NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Press is busy calling Labour to account for the unrest both here and in South Africa, but who is going to call the Press to account? Since the age of newspapers nothing so scandalous has been seen as the failure of the Press last week to warn the public of the approaching troubles in South Africa. It is no excuse that the Press was not aware that trouble was brewing since the last miners' strike, has been of a nature to ensure a conflagration at the first match dropped. Besides, we are by no means sure that the Press has not failed. But how wrong, not to say mendacious, the whole of these reports proved to be when in place of jeers and sneers at strikers for having been as the "Times" said, pre-cipitate, the columns of the Press were filled with effeminate squeals about civil war. If to be taken by surprise and seized by panic at news that should have been anticipated weeks ago is not to condemn the Press to the choice between being liars or dolts, then reason fails us. We say, indeed, that for anybody capable of resisting the first interested suggestions for their interpretation. Any number of wealthy scoundrels exist both in South Africa and here who can pay to have their views inoculated into the Press without appearing to them. But to go further than an a priori admission that possibly these two. 

* * *

But if on matters of fact the Press can be so untrustworthy, what about the interpretations of facts, what about the fair presentation of the case for justice? Even to understand, let alone to sympathise with, the case for the men, it is necessary not only to be well-informed as to the facts, but strong-minded enough to resist the first interested suggestions for their interpretation. Any number of wealthy scoundrels exist both in South Africa and here who can pay to have their views inoculated into the Press without appearing to have said anything; and, by most people, these suggestions are as readily lapped up as milk by cats. But we say that not one in a score of its writers has or has not exaggerate the feeble-mindedness of the Press when we say that not one in a score of its writers has or has ever had such a mind. And the proof of our moderation is to be found in the fact that of the whole Press (not of a doubt, even before the respective sides to the case for justice? But if on matters of fact the Press can be so untrustworthy, what about the interpretations of facts, what about the fair presentation of the case for justice? Even to understand, let alone to sympathise with, the case for the men, it is necessary not only to be well-informed as to the facts, but strong-minded enough to resist the first interested suggestions for their interpretation. Any number of wealthy scoundrels exist both in South Africa and here who can pay to have their views inoculated into the Press without appearing to have said anything; and, by most people, these suggestions are as readily lapped up as milk by cats. But we say that not one in a score of its writers has or has not exaggerate the feeble-mindedness of the Press when we say that not one in a score of its writers has or has ever had such a mind. And the proof of our moderation is to be found in the fact that of the whole Press (not avowedly Socialist) not a unit, daily or weekly, has so far against them, requires more even than the fair understanding already assumed; it requires something like an original as well as an active mind. We certainly do not exaggerate the feeble-mindedness of the Press when we say that not one in a score of its writers has or has ever had such a mind. And the proof of our moderation is to be found in the fact that of the whole Press (not avowedly Socialist) not a unit, daily or weekly, has so much as given the South African strikers the benefit of a doubt, even before the respective sides to the struggle have been heard. We will, however, for the purposes of these Notes, ignore the omniscient twaddle of the "Nation," the booming impertinence of the "Times," and the yap of the "Saturday Review," and confine ourselves to replying to the challenge thrown out by the "Spectator." The "Spectator," as is well known, is what is called a fair paper: that is, it is what should be called a fair-weather paper, being very friendly to Labour when the skies are blue and Labour needs no support, and very unfriendly at other times.
Before entering into even the shallows of a discussion the depths of which will be found to involve the right of a people to exist, it is desirable to contradict once more (we have done it a thousand times) the habitual assumption of papers like the "Spectator" that men, in South Africa or anywhere else, go on strike out of pure folly or pure devilry. Such people must have the notion that the proletariat are a kind of poltroons, incapable of appreciating the difference between a fair and an unfair procedure. The brutes, it is supposed, must add the whole circumstances as they were left by the last strike.

**In the case of the South African strike we are told by the "Spectator" that the only cause that can be assigned for the "retrenchment" by the Government of several hundred superfluous workmen on the State railways is their own folly. It is, however, impossible to understand how a Government could dismiss eight hundred workers (and probably at their head) if he found himself in the position of the proletariat. Let us, for God's sake and for the sake of truth, drop this superstitious notion.**

The question might be settled by a few Christians, regard the proletariat as, on the whole, within the human kingdom; it is that either the "retrenchment" proposed by the South African Government is repugnant, in matter or in manner, to common justice, or, it is not the only cause of the trouble, but merely the last. We believe, in fact, that both causes have co-existed and that both are operating at this moment. For the existence of other causes than the immediate retrenchment we have only to point to the facts of the last Rand strike and their inevitable sequel in the depression and desperation of the spirit of the South African workers. Will the oafs who licks spit capitalism only once try to understand that spirit, even though only the spirit of wage-slaves, cannot be crushed without being bruised, and cannot be bruised without inducing prolonged effects? We saw under our own eyes, as it were, the humiliating defeat and what came of it in the case of our own railwaymen; we have not, indeed, seen the last effect yet by a long way. What wonder should there be then that a defeat, even more humiliating, inflicted on the South African workmen, should have induced them as tinder and sensitive to the least fresh injustice? To whatever is adduced on the ground of the retrenchment as the cause of the present strike, we must add the whole circumstances as they were left by the last strike.

Even supposing, however, that the retrenchment were the sole cause of the strike, the assumption that the men are necessarily or (as we prefer to state it) possibly, wrong, has no foundation. It cannot, in any case, be more than a generous error on the part of thousands of men to strike in defence of tens of their number; and what else at worst is alleged against them? Again, it is not known (and we are pretty sure that it never will be known) whether the retrenchment is really necessary. The "Spectator," however, assumes, as much zeal as if a peerage depended upon it, assumes without question that the retrenchment was not only necessary, but long overdue. A Committee that sat in 1912 recommended reductions to the number of as many as nearly two thousand. But the "Times" correspondent (if the "Spectator" will believe him) reported only recently that the service is anything but overstuffed; and that, in fact, the whole system is from the point of view of efficiency understaffed; and on this matter the opinion of the men is no less of the "Spectator." What the men doubt, in short, is whether the retrenchment is necessary even in the public interest; and they have good reason to doubt it when to their certain and daily knowledge the service is understaffed, and, in addition, the sinister fact emerges that as fast as the men are retrenched they are offered re-engagement at reduced wages! Did the "Spectator," wonder, take that last little item of news into account—an item small enough to be swallowed over in the large enough in our opinion, to justify the doubt whether the so-called retrenchment for economy is not retrenchment as an excuse for reducing wages all round? It is certain that the "Spectator" did not take this item into account. Coming from the men's side and being, if true, fatal to the bunkum about economy, the "Spectator" no doubt dismissed it as a mere proletarian lie.

And still we have not exhausted even the preliminary grounds for assuming that the men may at least be likely to be right as wrong. The necessity of the retrenchment we have seen can be questioned, but equally so may its manner be criticised. On the admission that retrenchment in the matter of staff was both necessary and urgent, it does not follow that the means chosen by the South African Government for carrying it out were the best possible or even not the worst imaginable. The "Spectator," however, tacitly assumes that either the means are of no importance in the discussion of the origin of the strike or the means were all that could be wished. But in even the most necessary cases of retrenchment, when men's livings are at stake, the methods used are of importance; and in the case of the South African Government we have no warrant from experience for believing their means necessarily the best. Not to put too fine a point on it, we should say that if there is any blunder, due to ignorance, incompetence or greed, open to employers to commit in an affair of this kind, the South African governing classes are the first people in the world to commit it. Far from giving them the benefit of the
doubt (even if it were a question for doubt) we should assume, in the absence of better information, that in its means of retrenchment (admitting retrenchment to be necessary) the Government has certainly given the men ample cause for striking and a good deal more besides. What, we asked, was the “Spectator,” to say of this view of the case—a view as firmly based on facts as its own that the men are wrong from alpha to omega? Nothing, we anticipate. Yet if English military officers on active service, or if English naval commanders in action repeatedly provoked mutiny among their men, surely the “Spectator,” as well as punishing the men, would institute an inquiry into the competence of the officers. We say no more on this point than this: that assuming (as we do not) the urgency and the full reasonableness of the retrenchment, its manner must have been such as to have raised suspicion in the men’s minds of its good faith; and for this the South African Government is assuredly to blame.

Having now, as we hope, introduced at least some little doubt into the assumption that the men must be wrong because they have struck, we can turn to consider the question as framed by the “Spectator” (and in an even more offensive form by the “Saturday Review”)—can a Government act like a private employer? To this astonishing question we reply that a Government with sufficient power can act like Beelzebub if it is mad or bad enough—but that it should, even to the measure of private human employers (to flatter them for a moment), not only deny, but the “Spectator” itself on many other occasions. The journal is crazy past hellebore that seriously puts this question in this form as if any other answer than a flat, negative could be given it by any civilised being. The State may not act like a private employer, but in so far as it has privacies it is above all private employers, is so far also like him? Specialised for one occupation and dismissed for the case in its new-minted enthusiasm for the State as Profiteer now abandon its social-reform programme (such as it is) and invite the State to compete outright with the worst of its citizens? If the “Spectator,” it will not; but, on the other hand, it will continue to move as the wind of opportunism blows it, always with its sails set towards strengthening the class of the wealthy and deeming the wage-slaves.

A few words now on the immediate question of the strike before taking another step towards the deeper economic problems involved. It may very well be asked whether, apart altogether from side issues, a State is not entitled to retrench a staff when retrenchment is economically necessary. We reply, in the general case, that it all depends upon circumstances, circumstances of employment, unemployment proper and blind-alley occupations? Not only has the “Spectator” heard of them; but its readers have heard of them through its pages, and always, we believe, to the same tune, namely, that though not directly responsible for employment, the duty of the State is to “adjust the irregularities” (or some such phrase) of private employment. But this is not to class the State with private employers or to require of it no more than we require of them. On the contrary, it is to differentiate the State entirely from private employers and to throw on it the entire load of mitigating their evil work than of emulating it. Will the “Spectator” in its new-minted enthusiasm for the State as Profiteer now abandon its social-reform programme (such as it is) and invite the State to compete outright with the worst of its citizens? If the “Spectator,” it will not; but, on the other hand, it will continue to move as the wind of opportunism blows it, but always with its sails set towards strengthening the class of the wealthy and deeming the wage-slaves.

Another example. When it was proposed some weeks ago that the postal servants should strike for their arrears of wages; and when the Leeds municipal employees did actually go on strike for the same object, what argument did the “Spectator” employ to “bring the men to reason”? As everybody knows, the common argument of the “Spectator” and its pack down to the meanest jackal-pup of the litter (we refer, of course, to the “Daily Express”) was that just because public service carries with it the privileges of security of employment, pensions, and the like, public servants are in honour bound to forgo the strike, the weapon proper to private employment with its risks. Where is that argument to-day when the boot is on the other leg? It men may not strike against public corporations because the latter are not as private employers, tell us. Mr. Strachey, why they may not strike when private corporations behave like private employers? But Mr. Strachey will not reply, for the simple reason that he cannot. No man, indeed, can extricate himself by reason from such a position as Mr. Strachey now occupies; he would have proved to be willing to employ a principle on one day for the object of defeating starving men, and on the next day to throw it over for the same brave object, is to be where reason will not descend to deliver him. But these instances are by no means all or half a score of the evidence against the “Spectator”’s plea that Governments are to be judged as private employers. Has the “Spectator” never heard of the obligations of the State in the matter of casual labour, seasonal unemployment, unemployment proper and blind-alley occupations? Not only has the “Spectator” heard of them; but its readers have heard of them through its pages, and always, we believe, to the same tune, namely, that though not directly responsible for employment, the duty of the State is to “adjust the irregularities” (or some such phrase) of private employment. But this is not to class the State with private employers or to require of it no more than we require of them. On the contrary, it is to differentiate the State entirely from private employers and to throw on it the entire load of mitigating their evil work than of emulating it. Will the “Spectator” in its new-minted enthusiasm for the State as Profiteer now abandon its social-reform programme (such as it is) and invite the State to compete outright with the worst of its citizens? If the “Spectator,” it will not; but, on the other hand, it will continue to move as the wind of opportunism blows it, but always with its sails set towards strengthening the class of the wealthy and deeming the wage-slaves.
and not slaves. Why should not the State, for example, have ceased new engagements until the staff was normal? Do railway servants in South Africa never leave or never die? Or the defects of the system, as reported by the "Times," might have been made good. Two thousand men to play with would themselves, we should have them only offered a stimulus to their useful employment. And what about the raising of the freight-rates until such time as the surplus staff was absorbed or provided for elsewhere? Such a thing as raising rates has been known even with no excuse to justify it. But patrolling, writing, working or any service the Government had neither bowels nor brains; and as little have the journalists over here who defend it. For provoking "civil war" on a plea so paltry and for a possible increase of production at a diminished cost.

The African agricultural expert of the "Times" in an article last week deprecated in cautious language the scare our authors are making known to the proletariat themselves? Can our magnificently bold and everywhere (as is only proper, for we, too, are economists) machine labour is displacing human labour, to the increasing detriment of the proletariat whose hands are raw materials and not slaves. Why should not the State, for example, have ceased new engagements until the staff was normal? Do railway servants in South Africa never leave or never die? Or the defects of the system, as reported by the "Times," might have been made good. Two thousand men to play with would themselves, we should have them only offered a stimulus to their useful employment. And what about the raising of the freight-rates until such time as the surplus staff was absorbed or provided for elsewhere? Such a thing as raising rates has been known even with no excuse to justify it. But patrolling, writing, working or any service the Government had neither bowels nor brains; and as little have the journalists over here who defend it. For provoking "civil war" on a plea so paltry and for a possible increase of production at a diminished cost.

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Current Cant.

"History in the making."—"Everyman."

"I will not allow people to laugh."—Colonel Von Reutter.

"It will be our business to set up complete political democracy."—"Daily Citizen."

"Heaven knows what a living wage is."—Lord Barnard.

"The King has a terrible sense of duty."—"Modern Society."

"With the mission lies the key to the Imperial situation."—Professor Henry Scott Holland.

"Mr. Lloyd George is 'for' the Socialist programme as preached in the Parks and published in penny pamphlets."—George R. Sims.

"The long controversy between the relative influence of heredity and environment has been settled for all time."—Editor of "Nash's Magazine."

"Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught followed the prevailing fashion for 'quiet' weddings when they were married. The photograph shows the wax models of the Prince and Princess at Madame Tussaud."—"Home Chat."

"Lord Alfred Douglas is one of the few poets, perhaps the only poet, who dresses like an English gentleman."—"Daily Mirror."

"Both the King and the Queen have realised that it is incumbent upon them to keep expenses down as much as possible, as with so much Socialism and industrial discontent rampant . . ."—"London Mail."

"We, in the theatrical profession, look after our actors and actresses."—Sir Herbert Tree.

"Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie's poetry is the real thing . . . the poetic thought expressed in words to the shell which has the momentum of some driving force outside itself and potential force within it to cause an explosion when it strikes the target of the reader's mind."—Dean Inge.

"The only happy omen is that the Archbishop of Canterbury is a cautious Scotman."—"The Scotsman."

"The feeling seems to be very general that the time has come for the Church of England to assert herself, and to say that she will not have her word impeded by interference on the part of temporal power in purely spiritual concerns."—"The Standard."

"The strike will not be serious outside the Transvaal; nor even there will it be general."—"The Nation."

"We are the friends of trade unionism on the right lines, and we should sincerely lament its ruin."—"The Daily Express."

"With the object of securing the co-operation of all present and retired employees of the Company in promoting the progress and efficiency of the undertaking, suggestions are invited on all matters affecting the organisation, conduct, and operation of the Company's business."—GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY'S CIRCULAR TO ITS MEN.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdul.

In our moments of self-complacency it may perhaps be well for us to remember occasionally that Napoleon called this country of ours Perfidious Albion, and that the name has stuck. In spite of our very obvious emphasis on Christianity, and the unctuous phrases which our missionaries roll round their tongues as they go about the world, we have managed to annex a good many States, provinces, islands, and even a continent or so, and we have frequently been by no means gentle or just in our dealings with some of the native inhabitants of these places. In short, our actions abroad have almost always contradicted our words at home; and, in spite of the fact that we think ourselves good fellows, and sincerely mean to be good fellows when we can, our Continental friends and enemies are justified in accusing us of hypocrisy.

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This state of bad feeling which we have aroused during the last century is one of the reasons why our offers, or half-offers, to Germany in connection with a reduction of armaments usually meet with very outspoken newspaper criticism from practically every representative section of the German Press. We are not trusted; we must have some subtle dodge at the back of our minds when we make these offers, or presumably we should not make them. We pay more lip-service to the cause of universal peace than any other people in the world—I cannot even except the United States of America—because here our pacemongers are wealthy, noisy, and influential; and they have secured control over many of our most widely circulated newspapers and periodicals. In spite of this lip-service, we go on pegging out claims in various parts of the world and we show a most obstinate determination not to give up command of the sea.

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I have written the foregoing sentences to remind the reader of the impression which we have produced on our friends abroad, and, by recollecting this, it will be easier for us all to understand why a certain amount of indignation should have been caused in France by the very tactless utterances of Mr. Lloyd George to a "Daily Chronicle" interviewer. It is true that Mr. Lloyd George did not advocate a reduction in the strength of our fleet; but he did protest strongly against any increase in the estimates, and the whole tone of his lengthy discourse was of a nature to irritate all those French politicians who have put their trust in the promises of British Ministers to come to the support of France, by land and more especially by sea, in the event of any dispute with Germany.

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I do not wish for a moment to lay stress on the actual strength of our fleet as compared with the fleets of any of our potential rivals. It is sufficient for us to note that Germany, Austria, and Italy are making very extensive preparations, that the naval estimates of the two last countries in particular have gone up enormously within the last two years, and that the withdrawal of a permanent squadron of our navy from the Eastern Mediterranean has left our route to India in what we must recognise to be an unguarded condition. It follows that no increase in our naval estimates this year means a relative decrease. What I do wish to lay stress on is the fact that Mr. Lloyd George has caused a wholly unnecessary amount of uneasiness among the political leaders and the people of a friendly nation—a nation so friendly that we may almost refer to it as an ally.
Land Reform v. the Agricultural Labourers.

By Odon Por.

I.

We can take it for granted that unless organised labour interferes, the Land Reform announced by Mr. Lloyd George will sooner or later be made. In last analysis, practically all political parties approve of it. During the next few years we shall hear pretentious descriptions of the agricultural revolution expected to follow in the wake of these "thorough, searching, complete, drastic" remedies.

What these remedies will really achieve may be guessed from the very consent given to them by all concerned, or, rather, by all those who have a voice in the matter, with the exception of the agricultural labourer. He is yet inarticulate. Somebody ought to prove to him that by opposing these drastic measures "which shall sweep away ruthlessly the outrageous evil" in the present land system.

But, as it is certain that the State—this omnipotent representative of a mythical society—is going to foot the bill, nobody feels himself a loser. The myth of the State being an objective power above the classes and always meting out full justice deludes the majority of the people to be inactive. Politicians have a keen instinct for things about to happen, but their noisy hurry to dodge dangers often betrays them and puts the enemies on their track. The Government say that they cannot wait for the Trade Union action of the agricultural labourers. It is too slow. Conditions have become unbearable and must be dealt with thoroughly and at once.

We must be on our guard. The ruling classes have learned their lessons quickly. They have realised the danger of the industrial unions trying to establish a monopoly of labour. They are trying to forestall this attempt. For instance, the Miners' Minimum Wage Bill was principally an attempt at thwarting the intention of the miners to bring about a complete and organic unity of all workers in the mining industry. Setting up District Boards and dividing the labourers engaged in the mining industry into different categories, it set local and trade interests against general and industrial interests. It put the selfish and thereupon conservative spirit of small groups into the place of the revolutionary spirit of whole classes. The approach of Nationalisation of the Railroads tends to arrest the rapid growth of the National Union of Railwaymen towards a monopoly of railway labour.

The ruling classes know that when an industrial union has obtained a monopoly of labour in its industry, it will inevitably mutate into a revolutionary power bent on the conquering of the industry itself. Therefore this feverish dealing in "thorough" reforms. The formative process of this new monopoly must be interrupted. Reforms will come in previous to the maturing of the industrial consciousness of the workers, in order to break their impetus of organisation.

Although the ruling classes are aware of the fact that they are somewhat late in the industries, that they have let things go too far, they still hope, by quick action, to overtake the industrial workers and stop their advance. In agriculture, however, they have yet an open field. Few agricultural labour organisations exist. Here developments that may endanger the privileges of the ruling classes may yet be anticipated. Reform should block the revolution. Moreover, the irrational hope is fostered that the reformed country-side will absorb the unemployed of the cities, thus releasing the pressure that is well-nigh reeding society asunder.

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Only The New Age has seen the futility of the present "land reform" sprung upon the nation chiefly in the name of the interests of the farm labourers. It has pointed out in a few pertinent editorial paragraphs that so far as the agricultural workers are concerned, no essential changes can be expected from these reforms. They will not touch the actual ownership of the land, they will modify nothing in the essentials of management, and will not redistribute profits on a new basis. In short, they will not put the agricultural labourer in a new initial position upon which he could have intensified agricultural production and at the same time increase his own income. He will remain a wage earner at a legal minimum wage exactly cut to fit his animal needs, while the landlords and the farmers will be put, at the nation's expense and effort, in the position of cultivating more rationally and of combining to hold up the collectivity of consumers, labourers included, with higher prices of farm products.

Beside a legal minimum wage, the farm labourer may get a legally limited working day, he may get even better cottages and a patch of land; but the Land Reform, leaving him in the state of wage earner, guarantees the landowners and the farmers against his ever acquiring the means necessary to his becoming a successful small holder. Unless the workers interfere, the first steps of the Land Reform will be the last ones in the direction of an agricultural regeneration, because they will take the labourers towards the perfection and not the abdication of the wage system.

From the ruling class point of view, the Land Reform is perfect. It is an excellent business proposition, and by side-tracking the attention of the labourers from complex realities to prospects and hopes in an almighty State, it is briefly, a monopoly of industry for a long period of time. Being presented as a gift to the labourers, it has all the air of generosity about it, and "public opinion"—the other nebulous expression of a fictitious nation—will throw all its weight against the labourers, charging them with ingratitude and selfishness, if they dare to oppose it.

What remains? asks The New Age; what is to be done to raise the standard of living of the agricultural workers simultaneously with the intensification of agricultural production? It answers with the fundamental Syndicalist principle: "The economic power latent in the organisation of labour into a monopoly." "To produce economic effects, economic causes must be set in motion; and of these the proletariat have in their possession the means necessary to their solidification, and one dependent upon their solidarity—their labour. It follows from the general reasoning also that until their labour is formed into a monopoly and becomes their property, to give, to sell, or to hold, no device exists to prevent it from being exploited so as to subtract from its product every penny of value over the cost of its keep."

Here The New Age touches the fundamentals of revolutionary economy. Here it implicitly accepts the theory that all the problems of social progress or revolution reduce themselves to problems of a science of organisation.

In order that the working class shall be able to raise the level of its existence, it must conquer a new initial position. It cannot grow into an essentially new condition. It must take it by a saltation. Therefore the working class must form a monopoly of labour through the medium of its industrial organisations, which try to embrace the great majority if not all the workers engaged in a given industry. Controlling labour, they must affirm its power. They may push their claims to the maximum of power and of labour until they have reached the margin considered as prohibitive by the organised capitalists who monopolise the means of production. Insistence to go beyond this margin calls forth the most energetic answer of the capitalists as the power of restricting with their monopoly and upon the development of their efficiency in handling the processes of production and distribution. It is well that social progress and the new social order should issue from a contest of efficiency. Only this guarantees a productive and progressive future.

How is this monopoly of labour to be created? Is then the only vital problem before the working class. How can such organisations be built into existence that, while welding into productive unity under the supreme, will prepare them morally and professionally for the new position they will have to conquer?
Legislative Quackery.

There is probably some excuse for Cabinet Ministers like Mr. Lloyd George, and well-meaning but innocent people like the Duchess of Marlborough, committing economic blunders and proposing legislation which persons better informed know to be foolish and fraught with evil. But it is difficult to explain the mental attitude of professional economists like Sidney Webb and John A. Hobson—both well-read men—who deliberately champion such utterly absurd measures as the "Minimum Wage" and the "Right to Work." The average politician is rarely possessed of any sound economic sense. He sees many glaring social and industrial evils running riot, such as prostitution and sweating, and straightway rushes to Parliament to persuade his fellow legislators to enact laws forbidding such immoral practices, and then joyfully rubs his hands and congratulates himself upon having blotted out some of our social sins. Like the quack with the quick-cure ointment, he fancies by plastering the patient's pimples thick enough, he can purify the blood.

The minimum wage is our modern economic quack's remedy for all the ills of sweating and underpaid labour generally. It would be interesting to see by what kind of reasoning Messrs. Webb and Hobson have convinced themselves that a legal minimum wage can operate beneficially for the working classes. To begin with, in what terms would such a law specify the amount of the minimum wage? So far, I think the only suggestion is in terms of money. But what are the great fluctuations in its purchasing power? Everyone knows that one pound a week to-day is not worth as much as sixteen shillings were a few years ago. Again, the purchasing power of money varies not only from time to time but from place to place. A workman with 25s. a week in Peterborough is to-day better off than the workman with 30s. a week who is compelled to live in London. To be at all effective, a minimum wage would have to be arranged on a sliding scale, fluctuating from time to time and from place to place, the settlement of which would provide constant employment for an army of Government officials.

The object of a minimum wage must necessarily be to raise the average rate of wages generally. If it does not do this, it is a great waste of machinery, such a consummation is devoutly to be wished. If it raises the average rate of wages generally, it will have declined to a very small fraction of what it is. Given the requisite capital in the form of the most up-to-date agricultural machinery, and our farmers could already dispense with the services of three-fourths of their farm labourers.

The idea held out by Mr. Lloyd George that a minimum wage is going to put thousands of workers back on the soil is the vainest of hopes! With the social climatologists the results will be the very opposite. Innovation must and will inevitably reduce the need of human toil—as it ought to do. Here is another of the many well-known instances of people mistaking the means for the end, a habit which has linked our social and economic systems with evil. But the wage system can only be destroyed by confiscating the property rights—which are acquired legally and immorally by the property classes. This may be
accomplished by the methods of the strike, by civil war or by guild socialism. But they all mean the forcible acquisition by the workers of a share in production, a sufficient claim for one and all to participate in the sweat of labour."

The introduction of machinery to lighten and supersede human toil ought not to be a menace to any human being. On the contrary, it ought to be hailed as mankind's latest achievement, the self-destructing bondage and drudgery to which the vast bulk of humanity is at present irrevocably doomed. The claim to a share in production will have to be based upon a far higher plane than that of being a mere mechanical cant is a human being, a member of the great human family, and that it is both moral and expedient that he should be elevated to a far higher plane than that of being a mere mechanical cant is a human being, a member of the great human family, and that it is both moral and expedient that he should be elevated to a far higher plane than that of being a mere mechanical context.

"..."
as Mr. Hartshorn says, is a lively corpse. The life we find in it is as the life we find upon the decomposed carcase of a dog.

If these would-be leading lights were to come back once again and do some honest, useful work amongst us workers they would discover some honest-minded men who are not "White Mice" or "Traitors." The warning letter was thought to give the political tricksters a push forward, but it has failed in its mission, and has only served as an advertisement of the shallowness, heartlessness and weakmindedness of the make-believe savours of mankind. Yes, Mr. Hartshorn, with all his disrespectful epithets, also the strong leads by shock from the "White Mice" over this business. But, Mr. Hartshorn, we, the labourer, from taking advantage of the Act and raising my hand and voice in assisting him to come back to some useful toil again. If his clique had been honest and open upon this matter, it might have had a severe shock from the "White Mice" over this business. But, go ahead: let us have another warning letter. It stimulates thought and gives us workers, who think, a chance to know where our leaders stand.

C. J. SMITH.

The Crimes and Insolence of Slum-Owners.

By Peter Fanning.

There never was a greater fallacy than that it was the landlords who made the slums. In all the large cities and towns there was a small proportion who were the bane of every landlord. They were destructive, dirty, degraded, and degenerate in every respect; thriftless and filthy in person and habit, and often criminal by instinct.

But the above unlovely piece of slander on the poor was spoken, or, perhaps, spluttered at the Victoria Hotel, Manchester—a most appropriate place for such an utterance—on December 19, 1913, by the President of the Property Owners' Association of Great Britain and Ireland.

But the same vilification of their victims, with variations, can be met with every day in the week in the provincial press, and scarcely ever meets with contradiction: because in almost every instance the property-owners have secured a "pull" on the papers (by methods which I will explain later on) which enables them to circulating any falsehood which suits their purpose, and at the same time guards them against attack from those who would expose their tactics and champion the cause of their victims.

But times, however, men of a different stamp arise—men who are acutely conscious of the mental and physical degradation inflicted upon the people by their being forced to huddle together in overcrowded slums, for which they are made to pay higher rents than can be obtained for first-class property. Such a man was the Rev. James Whitelaw, M.R.I.A., who, in 1798, took up his abode in the slums of Dublin, so that he might learn at first hand where and how the poor lived. The results of his investigations were afterwards published in a pamphlet from which I quote the following:

The poorer parts of Dublin are pregnant with nuisances unusually destructive of health and comfort. In the ancient parts of the city the streets are generally narrow and the back yards of the houses very confined. The greater part of these streets, with their numerous lanes and alleys, are tenant by shopkeepers, the labouring poor, and beggars could not pass through without a shameful and affecting to reflection. A single apartment in one of these wretched habitations lets from one to two shillings per week, and to lighten this rent, two, three, and even four families become joint tenants. A house in Braidwhate Street contained 108 souls. In July, 1798, the entire side of a house, four stories high, in School House Lane, fell from its foundations into an adjoining yard, where it destroyed an entire dairy of cows. When I ascended the remains run through the usual approach of the shattered stairs, stench and filth, I found that the floors had sunk on the side then unsupported, forming so many inclined planes. And I observed with astonishment, that the inhabitants, about thirty in number, who had witness destruction by the circumstance of the wall falling outwards, had not deserted their apartments.

The above was written 115 years ago. It might have been written yesterday to the "Irish Times." How little have things altered since the days of Mr. Whitelaw will be seen from the following case, which I quote from a recent issue of the "Irish Times":—

In the course of the hearing a bright and terrible light was thrown on the conditions of life in the tenements—slums of Dublin. The brothers, William and Patrick O'Leary, are labourers. They live together in the front room on the third floor of 2, Marlborough Place. William O'Leary was asked to state the number of occupants of this room on the night of August 13, 1913. He replied:

"My wife, myself, six children of mine, my brother Pat, and one child of his, who is dying of consumption. There are ten of us in the room.

Who is responsible for this hellish state of affairs, going on as we see from generation to generation, by which the people are plundered and murdered wholesale? Fortunately for our case, at the very moment when the slum owners were lashing themselves and slandering their victims at the Victoria Hotel, Manchester, a public inquiry was taking place into the ownership of Dublin's iniquities.

I quote the evidence of Mr. Travers, Superintendent of the Sanitary Staff of the Dublin Corporation:

Councillor Crozier's property was generally in the second and third class. In his opinion, the Alderman did not exercise proper supervision over his houses, and see that they were kept in due order and repair.

Councillor O'Keefe's houses were in bad repair. One of the houses was occupied by five families, another tenement was occupied by four families (sixteen persons.) Councillor Bradshaw owned two tenement houses, which were occupied by six families. The houses were old and decaying, and there was one yard common to all.

Another house belonging to Councillor Bradshaw was occupied by seven families, numbering thirty-four persons.

Councillor Rooney owned a tenement occupied by six families, the chimneys and roof were defective, and they were taking proceedings to have the drains remedied.

Councillor Cole owned a tenement, in bad repair, which accommodated six families.

Mr. O'Connor, Local Government Board Inspector, who is holding the inquiry, put to Mr. Travers the following straight question:—

"Speaking generally, would you say property owned by members of the Corporation is worse than other property?"

Mr. Travers: "Some of it is worse. Some of the houses constitute the worst property in Dublin."

The full significance of this accusation will be realised when it is remembered that the Corporation of which these scandalous slum-owners are members is the health and sanitary authority of the city.

But why do they crowd people together in this inhuman fashion? They would not do the like with dogs, pigs, or poultry. Here again we are furnished with the reason. An investigator, writing to the "Daily News," relates his experience thus:

"One top room of the first house we entered was inhabited (as an example of the tenements everywhere) by a young man, his wife, and four children. The children were born in it, and they live and sleep with their elders. In some such rooms as these as many as thirteen live and sleep. There was one bed, a table, and a bare fireplace, a chair and a picture of the Holy Family, and a shrine with its constant light before the image. The walls were falling into the room, and they were everywhere stained with rain. The rent for it was 3s. per week, out of an inconstant wage of 10s. per week.

Three shillings per week per room and six and seven families occupying single tenements! No wonder their owners have the money to secure seats upon the Corpor-
poration by beer and bribery. There is nothing “destructive, dirty, degraded and degenerate” about these people, except their surroundings. The picture of the ‘‘Holy Family’’ and the lighted Shrine in such a place indicates the character of the people. But what a mockery to find Christians condemned to such a life in a Christian city.

We who live on this side of the Irish Sea may feel inclined to congratulate ourselves that nowhere between Land’s End and John O’Groats could such a body of public men rule and rob the people of Dublin be discovered. Do not be too sure. Remember the Property Association covers the whole of Great Britain and Ireland. Let us first look at Glasgow. After that I will conduct you to Tyneside and show you a system of local government possessing all the evil features of Tammany, but without Tammany’s candour.

For near a generation past, in certain political circles, it has been a matter of common knowledge that the local government of Glasgow was in the hands of the Whisky Ring and the slum and dun owners. The effect upon the community has been abominable, in some respects even worse than that of Dublin.

According to a medical officer’s report just issued, no fewer than 10,000 houses in Glasgow, occupied by 40,000 people, are unfit for habitation. Six hundred houses have been reported for closing, and most of them have been closed without appeal by the owners, which is, in itself, eloquent testimony as to their condition. For a moment the “rings” were nonplussed by which is, in itself, eloquent testimony as to their condition. For a moment the “rings” were nonplussed by the revelations of the medical staff. But they soon gathered their wits and forces together and determined that if they could no longer plunder the poor, then they would plunder the public. Legal or illegal, plunder they would have by hook or by crook.

It appears that out of the profits of its municipal undertakings, that is, out of its excess charges (or unpaid wages) for public services, the Corporation of Glasgow has been in the habit of setting aside a certain sum of a fund which they called the “One and Good.” A most excellent title. Were the monies in such a fund devoted to the common good, no one would greatly complain. But the common good, according to the slum owners of Glasgow, is common to themselves, and does not include or concern anyone else. The effect upon the community has been abominable, in some respects even worse than that of Dublin.

On December 23, 1913, the “Common Good” fund contained £30,000, and the slum owners determined to sneak it if possible. For this purpose, at the meeting of the Council on that date, they moved the following resolution:

That the Executive Committee be authorised in such cases as they think expedient, in which they have started the exercise of statutory powers of the Corporation in any congested area, to negotiate for the purchase, on behalf of the Corporation, of the properties in such areas, on such terms as they think fair and reasonable in each case, on the understanding that each such purchase, and the whole particulars thereof, be immediately after the transaction is concluded reported to the Corporation for their information.

Never, I would undertake to gamble, has anything so internally imprudent as the above been proposed in a public body. “Will report to the Corporation for their information”; not for their consent or approval, and only when the £30,000 of the “Common Good” is safe in the pockets of the slum owners!

The town clerk declared the motion was illegal. The Labour members of the Council protested against the methods of Tammany; but legal or not legal, that £30,000 the slum owners were determined to possess, so they ignored the ruling of the Town Clerk, and fumed the Labour men out of the Council chamber by aid of the police. Not a single new dwelling, I imagine, will arise out of this £30,000. What is intended is, that the worst property shall be sold to the public, at prices fixed by the owners themselves, and when the property is purchased, the slum owners will be enabled to create greater overcrowding and produce more rent elsewhere. Such is the price the people pay for placing the machinery of local government in the hands of their enemies.

Accompany me now to my own door in Jarrow-on-Tyne and let us contemplate a modern industrial community from the inside. To those who read ‘‘Chronicles of Palmerstown” in The New Age some time ago, the story of our local conditions will be somewhat familiar. But that series of papers did not contain the whole story; and as the subject has taken a new and interesting turn recently, I propose, to reopen it and to throw some additional light on what was the constitution of the local government from which we inherit our present wretched conditions.

I may here mention the case of the good-natured man who is fully désirant of helping the people; but is defeated in his efforts by lack of knowledge. The prospect of having to acquire first-hand information by fraternising with the slum dwellers appals him. After a vain attempt or two to serve the poor he gives up the idea in despair and consigns them to their fate. With me the case is different. Quaint with slums from childhood, I have neither horror nor fear of slum dwellers. I know that the picture drawn of them as “destructive, dirty, degraded and degenerate” is an infamous lie, invented and circulated by those who live by plundering them. My experience of slums, like Sam Weller’s knowledge of London, is extensive and peculiar, and includes many of the large towns and cities of England, Edinburgh and Glasgow in Scotland, the Malay and Kaffir quarters of Cape Town, the Indian location outside Durban in Natal, and the queer mixture of Creoles, Indians, Chinese, and Africans, who inhabit the slum quarter of Port Louis, Mauritius. In all these places, whether the people were white, black, brown, yellow or piebald, I found that they suffered one thing in common—the excations of plundering property owners. But when I came to Jarrow I soon discovered that I had lit upon the very Eldorado of the property owner, where slums were more valuable than Rand gold mines. And, as is usually the case, I found that my own people were the greatest victims.

The full extent of the evil, however, I did not fully realise till after the publication of the census of 1901, which disclosed the presence of 12,500 persons in less than two square miles, or 2,649 to the acre. Fewer even than 2,649 were of one and two rooms, and 3,468 of three rooms, which gave us an over-crowded population of 12,546 persons in a total population of thirty odd thousand.

Naturally, I began to inquire what rents were paid for these rookeries and what condition they were in. In scores of cases the people invited me to inspect them for myself, which I did, taking notes of their condition. And then, as I have related before, I began to attend the monthly meetings of the town council, to learn at first hand what kind of men were running the town. By 1906 I had accumulated volumes of information. And then, most opportunely, a weekly paper, called the “Jarrow Labour Herald,” was started, in the columns of which I had a free hand during the year it lasted. Taking occasion by the hand, I wrote a series of papers which I called the “Tale of the Rates,” investigated our local conditions from top to bottom, and published my discoveries week by week, and the community stood amazed. I found that every particle of local government, Council, Guardians, School Boards and magisterial bench was in the hands of the slum owners; that the system of rating was a gross fraud, by which manufacturers and tradesmen were being crushed and tenants plundered. How the game was worked will appear from the first article, called—

THE TALE OF THE RATES.

Do you live in the South or Grange ward and pay your rates direct? Then you are being victimised by the clique.

Do you carry on business in Ormande Street in the North Ward? If so the clique is fleecing you.

Have you the misfortune to occupy a one-roomed tenement in the Central or East Ward? Then, indeed, you
are to be pitted, for, considering your scanty resources, and the putrid conditions in which you live, your case is far worse than that of your neighbours. But whatever our condition, we are all the victims of the property clique, and our efforts to destroy them should be as common as our sufferings. Would you know, my fellow victims, how the game of beggar my neighbour is played in Jarrow? If so—prenuch.

The property clique is run by the Town Council. The Council appoints the four Overseers. Two of the Overseers are members of the Council. Three of the Overseers are property-owners. The Overseers assess property for rating purposes. The whole four Overseers are property-owners. The Council levies the rates made by the Overseers. The Assistant-Overseer collects the rates made by the Overseers. The Assistant-Overseer is a property-owner. The Assistant-Overseer hands to the Council the rates collected.

The Town Council is run by the property clique. The property clique has one hand on the throat of the community, and the other in its pocket. The game is simplicity itself, so long as the victims do not kick. When will you arise, my fellows, and rid yourselves of this imposture?

As might be expected, the above created dismay amongst the clique. But when, week after week, I began to quote straightforward from the rate-book case after case of fraudulent returns being sent in for rating purposes, the combination began to crack up. And the man who was invisible, without whose knowledge and consent the thing could not be done, thought it advisable to retire from office. One method of tenements, bringing in an annual rental of so-and-so, would be sold by auction on such a date, I made a note of the figures and then went to the rate office to compare the selling rental with his rental for rating purposes. As I anticipated, I found the difference to be anywhere from 25 per cent. on up. Now I waited seven years for him to disclose himself, without whose consent the thing could not be done.

I wrote an answer to these gentlemen and sent it to the "Chronicle." In reply to the first I gave three further cases of incorrect returns in which three magistrates were involved, and asked him whether any property-owner had cause to fear a bench of magistrates composed of men who were up to the neck in the same business?

From the second one I inquired: Did he imagine that I had waited seven years for him to disclose himself before taking action in the case myself?

I mildly suggested that had he considered the matter a moment, it might have occurred to him that one who had sufficient wit to discover such a case, was directly interested in it and adversely affected by it, as a ratepayer, would surely know how to take the necessary measures to put an end to it.

I then made an offer to the "Chronicle," seeing that the case of slums, their cause and effects, was now opened out, that I would, were they agreeable, deal with the whole subject from the bottom upwards, and show its readers tricks in the art of local government, of which at the moment they have no suspicion.

Unfortunately the "Chronicle" did not see its way to publish my second letter, but instead closed the correspondence. However, the time is near at hand when the question of slums, their condition, their effects, renting and rating, will become the question of the hour. In that day people generally will realise what I realised years ago, that in the slum-owner we must recognise an enemy of national importance and devote the national energies to his utter destruction. When that fight is on I hope to participate in the battle.

In the meantime the property-owners, assuming that I had not replied to their letters in the "Chronicle," have begun to pester me with private communications, and the fury of these gentlemen at their hitherto well preserved secret being given away, so widely read as the "Chronicle," is intense. They afford us a clear demonstration of the character of those whom we shall have to encounter in the near future, when the moment for the destruction of the slums arrives.

When the last of the letters from the property-owners comes to hand I will let the readers of The New Age see what pure stylesthe can become when they imagine their interests are endangered.
A Pilgrimage to Turkey During Wartime.

By Marmaduke Pickthall. XIX.

Islam and Progress.

The Mahomedan religion has been blamed for traits of character which are found in all the native inhabitants of warm climates. If the Christians in the hotter Muslim countries do-to-day excel Mahomeds in energy it is owing to a difference of race and not of creed; but personally I believe the Christian's lead in this respect to be due to a difference of race and not to creed.

The Mussulman's energies have up to now been spent, perforce, on war and the routine of agriculture; whereas the efforts of the Christian, who, until the Revolution, was exempt from military service, have for long been turned to commerce and the peaceful arts of self-advancement.

The Mussulman for years known little peace, although he long ago gave up aggression. It must also be remembered that the Muslims of the Turkish Empire have been much neglected, the attention of the Government being absorbed in efforts to ward off encroachments of the Powers of Europe. With the Christian population, given peace and a fair Government, will prove, if not superior to the Christian in commercial enterprise, far superior in every kind of honest work. The Turks, as a race, have a natural predilection for the uncouth roads of the Mamluk world. They are Hindus, members of the only Sunnite sect of Muslims, who have had more than their share of practice in the art of running past Misket Hanum's garden gate, beneath an avenue of fine acacias, was full of mounds and deep depressions, being quite unmade. It was the sole way of approach to thirty kiosks, inhabited by people of large means, who had all been growing over the state of the road, complaining of the Government, for more than twenty years. When I suggested that they should take the work in hand themselves and do it properly, they looked aghast and said that it was not their business. It is true that in the days of Abdul Hamid they could not have done it, for their action would have been a noise, and might have been resented as a personal affront by some high functionary, whose titular concern was roads. But now, when the Government is anxious for improvement and, having more than it can do, would welcome help, their horror at the thought was purely ludicrous in men who talked so much of progress and the value of initiative.

Again, it is the custom of the householder to take all rubbish to his boundary wall and cast it forth on to some road or public footpath. Rich men do not keep a lot of gardeners, observe this custom. While their gardens are kept beautifully neat within, the outer wall is an offence to passers-by. Responsibility ends there. The rubbish sticks; the owner of the garden walking in his fair domain with the Government's approval, feels that it is such a nuisance to remain where he can smell it. "In civilised countries," he remarks, "they send men daily to remove all refuse." In our road, Misket Hanum was, I think, the only householder who ever made her men go out beyond the garden gate with brooms or spades, who ever had a bad hole in the road filled up, or proposed co-operation of the neighbours for the road's improvement.

When I submitted such examples of the dearth of public spirit to my Unionist adviser, he cried out in some impatience: "They concern rich people. We have no hope in the rich; we know them, they are useless. But the poor are very different. Among them you will find both energy and public spirit—undeveloped it is true, but evident." I also had some friends among the poor, and I agreed as to their vigour and their greater possibilities, while not despairing of the rich as he did. The rich, though still dejected by the fall of Abdul Hamid, would prove of service, I felt sure, if once the new régime agreed to it; and it could only do by a revival of the local governments, through which the poor would also gain the stimulus they needed, a sense of being something in the scheme of things. At present the poor Muslims still retain the feeling that outside their own village, outside their village, there is constant fear of trickery and foul oppression. The train will very likely and I believe more generally, the result of long subjection to a despotism which discouraged all endeavour of a peaceful kind. The genuine Turks are not a lazy race, as witness the amount of corn exported every year from Haidar Pasha, the produce of those provinces of Anatolia of which the rural population is almost entirely Turkish. The Turk peasant is exceedingly industrious, and has gone on working doggedly under conditions which would have bored any other agriculturist. But the slightest deviation or excursion from the mere routine of work, the least display of enterprise on his part, was punished by increased taxation; and so, routine being his sole refuge of philosophy, he clung to it with "Kismetim dir," or "It is my lot in fate," "Kismetim dir," or "It is my lot in fate," or "It is my lot in fate," as his religion rather than his creed.

It is true that in the days of Abdul Hamid one laden may bear another's load," which has been taken by some critics to imply the opposite of "One man's load is another's burden." In its context it does nothing of the kind, referring evidently to a man's pride in his own load.

"The foe of each is tied about his neck, and no one laden may bear another's load," which has been taken by some critics to imply the opposite of: "Bear ye one another's burdens, for so commandeth Christ." It does nothing of the kind, referring evidently to a man's relation to his works at the Last Judgment; while passages which preach the brotherhood of all believers, the need of charity and mutual help, abound in the Koran. In fact, as I have said already, where and there, the failings generally charged to El Islam are either incidental to the climate in which Muslims live or else,
start an hour too soon, the steamer has a stupid purpose to go off without them, their fellow-men are minded to frustrate their every aim. Their notions of the outer world are vaguely hostile, as the result of past experience of injustice, from which a man's own weight or nimbleness alone could save him. My wife was terrified one day at Haidar Pasha by the rush of the crowd to get on board the steamer for Stamboul. Foolishly she turned round to remonstrate halfway up the gangway, and was very nearly pushed into the water by an enormous sort of mattress advancing on a porter's legs. The bearer of the mattress, seeing nothing but his feet, marched straight ahead, impersonal as Juggernaut. When we recounted the adventure after, at Misket Hanum's, a Turkish lady present murmured gravely:—

"I congratulate you upon your escape, Madame; for had you fallen into the water, it is probably that no one would have moved a hand to save you."

She told a story of her personal knowledge of three women being drowned within reach of a crowd of boats and boatsmen. I replied with one of mine about an Arab who was walking in the country with a friend of his, when that friend stepped abruptly into a disused well or cistern, such as is often met with in the country round Jerusalem. The Arab never thought of running to bring help, never paused to ascertain whether his friend yet lived, never even seemed to feel a thrill of horror; but simply raised his eyes to Heaven with the funeral oration: "La haula wa la quwwata illa b'llah!" (There is no power nor might save in God, the High, the Tremendous), and tranquilly proceeded on his way. Yet I knew him for an excellent, kind-hearted man. It was only that he was going to save that man from drowning, and blinding. The officer called him a fool and flung him off, saying "The Turks are different. Our people are not quite so pathetic as your Arab. They have been discouraged in the past from rescue of the drowning by dread of interfering in some great man's game. Stories of misfortune consequent upon such rescue are still told among them. Their indifference, I think, is but a legacy of old, unhappy days. And let me tell you that the Arab who looked out for the three girls of whom I spoke were drowning near the landing-stage were most of them not Turks at all, but Christians."

She told us then of gallant rescues done by Turks. One man, an officer, happened to be on board a steamboat leaving Pasha Bagcheh on the Bosphorus, when a porter made the captain stop the boat. At this view prisoner had been summoned before the Health Authorities of England and Wales in the interests of public sanitation, recent events having rendered it imperative that the Churches should make some public announcement on this important subject. It would be within the recollection of the Court that the passing of the Elimination of Dirt Bill late in the preceding year had been followed by several thousand prosecutions under clauses 3 and 4 of that Act providing for compulsory washing, and that this unfortunate state of affairs was principally owing to an organised resistance to the law of the land. That opposition had been largely based, at any rate in allegation, upon prisoner's teaching, and the Crown had come to the very reluctant conclusion that the proper administration of the Act was impossible unless the so-called Christian Churches consented to actively dissociate themselves from prisoner and his doctrines. With this view prisoner had been summoned before the present specially appointed tribunal to answer for his opinions. In conclusion Mr. Nice observed that while actuated by no hostility towards the Christian religion as such—of whose important services to society they were not unaware—yet in the case of a refusal to repudiate prisoner, Ministers would have no alternative but to effect a change to the Mahomedan or any other more sanitary creed. He concluded by expressing the hope that so decisive a step would prove unnecessary.

Counsel then proceeded to call the High Priests Anna and Caiphas, who were materialised jointly by the court medium and took their places in the box.

Witnesses deposed:—

That they had been Sadducees and High Priests of Jerusalem at the date of defendant's trial.

Dean Inge: What is a Sadducee?

Witnesses replied that it was a term applied to educated and intelligent persons by the vulgar of the time. Prisoner had come before them in the execution of their official duties. He appeared to them a totally uneducated man with subservient views. He was, for...
instance, quite ignorant of the Talmud. Everybody who was anybody in Jerusalem knew the Talmud.

Mr. Nice: What observations had they made regarding prisoner's physical appearance?

Witnesses: He was decidedly dirty. He seemed to have spent the night in the open and to have forgotten to shave. Everybody who was anybody in Jerusalem shaved. His ruffianly appearance had sensibly influenced their position. They had the strongest possible objection to dirt. In their opinion it was not good form. Everybody who was anybody in Hell took care not to appear dirty.

By the Court: Yes, it was true that they had once denied the immortality of the soul. They had since had opportunities of realizing their mistake.

Dean Inge: I am very glad to hear it. I shall hope to have the pleasure of your more intimate acquaintance.

The Witnesses had no doubt that they would have further opportunities of prolonged conversation with His Reverence in another place. After they had disappeared, Mr. Nice proceeded to call the Prince of Darkness.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell: 1 protest. No such person exists.

Mr. Nice (excitedly): I'll be damned if he doesn't.

Dean Inge (pleasantly): You'll be damned if he does. (Laughter, in which the Rev. F. B. Meyer was observed not to join.)

Rev. R. J. Campbell: My theology cannot be made to work with the existence of the Devil.

Rev. F. B. Meyer: Mine would never have come into existence without him.

After a protractedlegal argument of several minutes, in which Counsel joined, the Dean announced that witness did not legally exist. This decision was greeted with evident relief by several persons in Court, and some applause, which was instantly suppressed.

Judas Iscariot was then called and appeared in charge of a couple of friends.

Dean Inge: Do you know the prisoner?

Witness: Very slightly. According to witness's statement defendant had spent forty days and forty nights alone in the wilderness, and that on several occasions he had stated publicly that he 'had not where to lay his head.' Such modes of life were quite incompatible with sanitation.

Dean Inge: A regular tramp!

Witness: Exactly. Defendant had been very fond of telling people to 'change their hearts and not their garments.' Witness had denounced prisoner to the local authorities solely on account of his insanitary state. He did not think that such things should be allowed.

Dean Inge: We all agree with you. They shall not be—much longer. (To prisoner) Have you any questions which you would like to ask the witness?

Prisoner was here understood to say, "Ask him if his own hands were clean?"

Dean Inge (sternly): You need not answer that question. I am beginning to take a very strong view of this case.

Pontius Pilot was sworn and deposed that prisoner solely responsible for the recent disgraceful attack upon Constantinople. If the Christian armies had cared half as much about keeping themselves clean as they had about getting at the Turks, their regrettable victories would have been spared us.

Dr. Oscar Levy informed the Court that the Christian religion owed its great and regrettable hold over the servile classes to its countenance of dirt.

Mr. Sidney Webb confided to the Court that what had really actuated him in promoting all the effective reforms of the last thirty years was a dislike of dirt. He was of opinion that the removal of dirt would mean the end of any reform movement among the upper classes, who would be quite undisturbed by anything which their dependents might have to put up with so long as they did not look dirty. The founder of Christianity was an ignorant peasant with no knowledge of economics. Everybody who was anybody in the intellectual world knew economics.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer: What are economics?

Mr. Nice: A sort of Talmud. (Laughter.)

The Rev. R. J. Campbell: Are you in favour of revolutionary measures?

Witness: "Only by washed persons." His own outside was always washed.

The prisoner declined to call any evidence.

Mr. Nice addressing the Court remarked that his case had been completely proved. He asked the Court for an exemplary sentence.

The prisoner did not reply.

Dean Inge, in delivering judgment, said that the heinousness of prisoner's crime was equalled only by his contumaciously insolent in refusing to offer a defence of it. The law of England was particularly severe on persons who refused to offer a defence. It was not cricket. It spoiled the game. Prisoner had been shown by a number of witnesses of unblemished reputation to have deliberately fostered the illegal element of dirt. Such conduct was unchristian in the truest sense of the word, and prisoner would therefore be excommunicated. He only regretted that the lapse of his disciplinary powers prevented his expressing his horror of prisoner's conduct by an exemplary sentence such as crucifixion or stoning by selected Jews.

Prisoner left the Court without speaking.

Verses by Perse School Play Boys.

THE BARGE.

Gliding, gliding, gliding,
Over the water deep,
Came a barge with dark brown canvas sails,
And her name was "Land of Sleep."

Slowly, slowly, slowly,
She moved by the Waveney's bank,
She forged her way through rushes and reeds
Growing both high and rank.

Sinking, sinking, sinking,
The sun went down in the west,
Cnd the men in the barge hauled down her sails
And sleepily went to rest.

(Age 10.)

R. A.
HODR THE BLIND GOD.

Hodr the blind god
Roams about the halls,
For that god he never knows
When the darkness falls.
He feeleth on every side,
For he cannot see.
He the god of darkness
Ruleth o'er the night,
The only god in Asgard
That hath lost his sight.
Hodr the blind god
That killed the god of light,
Hodr the blind god
That hath lost his sight.

THE FISHING FLEET.

I see them leave the harbour white,
As the sun dips in the sea,
I see them in the morning light,
Returning again to me.
I see them return to the harbour again,
With their brown sails wide to the breeze,
I see them reach the shore of the main,
With fish from over the seas.

THE MILL.

The arms of the mill swing slowly round
As it grinds the golden corn,
Standing alone on the crest of a hill,
Looking so grave and forlorn.
A cart made its way to the top of the hill
Laden with sacks of grain,
The miller came out and took them all in,
And back it came empty again.

BIG AND SMALL.

Big fish swim in the ocean,
Small fish swim in the pond,
But where I swim is a river that foams
When the mill-wheel roars beyond.
Big beasts roam the jungle,
Small beasts slink in the grass,
But where I hunt is a green little copse,
Where the pheasants scream as they pass.
Big ships roll on the billows,
Small ships float on the lake,
But my little ship on a dark black puddle
Sails with a dinghy in her wake.
Soon I shall cross the ocean
To fish in the farthest deep,
And to hunt in the darkest jungle,
Where the monkeys chatter and leap.

THE HUNTED HART.

The tawny deer-hounds search the woody glen
For the fleet-footed hart; that seeks
The remoter haunts in all the purple veiled hills;
The deepest shadows of the oak and pine.
In the alders growing by the silent tarn,
The deerhounds pass the bracken and the fern,
And find, upon the sun-flecked ground,
Beneath the gnarled limbs of a mighty forest oak,
A graceful hart. He starts and clears
The brake and bramble with a leap.
He makes across the heather'd moor,
The deerhounds baying at his flying heels;
And he nears the rushing burn
He stumbleth; and the hounds bury their white teeth
In his perspiring flank; and crimson drops of blood
Mingle with the foaming waters of the torrent.
And as the huntsmen near he dies
With a knife-blade touching
His panting and exerted heart.

THE TRAIN.

The children run to the crossing gate
To see the train rush on.
Now she is here a puffing fiend,
And now—is gone.
Now she is gone—a dark small speck,
Now only her smoke is seen.
And a bright white line on the rails is left
To show where her path has been.

THE AULD SKIPPER O' HAVEN.

A brown old man is he,
The auld Skipper o' Haven;
He used to sail upon the sea,—
And the title of the tavern is The Old Black Raven.
His old ship rots upon the sand,
The auld Skipper o' Haven;
Many a crinkle he has in his hand,—
And the title of the tavern is The Old Black Raven.
Once he toiled where the wild waves roar,
The auld Skipper o' Haven;
But now he sleeps in a shanty on the shore,—
And the title of the tavern is The Old Black Raven.

THE HUNTED HART.

The tawny deer-hounds search the woody glen
For the fleet-footed hart; that seeks
The remoter haunts in all the purple veiled hills;
The deepest shadows of the oak and pine.
In the alders growing by the silent tarn,
THE WAGGON.  BY WALTER BAYES.
Readers and Writers.

Mr. H. Caldwell Cook, the Master of the Perse School, Cambridge, and one of whose recent "poetry" appears, I believe, elsewhere in this issue, has, without knowing it, hit upon the really primitive method of making poetry. I do not say (having in view my comments on the neo-primitive art of last week) that Mr. Cook's method would prove applicable to adults; I do not think it would. But for young boys, whose imagination corresponds with that of primitive humanity, the group creation is natural and, as can be seen, marvellously effective. Professor Gummere's work on "The Beginnings of Poetry" should be read by all students of both folk-lore and modern literature, and to students of both folk-lore and modern literature the one throws light upon the other. I could wish, indeed, that in his travels throughout time and space Professor Gummere might find himself in the literary playroom at the Perse School, Cambridge, and see and hear among boys of from ten to fifteen the same methods of verse and play-construction as he tells us he has witnessed (and to do less interesting work I do not think should I find Mr. Caldwell Cook's comments on the Professor's treatise. In any case it will be a disgrace to the patrons of the Perse Players (among whom some of my readers may be numbered) if the most promising experiment of juvenile literary education now in progress should have to be discontinued for lack of a few hundred pounds.

It has long been on my mind to protest against the exploitation by sundry journals of the dotage of Mr. Thomas Hardy. In common with every other judge of literature I find Mr. Hardy's verse not only wretched, but even pathetically so. I could not laugh at such lines and rhymes as:

'Twas hard to realise on
This sad side of the horizon...

The contrast between them and Mr. Hardy's prose was too grievous; but I could be and am angry with his publishers and his mean-spirited flatterers. This was as long ago as 1902, I think; and Mr. Hardy has been fooled almost continually ever since. The New Year issue of the "Saturday Review," for example, prints a substantial stanza by Mr. Hardy and refers editorially to it as something of literary distinction. But can the most snobbish mind see in the following stanza a phrase or hear a rhythm of real poetry:

"It is not death that bars us," they lipped.

"The soulless cell is in itself a relief,
For life is an unfenced flower, benumbed and nipped
At unawares, and at its best but brief."

The December issue of "Poetry and Drama" has also a poem by the Old Man anything but eloquent; the third and last stanza of which hobbles as follows:

And there you'll see me, if a jot
You still should care
For me and for my creepy air;
If otherwise, then... shall not,
For you, be there.

It is, of course, difficult for a journal to resist the temptation to publish anything a once-great man writes; but in the case of Mr. Thomas Hardy the attempt should be made.

But perhaps the conductors of "Poetry and Drama" think Mr. Thomas Hardy a poet! Judging by what they both say and print I have indeed to conclude that anything not written as prose has in their opinion a prima facie claim to be regarded as poetry. Look, for example, at the lines by Mr. Robert Bridges—"the first published since his appointment to the laureateship:

A dryipel he was, nurtured likewise
On skins and skeletons, stale from top to toe
With all manner of rubbish and all manner of lies.

Will anybody say that this is not good prose? Why, it is not even verse. A good taste, however, is not to be expected of critics who allow their theories to run away with them—as is most certainly the case with several of the writers in the current issue. Take Mr. F. S. Flint's praise of Paul Claudel, for instance. The man is obviously merely a refiner upon Whitman (a curse we owe to America) and has neither form nor substance. Yet Mr. Flint dervish-dances himself into a frenzy and hails Claudel as "undeniably a great poet in every sense" because his "intoxication has lifted him above methodical composition." But it was not the poet in saner days who was intoxicated and lifted out of his normal—it was his readers! Now, however, it appears that his readers (I for one) may remain sober and critical while the poet may gash his self and whirl his lines into a trance above reason! Well, let it be so. By and by he will cease wasting his gesticulations on me. But elsewhere another writer takes us back to Wordsworth and bids poets abjure "literary" language and employ the words of everyday. What illiteracy, how absurd it is, I need not say (having in view my comments on the neo-primitive art of last week), unless I wish to teach our editors in the way of impudence and suggest falsi. What would be more to the point, and even, I dare say, more profitable in the long run, would be a little taste. For myself (and there are, no doubt, thousands like me), I make it a social duty never to buy or commend an article that has been offensively advertised. For this reason I was sorry to see the "Daily Herald" of last week descending perilously into the area with an appeal to its readers to "support" its advertisers. With the devil should I buy Dr. Tipples' Vi-Cocoa or Owbridge's Lung Tonic to procure me a daily sight of Mr. Dyson's cartoons?

The latter, it is true, are worth the money spent, but why should Messrs. Tipples and the rest profit by my admiration? If, as I have repeatedly said, the "Daily Herald" or any other honest paper cannot exist without being subsidised by advertisers (and blackmailing its readers and prostituting its writers in return) it is far better that it should die. Only after a series of such deaths shall we see genuine resurrections. And again, I ask what the "New Witness" means by announcing in the "Daily Mail" that "amongst its regular contributors" are Messrs. Arnold Bennett, G. Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, etc.? These writers might much more truthfully be described as "regular contributors" to The New Age, since for once that they have appeared in the "New Witness" they have appeared in these columns at least half a score of times—prehistorically at any rate! The least unamusing, however, of the petty tricks of the advertisement manager is to be seen in the current issue of the "English Review." There in the very midmost of Mr. Wells' new serial may be found pasted a leaflet containing the details of Forcible Feeding, with an appeal to readers to protest against the practice. As it happens, in my issue the sequence of the serial is not altogether broken, but runs as follows:

Mr. Wells (p. 192): "In the days of my own prosperity..."

Advertisement begins: "Readers of the 'English Review' will welcome the opportunity here given them to examine the actual facts of Forcible Feeding..."
I suppose the Suffragettes think the inclusion of their appeal in this context a smart piece of publicity. I don’t.

With Figgicisms my readers are always familiar; and Mr. Sidney Dark in the “Daily Express” has now discovered the existence of Hueferisms (pronounced, on authority, as Hooferisms). The specimen quoted by Mr. Dark and pronounced by him “admirable” deserves to be examined:

The real essence of art is a sense of aproportionateness, almost, as it were, a sense of decency. The real artist feels for his subject a quality of chastity; while he is handling it he will no more introduce into it extraneous or unsuitable matter than a lady of niceness will go to the opera in the costume she reserves for the golf course.

I said this Hueferism deserves examination; but the examination cannot be made in public. As “Punch’s” yokel said of pigs that they be rightly named, it is clear that such sentences as the foregoing are well named by Mr. Dark.

On the whole subject of the modern newspaper Press the best recent work is Mr. Scott-James’ “The Influence of the Press” (Partridge, 3s. 6d.). That the prestige of the Fourth Estate has fallen nobody, I suppose, will deny, and that it is still falling anybody who has a measure in his mind can see. The evil genius that began it was undoubtedly Lord Northcliffe, whose brother has been a peer for assisting him; but the evil genius that continues it is the spirit of profit and servility to be found more or less in everybody, and on whose large advertiser plays a kind of devil’s tattoo.

The extent, indeed, to which the journalist is in the pocket of the large advertiser is literally incredible to the outside public. They not only cannot guess, but they cannot realise when they are told, that nine-tenths of the policy down to the smallest details of the average newspaper is dictated and as good as written by the advertising profiteers. Mr. Scott-James’ book will, perhaps, do something towards making belief possible, even if it never became the actual.

When, by the way, I hazard my doubt last week of Mr. Ludovici’s possession of an assumed “great order of society” as a background of his beliefs, I had in mind his apparent endorsement of Nietzsche’s theory of the supervision of culture upon the modern wealthy classes. This transformation, I confess, is to me an impossible idealisation. The true ideal is in every case possible, even if it never become the actual; but the aristocratisation of the existing plutocracy appears to me to be not only improbable, but self-contradictory. After all, plutocracy has existed long enough to show signs of culture, if it is ever to be capable of culture, but where is the Press? The very Press that is professedly subsidised by the wealthy in the interests of culture is only a little less “corrupt” than the Press run to make money. If the plutocracy were even feeling after culture, if haply they might find it, the English Press would be in a very different state from what it is. Instead of one journal without advertisements we should have at least a dozen; and I venture to say that a dozen, or even half that number, would quickly reduce the rest to the vulgar level to which they belong. When Mr. Moore says that, so far as the Press is concerned, he who is also a man of public taste I shall re-read my Nietzsche with respect for his doctrines; but till then I select only from his occasional observations.

The publication of a new Dictionary is not an event of no importance, but, on the contrary, an event to be examined closely. Thousands may err by it, or, on the other hand, have their everyday judgments corrected by it. For this reason, and since a Dictionary is a standard, only the best minds should be employed in it, and we should require even of them a devotion corresponding to the mistrust we feel for them. The “British Empire Universities Modern English Dictionary” (Syndicate Publishing Co., ros. 6d.) appears, however, to have been compiled and published in a spirit the very reverse of respect for our language and its living traditions. To begin with it is under the chief editorship of Mr. Edward D. Price, who, as the editor of Hazell’s Annual Cyclopaedia has more experience of general than of particular information; and it has, as its chief contributors, men like Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Sir James Yoxall, Professors Gollancz, Rippmann and Saintsbury, to none of whom, I imagine, Dr. Johnson would have entrusted the definition of a single word. The word-book section is, as might be expected, perfunctory, and is apparently only thrown in to give weight to the original sections, which consist of special glossaries of Cricket, Tennis, Football, Golf, Aviation and Motoring Terms. Appended thereto are lists of Synonyms and Autonyms, Christian Names, Foreign Phrases, and the like—all of a less complete character than can be found elsewhere. The whole is, in fact, a compilation of a superficial nature and unworthy of the biblical form in which it is published.

The Simplified Speling Sosieti had a gala day at the University of London last week, when at a special meeting presided over by Sir William Ramsay, a resolution was carried calling upon the Board of Education to convene a Conference to discuss the Lapsutan proposal. I do not imagine the Board of Education, even under Mr. Pease, will do anything so silly as to adopt it, even if it does, the objects of the Sosieti will not be advanced by it. The promoters of the deform have no idea, it appears, of the impracticability of the task they have undertaken. They might as well attempt to reduce to mnemonic simplicity the orders of living nature as try to “simplify” the representations of living and natural sounds. No doubt it would save a good deal of time if our spelling were simplified; no doubt, also, our language would then be more easily read by Patagonians, but, alas for such notions, our language does not exist to be easily learned, but to convey our thoughts, and these, of course, are contained as much in the actual form and spelling of the word as in the “phonetic” symbol of it. As an instance of the impracticability of the Speling Sosieti’s existence is supreme; for whereas our writers and thinkers merely adapt their “ideas” to imagined children and idiots, the Sosieti would adapt the language as well. In two ticks from their triumph we should all be prattling like mothers to their first child! Against the Professor Skeat, by the way, who used to support the Society, should be recalled Professor Swete, who prided himself on being able to enunciate seventy or more distinct vowel sounds in English. Thank goodness, however, he never tried to “standardise” them on a gramophone!

Mr. George Moore is no stylist, but his gossip is entertaining, particularly when it is a little malevolent. In the “English Review” for December he candidly records his observations, from the inside, of the Irish Literary Movement and of its leading figures. Neither Yeats nor Lady Gregory, nor even, strange to say, Mr. Moore himself, comes out from the exposure very well. “Love that has not been born again in the flesh crumbles like peat ash,” is a remark he records as having made to A.E. And he must have been over forty! Concerning “Cuchulain” of which Synge wrote to Lady Gregory from Paris that it was a part of his daily bread, Mr. Moore tells us that it was pieced to-

Advertisement concludes: “While you delay, women are being tortured.” Mr. Wells resumes (p. 193): “Things had seemed to me to be very well arranged.”
gether by Lady Gregory from various French and German translations; and that this method in Mr. Yeats' opinion produced a rendering the most perfect ever written. I agree with Mr. Moore that this can hardly be the case, particularly since, as he tells us, in many instances Kuno Myer's translation is followed sentence by sentence. However, I do not imagine that history will bother itself much with the Irish Literary Movement. It has been an eddy on the main stream and has now got into a backwater.

R. H. C.

Tesserae.

By Beatrice Hastings.

All tradition tells of the overwhelming of nations for their wickedness. We moderns explain the cosmic catastrophes as the result of accident or of natural law. But since spirit keeps individual man alive in the very hand of death that attacks through matter, then, when spirit is broken in collective man, what will ward off universal death?

If spirit, with all its variations from cunning to morality, gives man his control over matter, what is to uphold matter from overwhelming a nation when spirit abandons it?

Man is everywhere sacrificing spirit to machinery, and this is deadly. It is not difficult to realise that unspiritual nations may come upon death while believing that their goal is prosperity.

The Deluge was certainly one of real water. Men have to do with morals—women with conventions. It seems to have been against creative law that the female should be endowed with morals; her law is the physical law of terrestrial Nature.

In civilising himself, man wrought out for woman many conventions, and these were protective and, therefore good for her. These Conventions should be secured to women for a long era yet, until, in fact, man shall have mastered Nature—for if they were taken away, women would be terrified into reviving with awful nakedness the amoral law which is at the bottom of female consciousness. And culture might easier survive under anarchy than under this law.

Man, however, has himself been in danger of confounding conventions with morals—a sin in him: he has permitted the terms of morality—virtue, honour, purity, and similar expressions of virility—to be confused by conventional use of them. This confusion is moralistic morality by reason of women's clever adoption of the crude, but sound, code of morals which distinguishes schoolboys and long-sighted gamblers. But men need only meditate upon some subtlety of morals to discover women's limited mimicry. For instance, the morality of sacrifice cannot be grasped by women, who may not escape being injured and marked by the rites. Women naturally adore the Stigmata, invention of vulgar priests, the very holes of the very spirits.

It is impolitic to prove to women that marriage is a convention, an agreed custom operating only geographically, and no way connected with morality which is universal. In this matter one might contrast the tolerance which is given to diverse forms of marriage, or, as in certain periods, to lack of all form of marriage—with the universal condemnation of traitors. Men may agree to any and every form of marriage, but they may not agree to treachery: the first has to do with convention, the second, with the changeless law of morality. Nevertheless, women should be taught that all forms of marriage are sinful save that prevailing in their particular country. Convention is less disastrous to culture than the nature of woman unrestrained. With a woman the penalty of breaking conventions usually deters, as a man, the defect deters him from immorality; and it is prudent that women should be forcibly deterred because of their easy reaction towards barbarism.

If, however, a woman, having experienced convention, ventures to seek only morality, the gods themselves cannot prevent her from going as far as she may. Such a woman must be spiritually dangerous to all enemies, not lightly forgetting, and never again trusting, one who may have slighted her on account of convention; for a slight of this sort arises either from dogmatism or cowardice, the first of which states is incomputably cruel, and the second treacherous.

A wise education for women would train them for nothing but to ameliorate the indignities of existence. Their present progress in this craft is amazing, for concealment of ugliness or defect is not natural to them: by their very reason for being, namely, conception, they expose the fact that some man was once at the mercy of his foes through sexuality. Seeing that they may be taught, however, they might be made of great service to man, who, although realising that there are probably better things than being born, determines to play out the game of life as though he had certainly, instead of doubtfully, elected to play it.

The formidable women in literature, as in life, are those that astonish and charm men by their attitude of complacent sexual difference from men, the which includes all other differences.

Men may laugh away much of the artistic claim of such a writer as George Eliot—"An Artist," they might rightly scoff, "who cannot bear to leave alive and unwounded anything young and beautiful." Behold Hetty, Arthur, Romola, Maggie, and the rest—unminstained, or worse! Youth alone is most often excuse enough for her to do away with its body. Here is no artist but an ugly and disappointed woman wreaking her resentment. And, in fact, this novelist claiming all the world for her province, was too often nothing but a little local tyrant over her imaginary people.

But another woman writer, unprepossessing, almost rationally self-limiting, competent and complacent before Fact, sensitive and sensible—I speak, of course, of Miss Jane Austen—such a writer will always fill true men with delighted respect. Here is an attitude which places the artist as high beyond assault as itself is removed from challenge. Men may sum up their whole works in literature, but here is something reputable yet different from their works. In life, also, it is not your political meddlers, Mesdames de Maintenon and de Stael, who astonish and unconsciously discipline men to them; the men-colleagues of such women observe their exploits unmystified and smile at their defeats. These characters among women do not uphold the position of lessfavoured women; they imperil it; for those who, often not frequenting women, yet secure the domestic protection of women, we must go to Servigne, Récamier, Lespinasse (who said that women have the truth of nothing), and all that order of mystifying charm. I like to include with these our own witty, confident, suave, decorous and charitable Mary Wortley Montagu; the list is not too long!

As a woman married to a man whose wealth is above her possession of dignity betrays this by her airs towards guests and her terror of servants, so one who has married above her intelligence is known by her abuse of her husband. Such women are femininely unculturable.

Some day I shall burst out against the contemptibleness of men who do not provide us with houses fit to live in. A house is unfit which is not draught-proof, for instance. I do not speak of slums; to describe the owners of such the terms of iniquity would be needed. But a man should not suppose that he has acted well enough if his wife has a roof above her and walls around. Few women can make a home in spite of bad carpentry, and those that can perhaps should not.
Modern Art.—I.

The Grafton Group.

I am attempting in this series of articles to define the characteristics of a new constructive geometric art which seems to me to be emerging at the present moment. In a later series, to be called the “Break up of the Renaissance,” I shall attempt to show the relation between this art and a certain general changed outlook.

I am afraid that my use of the word “new” here will arouse a certain prejudice in the minds of the kind of people that I am anxious to convince. I may say then that I use the word with no enthusiasm. I want to convince those people who regard the feeble romanticism which is always wriggling and vibrating to the sentiment of which a man has to install himself in before he can maintain (i) that a certain archaism was a natural stage which is to a certain extent suggested by it—the exact place of archaism in the new movement. I want to maintain (ii) that a certain archaism was a natural stage in the preparation of a new method of expression, and (ii) that the persistence of a feeble imitation of archaism, such as one gets in this show, is an absolutely unnecessary survival when this stage has been passed through.

In the first place, then, how does it come about that a movement towards a new method should contain so many archaic elements? How can a movement whose essence is the exact opposite of romanticism and nostalgia, which is striving towards a hard and definite structure in art, take the form of archaism? How can a sensibility so opposed to that which generally finds satisfaction in the archaic, make such use of it? What happens, I take it, is something of this kind: a certain change of direction takes place which begins negatively with a feeling of dissatisfaction with and reaction against existing art. But the new tendency, admitting that it exists, cannot at once find its own appropriate expression. But although the artist feels that he must have done with contemporary means of expression, yet a new and more fitting method is not easily created. Expression is by no means a natural thing. It is an unnatural, artificial and, as it were, external thing which a man has to install himself in before he can manipulate it. The way from intention to expression does not come naturally as it were from inwards. It is a sort of architect who has to be necessary but entirely transitional stages leading up to the third, which is the only one containing possibilities of development.

This show at the Alpine Club provides a convenient illustration of these points. Mr. Fry organised the first Post-Impressionist exhibition and was the first to have thought to have established a corner in the movement. He probably regards himself, and is certainly regarded by many others, as the representative of the new direction in art. The earlier shows of the Grafton group were sufficiently comprehensive and varied to make this opinion seem plausible. . . . There was a mixture of a sort of aesthetic archaism and a more vigorous cubism which corresponded very well to the loose use of the words “modern art” which I have just mentioned, and helped to maintain the illusion that the whole formed in reality one movement. But the departure of Mr. Wyndham Lewis Mr. Etchells, Mr. Nevinson and several others has left concentration in a purer form all the worked-out and dead elements in the movement. It has become increasingly obvious that Mr. Fry and his group are nothing but a kind of backwater, and it seems to me to be here worth while pointing out the character of this backwater. As you enter the room you almost know what to expect, from the effect of the general colour. It consists almost uniformly of pallid chalky blues, yellows and straw yellow, with a strong family resemblance between all the pictures; in every case a kind of anaemic effect showing no personal or constructive use of colour. The subjects also are significant. One may recognise the whole familiar bag of tricks—the usual Cezanne still-life, the Eve, the Byzantine. As the Frenchmen exhibited here have really no connection with the Grafton group, I will omit them and confine myself to the English painters. In Mr. Fry’s landscape you can see his inability to follow a method to its proper conclusion. The colour is always rather sentimental and pretty. He thus accomplishes the extraordinary feat of adapting the austere Cézanne into something quite fitted for chocolate boxes. It is too tedious to go on mentioning mediocre stuff, so I should like to point out the two things which are worth seeing, No. 29, a very interesting pattern by Mr. Roberts and M. Gaudier-Brzeska’s sculpture.

However, I find it more interesting to escape from this show for a minute, by discussing a question which seems to be a certain extent suggested by it—the exact place of archaism in the new movement. I want to maintain that a certain archaism was a natural stage in the preparation of a new method of expression, and that the persistence of a feeble imitation of archaism, such as one gets in this show, is an absolutely unnecessary survival when this stage has been passed through.

In the first place then, how does it come about that a movement towards a new method should contain so many archaic elements? How can a movement whose essence is the exact opposite of romanticism and nostalgia, which is striving towards a hard and definite structure in art, take the form of archaism? How can a sensibility so opposed to that which generally finds satisfaction in the archaic, make such use of it? What happens, I take it, is something of this kind: a certain change of direction takes place which begins negatively with a feeling of dissatisfaction with and reaction against existing art. But the new tendency, admitting that it exists, cannot at once find its own appropriate expression. But although the artist feels that he must have done with contemporary means of expression, yet a new and more fitting method is not easily created. Expression is by no means a natural thing. It is an unnatural, artificial and, as it were, external thing which a man has to install himself in before he can manipulate it. The way from intention to expression does not come naturally as it were from inwards. It is a way resembling the birth of Minerva. A gap between the intention and its actual expression in material exists, which cannot be bridged directly. A man first has to obtain a foothold in this, so to speak, alien and external world of material expression, at a point near to the one he is making for. He has to utilise some already existing method of expression, and work from that to the one that expresses his own personal conception more accurately and naturally. At the present moment this leads to archaism because the particular change of direction in the new movement is a striving towards a certain intensity which is already expressed in archaic form. This perhaps supplements what I said about the archaism of Mr. Epstein’s “carvings in flemite.” It perhaps enables me to write more clearly the relation between those works and the more recent work represented by the drawings. You get a breaking away from contemporary methods of expression, a new direction, an intenser perception of things striving towards expression. And as this intensity is funda-
mentally the same kind of intensity as that expressed in certain archaic arts, it quite naturally and legitimately finds a foothold in these archaic yet permanent formulae. But as this intensity is at the same time no romantic revival, but part of a real change of sensibility occurring now in the modern mind, and is coloured by a particular and original quality due to this fact, it quite as naturally develops from the original formula, which is for it, a purer and more accurate medium of expression. [That the great change in outlook is coming about naturally at the present moment, I shall attempt to demonstrate later by a consideration which has nothing whatever to do with art. I shall then be able to explain what I meant by the ‘dregs of the Renaissance.’]

To return then to the discussion from which I started. A certain archaism it seems is at the beginning of the title to an article. Although it may afterwards be repudiated, it is an assistance in the construction of a new method of expression. Most of the artists who prepared the new movement passed through this stage. [Picasso, for example, used many forms taken from archaism; other examples will occur to everyone. It might be objected that a direct line of development could be traced through Cézanne showing no archaic influence. But I think it would be true to say of Cézanne, even in much of his later work, that he seeks expression through forms that are to a certain extent archaic. So much then for the function of archaism. Apply this to what you find in the Grafton group. If it were only a matter of serious experimentation in archaic forms, after the necessity for that experimentation had passed by, the thing would be regrettable but not a matter for any violent condemnation. But you do not find anything of that kind, but merely a cultured and anemic imitation of it. What in the original was a certain kind of intensity, becomes in its English dress a mere utilisation of the archaic in the spirit of the aesthetic. It is used as a plaything to a certain quaintness. In Mr. Duncan Grant’s ‘Adam and Eve,’ for example, elements taken out of the extreme intensity and sincerity of Byzantine art are used in an entirely meaningless and pointless way. There is no solidarity about any of the things; all of them are quite flimsy. One delightful review of the show described Mr. Fry’s landscapes as having “the fascination of reality seen through a cultured mind.” The word “cultured” here explains a good deal. I feel about the whole show a typically Cambridge sort of atmosphere. I have a very vivid impression of what I mean here by Cambridge, as I have recently had the opportunity of observing it in some Cambridge quarters. I know the kind of dons who buy these pictures, the character of the dilettante appreciation they feel for them. It is so interesting and clever of the artist to use the archaic in this paradoxical way, so amusing to see Adam stand on his head, and the donkey’s ear continue into the hills—gentle little Cambridge jokes.

It is all amusing enough in its way, a sort of aesthetic playing about. It can best be described in fact as a new disguise of aestheticism. It is not a new art, there is nothing new and creative about it. At first appearance the pictures seem to have no resemblance to pre-Raphaelitism. But when the spectator has overcome his first familiarised with the fact, he will perceive the fundamental likeness. Their ‘queerness,’ such as it is, is not the same serious queerness of the pre-Raphaelites, it is perhaps only quaint and playful; but essentially the same English aesthetic is behind both, and the same cultural refinement is present. It is given to the spectator. This being the basic constituent of both arts, just as the one ultimately declined into Liberty’s, so there is no reason why the other should not find its grave in some emulsion which will provide the wives of young and advanced dons with suitable house decoration.

What is living and important in new art must be looked for elsewhere. [T. E. HULME.

Views and Reviews.*

Is the early days of the W.S.P.U., Miss Chrystabel Pankhurst, I believe, went to Cambridge to debate the question of ‘militancy.’ The debate was notable for one thing only, the description by Mrs. Pankhurst of ‘militancy’ as ‘glorified hen-pecking.’ From first to last, the literary and vocal efforts of the militant suffragists have not risen above this level; but, in this pamphlet, Miss Pankhurst has descended to the mental level of Doll Tbeeld. Lack of assurance by reason, and lacking also the power to convince by terror, she has descended to abuse, and has asserted not only that practically all men are suffering from venereal disease, but that ‘all over the world it is vice that finds its interest in the subjection of women, and this is so in our own country no less than in every other.’ ‘To be indignant about such statements, to call them (as I have heard them called) insults to the male sex. Such statements only measure the mentality of the person who makes them, and provide one of the strongest arguments against admitting women to the exercise of political power.

For here is a disease of vast social import, which sooner or later must be discussed in all its bearings before society takes action to control its ravages; and the only contribution to the discussion made by Miss Pankhurst is to state that men, because they are sexually vicious and sexually diseased, are refusing to give the vote to women. If the accusation were true, it would not advance the cause of woman’s suffrage; for if the men refuse to grant the franchise because they are sexually vicious, there is no hope of the vote until men are sexually virtuous; and, as, according to Miss Pankhurst, they can only be made sexually virtuous by the women’s exercise of the franchise, Miss Pankhurst is prescribing a cure that cannot be administered. The two-fold cure for venereal disease—by Miss Pankhurst, viz., Votes for Women and Chastity for Men, is as useless as every other pretended remedy. Men are and will be chaste without reference to questions of Parliamentary election; and the vital part of the cure, Votes for Women, cannot be applied precisely because sexually vicious men are refusing to grant the vote. As an example of the uselessness of the higher education of women, Miss Pankhurst’s reasoning is valuable; for it shows that not even a forensic training can supply the want of comprehensive intelligence and judgment, or cause a woman to forgo the expression of personal feeling for the purpose of clear statement.

Miss Pankhurst is well fortified with authorities, but her acceptance of the statements of her authorities is unintelligible. Let it be admitted that Dr. Price-Morrow said that 75 per cent. or more of the adult male population suffer from one form of venereal disease; let it be admitted that Drs. Douglas White, Neisser, Noeggerath, and many others agree. A moment’s reflection will show that this figure must be an estimate, for it is practically certain that 75 per cent. of the adult male population have not passed through the hands of the doctors. But to this estimate, Miss Pankhurst adds another; at least 20 per cent. of men are suffering from another form of venereal disease, in her opinion. So we reach a final estimate of a doubtful 5 per cent. of men who are free from venereal disease. But the value of such an estimate is nil. There would have been an end of civilization much earlier had estimates had any validity; for a chief consequence of the first disease is sterility, and, of the second, insanity of various kinds, but chiefly dementia paralytica. Moreover, both of these diseases are supposed to be contagious; and if at least 75 per cent. of men are suffering from one, then Noeggerath’s estimate, quoted by Miss Pankhurst, of 60 per cent. of married women suffering from this disease puts her in this dilemma, either the

* "The Great Scourge, and How to End It." By Chrystabel Pankhurst, LL.B. (E. Pankhurst.)
disease is not always contagious, or the estimates are not valid. That the estimates are not valid, is my conclusion.

For without going beyond the covers of Miss Pankhurst's pamphlet, we can see on how slight a basis these estimates are made. An American surgeon performed 1,000 abdominal operations, 950 of which were due to one form of venereal disease. Noeggerath says that, in New York, of 1,000 men 800 have had this particular ailment. But the inference from such data to the whole population is an error of such magnitude as to vitiate all reasoning based on it.

If a man were to discover, say, in Pittsburgh, an acre on which machinery developing 5,000 horse-power was located, and to multiply that horse-power by the acreage of England, and argue that the result was the amount of horse-power developed by machinery in England, I can conceive only one place where he would be regarded as sane, and that is in the W.S.P.U. Yet the errors of Miss Pankhurst, and of the doctors whose quotes, is of a similar kind; it supposes that the abnormal is the average.

But there is another aspect of this question which needs like indulgence. We have had about a century of attempted prison reform; Elizabeth Fry and John Howard set themselves to improve the conditions of prison life; Sir Samuel Romilly strove with considerable success to humanise the penal code. Since their time increasing facts have been brought to the notice of the public, and the trend of modern feeling is towards regarding crime as disease, and, therefore, as not being amenable to penal treatment. But Miss Pankhurst (and I wish it were confined to her, but doctors dealing with this subject fall into the same error) is asking us to treat disease as a crime, to revert to the unintelligent treatment of social evils. Miss Pankhurst's chief grievance with regard to the Piccadilly Flat case is that no men were punished, and that the woman defendant was only lightly sentenced. But if the sentence were only lightly imposed, the burden is laid on the person who makes the estimate, not on the property of men to enable women to be economically independent of each other. There is no society to reform if they were. But if one

...
MRS. WEBB (firmly): Nonsense! You must conquer such pusillanimity, such atony.

MRS. WEBB: Atony?

Mr. Webb: (decisively): Yes, atony.

Mr. Webb: Poor Polly, my dear. (He plays noughts and crosses on a piece of paper as Mr. Jullywugs returns and Mrs. Webb pores over the book.)

MRS. WEBB: (reads): “The judicious repetition of the same words forms one of the most effective weapons of the writer as of the rhetorician.” There now! Thank you, Mr. Jullywugs; you can take it back. (Exit Mr. Jullywugs.)

MRS. WEBB: Now, then, let us proceed! (Webb hastily covers his noughts and crosses with a piece of blotting paper and looks up at the auctioneer.)

MRS. WEBB: “Now, Sara Snifkins, with her father, Samuel Snifkins, and her mother, Susan Snifkins, being confined in the same dormitory—in fact, according to the latest draft order, there is nothing to prevent their being in the same bed as other persons.”

Mr. Webb: (gently): You must remember, of course, the size of the bed, my dear. We must keep within the realms of probability.

MRS. WEBB: Well, I shall add: “Other than the bed’s natural limitations, which it is disgraceful for the Government of the country to rely upon. It is, therefore, not surprising that, on waking, their tempers should not be of the most placable, and that words should be heard of uncomplimentary character to the Guardians concerned. That such casual criticism, even though justified, should result in the stoppage of necessary food to the poor children who inhabit these wards through no fault of their own cannot, we feel convinced, be the intention of the President of the L.G.B., much as his latest draft order may appear to condone if not to actively stimulate such action. We therefore hope to learn that Mr. John Burns.

Mr. Webb: Say “your esteemed colleague,” my dear.

MRS. WEBB: “That your esteemed colleague, Mr. John Burns, has issued a circular strongly condemning such conduct. We are, etc.—”

MRS. WEBB: Whom will you have to sign it for me? Do not be silly about Piccadilly and the sensuality of the time. To the Editor of the "New Witness," January 1.

To Mr. Richard Aldington.

Your knuckles, O sub. for a "Freeswoman," previously rapped in these columns, need rapping again. For six whole months you were so beneficial as to expose to the view of your thoughtless English that, pulling up your socks, you paid tribute to us of a more or less brilliant and often very intelligible series of epistles. Nevertheless, your knuckles, O sub. for a "Freeswoman," previously rapped in these columns, need rapping again. For six whole months you were so beneficial as to expose to the view of your thoughtless English that, pulling up your socks, you paid tribute to us of a more or less brilliant and often very intelligible series of epistles. Nevertheless, your knuckles, O sub. for a "Freeswoman," previously rapped in these columns, need rapping again. For six whole months you were so beneficial as to expose to the view of your thoughtless English that, pulling up your socks, you paid tribute to us of a more or less brilliant and often very intelligible series of epistles. 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zine for December I find what almost checks my suggestion. Squire Mr. J. C. Squire actually places the poet Vaughan side by side with Francis Thompson, to conclude that Thompson is only superficially the inferior, and alleged to be really so because, firstly, his vocabulary was unfashionable in his day, and, secondly, because this vocabulary and religion were considered properties of certain of the older writers.

I transcribe from Vaughan and from Thompson, and defer an exclamation against the poet Vaughan side by side with Francis Thompson, inferior, and alleged to be really so because, firstly, his vocabulary and religion were unfashionable in his day, and, secondly, because this vocabulary and religion were unfashionable in his day, Nor any thought of greenness, leaf or bark."

And here Thompson on "A Fallen Yew":

"It seemed corruival of the world's great prime
To un-edge the scythe of Time,
And last with stateliest rhyme.

Stirred by its fall—poor destined bark of Dis!
Among my soul a bruit there is
By Anthony Ludovici.

False Remedies and other Considerations.

If the history of the last hundred years of European Culture ever comes to be written, it will be found to consist chiefly in the record of a general reduction in the power of ideas over facts. The influence of the Empirical school of philosophy and of its consequence, materialism, will, no doubt, be assigned as one of the primary causes of this decline in the power of ideas; while the free speech given to Tom, Dick and Harry to enter the domain of facts, without a previous admission, is all that stands at the disposal of mankind. Raw material is stacked high in our courtyards and in the midst of it man goes about poorly clad and without a garment of ideas to his back.

People belonging to an order of society in which the interpretation of facts follows a certain strict tradition, are far less in need of a guide to interpretation than ourselves; for they are not faced every day by one, two, or three fresh facts, which demand immediate attention and the prompt assumption of a definite attitude. In a society, however, where traditional interpretation is at an end, and where the accumulation of facts has been allowed far to outpace the corresponding and necessary formation of co-ordinating and mastering ideas, a difficulty is presented which naturally leaves the ordinary person utterly helpless and even the extraordinary one profoundly baffled.

Now when such a society bears on its shoulders the additional burden of the lie of equality, the lie of the rights of the individual conscience, and the lie of the rights of individual expression, there is an aggravation of this malady, cackehy, which renders it wellnigh hopeless. For with the lie of equality, no one can make any claim to superior rights of interpretation at all, with the lie of the individual conscience, with the lie of interpretation, however crude and however gross, demands a hearing, and with the lie of the rights of individual expression, almost every portion of that stack of raw material becomes either refashioned into a myriad different forms of either religion or scheme, or else worshipped crudely for its own sake as Raw Material, in the hope, I suppose, that eggs treated with sufficient reverence may produce an omelette.

But that amid the anarchy of the age a strong regeneration does exist to seek refuge from the hopeless confusion and complexity of badly-managed and incompetent maturity in the apparent simplicity of immaturity and raw material, no one, I suppose, will deny. This is, and always has been, the romantic solace, or Schiller's tacit incitement to the worship of the child.

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It is, however, a solace, an opiate, a sedative, and the false manufacture of false ideas is the worst aggravation of the melody itself. We are suffering, understand, from a lack of deep intellectual culture, and a consequent paucity of true ideas with which to deal with facts, with raw material. Indeed, our attitude to facts is that of the almost of the natural savage or the immature man. What could be worse than to suggest as a remedy for this Rousseau's panacea "back to barbarity," or Schiller's tacit incitement to the worship of the child?

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every man to believe that that part of Nature which is
is him, that portion of him which makes him akin to the
vegetation and the fauna of the world, may impart a
primitive value to his utterances, to his point of view,
to his individual point of view, to his individual
conscience as an ultimate tribunal.

Futhermore, with the source of ideas—that is to
say, a deep intellectual culture—now unfortunately run
dry, and artistic expression or the expression of
each individual in his daily life, is nothing but
artistic bankruptcy or the expression of
futility of these two expedients of
dryness, and of the child and the savage,
"T.P.'s Weekly" three years ago, the prepossession in
favour of the immature and of the child and the savage,
was not even scouted in matters of form. The
very writer of the Introduction to the Catalogue of the Exhi-
bition this year, has been referred to, described the
effect of the pictures as "that of a return to primitive,
even, perhaps, of a return to barbaric art." But, as I
remarked then, and as I believe to-day, no good can
come, no fruitful correction of adults, of adult life, and of
adult society can arise out of the "ring-a-ring-of
roses" attitude. It is no panacea for modern ills to
hand rattle all round and to try to be coyly idiotic
like babies. These attempted remedies, or rather havens of
refuge, can do nothing towards reforming the arts.
They can do nothing towards reforming anything at
all. They can only succeed in making things a
thousand times worse. It is futile to inveigh against
the Academy or against the cliche. For they are not
causes, but symptoms; they are not even the disease,
but the outward signs of it. What we are in need of
are the ideas inseparable from his culture. But, say objec-
tors: Who are the best? How are they to be
found? Are they to be elected, are they to rise by
war, by miracle, or by what?

Let me call attention to the state of affairs to-day!
The values of society in a very definite direction,
do they not? There are still some ideals, I will admit,
some notions of superiority, lingering about, which are
not wholly materialistic and which do not exalt material
success and material wealth above all other things;
still, when we have made all due allowance for
that hopeful but shrunken remnant of quality in our
midst, most people will agree, I suppose, that
superiority to-day, in the minds of most men, means
so far prepare the way for him, as to avoid his cruci-
fication when he appeared; while if his type were
already present, it would bring it to almost immediate
prominence.

An aristocratic order of society and all its ramifica-
tions, from the head to the foot, may be summed up
as this: a deep intellectual culture, with the best
at the head, in these days of superficial thinking and plausible
tags, sound a facile solution of present-day problems; nor is a short article
precisely the best medium, either for the promulgation
or substantiation of such a scheme; but I am willing to
contest my type with the best. For three years
now I have done little else than endeavour to consoli-
date my position from this standpoint. And it is from
this point of view, from an aristocratic order of society,
that I have striven to mould my opinions. Perhaps
this will answer as adequately as possible in the space
at my disposal the point raised last week by my col-
league R. H. C., relative to the order of society I have
in my mind when I write.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

I am a prophet, and what I say comes true. For
example—but why bother about examples? Everybody
must have read the interview with Mr. Granville Barker
published in the "Observer" of January 4, 1914, and
the two-column leading article on the same subject
which concluded with an exhortation to the readers of the
"Observer" to "down with the dust." If these
same people will turn back to my article published on
January 1, and to the two preceding articles, and com-
pare them with the "Observer" manifesto, they will dis-
cover that it was really I who was interviewed by the
"Observer." Mr. Granville Barker actually draws a dis-
tinction between "true repertory and false repertory";
true repertory being what Mr. Barker supplies and false repertory being what "all these theatres that call themselves repertory theatres" supply. All these theatres are really "short-run theatres," says Mr. Barker; so, by the way Mr. Barker's "The Doctor's Dilemma" ceased to be a success; and when the National Theatre is opened in three years' time, he says, in effect, "and, by the way, if the profits permit, I will pay you 4 per cent. interest on your money; and I will produce a most variegated praying wheel with which I will extract alms from the public. They will hear only. "Pity the poor blind," will be my chief petition, actually helping me to keep alive a "fine lot of English dramatic literature.""
The money will, I suppose, be forthcoming; the response to Mr. Barker's appeal from the stage of "The St. James's" has been "quite satisfactory" to Mr. Barker, and the "Observer's" appeal to its readers will probably have the expected results. This "runner-up" to the National Theatre (I prefer the use of this sporting phrase to Mr. Barker's statement that the repertory will "pave the way" for the National Theatre) is practically certain of its three-years' guarantee, and the National Theatre is opening in three years' time, this repertory theatre will be established and then, says Mr. Barker, "there could be nothing but good from official and non-official institutions running side by side." As Mr. Barker is a member of the committee of the National Theatre, and will, in my opinion, be its first manager, his own simile suggests that he hopes to attempt the famous circus feat of riding two horses at once. The metaphors of this paragraph are deliberately mixed.

All this is very interesting, and I hope that Mr. Barker will be a peer of the realm before he dies, and that he will become a member of the London County Council. But where do I come in? The future Lord Barker of Barking has not forgotten me. I said that I hoped that the repertory would be comprehensive, that is, selected without the restrictions of the National Theatre. In three years' time, this repertory theatre will be established and then, says Mr. Barker, "there could be nothing but good from official and non-official institutions running side by side." As Mr. Barker is a member of the committee of the National Theatre, and will, in my opinion, be its first manager, his own simile suggests that he hopes to attempt the famous circus feat of riding two horses at once. The metaphors of this paragraph are deliberately mixed.

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derive any inspiration from Mr. Barker's repertory theatre. Shakespeare and Congreve, cheek by jowl with Tchekoff, is the most comprehensive insight ever offered to taste; and the confusion of mind that will tolerate Shakespeare and Congreve in one scene indicates that Mr. Barker has no principle of selection, and that no purpose different from that of the manager of a commercial theatre inspires the institution of the repertory theatre.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

ITALIAN SYNDICALISM.

Sir,—In two of your recent issues (Oct. 23 and Nov. 30) are references to the movement of the Italian bottle-blowers. Curiously enough, The New Age containing these articles reached me at Gaeta, where the Bottle-Blowers' Co-operative Association have their new and largest factory, a plant, which, besides being the most up to date in Europe, is so well located and so efficiently planned that it is destined to absorb the whole market in the South of Italy. The factory employs six hundred labourers, all members and shareholders. There are no debts, they will return full owners of the plant.

What is more, it is so efficiently planned that it is destined to absorb the whole market in the South of Italy. The factory employs six hundred labourers, all members and shareholders. There are no debts, they will return full owners of the plant.

The bad financial situation brought about by the war and other minor matters necessitated a reorganisation. It stood for a revolutionary principle, and it has produced magnificently from a very hard test of efficiency. It is true that this Italian organisation went through a period of crisis, and that at present it is in reorganisation. The misfortunes of the organisation in Italy or in any other country.

Sir,—I was recently in South Africa, though poor old Dublin is still starving. A saloon ticket to Cape Town costs forty-four shillings. This is very cheap indeed. When will Labour understand that its weeping saviours takes trips abroad to enjoy themselves? Such should be held as a great lesson for the soldier who voluntarily leaves the field to tell his general that the squadron is in a tight place!

EDWARD STAFFORD.

THE INSURANCE ACT.

Sir,—The principles and working of the Insurance Act will be the subject of a debate which is being arranged by the Women's Tax Resistance League, at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, on Monday, January 19, at 8 p.m. Miss Margaret Douglass (Hon. Secretary of the Insurance Tax Resisters' Defence Association) will move a resolution condemning the Insurance Act as undemocratic in principle and in its operation particularly unjust to women.

The defence of the Act will be entrusted to Sir Victor Hazleby, and the chair will be occupied by Sir Edward Busk, M.A., L.L.B.

Admission will be free, but tickets for reserved seats at 2s. 6d. and 1s., and free tickets may be obtained from the Women's Tax Resistance League, 10, Talbot House, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

N. M.

NATIONAL UNION OF CLERKS.

Sir,—With reference to the criticism which Mr. Hester has directed against the administration of the N.U.C. and Mr. Hughes' reply thereto, may I be permitted to state that the final paragraph of Mr. Hughes' letter is inaccurate. I was present at the tribunal to which he refers when a resolution was moved condemning the system of engaging clerks at a weekly rate and discharging them at the end of a day's work with a day's pay only, and further, censuring the Assistant General Secretary for his action in the matter referred to our complaint.

This resolution was lost, it is true, by 13 votes for with 21 against, but it was apparent that this was owing to a division of opinion concerning the justice of censuring Mr. Hughes, and when a resolution was moved calling upon the Executive Council of the N.U.C. to at once abolish the system, which Mr. Hughes is trying to kill, and deleting the personal reference to Mr. Hughes, it was carried unanimously. This is conclusive proof that Mr. Hughes' statement as to the verdict of the tribunal is inaccurate.

I was of the opinion that Mr. Hughes had learnt the lesson of his mistake, and would have moderated his tone, but he has hastened into print, but would have occupied his time in putting his own house in order.

H. GODFRED, President—Islington Branch—N.U.C.
**E. P. P. P.**

Sir,—With reference to the question of "Economic and Political power," I take the liberty of sending you an extract from Macaulay's speech in Parliament on the Jewish Question. He holds contradictory language. John Johnston.

"... When my honourable friend tells us that he will allow the Jews to possess property to any amount, but that he will not allow them to possess the smallest political power, he holds contradictory language. Property is political. The Hon. member for Oldham reasons better than his hon. friend. Hon. member for Oldham sees very clearly that it is impossible to deprive a man of political power if you suffer him to be the proprietor of half a county, and, therefore, very consistently proposes to confiscate the limited estates of the Jews. But even the hon. member for Oldham does not go far enough, and I propose to confiscate the personal property of the Jews. Yet it is perfectly certain that any Jew who has a million (of money) may easily make himself very important in the State. It must not sit in Parliament, but he may be the proprietor of all the Ten Pound houses in a borough! He may have more Fifty Pound tenantry than any Peer in the kingdom."

* * *

THE ANGO-OTTOMAN MOVEMENT.

Sir,—The undersigned have, since August, 1913, been more or less prominently before the public in connection with an organisation known as the Anglo-Ottoman Committee. That Committee was brought to an end by a vote taken in December. We are now carrying on the same movement under the name of the Anglo-Ottoman Society. Its office is at 156, Fleet Street, in the City of London, which address has been since August last the only centre of a public Turco-English propaganda. The Great Recognition and Organisation of the movement has given us the opportunity to effect certain improvements. The organisation is now international, with corresponding branches abroad. It will, as heretofore, defend the interests of the Ottoman Empire, and it will now in addition espouse the cause of Muslims throughout the world. The society is opened to all men and women, without distinction of race or of political and religious beliefs.

The objects are those laid down by us in 1913:

1. To prevent encroachments upon the integrity of the Ottoman Empire.
2. To emphasise the strategic and commercial importance of that integrity to the British Empire.
3. To maintain the friendship of Britain with the Ottoman Empire, and to promote a cordial understanding between Turks and Britons.

The supporters of the society have resolved that special efforts shall be directed towards interesting the British commercial and business classes in the cause of Turkey, and to advocate more direct commercial relation between Turkey and Great Britain.

For five months we have attempted much, and at best effected a little. The British policy of justice towards Turkey. If any who support such a policy would wish to show their approval of the Ottoman propaganda, we venture to suggest that no more effective way could be taken than to join the Anglo-Ottoman Society.

For the Anglo-Ottoman Society, Executive Committee, MOWBRAY and STUART, President. O'DONNELL, Vice President. DUSE MOHAMED, Hon. Treasurer. GEORGE PALMER, Organiser.

LETTERS ON WAR.

**Sir,**—Your contributors are such infernally clever fellows. He fee's doubtful of some trap or other, another undercurrent of meaning not disclosed to ordinary intelligences; consequently I am not quite sure, though I feel I am on safe ground with "A Rifleman."

He writes old-fashioned sense about Might and Right, which cannot be misunderstood. I congratulate him.

What I want to do is just to give him a hint that he is on the wrong track with regard to the strong man having started the moral code and the property right. It was really a fellow of another kidney altogether. A fellow of another kidney altogether. I mean the witch-doctor or wise man, a kind of hanger-on of the camp, who did the writing such as they did, with a burnt stick, and other odd jobs. He captured a girl, a really good-looking one, and, not being strong, knew he could not keep her under the old regime, so persuaded the strong fellows of the tribe that it would be much better for them, whilst they had the pull, to recognise property rights, as very likely a stronger might come along; whereas, if they got the whole tribe with them now, etc., etc. Needless to say, he got the thing going, and then brought out the girl.

So much for the start, and about the rest. But I do wish you would keep that other clever chap, "Romney," from making unkind remarks, or I am afraid "A Rifleman" will not have a fair chance.

* * *

A PSYCHOLOGICAL BASIS FOR EDUCATION.

Sir,—"Romney's" letter under this heading caught my attention through the misspelling of the name Dalcroyo. I should like to say that I cannot have studied the Dalcroyo teaching sufficiently. Nowhere, writing from memory, does he claim that it is a complete educational system. He claims, on the contrary, that what he teaches should be part, possibly an important part, of the ordinary education, and that it will vivify this wonderfully.

I can, however, only claim a small knowledge of it, including a holiday course at the college at Heleran, and "Romney" may have access to information not yet come my way.

F. Y. S.

**Sir,**—As a working man and an ardent student of the New Age since its first number, I have managed to gather together a "partial and scrappy knowledge which is better than nothing," and I am anxious to show my approval of the Dalcroyo teaching. I have certain nebulous material has existed in my mind—struggling to take form—the substance I discovered exemplified by the following analogy recently took form and struggled to oust a Capitalism which has "removed, I thought, the sun or centre from the solar system, and the planets and planetary systems would immediately disappear in a myriad directions, finding new centres and a new balance of attraction and inertia set up in the firmament. And so in the psychological firmament of all human institutions are numberless centres of varying degrees of psychological attractiveness, all swaying satellites in a proportion to their powers of attraction, these satellites becoming centres of smaller systems and so on, until the universe are reproduced in the mind of man." I wish to show my approval of the Dalcroyo teaching.

H. WELSPRING.

**Sir,**—Does the demand for the abolition of wagedom receive the sanction of biological law? It does, for the following reasons (the hearing of my remarks on the psychological factor will appear later):

1. It will be a step towards closer adaptation of structure to environment. What is adaptation of structure to environment? It is that state in which the environment is so suited to the organism that it will play for all the activities of the individual. When such adaptation is reached for the whole of the individuals in a given community, the community will function in our particular case is the social. That state of social environment wherein each member of society will have attained full play for his faculties will be the complete social state. In such a state the liberty of the individual to exercise his faculties is now—at any rate theoretically—universally recognised as being limited only by the similar liberty for the individual to seek new faculties. In such case the individual becomes the master of his own affairs, and his freedom becomes a reality. Nay, this dependence is even tacitly, and often openly, admitted by such social thinkers as, lacking a biological
after weeks of despair, he was induced to consult Dr. H. A. Barker, the house-to, of Park Lane, who promptly diagnosed a displaced cartilage, replaced it at once, and freed him from immediate and utter incapacitation.

Now, Sir, what are the poor, long-suffering public to think? At what conclusion are they justified in arriving?

Either these eminent men are deliberately trifling with their patients, or else they are hopelessly lacking in knowledge. The unanimous letters that have appeared in the columns of all the leading journals during the last few years demonstrate, beyond a doubt, that the medical profession is not in ignorance of the best methods of treatment of surgery. They are fully aware of the fact, and yet they entirely refuse to be taught by men who are thoroughly competent to teach them this art, because it happens that they are what is called "criticised."

Mr. H. A. Barker is such an one. His life is occupied in effecting rapid, not to say immediate cures, in cases which have been baffling for months or years the highest medical and surgical treatment.

He has offered, time after time, to demonstrate in the medical schools the system of bloodless surgery, of which overwhelming testimony has proved him to be a past-master. In response, the medical Press has abused him, the profession has sneered at him; the gentleman who has had the moral courage to assist him as anesthetist—Dr. F. W. Aixham—has been struck off the register, and branded as a charlatan. I think, Sir, it is monstrous, and totally inexplicable conduct on the part of a noble profession to allow the sufferer suffering perilously to be permanently con"unm dered by an utterly unworthy jealousy, or hidebound by the foolish restrictions of a senseless etiquette.

THE KIKUYU CONFERENCE.

Sir,—In your note on the Kikuyu Conference you incidentally use an argument which appears to ignore the plain law of the land. In the case of all religious organisations, the law in this country as far as Acts of Parliament and the courts are concerned, it has therefore been laid down by the highest judicial authority that all the rubrics are legally binding on the clergy, having, as far as they (the clergy) are concerned, the force of an Act of Parliament. In the light of these indisputable facts it is difficult to see how your statement that "every citizen," confirmed or not, has the right to be admitted to communion, seeing that the clergy are forbidden by law to admit them. Whether the same rule applies to Africa I cannot say, but I do not think it can be denied that what I have written is a correct summary of the law in this country as far as Acts of Parliament and the courts are concerned.

GORDON CROSS.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

Sir,—Mr. Wordsworth Donisthorpe likes to describe the "three stages in industrialism" as "Serfdom, Wage-mouth, Freedom" because of a "Pastiche" "faint praise." For the same reason I suggest Slavery, Wagery, Livery—I mean Liberty!

R. NORTH.

FAINT PRAISE.

Sir,—The other day Mr. Herbert Samuel, Postmaster-General, was the guest of the City Liberal Club. In the course of his inevitable speech he referred to the Liberal land policy. I quote from a paragraph that appeared in the "Daily Telegraph" on the 25th of December:—"The opponents of the policy did not damn it with faint praise, but praised it with faint damnation."

Mr. Samuel, I believe, was referring to the scandal before the Marconi scandal if he has not done so since, for this little quip was used by Mr. Beecham in "Pastiche" on August 15, 1912.

W. J. GIBSON.

CURRENT CANT.

Sir,—The retort obvious with a vengeance! The Compiler of "Current Cant" certainly found his level when he became a compiler.

HERMON OULD.

Sir,—Mr. E. A. Kibbee's suggestion that Mr. Lloyd George's statement, "I stand for the bottom dog," should be labeled "Current Commonplace," is absurd. It should be obvious that Mr. Kibbee has not read the "bottom dog." His cant lies in his confusing the interests of Liberal officials with the interests of "bottom dogs."

THE COMPILER OF "CURRENT CANT."
CURRENT CANT.

Sir,—May I draw your attention to page 302 in the January "English Review," The following passage is perhaps worth a place in "Current Cant":—

"You must hold your own position, crushing down that of those before you. And can leave the fight's fruition To your General Jehovah.''

This is not derivative, not imitative. In a sense it strikes a new note in English poetry, though the test of time must be applied before we can claim admission for it to the highest class.''

HUGH KINGSMILL.

Sir,—After re-reading Mr. Richard Aldington's article entitled "Truth about Homer," I note that the phrase, "We should always believe everything we read in books," is not intended seriously, but merely as a "moral." I owe him an apology for carelessness.

The Compiler of Current Cant.

* * *

"THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD."

Sir,—Your correspondent, Montgomery Belgion, writes of this play as a "false, that no true broth of a, by any Irishman can hear mentioned without that righteous indignation which expresses itself in abuse and shouting." I wish to protest against this assertion. If an Irishman cannot hear of it, then let him be cut off from the productions of the Abbey Theatre, for it is suffering from stupidity or arrested mental development. Years ago when the play was first put on, it is true that quaymen made stormy scenes at the Abbey Theatre, but they know better now. The "Playboy" is always well received in these days.

One knows that the satire of this humorous play is not perceived at first by the unthinking or uneducated, or the "tenth transmitter of a foolish face." I have wept tears of laughter on hearing a group of "English" people back from the Court Theatre solemnly discussing what a dreadful thing it is to make a hero of a man who killed his father. They had missed the point of the play. Synge meant to satirise "the "tenth transmitter of a foolish face." I have wept tears of laughter on hearing a group of "English" people back from the Court Theatre solemnly discussing what a dreadful thing it is, to make a hero of a man who killed his father, and the father, not killed at all, but the "Playboy" walking through the country gets made much of for telling how he killed his father, and the father, not killed at all, but handsome but bad-tempered Pegeen, and everything else in the play; how amusing it all is.

This is, indeed, an ingenious and lofty interpretation, but having nothing whatever to do with the idea of time, it is not literally wiled, nor pleasure literally pursued. The phrase, regarded it as a poetic conceit, and used it till it became a cliché. Mr. Wyndham Lewis had only taken the trouble to think; he would have known that, for his statement to be valid, I must have talked "innocently of all artists as 'minor personalities'" for the first time in my Letter to My Friends." But, unfortunately for Mr. Wyndham Lewis's contention, this is not the case. If he turns up THE NEW AGE of December 4, 1913, he will find that I explained it on January 1, 1914; and December 4 was exactly the weeks 'beil wile away' time. He used it in a definitely metaphorical sense, as someone first spoke of "the pursuit of pleasure." Time is not literally wiled, nor pleasure literally pursued. The unknown person's hearers or readers were struck by the phrase, regarded it as a poetic conceit, and used it till it became a cliché. Mr. Wyndham Lewis had only taken the trouble to think; he would.

WHILE OR WILE.

Sir,—Permit me to thank Mr. Humphrey for a scholarly exposition with quoted authorities, but to submit some internal rebuffing evidence.

The primary meaning of "while" being "a period of time" the verb, in the sense of "to pass the time away," might evolve naturally; but in that case "whiling the hours" would be redundant. In that case also whence, necessarily, the idea of pleasure? The idea of time is most prominent in dull or unhappy hours, yet one does not speak of whiling away the time on the rack, except, perhaps, laconically.

On the other hand, it is only by illusion or deception that happy hours appear short, and the idea of deception is contained in the primary meaning of "wile." Holding this view, I had visualised a scene in which some one person used the phrase, "I will pass away the time." He used it in a definitely metaphorical sense, as someone first spoke of "the pursuit of pleasure." Time is not literally wiled, nor pleasure literally pursued. The unknown person's hearers or readers were struck by the phrase, regarded it as a poetic conceit, and used it till it became a cliché. Mr. Wyndham Lewis had only taken the trouble to think; he would not speak of whiling away the time on the rack, except, perhaps, laconically.

At some underdetermined period in the evolution certain persons, also unknown, being familiar with "while" as connotated with "time," but unfamiliar with the "value" of the "h" in the former word, rendered the written super- cliché as "to while the time away." The cliché being then thoroughly super, and the written "h" firmly established, the phrase was adopted in that form by writers of standard English, Longfellow, Beardsley, Lear, D'Urfey, Selver, and Bello, and Mrs. Hastings. Does not this theory of the evolution appear natural?

R. S. GRAHAM.

CARICATURES.

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