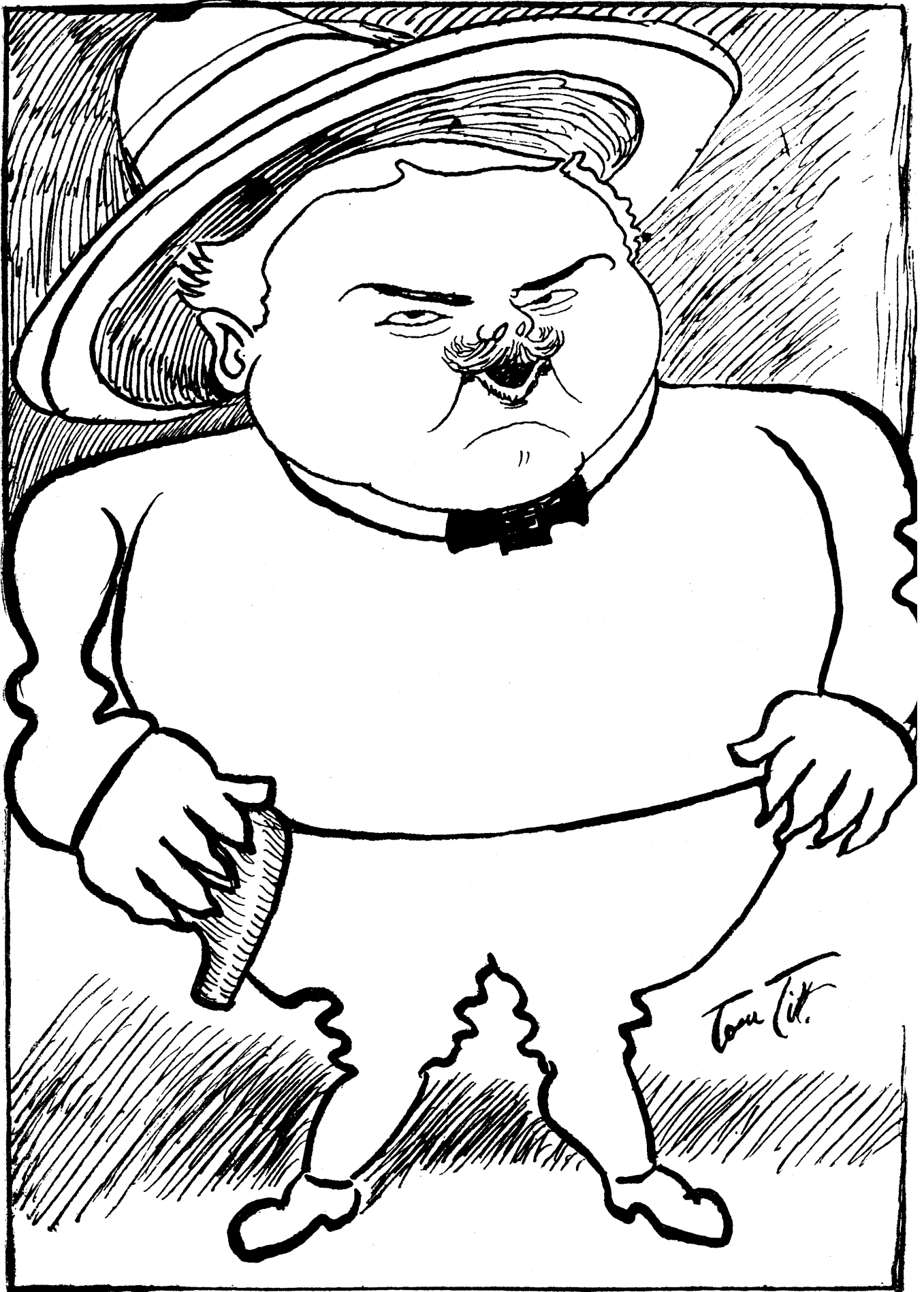
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