NOTES OF THE WEEK.

According to the Board of Trade returns for the past year the wages of no more than half a million of our fourteen million wage-earners have been raised during the twelve months; and of these only some two thousand owed their rise to strikes. Mr. Snowden, with his natural genius for distorting anything he touches, has seized upon these statements and, without considering any alternative interpretation has concluded in favour of his own old contention that strikes are worse than useless and that what the workers need is more Snowdens in Parliament. "The spectacle," he says in the "Christian Commonwealth," "of the working classes making the great sacrifices which strikes entail for results which are so paltry is deplorable. . . . The manifestations of labour unrest which have been seen during the year are like the rage of a caged animal beating against the bars of its prison in an effort to gain freedom." Well, if ever the picture he draws were true it would in our opinion be a nobler spectacle than labour too tame even to beat against its bars; but it is not only not true, but the vulgar test Mr. Snowden applies to the measurement of labour’s progress is one that has and always will be repudiated by the spirit of the Labour movement. Let it be admitted for the moment that all the strikes of the past year have resulted in nothing in wages; let it be admitted that the Parliamentary moonrakers appear to have obtained by the machinery of Conciliation all the advances that have been won; let it finally be admitted that expenditure for expenditure the cost of the strikes of the past year has exceeded their return in wages by some thousands per cent.—it is still not true that anything conclusive against the strike-policy is proved or that the year has not, as we believe it has, been one of the most successful in the whole history of Labour. Measured by Mr. Snowden’s little pocket-rule (the only principle apparently known to him), the year must naturally seem to have been disastrous; but measured in respect of the real direction of the spirit of the Labour movement we are satisfied, as we say, that the past year has been prosperous and fruitful.

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In the first place we must deny the ability of the Board of Trade or anybody else to discriminate between wages raised directly and indirectly by strikes. Strikes do not take place in these days in a corner or under a bushel; and even when they are "unsuccessful" in their immediate locality they may be successful in a score of places elsewhere. How many of the half a million wage-earners owed their last year’s rise to the strikes of their unsuccessful fellows we do not know and cannot estimate; but at least the hypothesis that all of them did is as tenable as Mr. Snowden’s assumption that none of them did. But again, it is not to be expected, and the best fighters in the Labour movement do not expect, that the return of wages to strikes will balance expenditure either in a long or, still less, in a short period of time. To judge by Mr. Snowden’s attitude, so typical of statisticians whose whole outlook is bounded by twelve months, the wage-returns of strikes should be immediate and certainly within the current year; but even on the supposition (which we deny that any Labour thinker makes) that expenditure on strikes is designed to form a kind of capital investment to produce higher wages the returns cannot be expected to be completed at once. In time, it might be assumed, the returns will prove to have justified the expenditure even on the basis of money value alone. But in truth, as we have already suggested, neither higher wages alone nor all the material betterments apart from wages which may result from strikes are either the object or the justification of the strike-policy as held by the genuine spirit of the Labour movement. If, indeed, only these material objects were in view, we should in the first place have to admit the validity of Mr. Snowden’s foot-rule (though we should apply it over a period of years and include conditions as well as wages in it); but, in the second place, we should have to deny that as a policy it could possibly be successful all round and in the long run. For materially, that is, in respect of wages and material conditions generally, it
is the unimpeachable truth that neither by strikes nor by any other means within the circumference of the wage system can the total remuneration of labour be raised in one year or in many. Thus Mr. Snowden's assumption is shown to be not only superficial in his application but founded in fact. The strike-policy, we repeat, of the Labour movement is not dictated, however it may appear to be so, by material considerations; nor can its success be measured by either a short or a long sum in simple addition. On the contrary, its motive, as Mr. Snowden himself admits in his zoology picture, is at worst a desperate passion for freedom from the wage-system; and, at best, as we prefer to conceive it, the will to liberty and the creation of a new order of society.

From this point of view which, we contend, is better founded in fact than Mr. Snowden's, the past year has yielded a harvest of lessons beyond any that we can remember, every one of which was indispensable to the future advance of Labour. It is not denied surely that to accomplish the overthrow of the wage-system is a gigantic task or that immense experience will be necessary to its fulfilment. Why then should we not measure our progress by our experience and count as definite gains the specific lessons we have learned? That on the balance and in material terms the lessons have cost such an amount, after all, detail. We do not expect that while we are attempting to destroy the wage-system the wage-system itself will provide us with higher and higher wages. We know, in fact, that this is improbable, not to say impossible, by the nature of the case. But the lessons remain all the same; and not the least of them is the realisation of the fact we have just recorded, namely, that within the ambit of lives to a treacherous crew of superficial hypotheses what becomes of the whole social reform movement and fact even two years ago, let alone last century all marooned as they are from having confided their its meliorist programme when the fact is realised? Not the least of them is the realisation of the fact we

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Unions with the employers or with the State." To our mind the adoption of this new principle of sociology marks the past year as the year of greatest promise since the year of the emancipation from servitude. For

heard; but it has now been heard and will never be forgotten again. What it means, moreover, is a new alignment of the opposing forces as well as an entirely new spirit in the Labour ranks. The "Times" in a remarkable review of the Labour situation published last week was the first after ourselves to draw attention to the new terminology of the Labour movement. It attributed the transformation to Syndicalism, of which, of course, the majority of the workers have never heard; but that is no great matter—the Guild ideas will spread as well under one name as under another. The "Times," however, pointed out that the opinion was no longer conceived as between Capital and Labour, but as between wage-payers and wage-earners—a change of venue that implies a profounder appreciation of the roots of economics. But the corresponding objection is no less radically different from its predecessor. More and more, we are convinced, strikes for better wages or conditions will cease to exercise the minds and activities of the proletariat; and in their place strikes for a new status will gradually appear. The "Times," we note, is indisposed to admit that this will necessarily follow from the fresh analysis made by the Labour movement of its situation; but in our opinion it is inevitable. There may be and there probably will be many more strikes for better wages and all the other material ends of immediate labour demands, but the classic age of purely wage-strikes is over and ceased with the great mining and railway strikes of a year or two ago. Henceforth the direction of strikes will be towards the raising of the status of the wage-earner, implying once more the abolition of the wage-system.

Still other lessons of the year deserve to be recorded to the confusion of faint hearts like Mr. Snowden. The doctrine of the sympathetic strike, for example, is something new in at any rate its articulate form. It is true that for the present the old group-individualist trade-union leaders have no comprehension of its value; and are inclined to resent the application to their unions, as unions, of a doctrine of solidarity which they rely upon within their unions; but happily even trade union leaders are not the last word in wisdom, and the Sympathetic Strike is here to stay, even if they must go. Not perhaps this year or next, but certainly during the present decade we are confident that the blacklegging of one union by another will be declared intolerable; if even the leaders will, the rank and file will not, put up with it. And that phrase, too, about blackleg-proof unions—how few have just observed that its opposite is a union whose policy is an incentive to the fulfilment of the unions, and even in the absence of any exterior and defined object, its effect, as the increase in the union membership proves, is almost magical. Again, the "Times" is rightly impressed by the steady additions to the ranks of organised Labour, this swarming, as we have called it, of Labour about a new idea. Of equal importance, at least, is another contribution to the economic experience of Labour during the last year—the realisation that State and municipal employments differ in no fundamental respect from private profiteering. When we recollect that only a year ago the movement looked upon public ownership and control as the Promised Land, the change in outlook as necessitated by the experience of 1913 is, indeed, revolutionary. Never again, we venture to say, will a Labour Conference pass the old pious resolutions in favour of State capitalism without, at least, hearing a protest that a few months ago would have been regarded as flat blasphemy.

And we have not yet recorded the greatest triumph of Labour's wonderful year—the seizure and firm grasp of the phrase and the idea of "the partnership of the Unions with the employers or with the State." To our mind the adoption of this new principle of sociology marks the past year as the year of greatest promise since the year of the emancipation from servitude. For
now we know, and do not only hope or dream, that as well as realising the necessity of abolishing the wage-system, the means exist and can be grasped, understood and acted upon by the proletariat. In all practical life, as Aristotle said, it is not enough to be able to perceive what is best without it is what can be put into practice; and we might legitimately have doubted twelve months ago whether the constructive sequel to the wage-system in the form of the guild principle, could be grasped by the Labour movement in time, at any rate, to make its realisation possible. We are quite comfortable, however, on that point to-day; for, in our next number, the propagandist is still in the air, and no more certain as to the principle of its timeliness appears than that everywhere and on all sides phrases describing it are springing up as if a thousand thousand seeds had been scattered by the winds. We need not rehearse here the notes we have made of the phenomenon in our columns during the last twelve months. It shall be enough that we record the latest to come under our notice. In the current "Saturday Review" and on the subject of which we are writing, an editorial contributor concludes thus: "The best realisation of national solidarity can only come through some sort of co-partnership between the employers and the employed." That is not quite true, but for a fossil organisation to have its moment in the sun is certainly not in the capital of England: ... The real power and governance of the country in years that were not far off would undoubtedly rest with the organised industrial forces of English manhood; ... and he added that this was "a force capable, he unhesitatingly believed, of carrying into practical effect the very mightier ideals." Again, we have to say that this is not quite true, for only the power and governance of industry will shortly rest with organised labour; but again we have to acknowledge that it is a long step in the right direction. The most striking passages, however, of all appeared in the "Irish Times" last week in a leader written in the very midst of the Dublin unrest. In a review and forecast of the labour situation the "Irish Times" remarked that the end to be aimed at is "the perfection of the national necessities, the force of the capitalist Slaves and slavish Servile State. Let there be no illusion that the fine words of the Archbishop of Canterbury will butter proletarian parsnips—because they will not! And what is more, the employers classes as a whole are determined and are preparing to recover in the coming year the ground even in opinion that they may have lost in the past year. It is calculated that during the boom in trade now rapidly approaching its end, the new capital placed mainly to reserve has amounted to three hundred millions. All that and a good deal more stands to the commissariat account of the capitalists in their proposed war on trade unionism. On the other side, we have the spectacle of trade unions abiding by all the solemn promises of "fair and generous" treatment. ... It is not possible, we repeat, that the fight should cease. It is only possible to wish that from 1914 a few more victories or to experience a few more defeats.
truce was employed by the authorities in preparing for resistance so that within an hour or two of the strike they had deliberately provoked, they had their blacklegs at work in most of the vulnerable places. The leaders of the sixteen Labour members of the Council of sixty-eight, not one was allowed to serve on the Committee appointed to negotiate with the men. That is quite enough in our view to class the Leeds Corporation with the worst employers in England and to enable us to wish the ratepayers joy of the honour of paying through the nose for the strikebreaking their representatives have spent Christ’s Mass in practising.

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Professor M. E. Sadler, the Vice-Chancellor of the Leeds University (pompous name!), has, we see, been replying in the “New Statesman” to the charge brought against him of taking sides against the men. We cannot refrain from quoting an editorial passage which illustrates so well the proverb about sauce. Says the “New Statesman” patronisingly of its insignificant contributor: “What is needed is more free discussion and less of that base injustice which prides itself on meeting an attack in silence.” This from the organ of Messrs. Shaw and the Webbs, whose only remaining dignity now depends upon silence concerning the criticisms of Goddard Socialism. However, Professor Sadler says that as an official of a public body in Leeds he felt when the civic situation was presented to him by the Corporation that his duty was to use his authority in the public interest. He therefore instructed or at least encouraged the students in his charge to turn strike-breakers and to defend the city against the terrorist syndicalists. Very good, and there would be no reply to be made provided that we could be satisfied on three or four small points. First, was it Professor Sadler’s view that the invasion of Leeds by “Syndicalists” was of such a nature as to threaten terms that if “open Communion,” that is, Communion in a national Church of all its citizens without distinction of sect—is permitted, he and others could not continue in the fellowship? Was it left to be done by a member who resigns what he cannot resign, namely, his fellowship in the national church—or is to exchange his nationality? In the same sense that we are all English citizens we are all, willy-nilly, members of the Established Church; and the “rights” of the one, be they exercised or not, are as well established as the rights of the other.

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At the first glance our interest may not appear to be much involved in the controversy over the Kikuyu Conference and its sequel in the open Communion of Non-conformists with the Established Church. But reflection discloses several points of theoretical if not of practical concern. As the creation of Parliament—a fact which nobody can dispute—the Established Church is not only the Church of the whole nation, including non-conformists, agnostics, freethinkers and atheists, but it is in its own sphere a model (in theory at any rate) of a genuine National Guild. From this point of view we deny the right of the sect of ritualistic Nonconformists, led by Bishop Gore and Mr. Athelstan Riley, to exclude from full membership of the Guild or any of its privileges, any citizen not legally debarred by reason of the single condition of “open and notorious living.” And on the other hand we affirm the right of every citizen to demand and to receive full and open communion, if he feels so disposed, at the hands of any duly appointed priest or official of the National Guild Church. These rights, have, in fact, been guaranteed by law, and are in law indisputable that we doubt whether any High Churchman dare challenge them on this ground. It is true that Convocation, the highest ecclesiastical Synod, did venture mildly to deprecate the imitation of the action of the Bishop of Hereford when he administered a special Coronation Communion to Non-conformists; but the affair ended there, or an appeal to the King in Council would soon have settled the legality of the Bishop’s action. Bishop Gore writes to the Times in almost threatening terms that if “open Communion,” that is, Communion in a national Church of all its citizens without distinction of sect—is permitted, he and others could not continue in the fellowship. But what is left to be done by a member who resigns what he cannot resign, namely, his fellowship in the national church—or to exchange his nationality? In the same sense that we are all English citizens we are all, willy-nilly, members of the Established Church; and the “rights” of the one, be they exercised or not, are as well established as the rights of the other.

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The four months’ imprisonment of Mr. Stewart for blasphemous “has nothing to do, as our readers will see, with the foregoing ecclesiastical dispute. The Church, as the Nation in its ceremonial and religious aspect, has actually as much concern with anarchism, which is the denial of the State to exist, as the State with the Nation has with “blasphemy,” which is the denial of the right of God to exist—in the form, of course, assumed by popular imagination—and that concern is in both cases none whatever. Yet under a Cabinet composed partly of courageously self-avowed atheists (though the public declaration was made only in their salad days), and containing at least two members notoriously opposed to the preservation of the old law against blasphemy, no fewer than five cases of prosecution, for an offence against God alone if against anybody, have been raised during the last five years, and in the case of Mr. Stewart with penal results that would have been excessive for arson. Professor Gilbert Murray, who has had access to the verbatim evidence, assures us that in the speeches and writings complained of in Mr. Stewart only “blasphemy” exists; in other words, the charge of blasphemy cannot in this instance be wrapp’d up in a charge of incendie or provocation to riot. If this be the case, we wonder that Mr. Buras is not being charged, or Mr. J. M. Robertson—or The New Age. Certainly we have shown no respect to the forms of God created for Him by men’s feeble imaginations or shall we; but, on the contrary, shall continue, when occasion requires, to blaspheme, deride, mock at and destroy every image of Him that is not satisfying to the most critical reason and conscience. If this is not enough to place us with Mr. Stewart, Mr. McKenna, that well-known man of God, has not the merit even of just injustice.
Current Cant.

"The ugly charge of vulpicide."—"The Sketch."

"No Unionist, so far as we know, denies that the working class, who control and for two decades have controlled this country, can determine its policy and legislation, and that if the same injustice menaced them which menaced Ulster they would have a right to resist."—"Daily Mail."

"During the month of October the 'Times' engaged in a brief but decisive effort, in which it had the support of the whole British Press, to put a stop to the intention of certain news agencies to act also as agents for advertisements. The question, which may now be regarded as settled, was one which affected not only the standing of newspapers but the whole public which depends on them for trustworthy information."—"The Times."

"The 'Daily Telegraph' as a literary influence."—T. P. O'CONNOR.

"Democracy is every day more clearly coming into its kingdom."—"The Star."

"The second quality which accounts for the success of Lord Burnham and of the 'Daily Telegraph' is his instructive knowledge of popular taste."—T. P. O'CONNOR.

"Assuredly the emancipation of the emotions is the note of the day."—ARNOLD HAWTHAINE, in the "Daily Mail."

"I have been taught how to free a paper from the dead conventional matter . . . how to make it reflect the breadth and fullness of life itself."—J. L. GARVIN.

"What a description we should have had of Disraeli and of the Scene if the 'Daily Telegraph' had been in existence in those days."—T. P. O'CONNOR.

"Everything is being challenged."—REV. R. J. CAMPBELL.

"The fellowship of the Press."—"Evening News."

"The people will gradually seek purer, simpler, and more satisfactory pleasures."—REV. A. M. MACLEAN.

"The goal towards which England is working is to establish a self-governing, an educated, and a civilised India."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"There is nothing wrong with Socialism except their socialism."—HERBERT SAMUEL.

"Our sensitive and self-conscious civilisation."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

"The new Censor, Mr. C. S. Street, is a man with a style. He is one of the few writers of the present day who regards manner as being as important as matter."—"Daily Mirror."

"Lloyd George is but the megaphone through which the voice of humanity speaks."—SIR HERBERT TREES.

"I believe that three-quarters of the agitating for higher wages would be unnecessary if people knew what to eat and how to prepare it."—ESTRACE MILES.

"The honour of England."—"Daily Express."

"The Burial Service is meant for Christian people. It is not meant for the unbaptised, nor suicides, nor excommunicated persons."—THE VICAR OF MEILOR.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

I HAVE always maintained, whenever I had occasion to participate in a discussion on the subject, that neither in style nor in subject-matter would the signed article, as introduced into the English Press, ever rise to the standard of excellence shown in the signed articles in the French newspapers. When I see a signed article in an English newspaper (daily) I am reminded, I confess, of those alleged 'Bohemian' night-clubs in the West End, where champagne sells at thirty shillings a bottle and tea at eightpence a cup. The thing is not English; it is exotic. You may graft these alien characteristics on our social organisation, but you can never make them English, and they will never last. There is a place for everything; and France is the place for signed newspaper articles and for Bohemian caba-
rets—I take France as typifying the Latin countries.

In French newspapers the writers of the signed articles are, with few exceptions, regular contributors; and they have every freedom. They join the staff of a paper because their views coincide, in general, with the views of the group to which the paper appeals; they have plenty of freedom—I wish to emphasise that—and they need not fear the advertiser. The signed article in the English daily newspaper Press is quite another thing. The halfpenny papers indulge freely in signed articles; but a new man writes every day, and editors receive articles by the score from writers they have never heard of. The reason is simply this: the halfpenny papers here have made a special feature of the signed article to the extent of using it as a medium for the conveyance of mere facts, whereas in France the article represents an independent personal commentary on facts. There are any number of Chestertons and Bellocs writing for the Parisian newspapers; and their opinions are piquant, amusing, and informative; and invariably expressed in a delightful style.

The English writer of the signed article is greatly restricted as to subject, style and treatment. He must, above all, be "topical," he must confine his personal criticism, on the rare occasions when he is allowed to put any forward, within certain recognised limits; he must be, as they would say at the "Daily Mail" office, staccato; and he must not write more than a column. The result is that we have developed two types of article: the informative article, spruce and superficial, which may be written by anybody who knows something about the subject, but must not convey views likely to be distasteful to the editor, the proprietor, the public, and the advertiser; and the "personal" article, which invariably represents 'safe' opinions and offers no new ideas. There are many well-known "safe" writers: one knows, for example, what Mr. Wells will say about social reform, what Mr. William Archer will say about the drama, what Mr. Harold Spender will say about politics, and what Mr. Shaw will say about anything under the sun.

I mention Mr. Spender and Mr. Shaw particularly, perhaps, because I have read their contributions to the "Daily News" of January 1. We know that both writers are experts on peace, we know they expect the impossible, and we know also that they will neglect all the "unsafe" considerations in order to emphasise points which they have already emphasised to the degree of exasperating us. Speaking as a diplomatist, I naturally welcome these writers; I bow reverently towards Mr. Shaw and Mr. Spender and Mr. Wells, because they are so futile. Not one of them has exercised the slightest practical influence on the development of any subject which he has professed to treat. Can they deny that?
Mr. Shaw's nostrum is that war could be stopped if we "politely announce" that "a war between France and Germany would be so inconvenient to England that England is prepared to pledge herself to defend either country if attacked by the other." Like the young man who appears on the hoardings, it's so simple. You simply overlook every consideration on which foreign policy is based and grope in the clouds after an unattainable ideal. And Mr. Shaw, after doing this for three-quarters of a column, asks shatteringly: "Can anybody suggest an alternative policy?"

If it is of any interest to Mr. Shaw, I am quite willing to oblige him a little. Foreign policy is not based on the facts which Mr. Shaw—and this is his fallacy—sets forth only to deride them in the early part of his article: "That as Russia is doing this, and Germany might do that, and France once did the other, and that these considerations oblige Italy to do something which will leave Austria no alternative but to do something else which will place Turkey in a position which will force her to take steps which will reopen the Eastern question, England will lose India and the command of the seas," and so on. We do, of course, take these items into consideration; our knowledge of the situation enables us to do so to greater advantage than Mr. Shaw. But we recognise that all these things are merely symptoms; that they are merely surface indications of something which is taking place underneath.

It follows that we do not reach the real bases of foreign policy until we can judge these surface indications exactly as a competent doctor can judge a symptom. Then we shall see that national preservation, however deeply hidden, is at the root of all. It may happen that the "nation" may mean merely the ruling class—in fact, in international affairs, the "nation" always does mean the ruling class: the class that has in its power to declare for war or for peace; the class that can fight and get other people to fight. It may be that our nation as a whole was better cared for by the landlord class than by the class of financiers now in power; but a foreign nation has nothing to do with that. In foreign affairs we must go by entities; and so long as the capitalistic class now at the head of affairs here can make the people of the country fight, just so long shall we be affected by any international event that threatens or disturbs the interests of this class.

Does Mr. Shaw think of all the complications and interactions conveyed by that statement? Apparently not; at least his article does not show that he does. The light and the suggestion that a foreign entity, England, France, and Germany should combine to keep the peace presupposes that these three countries have no antagonistic interests—presupposes, indeed, that they have no really national interests at stake at all, though everybody should know by this time that the French bitterness over Alsace-Lorraine, always latent, has been intensified by the Zabern incident. Even Mr. Spenzer, poor authority as he is, recognises this; for he asks: "Is it possible by any human art to arrive at a peaceful settlement of this great standing quarrel between France and Germany?" The answer is in the negative. France will be satisfied with nothing less than the return of the two provinces; and the Kaiser made a speech some years ago, apropos of them, in which he said that what the German eagle's talons gripped it never let go, or words to that effect.

In this article I indicate only one principle, but a great one, of foreign policy: that self-preservation is at the root of it, and that self-preservation can be secured only by our preserving the balance of power in Europe, as we have been doing for three centuries and more. I have not gone into all the minute details which this principle involves; it would require a volume of the New Age for that.
The condition of an army is an infallible gauge to that of a State. Those rulers who deliberately allow corruption to penetrate to their armed forces have reached the stage of becoming imbeciles as well as rogues. I do not think that possession of the military force is the only concern of a nation. But this latest enormity has occurred in time of peace. That it is a genuine enormity and not a mare's nest is proved by the silence which has greeted it in the press of both parties. But the time for that sort of tactics has gone.

Those who are interested in the comparative military value of various peoples cannot do better than study the history of the siege of the Pekin legations. During the weeks of that siege troops of many States, both regular and irregular, fought side by side in rather trying circumstances, and the results were curious. The regular and irregular, fought side by side in rather trying circumstances, and the results are curious. The Russians and Germans were steady and good. The legation bore the brunt of the attack, showed a desperate tenacity which was not expected of them, in addition to that elan in attack which is at fault. On the other hand the Russian, all accounts agree upon setting the least value upon Austrians and Italians, particularly the latter. That the Italian demoralisation was not accidental is shown by an examination of the casualty statistics of the great European actions. The Italians are shown to have broken almost invariably under a lower percentage of loss than any other European troops. That this cannot be attributed to any climatic influences is proved by the ancient prowess of the Romans, from which we must conclude that it is remediable and due probably to the absence of civic traditions during the last few hundred years. Individually the Italian is by no means a coward, and will risk his life in the avenging of an insult far more readily than other races. Even the Neapolitan lazzaroni have fought more steadily in the ranks than anybody, not excepting the Prussian, who somewhat resembles him in this respect.

Two Dead Men.

As event of considerable interest, possibly even of some importance, to the American Socialist movement, was the recent formal debate between Mr. Tom Mann and Mr. Louis B. Boudin, well-known as a Marxist Socialist. The disputants addressed themselves to the proposition "that industrial action or organisation is the only means to emancipate the workers from capitalism or wage-slavery." Mr. Mann argued in favour of this restriction of activity, whilst Mr. Boudin argued for the inclusion of political methods whilst recognising the necessity to be found in industrial action. There is much to be learnt from the debate, a verbatim report of which is now before us.

Mr. Mann's main argument may be briefly stated. He first asserted that the capitalist system cannot long continue. He was therefore only concerned with the speediest means to terminate it, and so to usher in the co-operative movement. In his view the co-operative principle would express itself in the regulation of industry "with as many score, as many hundreds, as many thousands, if need be, of co-operative societies as necessary, each with as much independence as is requisite to enable them to function on their own account, but of such organisation in conjunction and harmonious relationship with each other and the societies of workers." He seemed to look to the existing co-operative movement, with its 2,500,000 members, as the nucleus of the organisation destined to supplant the capitalist system, linking it up with local trades councils. As to the State, Mr. Mann's definition had better be given in his own words:--

In using the term "State" I shall refer to it as meaning that organised entity through which, on political lines, the capitalist and governing class—one and the same—now exercise control over the people; the organised entity in this country equally in every country in America and Europe and in every other country in the civilised world. I shall refer to that Government as the State. And when I object to State action or refuse to endeavour to capture that State or to democratise that State or to rely upon the State, I shall mean that I object to relying upon a governmental power, upon legislative power, upon legislative institutions, upon legislatures or Governments in any shape or form, declaring that we can do better without them than with them, and that the workers will, in due time, be able to manage by free co-operative associations and management in a far larger sphere under which we find ourselves at the present time under the domination of the organised capitalists.

This being his conception of a State, it naturally followed that Mr. Mann could not consistently recommend his friends to have part or lot in it. He admitted that something had been done by means of politics, notably the Ten-Hour Act in the 'forties. But it was the outcome of work on voluntary lines by proletarian organisation. The Mines Regulation Act was of distinct value; but it was the "direct outcome of the efforts of the Union miners organised on the economic field, conducting an agitation and using their economic power, bringing pressure to bear upon politicians." It is clear to Mr. Mann that economic power precedes and dominates political power:--

I am not prepared to say that no good will ever be done again by political or legislative action. I think it is wholly probable that just as the revolutionary movement of the workers develops, just as the master class, the governing class, the prominent politicians and statesmen, the governmentalists observe that there is real substantial genuine pressure on the bourgeoisie, then an increasing determination accompanied by an increased power on the part of the working class to resort to drastic action to change their economic conditions, so I believe that, irrespective entirely of who is returned to these legislative institutions, whether from the ranks of Labour, from the ranks of Socialists, it will be necessary to be rigid in orthodoxy and the "anything-ites," in either case they will be on the watch to step in and appear to be the benefactors of mankind, and legislative action will take place that will be in some small way a benefit to the people.

Political methods are therefore subsidiary to and trivial compared with industrial action. Mr. Mann then proceeded to tell with dramatic detail the story of the transport strike of 1911. Solidarity must be achieved and labour withheld from the master class. On the one hand labour must have solidarity—that was one wing of the bird—on the other, co-operation—the other wing. Mr. Boudin, in reply, agreed with Mr. Mann that the capitalist system was doomed because it was "built on inherent contradictions which would not permit it to last long because of the continual increase of those contradictions." One of these contradictions is the attempt to govern by class rule whilst the political system is supposed to be organised for the benefit of mankind. Mr. Boudin then said:

"You cannot very well have democracy and class rule—that is, have part of the people in the State use the power of the State. When you forget about the State, when you want to leave this power to the capitalist class, that is, have part of the people in the State use the power of the working class, and then it becomes questionable whether or not the capitalist system is doomed to be overthrown by the working class—at least shortly."
Therefore the two wings, in Mr. Mann's simile, must not be industrial action and co-operation but rather industrial action and political action. We are to match our strength against the enemy. Mr. Mann and his school proceed and say: "We don't use our right hand. You can lick them with your left." The right arm is political action and has an enormous advantage over the left—industrial action—in that when we want to use our left arm, the working class must start out by depriving itself of all the comforts of life—food, shelter, and such luxuries as the master class permit them occasionally to enjoy. But the working class can use its right arm, its political action, without starting a struggle. In fact it enters the holiday." The Syndicalist, whenever they have tried their "only way," they in the end came crying to political action: "Please help vs, little brother, we are in trouble." The passage as a whole is worth quoting:

Even in the great transport workers' strike in England there was some political action. And you know that in the Paterson strike, and all the other strikes, while you were fighting with your "only way," or after the fight in your "only way" had gone against you, you come to those who believed in political action and ask them to help you out. There is nothing against you in that. And whenever you come to us we are perfectly willing to help you. In fact, we come with our help at a time when your own right arm is in trouble. It is about time we learned the lesson in full, not only in part, namely, the lesson that the working class must act as a whole. The only organisational weapon, but that solidarity must be used industrially, economically, and also politically. And I will go further and say, assuming it to be true (as it is not true) that you cannot gain any lasting benefit from political action, political action is necessary if only in order to make industrial action possible. Because, without political action, you cannot have industrial action. We in this country know that most of the industrial fights of the working class have been broken down, not only by the military, not only by the police, but also by the paper-carrying guns known as injunctions, which are purely political in their nature and can only be abolished in a political way.

The rest of the debate hardly added to our enlightenment. Mr. Mann stuck to his theory that the State is part and parcel of the capitalist system. "I submit that the capitalist system is going, that State government is going with it as a part of it and nobody can keep it here. Later, after referring to a striking instance of California, where the workers ignored the State law until it was enforced by trade union action, he described the State as a "lousy old show not worth keeping or replacing." From this debate it is now possible to arrive at the real meaning of Syndicalism and of Marxian Socialism. The Syndicalist seeks to concentrate economic and political power in small industrial groups and regards State organisation as an integral part of capitalism. He therefore fights on the industrial plane and condemns political action as anti-social because it tends to maintain capitalism by improving and not destroying the State organisation. But capitalism is doomed in any event. The Marxian Socialist, on the contrary, believes in capturing political power as a condition precedent to the acquisition of economic power by the working classes. He believes that the State is something greater, more permanent and more significant than private capitalism. Capitalism, however, is doomed because of its inherent contradictions, but its downfall may be delayed if political action be tabooed.

There is obviously an "inherent contradiction" in Marxian Socialism in this regard. Mr. Boudin attempted to ride two horses: One, that capitalism must fall because of its inherent contradictions; the other, that it would not fall until it was overthrown by the working class.

The main fact that emerges from this debate is that both sides in the controversy are the slaves of dead formulae. Who, for example, really believes that capitalism will destroy itself by its own inherent contradictions? There is not a scrap of evidence to warrant any such assumption. On the contrary, capitalism is at the moment consolidating its strength, as is proved by the elements which are increasing whilst real wages are falling. But the inmanent fall of capitalism as a formula has been common form amongst revolutionary Socialists for a generation. It was deduced from Marx's analysis of capitalism, and has proved extremely valuable propaganda because it united all those who hated the capitalist system. It proved valuable for another reason: It saves the Socialists from the labour and embarrassments of proposing an alternative to capitalism. It is easy to declare that the conquest of political power would open the door to the new dispensation; that we need not worry about details until capitalism had destroyed itself by its inherent contradictions. In short, the formula has proved an excuse for intellectual cowardice or laziness. This fact was demonstrated by Mr. Boudin, who resolutely refused to look beyond the coming revolution. Let that come first and then we can further discuss the situation. He gave away his case completely, however, when he declared that the real attraction of political action lay in its enjoyment—it is a holiday. Can anyone outside Bedlam believe that the revolution is coming in a holiday spirit? And are we far wrong if we, in our turn, declare that it is precisely this sporting spirit that has done much to nullify political Socialism? But Mr. Mann finds himself in a like case. He too must predicate the downfall of capitalism, or set out an alternative. It is true that he gets no further to an alternative than the State Socialist, but who is there who really believes that a combination of co-operative societies with local trades councils possesses even the beginnings of a new era? It is fatal to base your economic unit upon locality; and if Mr. Mann had only remembered his connection with the transport workers and the engineers, he would hardly have committed himself to such an impossible proposal. The truth is that neither disputation has either intellectually or practically related politics to economics. Mr. Boudin did not even attempt it. He assumed a political movement as separate and distinct from the industrial. In times of industrial disputes the political Socialist either waits for the industrialist to come to him for help or he offers it without asking. So far as we can understand him, Mr. Boudin makes a little corner in political power and then he tries to use it out as an alternative salvation for those who have been hurt in the industrial struggle. All this pervers misconception of the work that lies before us is due to the false formula that capitalism must inevitably destroy itself, that the simple truth, easily demonstrated, is that capitalism, whatever its inherent weaknesses and anomalies, will continue, and even gather strength, until it is supplanted by a more economic and socially desirable system. To count upon the death of an economic factor which is palpably strengthening itself is futile fatalism that merits condemnation and invites ridicule.

We have waded patiently through the sixteen newspaper columns devoted to this debate without discovering any reference, direct or indirect, to the wage-system. The resolution speaks of "capitalism or wage-slavery." From that point both disputants tacitly agreed that with the downfall of capitalism would come the downfall of wage-slavery. It did not occur to anybody that the reverse process was the only way: that by abolishing wage-sagery, capitalism would be overthrown. Mr. Boudin, as a good Marxist, was of course committed irrevocably to the common destruction of labour. It was not for him to give his opponent a forensic advantage by proclaiming this fact. But Mr. Mann was not committed to this preposterous theory and, had he known his business, he would have known that Boudin to the proposition and professed victor in the contest. But Mr. Mann, in his turn, had declared the co-operative movement to be the way of salvation and we all know that nowhere is wagery so deeply imbedded
as in the heart and practice of the existing co-operative movement. These methods Mr. Mann declared were not ideal, but he lost his chance by failing to point out that it is precisely because the co-operative movement is based upon a theory that it is, ipso facto, a capitalist movement, even though it is owned and controlled by working men. We all know that the vast majority of British co-operators attach immense importance to their dividends. Will Mr. Mann explain how it is possible to earn dividends? We are thus driven to the conclusion that the Marxian Socialists and the Syndicalists are for their own ends both equally committed to the wage system; both are therefore equally reactionary and from neither school does any genuine alternative emerge.

The curious aspect of the problem is that both denounce wagery; both call for its abolition; but neither seems capable of declaring that until the workers decline to sell their labour as a commodity there be any fundamental change in our economic system. Both sides are the victims of a false formula. It has killed them; they are both dead men. We are thankful that it is not for us to apportion their relative degrees of damnation.

From Mr. Boudin, as a Marxian Socialist, we of course could not expect any guidance as to future methods of wealth production, but it was peculiarly incumbent on Mr. Mann to develop his theories of qualitative and quantitative production. He goes before a large audience and assures them that localised production on the co-operative principle is his alternative to capitalist methods. Now production assumes two forms—qualitative and quantitative. How will his local society face these two problems? How will it attract at once the craftsman and the mechanic—the one the instrument of quality and the other of quantity? Mr. Mann does not know, because he is in subject to yet another false formula. He has been captured by the sham democratic notion that it is only in small groups that democracy can assert itself. All the skill and invention of past generations that have brought all localities near to one another, that have unified the interests of every locality, not only in Great Britain but throughout the world, are to go for nothing. The economic destiny of mankind is to be centred in the Co-operative Society combined with the trade council of Slocum-on-Mud. Mr. Mann has come to say this to the world about economic administration and the salariat. He is tragically out of date. He and his school have not travelled an inch since he declared that every worker should have a minimum wage of £3 a week. A wage! "Poor Tom; dead for a ducat!"

Last week we editorially expressed a hope that the Syndicalists had not actually renounced all idea of the State as an organisation to which great functions appertain. Our hope was based upon a stray phrase or two in M. Sorel. But Mr. Mann's declaration—agreeing as it does with M. Lagardelle—leaves us no hope. We must resign ourselves to the task of economic emancipation by un weariedly urging the abolition of wagery and of building up a State out of a sense of citizenship, the flowering of economic freedom. This debate between two able and agile controversialists proves that both the Marxian or State Socialists, on the one hand, and the Syndicalists upon the other, are equally sterile. Both seek to abolish capitalism first, whereas every economist knows that wagery is the basis of capitalism, and that therefore wage abolition precedes the downfall of capitalism. The State Socialist believes that political must precede industrial action, whereas every economist knows that wagery is the basis of capitalism, and that therefore wage abolition precedes the downfall of capitalism. The State Socialist believes that political must precede industrial action, whereas every economist knows that wagery is the basis of capitalism, and that therefore wage abolition precedes the downfall of capitalism. The State Socialist believes that political must precede industrial action, whereas every economist knows that wagery is the basis of capitalism, and that therefore wage abolition precedes the downfall of capitalism. The State Socialist believes that political must succeed industrial action, whereas every economist knows that wagery is the basis of capitalism, and that therefore wage abolition precedes the downfall of capitalism. The State Socialist believes that political must succeed industrial action, whereas every economist knows that wagery is the basis of capitalism, and that therefore wage abolition precedes the downfall of capitalism.
trampling which," said Arminius, "must take some doing." "You're right there," I assented, glad to find some point of harmony with my friend; but he ignored me. "We in England," he went on gloomily, "are bound hand and foot by legislation. The working man cries for legislation as the panacea, much as he would for Mesopotamia, if he had heard of it. We are the slaves of the working man, and the working man is the slave of his fellow working men, who don't know what they want and consequently never get it. Look at the Eight Hours Act, shrieked for to the tune of strikes and rioting, yet it has caused nothing but worse strikes and worse rioting since it has passed into law. And so the sickening business goes on. They manage things better in Ireland, or, rather, for Ireland."

"And yet," I ventured humbly, "it has been termed the distressful country." "You can term it anything you like," snapped Arminius, "there's nothing distressful about it. Call it the pampered country, the petted country." "But," said I, "Ireland has suffered much from English tyranny." "That may be," said Arminius, "but not within your memory or the memory of your grandfather. Still, there's this to be said. We have misunderstood the Irish temperament. We have played the police-magistrate where we ought to have powers, and now we play nothing at all. The spoilt child across his knee and administers corporal punishment. The spoilt child has got his own way at last. Whether it is good for the spoilt child, that this should be so, is uncertain, and does not greatly matter. The bird of Liberty has deserted our shores and now croaks complainingly from the other side of St. George's Channel—and with reason, for there is nothing so dull as getting your own way. "That may be true," I remonstrated, "but I fail to see that Ireland has any more liberty than we have. In fact, if we are to believe its own accredited mouth organs—I mean pieces—never was such a time of iron-healed trampling, such wholesale grinding of necks by the tyrannous Saxon." "That," said Arminius, "is the spoilt child again. The spoilt child is never content. He must have a grievance, and it he hasn't got one, he will invent one. But the wise man does not worry about the spoilt child. When the clamouring becomes a nuisance, the wise man takes the spoilt thing round his knee and administers corporal chastisement proportionate to the offence." "And yet," I persisted. "I don't see—" "You don't see where Ireland has the pull over us?" broke in Arminius. "That's what you were going to say. Well, I'll tell you. Ireland has the pull over us because she has escaped the curse of England—the curse of over-legislation. Even a Lloyd Jones—if I have caught the name aright—thinks twice before applying the anomalies of the thinking part of him, knows it. The thought of this shall not apply to Ireland, and think what it means, which is, that for years they have had things a great deal more of their own way than we unlucky English. And there's another aspect of the case; the Irishman lacks the requisite discretion. He does not believe that his own lot will be in any degree bettered by the grant of Home Rule. No sane Irishman—not a politician—really desires Home Rule. That I think we all know. It makes a convenient harry if it became law, his last imaginary grievance against the Saxon would have gone. His next grievance—a real one—would be against himself, and be, that is the thinking part of him, knows it. That is the generally accepted view," said I, coldly. "I didn't say it was," retorted Arminius, "neither is it the generally accepted view that Ireland is the freest civilised community in Europe, yet it's something near the truth. "My friend," said I, shocked and alarmed, "that is a hard saying." "It is," rejoined Arminius, "but I will prove it to you." He rose, and walking to the window peered out through the clammy pane at a sodden garden all autumn leaves and autumn mud, and a red-tiled mansion rising beyond it, vast and ungraciously in the slanting rain. "Who lives over there?" inquired Arminius. "A fellow called Bates," I replied with curiosity, "R. Wellesley Bates, Esquire, J.P.; D.L., to be precise. Why?" "Do you know?" "No, I don't. In fact." "(here I dug viciously at the fire with the poker) "I detest the man." "Why?" inquired Arminius, in his turn. "Well," I replied, "I consider him something puzzled, for I really had not thought much much about the delinquent, he's such a brazen beast." "Ah!" was the comment of Arminius. "And my wife sees Mrs. Bates wearing things we can't afford." "Ah!" said Arminius again. "And when they ask us to dinner there's always trouble, because my wife insists that we shall stay with them and return their hospitality. I may tell you," I continued, warming to the subject which is very near to me, but not, as I should have conceived to the Irish problem, "the disputes there have been over those dinners would drive a cat crazy. I detest the fellow, though, to do him justice; he's always been decent enough to us—still I detest him." "You detest him," repeated Arminius, "and because you live in an over-legislated country, he continues to give you provocation. Now in Ireland you'd settle the matter soon enough." "How so?" I inquired. "You would take a gun, and hide behind a hedge and shoot him." "Good heavens!" I exclaimed in horror. "And," pursued Arminius, "if you adopted the precautionary measure, you'd settle the matter political views beforehand, nothing would happen to you. On the contrary, responsible Ministers would spring to their feet in the House of Commons to defend your action; or, at least treat it with the humorous indulgence it would deserve; your countrymen would reverence you, and make pilgrimages (when the time came) to your tomb, and peace would return once more to your domestic circle. In Ireland you may disperse your neighbour's live stock, if he annoys you, you may blow up your neighbour's house and himself with it—if you attempt to riddle your neighbour's family with bullets through his dining-room window after dinner; you can maim his cattle, set fire to his barns, do anything in reason, and a patriotic jury will return to convict you. That is Liberty—the power to do anything you like, logically worked out—and you get it nowhere but in Ireland."

"But what of the neighbour who is blown up—whose family are massacred after dinner?" "He is unworthy of your sympathy," replied Arminius. "But think of the spirit who would not take the trouble to get hold of the right point of view." "Then Liberty in Ireland is a question of the right point of view?" "They call it patriotism," said Arminius. "Mr. Redmond and his colleagues are much pleased with the word—it isn't Gaelic. They get it from us—yet they use it gladly, and without acknowledgment." "Or understanding," I suggested, spurred to timid aggressiveness. "Or understanding," assented Arminius, unexpectedly.
Letters on War.

By "A Rifleman."

IV.
The arts of peace take their origin and are developed from the arts of war. In the semi-nomadic hunting community the warrior’s weapons form his only tools, from the arts by blind animal instinct. It is man alone who utilizes intellect as distinct from the blind workings of animal instinct. It was the desire for weapons that first roused in man any instinct of creative effort in the field. It was the desire for weapons that first gathered data sufficient to enable us to trace the earliest weapons to reinforce the armament provided by nature, development of weapons, the first flickering dawn of possession of weapons, in fact, which alone sharply roused in man any instinct of creative effort any other species of the animal kingdom. The possession, however, of hands formed our own ancestors the passage into an altered environment making new calls upon the physical and mental qualities of their type, as they passed into new surroundings and altered conditions to descend from the trees and seek new food-resources, would be sharply differentiated from other non-tree-climbing, footed animals by the possession of a hand with prehensile qualities. This enabling them to hurl stones and pick up fallen branches of trees in blind subconscious imitation of the workings of nature would reinforce the anthropoid’s comparatively feeble physical structure by artificial weapons and would lead to the development of human reason instead of animal instinct. The physical development due to change of environment would be itself the product of a mental development. The anthropoids, forced by their movements into new surroundings and altered conditions to descend from the trees and seek new food-resources, would be sharply differentiated from other non-tree-climbing, footed animals by the possession of a hand with prehensile qualities. This enabling them to hurl stones and pick up fallen branches of trees in blind subconscious imitation of the workings of nature would reinforce the anthropoid’s comparatively feeble physical structure by artificial weapons and would lead to the development of human reason instead of animal instinct. The possession, however, of hands formed the ancestors of Caucasian man into an environment making new calls upon the physical and mental qualities of their type, as they passed into regions where during long seasons of the year the trees, barren of foliage, afforded no supplies of nuts and fruits, thus forcing the marsupials to descend to the ground and, spurred by the imperious calls of hunger, endeavour to run down four-footed creatures far swifter than themselves, burrow for roots in the ground, or strive to catch the fish in the lakes or running streams, so there ensued a corresponding physical and mental development. The marsupials, while they assumed the upright posture more suitable to running than the bounding gait of the kangaroo, the feet assumed the conformation most suitable to rapid progress over ground, and there began the differentiation between the human foot and the simian hand, carrying with it a certain loss of prehensile qualities of the tail, the former became shorter and shorter so as not to incommode the flying hunter; obviously a long curling tail would not help the marsupial in running on the ground, however useful in swiftness from trees, whilst from the prehensile qualities of the hand it would not be required to beat off flies as in the case of four-footed creatures. Thus there would cease that subtle connection between the brain and the muscles which even at the present day so powerfully influences our physical development. It is today a day of a new type of man to cease to use our muscles they become stiff and ultimately we lose the power to use them at all. In like manner there are many semi-civilised races that have preserved in a large degree the prehensile qualities of the toes. The fingertips, with which trees and the ground, hold various articles, and assist them in their work. But more civilised races, their feet cramped within tight boots, have lost these qualities. In similar fashion with the absence of any call for its use, the tail of the most primitive type of man would become stiff and immobile. In successive generations the brain would cease to take cognisance of the new useless limb. A feebler and feebler impression of this limit would be transmitted to the following types until the tail, reduced to a mere useless stump, would dwindle away to nothingness. In just such a fashion mice bred continually in darkness will ultimately lose the to them useless faculty of sight.

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The physical development due to change of environment would be itself the product of a mental development. The anthropoids, forced by their movements into new surroundings and altered conditions to descend from the trees and seek new food-resources, would be sharply differentiated from other non-tree-climbing, footed animals by the possession of a hand with prehensile qualities. This enabling them to hurl stones and pick up fallen branches of trees in blind subconscious imitation of the workings of nature would reinforce the anthropoid’s comparatively feeble physical structure by artificial weapons and would lead to the development of human reason instead of animal instinct. The possession, however, of hands formed the ancestors of Caucasian man into an environment making new calls upon the physical and mental qualities of their type, as they passed into regions where during long seasons of the year the trees, barren of foliage, afforded no supplies of nuts and fruits, thus forcing the marsupials to descend to the ground and, spurred by the imperious calls of hunger, endeavour to run down four-footed creatures far swifter than themselves, burrow for roots in the ground, or strive to catch the fish in the lakes or running streams, so there ensued a corresponding physical and mental development. The marsupials, while they assumed the upright posture more suitable to running than the bounding gait of the kangaroo, the feet assumed the conformation most suitable to rapid progress over ground, and there began the differentiation between the human foot and the simian hand, carrying with it a certain loss of prehensile qualities of the tail, the former became shorter and shorter so as not to incommode the flying hunter; obviously a long curling tail would not help the marsupial in running on the ground, however useful in swiftness from trees, whilst from the prehensile qualities of the hand it would not be required to beat off flies as in the case of four-footed creatures. Thus there would cease that subtle connection between the brain and the muscles which even at the present day so powerfully influences our physical development. It is today a day of a new type of man to cease to use our muscles they become stiff and ultimately we lose the power to use them at all. In like manner there are many semi-civilised races that have preserved in a large degree the prehensile qualities of the toes. The fingertips, with which trees and the ground, hold various articles, and assist them in their work. But more civilised races, their feet cramped within tight boots, have lost these qualities. In similar fashion with the absence of any call for its use, the tail of the most primitive type of man would become stiff and immobile. In successive generations the brain would cease to take cognisance of the new useless limb. A feebler and feebler impression of this limit would be transmitted to the following types until the tail, reduced to a mere useless stump, would dwindle away to nothingness. In just such a fashion mice bred continually in darkness will ultimately lose the to them useless faculty of sight.
hurling a stone with force and accuracy calls into play a mental suppleness and physical dexterity shared in by no four-footed race, by neither beasts of the field nor fowls of the air, nor insects nor worms and mammals that burrow under the ground. It is in fact an act of self-conscious volition as distinct from the wild rage of the animal combat with teeth and claws, an act of reason as distinct from the sub-conscious groping of animal-instinct. The power of reasoning is not, as is popularly supposed, confined to man; it is possessed in the most rudimentary degree by practically all animals, it would be impossible to tame them and to teach them tricks otherwise; they can, in fact, profit by experience.* As the French say, "A scared cat dreads the water," which demonstrates that the animal can distinguish between cause and effect: i.e., possesses rudimentary reasoning-power. In man, however, the physical structure is such as to peculiarly aid the development of the reasoning faculties. The possession of the hand with its prehensile qualities permitted a line of development impossible to creatures far inferior in sheer physical power, such as bears or lions or tigers, whilst the general conformation of the body, uniting agility with strength, also permitted the union of mental suppleness with physical power in superior degree to any other denizen of the forest. It involved a highly organised system of society, but the mandible of the ant is a forest. The ants have evolved a highly organised power in a superior degree to any other denizen of the forest, permitted the union of mental suppleness with physical structure.

As the French say, "A scared dog dreads the water," which demonstrates that the animal can distinguish between cause and effect: i.e., possesses rudimentary reasoning-power. In man, however, the physical structure is such as to peculiarly aid the development of the reasoning faculties. The possession of the hand with its prehensile qualities permitted a line of development impossible to creatures far inferior in sheer physical power, such as bears or lions or tigers, whilst the general conformation of the body, uniting agility with strength, also permitted the union of mental suppleness with physical power in superior degree to any other denizen of the forest. It involved a highly organised system of society, but the mandible of the ant is a forest. The ants have evolved a highly organised power in a superior degree to any other denizen of the forest, permitted the union of mental suppleness with physical structure.

The continual hurling of stones and use of clubs would affect alike man's mental and physical development. The continual hurling of stones acted as a whetstone, upon which was sharpened the human intellect. The co-ordination between hand and eye and brain would, with successive generations, become ever more and more close and easy of attainment. The carelessness which with ever-increasing momentum, has brought us to the highly civilised Caucasian man of to-day.

* A reviewer of "The Gathering Storm," with that rash value for characteristic of those who rush in where angels fear to tread, accused me of a philosophical fallacy in arguing that the fact that "a burnt dog dreads the fire" indicates the dog's possession of rudimentary reasoning power. The interesting experiments, however, conducted upon animals in Germany, of which I was entirely ignorant when "The Gathering Storm" was written, in which pigs and horses have been taught to work simple sums in arithmetic, sufficiently indicates the absolute justice of the views expressed above.

The act of hurling a stone at a mark involves, as we have seen, mental and physical activity differing wholly from the mental and physical activities of any other branch of the animal family. It involves an act of conscious volition, a co-ordination between mind and body unique in the animal kingdom. The modern gorillas which in limited degree share this power with their cousin Man, are not in an environment which renders them vitally dependent upon this quality. The tree-tops which form their homes afford plentiful resources in the way of nuts, etc., without forcing them to the perpetual hurling of stones in the endeavour to obtain them. But with the marsupial ancestors of man, forced to adapt their physical structure, developed from countless generations of life among tree-tops, to the totally different conditions involved in life upon the surface of the ground; to find other food to which they had therto been accustomed, to prey upon animals, driven thereto by the frantic cravings of unsatisfied appetite, with which their physical structure rendered them unable to cope: what was in origin a purely instinctive act, a sub-conscious imitation of the workings of nature coupled with the natural playfulness of animals, became elevated to an act of reason. The carelessness which with ever-increasing momentum, has brought us to the highly civilised Caucasian man of to-day.

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to appreciate the cutting qualities of a sharp edge. He would come to seek for sharp-edged stones as being the most potent weapons. Ultimately, there would evolve the chipping of flints to give them a sharp edge, and a shape suitable for hurling. There would develop the use of skins as artificial covering. From the chipping of flints for weapons there would develop also the discovery of fire. Sparks fell upon the twigs and leaves, and ignited them. The necessity of co-operation in the chase and against attack would cause the barking of the marsupials to develop into forms of speech expressive of ideas in common. There would develop the use of industry as the females incapacitated during long seasons from the great activity necessary in following the chase by excessive child-bearing, devoted themselves to the gathering of roots and herbs, building of the encampment, etc., etc., leaving to the males the pursuit of game.

Thus there would have evolved the most primitive type of human society: the semi-nomadic hunting tribe; here the family circle would move, dependent primarily upon the chase for the necessities of life, with a specialisation of industry between man and woman, and an almost entire absence of "divinely inspired" moral codes.

Here for the moment we must pause in our consideration of the subject. But enough has been written to render it apparent that the reaction of the arts of war upon the arts of peace so lightly brushed aside by our modern philosophers has been in reality the most potent of all influences in the development of human society. It was the use of weapons that developed man into a thinking, reasoning animal; it was the use of weapons that developed man into the physical type we know to-day; from the use of weapons there has developed the whole fabric of modern industrialism. Man was evolved a fighting animal; his arts and industries, his moral codes, and all that is noble and sublime in our civilisation, are the direct result of the incessant terror of war upon the industrial life of the community throughout the historic era we shall find equally that as our civilisation was cradled in warfare, so it has been nourished in an atmosphere of warfare: that the modern man, the man in whom wars have moulded his utter abhorrence of war, owes alike his fortune and the industrial processes by which it was brought into being, in fact the very moral sentiment which sets him preaching against the horrors (and incidentally, the waste and unproductiveness) of war, to the very art he so loudly anathematises: the art of war.

A Pilgrimage to Turkey During Wartime.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

Checks on Progress.

The word "love-match" as applied in the foregoing paper to a Turkish marriage, may strike the British reader with astonishment. I have already mentioned how, among the Turks, the circle of a woman’s male acquaintance has been enlarged beyond the bounds of kindred and affinity. That being so, it follows that a Turkish maiden of to-day can sometimes make a marriage of affection without transgressing either decency or etiquette. In my own circle I was witness of a courtship, which differed little from an English wooing, between young people well acquainted with each other. At their wedding the ceremony of the “Koltuk” (arming) and unveiling had, naturally, no sign of the elaborate, merry laughter; and repeated it, when conversation languished, as a joke. Their marriage feast, as Misket Hanum put it, was “Ghâyet alafranga” (in the extreme Frankish manner), and on the morrow bride and bridegroom lived merry and outlook.

One of my friends, a man by no means of the modern school, allowed his daughter to contract a marriage with a youth of her own choosing, whom she had met in circumstances he did not approve. That sort of marriage had, he told me, one advantage for a parent in that the girl could never blame him if it turned out badly; whereas in the old-fashioned marriages by arrangement, she, if unhappy, made incessant claims upon his purse and influence. Girls of a certain education nowadays were making it a point of honour not to marry men they did not know, and where they had no money or exceptional attractions were, of course, left waiting. In his opinion, founded on the observation of a lifetime, marriage as the result of youthful passion seldom led to happiness.

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Even the old-fashioned, closely guarded Turkish men will generally manage to obtain a glimpse of her betrothed before the wedding; occasionally will con-
ians. There is desire for their reform in "advanced" circles. Poor Toghtuf's cry, "We need a Luther!" has been uttered in my hearing by more serious thinkers. It is clearly no advantage to the Turks as Muslims that their prayers and all religious offices should be in Arabic.

I would have seemed to the apostle of Islam, the greatest Protestant that ever lived—has led to the appointment of a special caste of preachers like a priesthood—the thing the Prophet most abhorred on earth. Nothing of the sort exists in Arab countries. There is no religious reason why a large proportion of the prayers should not be said in Turkish, or why the khôja of to-day should not return to his true Muslim status as a simple "person learned in religion"—no reason whatsoever, save expediency. The demand for such reform is still far from general that the great majority of Turks could be relied upon to oppose the slightest change.

Occasionally I have heard progressive Turks speak of the khôjas in a body as a bar to progress. During my stay in Turkey I conversed with many khôjas, having a love for the Mahomedan religion and the character of its professed students, and I cannot say that I should call them that. None of the various opinions that I heard expressed by them could, by any judgment, be pronounced reactionary. They all looked forward, for example, to the relative emancipation of women upon Islâm's line analogous to those already followed with success by certain of the Russian Muslims. The better education of women the khôjas and all regarded as among the country's greatest needs. If one may take it that the little fads and prejudices of the English clergy are compatible with toleration, then none of them was in the least intolerant. With the exception of a few political thinkers, they were the only persons that I met who seemed to me to sit in judgment upon new ideas, rejecting what was manifestly evil or absurd. They were far from being, I should say, opposed to progress, unless it were to progress of a hurried, ill-considered kind. They urged the need of circumspection and much patience.

"But patience requires time, and time is not allowed us," a Unionist said once upon my talking in this strain. "The European menace is immediate. The movement that pushes signs of a return to health, the doctors, turned to butchers, swore to make an end of him. They are only waiting for agreement and a good excuse. Thus threatened, have we any time to think? Must we not grasp the best plan that occurs to us and force it forward against all opponents?"

In truth, for me, a European, to talk to Turks, thus threatened by all Europe, of patience and deliberation, was ridiculous. All the same the khôjas were quite right in their contention. To offend one ignorant religious prejudice at this juncture, to proceed too fast, though in the right direction, might be to rob the people of their stomach for the coming fight.

If you knew with what resentment the ambassadors of certain Powers oppose us every time we aim at a serious reform, you would have no doubt of their hostility," my friend subjoined. I never had the slightest doubt of that; which seems to be accepted, outside Turkey, as intrinsic to the situation of that ill-starred country; is even pleaded by the diplomatically minded in excuse for their withholding sympathy from Turkey in her strife for progress. It would be to waste that sympathy, they argue, Turkey being doomed by secret sentence of the Powers. They turn their sympathy in some direction where they see a fair chance of its meeting with a material reward. Such interested views are common in the vulgar sphere of politics, but in the realm of letters they can claim no standing. Here it is still lawful to applaud the fighting hero, to voice of justice and mercy. Here we may speak the truth against diplomacy:—

The state of Turkey is more full of hope to-day than ever in that country's former history, more full of hope than is the state of any European country. Its hopelessness, of which we hear so much, is in the greedy eyes of Europe, nowhere else.

El Islâm has been so widely and sentimentally misrepresented, even by a section of the Powers, that I feel that I am courting laughter when I state that it is no less tolerant than Christianity, (2) that it is not a foe to human progress.

On my first contention ponderous tomes by learned Christian writers as well as texts from the Koran can be produced against me. But if the Koran is carefully perused from end to end, and its various texts on this subject carefully collated, the pro and con for toleration—at any rate of Jews and Christians—will be found to balance. In like manner the pronouncements (têvâras) of Sheykhs-ul-Islâm and learned judges will be found now leaning towards the widest tolerance, now wearing the dark colour of extreme fanaticism, according (and this is the crux of the whole question) as Christendom attacked the Mahomedans with all the heat and wrath against them. A learned shâykh explained the matter thus to me:—

"A Christian who loves Muslims and respects their faith must be counted as a Muslim by all true believers everywhere. He is in the same way with us, bound on the same journey, and to hold aloof from him or flout him would be sin." And he proceeded to declaim two texts of Scripture, one to the effect that such a Christian shall be welcome to take part in Muslim worship, the other this:

"God is our Lord, and your Lord, unto us our works and unto you your works. No quarrel between us and you, for God will gather us both in, and unto Him we shall return."

I could quote many instances to show that the significance of these words has never been lost sight of by good Muslims, whereas the Gospel texts, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold," "He that is not against us is for us," "All things made by Him for them that have the calling and the purpose for toleration), have been overlooked by Christians. The Christian who avowedly hates Muslims, or assails them, is naturally to be treated as an enemy. Thus it will be seen that Mahomedan intolerance of Christianity, as well in theory as in practice, is imperative and in direct proportion to the Christian's hatred of Islam. Few will, I think, deny that the religion of the Muslim is more enlightened and progressive in the abstract, than that of the majority of Eastern Christians, which brings me to the second point of my contention: that El Islâm is not a foe to human progress.

Harley Street in the Limelight.
By "Sinnikus."

As one of that doubtless numerous class of people cursed with a desire for general information, I often peruse the Great and Potent Halfpenny Press, much to my Moral Benefit.

Lately, for instance, I read a so-delightful article in the "Daily Mail" (for September 24) that I feel I must tell you about it. It was entitled "Dr. Tact and Dr. Fact," and I must say it has rudely shaken my faith in Harley Street. Why do these Ruthless Iconoclasts so rudely kick our props away?

Well: it begins by telling us at some length that rheumatism, gout, and rheumatic-gout are all the same thing, but excuses this triple nomenclature for the same physiological trouble by its usefulness so that wily old bird, Dr. Tact. Dr. T. is shown manipulating his three cards in the most extraordinary and disconcerting manner. It makes one's head go round, positively! Of course it is all put very nicely, but really some people might get quite shirty about it: the dear old fellow is sketched, in an oblique sort of way, as—well, almost as a double-dealing sort of unmasker, you know. He is supposed to "kid" the patient no end—in fact, he seems more of a wholesale butter merchant than a Wise Healer, to be
trusted and respected. Dear dear! But he's dead, according to the article, just passed away. Least said, soonest mended. R.I.P.

Now for his Successor!

He, dear man, is labelled—to avoid all misunderstanding—Dr. Fact! What the deuce ought some of his predecessors to be named, then, if there be ought descriptive in nomenclature?

Now, to quote our article:

This is a scientific age. And science tells us that in a large percentage of cases gout and rheumatism are due to toothaches. If the teeth are put right, if the cause is removed, gout and rheumatism vanish for good. Nature does the rest. It is better than Homburg and half the price.

Good Lord! And they've only just found that out! And even so, you know, it may not be true after all! Modern "thought" seems to progress at the rate of a tired tortoise wheeling a worn-out wheel-barrow. Likewise, as we shall see, it is not really teeth that are meant, but the gumy. Details further on.

Still, let us see how the idea works—or, rather, is worked. We are asked to "enter the consulting room of the modern scientific doctor and watch." Let's. I give the gist only, of course, of what immediately follows in this article.

The first patient: . . . "Injured my knee at hockey as a school-girl! . . . so much worse . . . can scarcely walk."

Does the doctor examine the knee, as no doubt Mr. Barker, of Park Lane, would? Not he: he's Dr. Fact, don'tcherknow! He looks at—her teeth! One almost expects him to smile engagingly and murmur, "cross my palm with silver, pretty lady Barker, of Park Lane, would? Not me, Facky, dear, it won't do. You know as well as I that it might be taken (great concession) for a want of first principles?"

One by one the gouty and rheumatic file in. One by one they have their teeth inspected. And they are sent to the dentist.

Now take the patient's points in order:—

Clay soil; white meat; Homburg—and likewise note the barey veiled medical sneers at her expense. Yet whence these ideas, really? They were enunciated in Harley Street but yesterday, everyone of them, and it follows logically that if the good lady is wrong, Harley Street was as big a fool yesterday as it tries to make us out to be to-day, and as it will itself be demonstrated to be to-morrow. The root trouble with Harley Street is this, that while it makes up for in assurance it lacks in brains. Yes, brains, intelligence, common sense. For you cannot have fashions in medicines—and simultaneously stand on firm, unassailable ground. That, surely, is a self-evident truth. And what do we see but constant change in ideas and methods of treatment, an obvious absence of any stable intellectual foundation—a want of first principles?

Solemn ex cathedra declarations of one year are "modified" (which generally means "flatly contradicted") the next. Consider, let me say, how it was in the early days of the bacteria craze we were told to boil our milk—all our milk, however fresh and good it might be. Now we are told that it spoils the milk as food to do so, and that Pasteurisation suffices, or even that it might be taken (great concession) as Nature manufactures it. Well, most laymen who were not born fools found out that simple fact for themselves years ago. Yet in the therapeutics, a region closed, in the nature of things, to the layman's observation and criticism, this sort of thing goes on year by year unchecked. When one thinks of the human experimentation that necessarily takes place, one laughs at the fads made over vivisection. Not that I am a vivisectionist—far from it. But we are expressly told that Providence keeps an eye on sparrows, and so on. As to poor suffering humanity—well there, what were we talking about? Oh, yes, remedies and their uses. Let us hope that one day in the not too far distant future a Heaven-sent genius will arise, with healing in his eye and all the arts of healing in his hand, and that all the suffering humanity—well, there, what were we talking about?

Now for a go at Dr. Fact.

His mistake is to give reasons. For why not add to, and to increase, the catalogue he gives . . . "if you have dislocated your spine it attacks that, and if you've broken your neck it attacks that," . . . etc.? What a murderous and truly occult. Till then, Heaven help us—and Harley Street.

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quite innocent roseypages. And your successor may perhaps be known as Dr. Insight. And his knowledge of mere facts will be so wide and thorough as to be taken for granted. Heaven knows there are plenty of facts to be had almost for the asking: it is judgment that is usually so conspicuously absent, the power to see below the surface, the insight, not to say intuition, that finds a common link and a common explanation for widely separated appearances.

Allow me in conclusion, dear Dr. Fact, to quote the following to you (from the "Mail," once more, of September 27):—

If we all ate half as much, most of us would be twice as well; and the "greatest social reform" imaginable would consist in teaching the mass of mankind what to eat and how to cook it. What the world needs most of all is a kindly housekeeper to instruct us in the elements of nutrition and the common sense of living.

“A kindly housekeeper”—not even a trained nurse, you observe. Ichabod, ichabod!

**New Year Eve.**

Went once a nymph was bound for Summer’s ship To cross to Happy Isle.
She wore a robe of flowers And carried on her hip
The richest sheaf of all the season’s pile:
And birds forsook their bowers
To share her flight adown the seaward mile.
When, forth a wood, some horsemen came in file.

They saw but birds; she, low within the brake,
Looked and saw light of dreams.
She dropped her golden sheaf,
Nor from that trance did wake
While Summer passed beyond the rising streams.
While Autumn pulled his leaf.
But when blue hare-bell shined with frosty gleams
She rose and said, "Thus merry man’s eye beams."

She clad her in rough robe of squirrel fur,
And platted sturdy shoon
Of knot-reed and the dock,
And sought through heath and bur—
Imploring him who reigns ‘neath coldest moon
And world in frost doth lock,
That he of sovereignty might grant the boon
Of human shape; so lisped the sweet, frail loon.

Frore Winter, crouching ’pon a ragged bank,
Beheld the nymph aflame
While wond’ring waters glowed:
But from the bracken rank,
She stole as pale as they—now paused, now came—
And coming, human showed!

"Crave not what is accomplished—thine the fame!"
Thus spake the frost-world’s lord, nor named her name.

So, touched by Envy, universal sin
That gods and men alure,
The nymph took human form:
Yet her wild heart withith
Beat not with human blood which all endures
Of fortune’s sun or storm—
Which meeteth love that wounds with hope that cures, Or, ‘midst defeated hope, love’s pride secures.

Now with her human eyes of laughing glint
She saw the city gate,
And soon a palace fair—
Nor ever social hint,
Sleer or rebuff had vexed her woodland state—
So past the lighted stair,
She rushed in robe of squirrel, all elate
To reach the throng that yonder danced or sate.

She ran, nor seemed to run but leap, like fawn,
Unto the central ring.
They guessed some high-born maid,
And hailed: "A Nymph of Dawn!"
She shrank aside like bird on wounded wing,
Discovered, and afraid:
They deemed their prince the artful tears did wring—
For ‘twas the New Year masque, and Whim was king.

"She wears no masque—she needs none—so disguised;
’Tis motley’s perfect art!
Down danced the princely Host
From dais—mad surprised:
"O Nymph, with me thy Faun, play this night’s part!"
She saw blue eyes of frost,
And, as a doe at flit of wind doth start,
She flew to cover, trembling ‘neath his heart.

They clapped the dainty scene, and wild with dance
Went all that masquerade.
Bowered on throne above
The nymph in human trance,
’Midst music not of any dell or glade,
Heard tones of mortal love.
She caught no words, nor any meaning made—
But what his eyes commanded, this she bade.

Delirious he, and strong, and half-divine
By clasp ing fairyland,
When came a hoary crone
With cup of glist’ring wine
And, laughing low, before the nymph did stand.

Had been her drink with wand’ring forest band:
She drank in fire brought by that guileful hand
Now had she hushed the hall with eerie cries
Nor left her bowery bed,
Now whirled, like wind-blown leaf,
That prince of bell-blue eyes.
Loose fell her shoon and robe of squirrel red,
And, like the summer sheaf,
Her hair about pale breast and limb was shed.
The Queen ruffled close her robes and, frowning, fled.

None in that female crew beheld her swoon—
Not sexless hag, or queen.
But when she sank and lost
Knowledge of mortal boon,
Two knights took her their gentle arms between
And bore her towards their Host,
Him deep a-dazed who living dreams had seen;
They said, "My prince, here is true fay, I ween!"

He knew the magic history, while they guessed.
"Come, my bold friends! To horse!
Carry my faery bright,
My love by sin distressed,
To forest boundary where the ring of gorse
Like Titan wreath scents night:
There let her wake and ride, nor know remorse.
Haste ye, or woful bear a faery’s corse!"

A league of heaven’s for lifting of the eyes—
Though moon is nowhere found—
Orion fills her room
In wide and windless skies.
The pant of wearied steeds is all the sound
Whilest a most pale bride-groom
Layeth his bride a-swoon on faery ground.
Mounteth—nor he nor comrade turneth round

There is a nymph goes not with Summer’s ship
Across to Happy Isle.
She loveth winter flowers
And seeking deep, doth clip
Those that be blue with glint like merry smile
That human eye endowers,
And frost-elves say—"She envied mortals vile—
But love with less she ne’er shall reconcile."

Jan. 3, 1914.

Beatrice Hastings.
THE LOOSE BLOUSE. By R. INK.
Readers and Writers.

It is not always the case that free-thinkers have more passion for certainty than the orthodox. Like the latter, they found a dogma round about them, and even make a dogma for this purpose of the absence of dogma. Lord Morley, I should say, is a man who ceased original thought some thirty years ago when he inscribed his name on the title page of "Compromise." There is no longer and will never be a "cosmic Sunday." There is no such thing. There is no such dogma. The world, history, life, are not limited to a dogma. Lord Morley would doubtless say, "This, Lord Morley would doubtless say, is at least a little reason, and perhaps a good deal— who knows?" Ergo, one should not condemn or praise too emphatically—except occasionally. But the occasion is precisely the moment in dispute, when, in fact, if at all, Lord Morley's advice might be useful; and it is then that we realise we shall never get it. On generalisations such minds are very outspoken indeed. If generalisations had bodies and souls, how some of them would shudder at Lord Morley's talk, for example, of the "quackish fungoids" that grow upon modern literature! But alas, no particular fungoid is named, and from the generalisation each can withdraw himself, leaving only an empty name for Lord Morley to pronounce. This, Lord Morley would doubtless say, is better than to have made a positive mistake. But is it? To express a definite judgment argues cowardice rather than a judicial habit of mind in nine cases out of ten; and it is certainly cowardice in the case of the professional judge. What we need to-day, indeed, is more courage and less decision! What we need to-day is chary even of the tribute of abuse. Down with such "quackish fungoids" that grow upon modern literature! History is chary even of the tribute of abuse. Down with such "quackish fungoids" that grow upon modern literature!

The "quackish fungoids" that grow upon modern literature! History is chary even of the tribute of abuse. Down with such "quackish fungoids" that grow upon modern literature! But what it would have been without that amazing background I dare not think. What I am free to think, however, is that but for the fame of "these two men" Sir R. Nicoll either would not have been there or would have reported the whole affair dull as ditchwater.

From the office of Sir Robertson Nicoll, the self-styled "Bookman" and the Claudius Clear of a thousand reviews, ought to issue at least once in a while a certain sound on a certain subject. But it never does. If Lord Morley takes refuge in generalisations, Sir R. Nicoll retreats from present responsibility into history and its literary generalities. Among the dead lions he barks with the best; but among living dogs his tail is not even to be seen. In the whole length of "A Bookman's Letters" (Hodder and Stoughton) you will look in vain for a single use of a living writer (for I deny the name to Mr. Thomas Hardy), almost for any word of any kind. Mr. Nicoll, like so many other sentimental "bookmen," can snivel about the indifference of their contemporaries to the writers of the past; and he has buckets of obsequious respect to spol over the memories of the great men he used to meet; but towards his own contemporaries he is chary even of the tribute of abuse. Down with such warmheartedness about the past and such coldness about the present! It is not only contemporary treachery, it is historic hypocrisy. I do not believe in the genuineness of a judgment that professes to be moved either way by Meredith and Swinburne and neither way by Kipling and Tagore. What I can see and love in the past I can see and love in the present; what I can see and hate in the past I can see and hate in my contemporaries. How should mere time make any difference? To the judgment the historic writers are still contemporary and the contemporary are as if they were historic. To Mr. Nicoll's plea that the living have no feeling, I reply with Nietzsche's comment: "I do not pretend to be so frail." What! we manage to sustain life on the flesh of slaughtered animals and in the midst of foul crimes, and even fouler diseases, and must pretend after this to squeamishness! Get along, to be human is to be capable of anything; and I have no patience with Mr. Nicoll's story of the "clever" review that sharpened the anguish of the author-victim dying of cancer. Such a concatenation of annoyances should, on the contrary, have tickled the ribs of death with its irony, as it would have had Heine been there. That reviewers should stand up to men who can hit back," I agree; but how comes Sir R. Nicoll to say it? Can the dead hit back? Or dare he stand up to me, even me? * * *

Note the manner in which, after wildly satirising the autobiographic review elsewhere, Sir R. Nicoll himself introduces an irrelevant ego. "Emerson (he begins) was a transcendentalist. His accomplished biographer, Mr. Cabot, said to me in Boston that no proper definition of transcendentalism had been given." There's a remark to fetch from America! Or listen, too, Sir R. Nicoll's account of the "wonderful evening" when Meredith met Hardy at an inn somewhere or other and the "Bookman" was present. What an evening it should have been with such a conjunction of planets to bless it; but what a dull affair it must have been: Meredith bespeaking Hardy's acceptance of praise in "a speech exquisite in form and gracious in feeling" (only Sir R. Nicoll's word for it!); Hardy thanking Meredith for having read his first book and encouraging him "to adopt the literary career" (did Hardy really say that?); Meredith correcting Hardy; etc., etc., "It was profoundly interesting," says Sir R. Nicoll, "to see these two men... converging together with the picturesque window half-covered with green for a background." But what it would have been without that amazing background I dare not think. What I am free to think, however, is that but for the fame of "these two men" Sir R. Nicoll either would not have been there or would have reported the whole affair dull as ditchwater.

In the current "Edinburgh Review" Mr. Edmund Gosse has a note on the origins of the French Academy. His account seems correct, for it confirms the common impression that so successful a work of evening, such as Meredith met Hardy at an inn somewhere or other and the "Bookman" was present, what an evening it should have been with such a conjunction of planets to bless it; but what a dull affair it must have been: Meredith bespeaking Hardy's acceptance of praise in "a speech exquisite in form and gracious in feeling" (only Sir R. Nicoll's word for it!); Hardy thanking Meredith for having read his first book and encouraging him "to adopt the literary career" (did Hardy really say that?); Meredith correcting Hardy; etc., etc., "It was profoundly interesting," says Sir R. Nicoll, "to see these two men... converging together with the picturesque window half-covered with green for a background." But what it would have been without that amazing background I dare not think. What I am free to think, however, is that but for the fame of "these two men" Sir R. Nicoll either would not have been there or would have reported the whole affair dull as ditchwater.

With that phrase I touch, I believe, on the characteristic weakness of our day both in literature and in art. At a time when for the moment nothing new up upon the old lines appears to be opening up (outside the pages of The New Age, into which it is equally characteristic that the members of the Academic Committee will not look), it is natural that writers and artists with no new vision into reality should turn their jaded and sophisticated minds back to what was undoubtedly the source of their first inspiration, namely, the childhood. But the childhood so evoked, and after all this world-weariness, is not the original childhood either of the individual or of the race. That is to say, its character is neither simple nor primitive; but, on the contrary, an abstraction of both the quality and the quantity, Mr. Masefield's sanguinary melodramas in their hotchpotch...
setting of pastoral-cum-pothouse description are neither the tales of schoolboys nor the camp-fire tales of primitive hunters. As far as they may be, and far as they also from any life that ever was or ever will be lived. The same, in a slightly different sense, is true of Mr. Yeats' fairy-tales, which, in my experience, children dislike as much as I do; also of Tagore and Stephens, both of whom commit the crime of incongruously mixing the artful with the artless, the cynical with the naïve, the blasé with the childish. But this is only to say that the outstanding feature of the work of these men (and they are typical) is infantilism which, as I define it, is a compound of immaturity with decadence.  

* * *

Before mentioning any names of corresponding situations in art, I may reply to a question that is sure to be raised. Assuming infantilism to be the prevailing vice, by what has it been produced and how can it be cured? About its causes there can, I think, be a doubt only concerning their number, whether it be many or few. Nobody will deny that what my colleague, Mr. Ludovici, calls "a great order of society" is lacking in most men's minds to-day (even, I say with trembling, in Mr. Ludovici's). Our writers do not think from a settled background either of fact or of imagination. Actually either variety would serve the purpose of literature and art; the order of society that exists (if only it would rise of women and children). The desideratum is a book or a play written for and to be read or seen by them as only they need ever read or see it. Is that too much to demand in the interests of a Renaissance? Walls are built on this two orders are equally implied in it: pure and simple English, and a style not greatly different from conversation at its greatest conceivable perfection; and the result, I am sure, would be a classic revival.  

* * *

The cure now almost suggests itself—does it not? To write, for a while at any rate, "for men only." The difficulty, even here, however, would be to ensure that men judged for themselves and not as mere tasters are in advance for their women and children. The desideratum is a book or a play written for and to be read or seen by them as only they need ever read or see it. Is that too much to demand in the interests of a Renaissance? Walls are built on this two orders are equally implied in it: pure and simple English, and a style not greatly different from conversation at its greatest conceivable perfection; and the result, I am sure, would be a classic revival.  

* * *

In the graphic and plastic arts innovation of any kind is for most people more conspicuous than innovation in literature; our vision preceded our minds, I suppose! Here, therefore, in the sight of all men, innovations now abound, the nature and character of which ought to be obvious. I pluck down once more my conclusion that here, too, we are in the presence of infantilism. As far as it goes from modern life so far is it. They tell me this and that of Marinetti, for example, but I ask if Marinetti is a child? On the contrary, he is one of the most subtle Italian spirits of the day, to whom neither Croce nor Malatesta is unknown; whereby, from him he comes off as an infant Quixote; he carries bombs, and is aware of it. Apropos of Mr. Epstein's fertile carvings, which I went to see at the Twenty-One Gallery, Mr. T. E. Hulme has constructed an imposing myth. We are to recognize, I suppose, whatever is constructed on a great order of society. Rigmarole, I say, rigmarole. One does not need a myth or even the prehistoric sense to appreciate and be "charmed" by simplicity wherever it appears; but is Mr. Epstein's recent work either simple or primitive? To my mind it has neither the quality of children's work nor the quality of savages' work; it is not intense as children are intense, nor intense as savages are intense; but, on the other hand, it is super-sophisticated and exact in its manipulation, with its models as the modern gollywogs are with the dolls of our youth. I could say if I liked worse things about it even than this; but the apparent injustice would defeat my object of stimulating discussion. And discussion, after all, is the rational remedy for everything. For this reason I am glad to see that The New Age has opened its columns for a symposium, and I hope everyone who has drunk at the feast will deliver his opinion before the lights are put out.  

* * *

By the way, was it necessary for this purpose to persist in the publication of an entirely new review? I hear that a magazine, to be named "Blast," will shortly appear under the editorship of Mr. Wyndham Lewis to provide a platform for the discussion of Cubism and other aesthetic phenomena. It will, of course, be amusing for an issue or two, and connoisseurs will purchase only as an investment for their old age; but will it encourage discussion, the one thing needed? My own experience is that effective discussion can take place only in an independent arena. Arguments must meet on common ground. But the conductors of "Blast" will naturally be more concerned to propagate their ideas than to defend them; and most of all when the defence is most necessary!  

* * *

The pleasure has been left to me of announcing that the series of drawings begun in the last issue of The New Age and to be continued, I hope, for many months, is under the editorship of Mr. Walter Sickert.  

It is a matter of taste, of course, and therefore insusceptible to philistines' reasoning, but I should have thought that Mr. George Slythe Street, who once edited the plays of my cognomen, Congreve, would have hesitated before accepting the King's shilling to peck officially at the possible Congreves of to-day. I am all in favour, as my readers know, of a censorship as severe as it can be imagined, but of a censorship begotten, not made, and arising from the fear of criticism, not from the fear of fines. Of Mr. Street's personal literary judgment nobody, I think (except Mr. W. H. Prest), need have any objection. In short, in brief, it is the usual balancing feat of praise against blame. But the same judgment, now supported by the police, the best of us, if we turn dramatists, must henceforth take into account and fear while we continue to despise.  

* * *

The raising of the price of the "Athenaeum" to sixpence is something of a tribute to our own sagacity; but as a symbol of the coming struggle for existence among the sixpenny weekly reviews it is of more importance. Concerning this struggle, let me say two things before the cloudburst of the "New Statesman's" Special Supplement, the "New Witness's" horrid revelations, the "Athenaeum's" Literary Supplement, the "Saturday Review's" new contributors (all as worn as Sir Gilbert Murray), the "Outlook's" special articles on modern French poetry (is this the brood endless?), the "Nation's" trumpeting Cabinet elephants and the "Spectator's" curates defaunts me. First, I am happy to say that for the two months during which The New Age has been published at sixpence, we have paid the cost of production; in other words, a period has been put to the loss we sustained of about a hundred pounds monthly over a term of close upon seven years. To my surprise, I must admit (for I thought worse of the readers of The New Age—or was it of ourselves?) the
circulation at sixpence has fallen by no more than five per cent. below its circulation at threepence; and, in addition, we have all been much startled by the discovery that many subscribers have voluntarily remitted the debt we owed them of continuing their unexpired subscriptions on the old terms. Secondly, I am authorised to say that in regard to the future the object of *The New Age* will be simply to become more and more like itself. The only raison d'être for any journal—apart from profit, which God forbid *The New Age* should ever aim at—is its uniqueness. It must represent a point of view and a combination of qualities absolutely dependent upon itself for expression and it must live and die by them. I think that is enough on this subject.

* * *

The reference above and in Mr. Ludovici's recent articles to the necessity of an assumed "great order of culture" as a condition of fruitful reform applies no less to educational than to literary and artistic innovations. "The Eurhythmics of Jaques-Dalcroze" (Constable, Is.) certainly contains an idea, but on the background of the present to which M. Jaques-Dalcroze-as-apart from profit, which God forbid—might turn out to have the character of genius or to be merely error. But the "newness" of Croce is in his form; his content, as I have pointed out, is already in Blake; and, I am inclined to think, was in the Vedanta at least fifty thousand years ago!

* * *

Unbeknown to some of them I have lately met a number of young literary Irishmen, products, as Mr. Yeats would say, of Irish heme culture in Dublin and Belfast. What still astonishes me about them is their capacity for what Burke (even so long ago) noted of the breed—their "rattle." To rattle is to talk below the level of the understanding; and it is almost a habit, I find, of young Irishmen in England. Conversation, however, is of no value when all is but the winnowing of chaff. A grain now and then is really in dispensable. Now with somebody the literary works of the same young "school" and trace the "rattling" habit there!

* * *

I notice that the French Socialist journal *L'Humanité* has been publishing a cock-and-bull story to the effect that the "Daily Herald" is under Roman Catholic auspices, and that *The New Age* among other journals has said so. *The New Age* has said, of course, nothing of the kind; and as certainly we do not believe it.

R. H. C.

**Who'll Buy?**

A TRAVELLER in a strange land. It was a country that had drained almost all its people into large cities. It was a nation that was dependent on other nations for its food supply. It was a race subverted to unceasing toil in gigantic factories and workshops.

What the religious aspirations of this people were I am unable to say. At any rate, in daily life there was a lack of those grand principles which are the excuse of Christianity as we know and practise.

One day I entered one of their Temples. It was in the Greek style of architecture and was named "Exchange." Perhaps the name contained some subtle reference to that difference which even we hold lies between things material and things spiritual.

I had noticed the building before, and had always associated its throns of eager-faced men with national worship.

However, on this day, Saint Benk Oldis, this majestic file of masonry was deserted, so I entered. Inside I found one of those things usually associated with a religious edifice. I saw the small pews-structure at the foot of one of the colossal pillars and entered it, sat down, and sank into meditation of the many strange customs of this people.

A sharp rap resounding through the building caused me to look up, and, in a kind of pulpit I saw a man, whom I felt I had either known or seen before.
He was tall and thin; had the carriage of a man in perfect physical condition. He had a splendidly shaped head, with knowledge and power expressed by massive brow. He was of a sickly build; hair pale; but dark, penetrating eyes seemed to burn with a dull glow beneath strong-marked eye-brows. It was a strong and beautiful face; but ever around the thin, determined lines there lurked a smile, cruel and sneering, that indicated a remorseless heart.

The pillar, and box-like structure in which I was, isolated me, so contact with them was impossible. But what astonished me was that any attempt at close scrutiny of a separate face was frustrated by it melting away, completely disappearing, and leaving me peering into abysmal blackness. But scanning them hurriedly, I noted they all indicated a class that was of those concerned in religious work.

Some of them seemed anxious; strained eyes and haggard faces revealed that Others were indifferent, while a few hung their heads.

The board was struck and he in the pulpit began the strangest sermon ever man heard.

"Who'll buy? Who'll buy?" he demanded. "Any offers? Miserable, priests of all creeds are here, prepared to preach anything and everything; prepared to support and vindicate any infamy; prepared to bless or curse as is demanded of them; prepared to confute logically all reason; prepared to explain away by word, mien, platitude, all conscientious scruples. Who'll buy? Who'll buy?"

I heard no offer made. The only sounds from the multitude were occasional groans. I had the impression the groans came from those who hung their heads. Light laughs, depreciatory coughts, muttered phrases of congratulation; and that was all.

And then the hammer fell.

"Section two," said he in the pulpit. "Who'll buy?"

I looked at the assembly in wonderment because all were of one class; but as I looked a change swept over them. Priests they were; and then—men of law were in their places.

"Come," said the preacher. "Section two. Judges, lawyers, advocates, all concerned with the law or its enforcement are here; prepared to prove anything and everything; prepared to support and vindicate any infamy; prepared to bless or curse as is demanded of them; prepared to confute logically all reason; prepared to explain away by word, mien, platitude, all conscientious scruples. Who'll buy? Who'll buy?"

Again he rapped the board, smiling cynically the smile a preacher demanded in a menacing manner, then smiling cruelly after, as there arose a horrible, heart-rending chorus, "Me first! Take me! We starve! We die! Quick! Buy us!"

As I looked I saw them falling in their places. Vacancy for an instant, and then another worker almost identical occupied the position, crying and gesticulating as the former had done.

"Come!" he asked. "Any offer for this lot? they will do anything for next to nothing; build, dig, spin, weave, manufacture, invent; they will kill in bulk or assassinate in detail. Dirt, therefore dirt cheap. Hear them praying for purchasers? Hurry! Do not disappoint them. It wants work, this! Work. Buy them, and let them have it; plenty of it."

What an appeal then welled up.

"Yes, work!" they implored. "Give us work. We'll build palaces for you; we'll weave the finest raiment for you; we'll cultivate the most luscious fruits for you; we'll produce the finest epicurean foods and wines for you; we'll invent, manufacture, and operate means of transit for you. Oh buy! only buy us! We'll organise ourselves as police and army as your bodyguard; we'll lie, steal, and murder for you; we'll make an army and conquer the world for you; we'll live for you; only buy us! Buy us!"

The board was struck even as they shrieked their request, and the imploring workers gave place to womankind. There had been women in the other sections, but with the exception of the last, they were very few in number. But now, this was womankind. All grades were there, dressed in all fashions; clothed in the most gorgeous costumes, or draped in rags; standing brazenly or cowering, quivering with shame; flaunting their charms, or cringing fawningly. He in the pulpit paused and regarded them for a little, while the cruel smile flickered more than ever round that cruel mouth and his eyes seemed to burn with unutterable hate.

"Who'll buy? Who'll buy?" he yelled, the screams, shrieks, prayers and imprecations almost drowning out his voice.

"Good human, female flesh for the buying," he bawled. "For use in any way, and in any style; legally by clerical or judicial marriage, or over the broomstick; for a lifetime, a year, or a few minutes. It's all one, the result's the same. Who offers? Offers? Who offers? Sweet caresses, sweet kisses, and all for sale, for sale. Who offers? Who offers?"

He was interrupted by the women yelling, "Us! Us! Buy us! Only buy us!"

"Who'll buy?" he continued. "All the joys of consummated courtship, all the pleasures of connubial bliss, dirt cheap. Who'll buy? Buy? Buy? Love for the buying?"

But shrieks of "No!" came from the women. "We
may not, cannot sell Love. It cannot be bought! Do as you like otherwise, but you cannot buy our Love!"

And again the hammer descended, and then—I found myself in Exchange Temple alone. Even in the pul-

pulpit. But, as Mr. Lister’s techniques have advanced, it is a ritual impossible in private practice, and it has enormously increased the expenditure on hospitals. All of these are cogent reasons for maintaining the Listerian technique, but they do not demonstrate the truth of the germ theory.

But if the biographer’s paramount duty is to the public, or to truth, then Dr. Wrench has failed to do his duty to either. For it is possible that the theory that Lister accepted may be wrong, although the results he obtained were better than those obtained by the use of the "improvements" on his method. If it is true that "year after year went by and never a wound under his charge went wrong," and that the "aseptic" method does not result in a similar immunity, there is, as I said before, a strong prima facie for maintaining his technique until the true cause of these troubles is made manifest. That the cause is not to be found in the germ theory, which is Pasteurism, but in the vitality theory, which is the real Listerian, is probably the case.

So far as Lister blended the germ theory with the results of his own discoveries, he was not a Lis-
terian, although the result was an aseptic theory. That the carbolic was originally used as a germicide, there can be no doubt; that suppuration and gangrene were prevented there is also no doubt; but that it had this effect as a consequence of killing germs there is no proof. It is at least probable that the katalytic action of inflated tissues in causing coagulation of the blood was counteracted by the action of the carbolic; the problem is quite as possibly one of bio-chemistry as of infection by germs. But whether the carbolic was or was not a germicide, its own action caused inflammation of the tissues; with the consequence that first the use of crude carbolic was abandoned, next, the antiseptic washing and irrigation was abandoned, and at last, the carbolic was kept as far away from the wound as possible. It was used as a shield from external infection. Grant the fact that Lister’s technique was successful, the other fact that carbolic oil or any other antisepctic oil is useless against microbes absolves us from the necessity of accepting Lister’s theory on the subject.

To ask a biographer to settle such a vexed question as this would be, I suppose, to ask too much. The biographer’s work is to show the man as he was, in relation to the circumstances of his time; and Dr. Wrench has done this work well. The whole scheme of the work is dramatic; the climax is well developed to the crisis and triumph of Lister in London, the life of Lister is unfolded like that of the hero of a drama. There was practically nothing in his life of failure, or of the sense of failure; and the opposition that he suffered had only the effect of delaying his final victory. That he found his opponents among those who did not and would not learn of him is a fact that makes his life a subject for dramatic treatment. Wherever he went, from Glasgow to Edinburgh, from Edinburgh to London, the same phenomena were witnessed; the surgical wards became clean and sweet, and suffering humanity was relieved of the terror of a loathsome and painful death. Surgery, always daring, could dare still more, because it had no need to fear the conse-

quences of its intervention. The simple fact that surgical wards are now the most cheerful in hospitals,

**"Lord Lister: His Life and Work."** By G. I. Wrench, M.D. (Unwin. 15s. net.)
whereas they were before the most miserable and loath
some places on earth, is some measure of the revolution
wrought by Lister. The subject is well worthy of Dr.
Wrench’s enthusiasm; the sense of passing from dark-
ness into light is due no less to Dr. Wrench’s skill in
arranging his narrative than to the nature of the facts
narrated. The results of Lister’s technique are such
that it ought not to be lightly discarded; and Dr.
Wrench at least wins our sympathy when he inveighs
against those who worship Lister with their lips, but
whose hearts are far from him. There is perceptible,
throughout Dr. Wrench’s narrative, a religious rever-
ance for the man who did a work which is peculiarily
great to a reader of biography; one feels that
there is a man who was worth something, who did
something worth doing, and who is honoured as he
should be honoured.
A. E. R.

REVIEWS.

Atta Troll. From the German of Heinrich Heine by
Herman Scheffauer, with an introduction by Dr.
Oscar Levy. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 3s. 6d. net.)

As the production by Dr. Levy has already
appeared in The New Age, the contents and aim of the
poem need no further discussion. But a few words
from Mr. Scheffauer himself would not have been amiss.
It would be interesting to know, for example, why he has
undertaken this translation, for he is neither the first
nor even the second to render this particular poem
into English, and some of his predecessors are not to be
despised. Of course, we are all familiar with that
pleasant form of German measles, the chief symptoms
of which is an overwhelming desire to squeeze Heine
into English garb. Some of us have even suffered from
it ourselves, but as the period of convalescence passed,
and normal health was reached, we smilingly
put our misfits aside.

"Atta Troll!" offers the translator fewer mechanical
difficulties than many of Heine’s poems, for it is rhyme-
less. But while a mediocre translator often reproduces
rhymes with fair success, it takes a born translator to
 reproduce rhythm. Now in this poem, Heine most fre-
cently ends the lines with a disyllable, and this dis-
 syllabic ending is an essential feature of the rhythm of
"Atta Troll." Mr. Scheffauer, however, ignores this,
and gives the lines a monosyllabic ending, thus depriv-
ing them of the skipping movement which Heine un-
doubtedly intended them to have. Take any example at
random:—

Ist ein Tal gleich einer Gasse,

Geisterhohlweg ist der Name;

Schroffen Felsen ragen schwarzflich

Hoch empor zu jeder Seite. (Canto XVII.),

which Mr. Scheffauer renders:—

Lo, a valley like a street!

Tis the Hollow Way of Ghosts:

Dizzily the cloven crags

Tower up on every side.

Mr. Scheffauer may retort that it is difficult to find
these disyllabic endings in English. That may be
(though Mr. John Payne has managed them pretty
well), but if so, why venture on the task? However,
this is a very pretty little book with quaint illustrations,
and as Christmas is past, probably no great harm has
been done.

(Leflunen. 10s. 6d. net each.)

When the writer of the book of Proverbs said: “in
the multitude of counsellors there is safety” he could
have had no previous of the Tariff Reform controversy.
There is no doubt about the multitude of counsellors:
Mr. Dowding’s index of references alone occupies
18 pages. Not only must he be congratulated for doing
the work which is peculiarily grateful to a reader of
biography; one feels that there is a man who was worth
something, who did something worth doing, and who is
honoured as he should be honoured.
A. E. R.
British Music.
By Josef Holbrooke.

I.
O ye, who are contemplating the career of musician for thy offspring—pause and consider—for here are a few facts for thy contemplation. The difficulties of executant and creative English artists alike, are phenomenal, in fact our artists are not wanted at all either by the public, or their brother musicians. The whole trend of music matters in Britain leans towards the foreign artist, and has done for many, many years, whether a mediocre artist or of first-class quality. For work by our young men was eagerly welcomed. By whom years we have read in our Press that "native music" is foreign artist, and has done for many, many years, a trend executed and creative English artists alike, are pheno-

Both in character and dimension) is very seldom, if ever, has native music under such favourable notice—any work by our young men was eagerly welcomed. By whom perhaps at each concert, or one of the R. Strauss' works, etc., begin to display a preference for such things? Any really honest man believes it. Does any regularly honestly believe in our conductors say with much gusto that "never was native music under such favourable notice? Can he, after the cost he has gone through, and music to be avoided.

The repetition of the many works (nearly all small, both in character and dimension) is very seldom, if ever, given by our bateau holds twice. Lists of "novelties," year after year, are sent to the public and the Press. They are criticised upon in the usual useless way, and then the parts and the scores are given back to the wretched (or happy) composer, and has he benefited by this performance? Can he, after the cost he has gone to in the parts, etc. (for I need not say he does not get a penny-piece from anyone for his work—only his wonder- ful Press notices! can he, I ask, ever sell for his own, any of his work performed under such ridiculous conditions? I have not in my case as a professional musician ever heard of even a half dozen cases (where he has on this one performance of his work) prospered over it! Reputation is a sorry hag to have to deal with, earned with such sweat! No one, it is true, ever asked the "old masters" to write their symphonies, they did it with the finest feeling in the world—with pleasure supplied by patrons. They often suffered for it, but we are many years after, not even getting our works in print, and labour being wasted. This year we have (as native musicians) been regaled with a "manifesto" from the London Symphony Orchestra to the direful news that native music "does not pay," and that, owing to the extreme case which does not exist) it is the line for this state of affairs they have to confine themselves to the "classics"! This with twelve programmes is to our music lovers a dreadful picture. "So prejudiced is our public," says this orchestra (which engages exclusively foreign conductors, which was the last orchestra, by the way, composed mainly of Englishmen, too, to play native music at all, and the first to leave it!) that they (the public) will not even come to the concerts if there is any English work included! Do you believe this? Does any really honest man believe this? The situation really is this—the prejudice of the musicians in England goes towards foreign music, and they have ever regarded native music as dull, uninteresting, and music to be avoided.

This must be the real truth, for no fight (of even the meanest kind) has ever been made for our own artists and our own music. Why is this? What has the public to do with such an attitude? They are far too busy with their daily work to notice much about their own music. When they have been to a few concerts, and they have had the "Pathetic" Symphonies rammed into them perhaps at each concert, or one of the R. Strauss' works, etc., they begin to display a preference for such fare. And if in our oratorio, or in our opera, we have gone to three successive concerts, and heard the same British work at each, or, for the matter of that, any British work at all? Here we have it, naked and unashamed—the preference displayed. Time after time we have read of great scenes of enthusiasm after serious works by Delius, Bantock, Clustam and others, but I have looked vainly in each of the latter composers for the works to be repeated, soon, or even at all! I have inquired of the composers in many cases, and the answer is, "that the conductor promised them a further hearing in the following year!" When we see these artists, year after year, supplying our conductors with new works, slaving at their own orchestral parts as we have often done—debarred the privilege of even conducting their work in most cases and then taking the bundle home, it is certainly sad thinking; year after year these things are and then we hear the plaintive cry that "we have no composers!" The mockery of it! Who knows what we have? Who has ever heard one of Delius', Bell's, Bax's, Brian's, Austin's, Bainton's, Kessler's, Smyth's, Williams's, Wallace's, Hawley's, Von Hoes't, Forsyth's, Scott's, etc., elaborate scores more than once, by the Queen's Hall Orchestra, The London Symphony Orchestra, or any other orchestra? It is quite useless, this mean and artful plea given us, that our "public" will not listen to native works! These works I mention have been very often a roaring "success" on their first performance! Let the same fight be made for these men that has been made for the foreign musicians, and we shall then be able to judge a little more closely. At present our modern composers are a scaled book to orchestral lovers. Another fact is, and it is terrible plain—the fees (although in many cases ridiculously small), which these men ask for their works, puts their work on the shelf, for our conductors, few there are, refuse to give these men any fees. Every conductor in England will corroborate my words. They do not object to the payment of heavy fees for Richard Strauss, and all the other foreign works they perform, which, bear in mind, they have to pay for in each case, but they object to the support for their own composers! Every conductor before the public to-day, with any sort of a reputation, earns a very fine income—indeed, running into thousands of pounds per annum, yet they begrudge the small fee to the native musician even at our Musical Festivals. Such facts as these (and I defy any con-
ductor in England to prove I am inaccurate) demand publicity. It may be that they, our conductors, are fairly strong in their prejudices, in music, "for the classics are not ours!" we are often heard. I have asked if we likely to have anything at all to show, if they deal with our works in music like this?

If there is no feeling or interest in our audiences in England at all for native music, still I maintain (taking the extreme case which does not exist) it is the line for our performers and conductors especially to take, to play regularly some British works, and get them known. We are justly proud nationally of our work in nearly every department, but our music seems to be crushed out of all recognition. Confidence that was felt by a clever body of players in a native work would be shared by their listeners, and taking the work heard to be a fine one, it would, without the shadow of a doubt, become "one of the classics" (to use a high faluting term much employed by musicians and patrons generally to honour those who are dead, and who thank them for nothing!). How very much more interesting, how much more daring for our conductors, etc., to work a little for the living!

II.
When I mentioned "novelties" in my last article, it was plain to any reader that I had little or no faith in such spasmadic patronising. They, the "novelties," are rarely heard twice, and are produced, not to find a footing for our music, or to help on some worthy creator—not at all: they are pro-
duced—if one can use such a word—for advertisement
of the concerts and edification of the Press. No one enjoys these attempts; the musicians would tell you that they have nothing, and cannot be expected to write in manuscript. They never understand what it is all about, and they are rarely told. They cannot play any modern work under such circumstances, and they never will. They end some ambitious tone—poem, or symphony in sheer amazement—either at the dexterity they themselves have displayed in finishing the work together after one rehearsal, or they marvel (in another sense altogether!) at the ubiquitous conductor’s nerve in performing it at all, when they know he is as hazy about it as they are! The public for their part, who are the victims of the “novelty” seeker—None whatever. English music, or Scotch, or Irish is sneered at to-day. Why? Because it is to be had for nothing, and we all know how these things in this world are valued. There is no artist who should not have his fee, like the conductor, or the scavenger, and the clerk, and the music copyist, and, indeed, all labourers. The publishers see these sad things of which I write, and rightly retrace themselves in their business path. There is no possible profit or business in a performance here and there for them. They want their works heard, to be sold, and, no doubt, if possible, appreciated. It is not even possible for our cowardly ones in music to pretend that no work of native origin is ever a “success” because they have been, time after time, as many of us have witnessed, and they have not all been tiny efforts of the light dance type.

It is a fair question to ask, Why should our conductors know anything about receiving heavy fees for their performances, if our composers stand outside, and starve? Where should our performing musicians be and our conductors, without the music? Is not the creative musician the greatest of the band? Yet he gets less than some fiddler. Is this as it should be? Will no change ever be made to leave matters up for the creative musician?

Coupled with the fact that our public know nothing of these facts, there is the diabolical indifference of the men who should help him. Men who run orchestras, and men who play on musical instruments rely on their country supporting them, yet they keep their brothers’ music outside the door whenever they can, and in addition give forth pamphlets which declares the situation hopeless, hopeless, hopeless.

As if anyone who wished to go and hear any orchestral music ever stayed away because there happened to be an English work in the programme. This is the legend we are told to believe. I have no doubt there will be plenty of contradiction to these statements made—where music is discussed—but what critic, I should like to know, dares to give voice to these things in his paper? Do not millionnaires run most good music in our city? And paying the piper they naturally call the tune. Do they not advertise somewhat lavishly the charms of Herr This and Herr That? It is not to be lost—this said cheque for advertisements. Meanwhile we hear little of our music, and know none of it. As I write this I read that another English orchestra has decided to leave out “novelties” this season! How is native music to be heard at all?

III.

And the remedy for all this evil—easy enough. Let all those who give concerts bear in mind that an English or rather British item (for Scotch, Irish, Manx, and Welsh are included) should have its place in their concert programmes. It is painful for any artist to have to suggest this, but there is no journalist who will, so many things have to be thought of. If the journalists are concerned, the editor not the least of them!

Let us grant that British music is not great—that it is not interesting, either to our public, or our critics; even then, to rectify this appalling condition, to make it interesting—to give it chance to make some appeal is to perform it—and perform fairly frequently.

This is not done. Small efforts of a popular nature will never place our music on any footing, neither will the unhealthy performances of Elgar’s Symphonies and the instantaneous greeting of a recognised masterpiece, do the slightest good. Music should not be a curious thing. It is a natural product and when we succeed in screaming of the advent of fifty or sixty performances of a new symphony, it is inevitable that such unhealthy excitement on a work of art, which has got to live, will surely die, for I know of few masterpieces which have been recognised in their time, by the multitude.

We get, on the whole, in London alone, some sixty or eighty concerts a week; at least, such has been the case of late years. In these programmes, native music is rarely seen. That all concerts, like the Queen’s Hall and London Symphony Concerts, are given for profit I deny, and indeed, who expects any profit out of good music? The bulk of loss in England on good music is lost by generous men like Sir Edgar Speyer and Henry Embleton, to whom money is rather cheap—and I do not believe such men want 5 per cent. for their money out of music. Yet such is the legend told our native composers. If all programmes contained a native work we should soon have the work appreciated, but an occasional dance piece is of no use, nor is a solemn melody of Henry the VIII. chance.

That I have proved it is prejudice, and nothing but prejudice, I think will be admitted. If there are too many composers, which I admit, we look to some judgment to the conductors to give us of some of the best men—and we look in vain. Since I have given up his magnificent concerts of splendidly compiled programmes, our music has not been heard. The gift of £25,000 by Mr. Palmer, of biscuit fame, for our young musicians is also being wasted. It has done nothing because it is guided (the fund) by people who are not interested in progress, and concerts of students’ compositions can always be given in the schools, not in public. This huge sum of money has never given a first-class concert, and works by Delius, Bantock, Scott, Clutsam, Brian, Kessler, Boughton, Bax, Bainton, etc., have never been touched. Instead of which they ought to have been played over and over again, sandwiched in between masterpieces and conducted by our own composers.

The fact remains that our elaborate works are never played, yet they have been dubbed a great success on their “first performance.” They have now been neglected for years, and I read recently that we were all a very dull lot who took ourselves very seriously! Dear, dear, how naught of us all!

Are we ever to hear any of our elaborate works for orchestra, opera, or chamber? The fact that if one orchestra plays a certain work, no other orchestra will touch it, is painful, yet the same applies to Chamber music. I have for twelve years given modern concerts, yet to my knowledge no other Quartet or Chamber party have ever played any of these works.

Progress is difficult under such conditions! Meanwhile, wherever native music is heard, it is given by the composer himself, which is both unjust and wrong in every way.
Pastiche.

TO JESUS CRADLED.

When Jesus Christ was born about two thousand years ago,
To Eve among the poor of earth, and share their want and woe,
His mother was a peasant girl whom men did Mary call,
And three wise men, from Lord knows where, miraculously

Appear, with gifts and reverence, before the baby's bed.

Tho' angels (so 'tis said) to shepherds sang a roundelay
And three wise men, from Lord knows where, miraculously

Shepherds marvelled greatly, but soon overcame their scare,

And as you scan the words and deeds of Christians of all sorts,

And now you're sitting happy at your Father's right side,

And how little Baby, who once lived, and strove,

And now you're sitting happy at your Father's right side,

And two thousand years ago,

And as you scan the words and deeds of Christians of all sorts,

And now you're sitting happy at your Father's right side,

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And how little Baby, who once lived, and strove,
to be a Government service. (He puts on his doublet and hose and then, looking round): Where’s my Historical Sense, which, as everybody knows, is quite out of the ordinary? (Sinks on his knees.) O my Historical Sense, desert me not; help me to again discover that, through so differently dressed, I am the same man. Let me make passes with my rapier. Ho, ho, a rat! Odsbodhs and fribberkins! What parlous reptile lurks behind that arras? Shades of Mr. Hester and A. B. Walkley! Damn it, it’s Hall Caine!

GHOST OF SHAKESPEARE: What need you me in this that breaks upon my peace
And with an aggravating roar rolls in my ears
And will not let me sleep?

SHAW: Art thou the ruffled ruffian, indeed, Hamlet’s creator and the Prince of Words?
Come quaff with me a tankard of sweet wine
(aside) (We’ve only water here, but he’ll not know, So long dead): Sack or Malmsbury?

SHAKESPEARE: I thank you, sir, but I was never one
To dull the teeming fancies of my brain
With such superfluous liquor; I would fain
You would discover me what means HAL HAIN.

SHAW: I pray you, render sir, to straight forget
I suffled your fair presence with that name.
I have a task before me and I crave
Some slight assistance from you, if I may.

SHAKESPEARE: What is the task? Speak, man, be brief in words.

SHAW: We seek to build a theatre to your name,
And to raise funds I have unwillingly
Consented to put you into a play:
The day draws near and I still vainly seek
Words that shall do you justice. I am wont—

SHAKESPEARE: Thus vaulting ambition doth o’erleap itself,
You know the rest. My son, be wise in time,
When I speak, quote me. Master Shaw, farewell,
Until we meet again in Heaven and Hell.

(Shaw rubs his eyes as the apparition vanishes.
At this moment the door opens and Mrs. Shaw,
attired like Lady Macbeth in the candle scene,
Looks.)

MRS. SHAW: Now then, George, it’s time you went to bed; the hot-water bottle’s getting cold.

(Curtain.)

W. J. TURNER.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE IRON LAW OF WAGES.

Sir,—In your “Notes of the Week” for January 1, the following passage occurs:

“If we could lift our voice from the house-tops of the world to proclaim the discovery of the past year and to inaugurate the new and set its problem, we should proclaim that wages cannot be raised within the circumference of the wage-system. Try as men may in sincerity or in cunning by any means short of abolishing the wage-system itself, every effort to raise wages must result only in bringing in machinery or increasing the efficiency of the workmen with the same net effect, namely, that the sum total of wages falls to the general subsistence level of the whole proletariat class. Nay, we would go so far as to say, and with the figures before us to prove it, that so far as the State contributes to the subsistence of the proletariat, by just so much the wages paid to the workers generally will fall. This fact ought surely to be evident to-day if it has not been so evident before; and it is in its own sphere the most significant discovery in economics ever yet made. Nothing of equal importance to the discovery that wages in general cannot be raised by any means whatever has, we repeat, been recorded in our day; and on the appreciation of the fact depends the whole future of Labour.”

While in hearty agreement with this, I fail to understand why you describe it as “the discovery of the past year.” Can you explain in what way it differs from what I wrote* as long ago as 1887?

* “Labour-Capitalisation.” 1887.

“The iron law of wages is unassailable. Wages must and always will gravitate to the inevitable limit, in spite of all the temporal influence of trade unions and of the Legislature. As well try to elide the tendency of water to find its level, as that of wages to oscillate about the subsistence limit. Let us therefore make up our minds to look forward to the development of the great majority of our fellow-countrymen as the necessary consequence of the laws of nature, or else set to work to discover some substitute for Wagedom.”

Again, “But not only are our workers kicking against the wage system; not only are our ‘economists’ ashamed of it, and reduced to the necessity of weaving moonbeams to clothe its hideousness: not only are philanthropists trying to devise some new and better system as a substitute for it; but even men of business and employers of labour are themselves beginning to admit, in deed if not in word, that the present arrangement is not quite all that it should be. Employers as well as employed seem to allow that wages should somehow vary from the rate of profits. The notion (it can hardly be called a theory) is vague, it owns no parentage, it is associated with no great name: it is, perhaps, the spontaneous outgrowth of an intuitively far-seeing public opinion, so often the precursor of the eventually accepted philosophical theory. Now, one of two things: either this new principle is unconscious, vicious, and arbitrary; or else the whole modern system of wagedom is rotten.”

This may or may not be “the most significant discovery in economics ever yet made”; but, in any case, it is an event of the first magnitude. But possibly you discern a difference which I am unable to see.

W. D. WORDSWORTH.

P.S.—I observe that you sometimes speak of “wage-earner.” If you consult the Century Dictionary you will find “Wagedom: the method of paying wages for work done.” Do not you think that the three stages in industrialism are fitly described as Serfdom, Wagedom, Freedom? There is a symmetry in the nomenclature which appeals to me.

NATIONAL UNION OF CLERKS.

Sir,—“‘Tis an ill bird that fouls its own nest.” The proverb is illustrated by the travesty of truth upon which Mr. Hester founds his attack on the administration of the National Union of Clerks. I am not at liberty to discuss the matter to which he refers in your columns, but I think your readers will realise that if the facts had been as he has stated even the very strongly-worded resolution of the St. Pancras Branch would fall short of dealing adequately with them.

That the administration of the N.U.C. is open to criticism I should be the last to deny: but I have little respect for a critic who repeats accusations which have been fully investigated and disproved before a competent tribunal chosen by the accusers themselves.

Fred Hughes.
Assistant General Secretary
National Union of Clerks.
186-188, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.

THE DAILY HERALD.

Sir,—I have no intention of entering into a controversy with regard to the “Daily Herald” position, especially as I see it is suggested I am unscrupulous enough to take advantage of Mr. Lansbury’s absence from the country. But there was a remark in Mr. R. E. Beswick’s letter concerning the staff of the “D. H.” which imposes upon me the duty of saying that my old colleagues have been actuated only by the motive that the paper itself stands as the first consideration, just as I could not take the responsibility of killing the paper, so they felt they could not, which, however, was the reason for the former case if I had not dissuaded them from the extreme action they were prepared to take at the time I was forced to resign.

Just one other word to the rebels. Don’t, for God’s sake, waste any time on personalities, or on any twaddle about the paper having been “captured” by the Roman Catholic Church, or the Plymouth Brethren, or any other religious sect. The workers don’t need any mollycoddling. If the policy of the “D. H.” is to be “Turn the other cheek,” instead of “Plug the Fat Man in the eye,” then the rebels won’t want the paper. That’s all.

Charles Lapworth.
SIR,—With reference to Mr. Francis Meynell's letter, published in your issue of January 1, it would be well to point out to your readers that this letter is as much an ex parte attack on Mr. Lansbury as that of Mr. Lapworth. Moreover, it will be interesting to see, on the occasion of Mr. Lansbury's eagerly-looked-for return to this country, whether the statement on the "resignation" of Mr. Lansbury, published in the "Daily Herald" at least twice, and to which Mr. Meynell's name, as signatory, together with three others, was appended, will engage Mr. Lansbury's attention when statements "grossly inaccurate in fact and suggestion" are being considered by him.

L. ELLIOT DRESDELB.

M. L. APWORTH AND THE "DAILY HERALD."

SIR,—As a member of the staff of the "Daily Herald," perhaps you will allow me a few words. Is not this significant? The leading articles in the "Herald" have not hitherto been signed. Yet, although Mr. Lansbury is said to be too far away in America for his remarks to be right to criticise him, he has contributed two long signed leaders, one on "Christmas," the other on "1914," to the paper. I infer that Lansbury's great objection to Lapworth's editing of the paper was that it did not make Lansbury prominent enough—did not help him to get back into Parliament. It is not evident that it is in general to encourage the workers to develop their own powers and not trust in politicians and leaders, but Lansbury must think of his own career.

Miserably any rate, expect to be reported in the papers. Miserably general to encourage the workers to develop their own powers and not trust in politicians and leaders, but Lansbury must think of his own career.

The "Herald" has done excellent work. There is a danger that in the future it will be the mouthpiece of Lansbury's ideas. The value of these is shown by the fact that he does not seem to be able to see that when the vote will be like men with the vote—no more. "Mr. Lansbury is said to be too far away in America for his remarks to be right to criticise him, he has contributed two long signed leaders, one on "Christmas," the other on "1914," to the paper. I infer that Lansbury's great objection to Lapworth's editing of the paper was that it did not make Lansbury prominent enough—did not help him to get back into Parliament. It is not evident that it is in general to encourage the workers to develop their own powers and not trust in politicians and leaders, but Lansbury must think of his own career.

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The law of inverse squares expresses the mode of action of gravitation as of all forces conceived as acting from a centre. This, of course, is quite aside from the main point under discussion, and need not be laboured. To its contrary, I consider it allowable to consider language to himself I have said enough, and more than enough, in reply to a man who is fool enough to claim that evidence that directly contradicts his assertion really confirms it.

I alleged in my former letter that Darwin accepted the Malthusian principle, and applied it to the whole of organic existence. I have stated, as a matter of fact, 'ex Cathedra' style, and with customary hardihood, 'I deny that Darwin did anything of the kind.' Doubtless, he is unique, and his 'Mr. M.' represents a general struggle for room and food, although he did not apply it beyond man, long before the issue of the "Origin of Species.

It is quite possible that Darwin received the idea direct from Malthus. In any case, Darwin's testimony is final upon the general point. He simply accepted the Malthusian principle. The second part of my statement means that population increases in geometrical ratio and the supply of food only in arithmetical ratio, with the consequence that population increases faster than food. This is an absurd misrepresentation of the Malthusian position. I gave him the lie direct, which seems to have offended him. I will give him the lie indirect. It is "Malthusian" who has misrepresented me, not I Malthus. For what did Malthus say himself? I used the seventh edition of his essay, so that I might have the final distillation of the Malthusian wisdom. I found this statement of the formula: "It may be pronounced, therefore, that population gains a general advantage by a better distribution of wealth."

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It is quite possible that Darwin received the idea direct from Malthus. The law of inverse squares expresses the mode of action of gravitation as of all forces conceived as acting from a centre. This, of course, is quite aside from the main point under discussion, and need not be laboured. To its contrary, I consider it allowable to consider language to himself I have said enough, and more than enough, in reply to a man who is fool enough to claim that evidence that directly contradicts his assertion really confirms it.

I alleged in my former letter that Darwin accepted the Malthusian principle, and applied it to the whole of organic existence. I have stated, as a matter of fact, 'ex Cathedra' style, and with customary hardihood, 'I deny that Darwin did anything of the kind.' Doubtless, he is unique, and his 'Mr. M.' represents a general struggle for room and food, although he did not apply it beyond man, long before the issue of the "Origin of Species.

It is quite possible that Darwin received the idea direct from Malthus. In any case, Darwin's testimony is final upon the general point. He simply accepted the Malthusian principle. The second part of my statement means that population increases in geometrical ratio and the supply of food only in arithmetical ratio, with the consequence that population increases faster than food. This is an absurd misrepresentation of the Malthusian position. I gave him the lie direct, which seems to have offended him. I will give him the lie indirect. It is "Malthusian" who has misrepresented me, not I Malthus. For what did Malthus say himself? I used the seventh edition of his essay, so that I might have the final distillation of the Malthusian wisdom. I found this statement of the formula: "It may be pronounced, therefore, that population gains a general advantage by a better distribution of wealth."
labourers, and overstocking the market with a commodity which we still say that we wish to be dear. . . . If we be really to appear in general research, the mode of essentially and permanently bettering the condition of the poor, we must explain to them the true nature of their situation, and show them that the withholding of the supplies of labour is the only possible way of really raising the price, and that they themselves being the possessors of this commodity have already done this. . . .

Malthus' mind that, at that time, the country was overpopulated; and, therefore, his ratios have had about a century and a half in which to work, we find that England is any more over-populated now than it was although the population has more than trebled; nor do we find that the restriction of the birth-rate raises wages. According to Professor Pigou, in his "Prices, and Wages," "real wages have fallen since 1895; this fall has been more marked since 1905." The birth-rate began to fall in 1870, and by 1895, it had fallen from about 36 to 30 per thousand, or by 6 per 1,000 in twenty years; by 1905, it had fallen to 27, or by 3 per 1,000 in ten years. On the other hand, as I quoted from "Rifle- cent, or by 6 per thousand, or by 6 per 1,000 in twenty years; by 1905, it had fallen to 27, or by 3 per 1,000 in ten years. On the other hand, as I quoted from "Rifle-
most required, the death-rate could be brought down to 10 per 1,000 within five years. Yet during these five years there would probably be a rapid increase of population than at present, since we should be checking the supply of ineffective rather than that of effectives."

Commenting on this delightful passage I regret to have occupied so much of your space with this letter. I am not learned, as "Malthusian" is, and ignorant of the most elementary things. I had no dreams of arguing the subject with "Malthusian," but even if your space would have permitted, my own incompetence would have prevented me from doing so. It is, as "Malthusian" says, a poor defence. You should be allowed to write in The New Age about things of which I am manifestly ignorant; and I often wonder why you allow readers are so careful of the reputation of The New Age that they are always denouncing someone or other of your writers; and the denunciations of myself began almost with my appearance in the pages of this journal. However, I will accept the censure of "Malthusian" to this extent, that I will not reply to him again; and thus diminish to that extent the "positive scandal" of my contributions to a leading English journal."

**THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXHIBITION.**

Sir,—In your interesting page on "Foreign Affairs," Mr. S. Verdad refers (January 1) to the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and makes a statement that an English engineering journal, will take £500 to get £1,000 worth of exhibits erected in the Exposition grounds.

I am rather at a loss to know how this calculation was made. My Committee have many arrangements regarding the shipment of exhibits to San Francisco, which, on account of the Prime Minister's failure to receive a deputation, have not yet been announced, and I have been important bearing upon the existing cheap freight rates between here and San Francisco. In addition, the cost involved by exhibiting would be materially affected by the assistance, or otherwise, of English journal.

Francisco, which, on account of the Prime Minister's clearance of exhibits erected in the Exposition grounds.

Sir,—That extra threepence is proving your ruin. Sir,—Mr. Ludovici, scuttling away, took up so much of the road, spread himself so self-obiuously in your last number, that it was difficult to avoid him if one read the paper. Cannot this cowardly and shifty individual even stick to his words? His impudent journalism, where he described Mr. Epstein as a "minor personality of no importance" was chiefly responsible for Mr. Hulme's indignation. Now, chastised as he deserves,—or rather does not, since, to the least, he was not worth so much ink or space—he would escape further trouble by beginning to talk innocently of all artists as "minor personalities." He does not say directly: "But Mr. Epstein, all artists are minor personalities." He introduces into his discourse this statement, Mr. Epstein apparently being meant to think: "Oh, so all artists are minor personalities; come, I needn't mind so much!"

In this way our rather frightened little friend thinks he can escape with his skin from the awkward corner in which he finds himself. He evidently has the word "minor" on the brain—which is natural, I daresay. In the first sentence of his reply he gives an explanation of his use of this epithet: "And, indeed, in comparison with the man who produces, the critic enjoys but a minor and notoriously less dignified position." This minor and less dignified position is, perhaps, unpleasant, and induces such people as Mr. Ludovici to find satisfaction in occasionally passing on to the "man who produces" this ranking adjective. Perhaps Mr. Ludovici made his first appearance hedged about with inverteds and "as Nietzsche says. That present, in any event, dispenses with them. Yet, "artists are the most sensitive men in a community" and following sentences surely might be fenced off from the contamination of his balderdash by a few commas at least.

He is obviously a fool it is worth no one's while to go into the brain of some less ridiculous go-between may be found. His hope that for those few sensitive men, like some queer insect, in terror when attacked. May I use this occasion, as a great admirer of The New Age, to hope that for those "most sensitive men" (Nietzsche) some less ridiculous go-between may be found, for the dismal shoddy rubbish is not even amusingly ridiculous. It is the grimiest pig-wash vouchsafed at present to a public fed on mush of books.

**ART.**

Sir,—Could you not persuade Mr. T. E. Hulme to explain to us in an Essay not "how" but "why," his work, written and unrewritten, "Why it is the duty of every honest man at the present moment to clean the world of these sloppy dregs of the Renaissance"? and especially how we are justified in God Epstein for God Michelangelo. Some of us also would like to know with what credentials Mr. Hulme sets himself up as an Apostle, and rides his hobbyhorse into your classical columns, shouting his war-cry, "Modern feeling be damned!" when he ought, were he consistent, to be squabbling with Easter Island. The pre-historic Art he admires, and dieting himself on roots and toadstools after the manner of savages.

As for Mr. Epstein, the rock-drill is a very wonderful tool, and is directed by engineers with the noble purpose of facilitating human intercourse, and might well serve as a sublime theme for a great poem. If Mr. Epstein and Mr. Hulme were to write a bad drawing, that a bad drawing, like some queer insect, in terror when attacked. May I use this occasion, as a great admirer of The New Age, to hope that for those "most sensitive men" (Nietzsche) some less ridiculous go-between may be found, for the dismal shoddy rubbish is not even amusingly ridiculous. It is the grimiest pig-wash vouchsafed at present to a public fed on mush of books.

Mr. Epstein and His Work.

Sir,—Although I admire Mr. Epstein's work, I do not admire the methods whereby he expects to inculcate appreciation of his work amongst the public. Mr. Epstein must know that he only makes himself ridiculous in threatening to blacken the eyes of an individual who dares to write adversely of his work. Mr. Hulme as the champion of Mr. Epstein was equally unfortunate in his choice of language towards Mr. Ludovici, who had ventured to refer to the sculptor as a "minor non-value-creating ego." Cannot this cowardly and shifty individual even stick to his words? His impudent journalism, where he described Mr. Epstein as a "minor personality of no import-ance" was chiefly responsible for Mr. Hulme's indignation. Now, chastised as he deserves—or rather does not, since, to the least, he was not worth so much ink or space—he would escape further trouble by beginning to talk innocently of all artists as "minor personalities." He does not say directly: "But Mr. Epstein, all artists are minor personalities." He introduces into his discourse this statement, Mr. Epstein apparently being meant to think: "Oh, so all artists are minor personalities; come, I needn't mind so much!"

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