NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In the interests of truth it must be stated that the telegram sent by the railwaymen's leaders on Saturday night declaring that the strike had ended in a victory for trades unionism is a lie. No such victory can be claimed; but, on the contrary, the interests not only of the men, but of the public have been sacrificed to procure a victory for the railway companies and their servants—the official Government. These statements, we imagine, are susceptible of the most rigid proof by reasoning even at this moment, but we venture to prophesy that they will be confirmed by statistics of pounds, shillings, and pence in the course of the next year or so. As surely as the Conciliation Boards that they contained no provision for the admission of its breach by the companies in the past. Nothing under the present settlement has been done to remedy this defect. On the other hand, confirmation of the companies' refusal to recognise the unions has been obtained, and we may assume that for the present, at any rate, the companies have won on this issue. In regard to wages and hours of labour, we do not see that it can be maintained that the men have won anything even here; or, if they have, it will prove to be at the expense of the public and of prices generally. The clause of the settlement in which the Government promises the companies legislation legalising higher charges to the public is a distinct evasion of the promise the companies to their knees.

We do not hesitate to say that the responsibility for the men's defeat on the moral issue and the public's defeat on the material issue lies at the doors of the men's representatives in the first instance and of the Government in the second. Incredible blunders—not to use a more offensive term—have been committed by the secretaries of the unions joined together in the dispute. Their first blunder was to postpone at the solicitation of the treacherous Board of Trade the declaration of the general strike by a second twenty-four hours. Surely it was well enough known to the union officials that the Board of Trade was not disposed to be their friend. Ever since the setting up of the Conciliation Boards, the Board of Trade has been quite aware that they were not working to the men's satisfaction. As long ago as last September the same unions that struck last week jointly threatened to repudiate the conciliation scheme altogether, but with no more effect on the Board of Trade than to arouse it to increased exertions on behalf of the companies. The declaration a fortnight ago of the half-yearly dividends of the railway companies showing a considerable and general increase of profits, was the only answer vouchsafed to the men's grievances. With this record in their minds, the union officials' acceptance of the Board of Trade's intervention was a piece of madness. The additional twenty-four hours thus won by the companies enabled them not only to collect their wits, but to exercise them so effectively that by alternative bullying and bribery they induced thousands of non-unionists to remain in their service. A sudden strike at twenty-four hours' notice, strictly according to promise, would certainly have dislocated the service and probably have brought both the Board of Trade and the companies to their knees.

This initial blunder opened the way to several more. First, it admitted the right of the Government to intervene and convert the strike into the appearance of a strike against the public; and, secondly, it made a hole in the councils of the men large enough to admit the sinister persons of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. We do not know what right Mr. MacDonald had to be consulted by the men's side. It is not denied that the Labour Party, of which this Scotsman is the fitting chairman, was so remote from contact with its professed constituents that its members were taken wholly by surprise when the strike occurred. But his
assistance of the Government was as necessary as it was opportune. Never did a Government announce of a private organisation find a more useful tool than Mr. MacDonald. His one idea, it appears, was identical with that of the Government and of the railway companies: it was to secure peace and the return of the men to cost to themselves or the public. In this rôle of the false friend he was, of course, ably assisted by the member of the Government who plays this part to perfection, to wit, Mr. Lloyd George, than whom the trade unionists of this country have no more powerful or implacable enemy. Between them these two concocted the terms of the settlement which was to bring peace with dishonour.

But if the men's leaders behaved with exemplary blindness and cowardice, compensation and hope may be found in the attitude of the men. Their clear perception of the purpose of the strike stands in sharp contrast with the perception of their officials. These latter may pretend that the settlement is a trades union victory, but the men who have fought and suffered will be under no such illusion. For them it will rank, and rightly rank, as a defeat, due not to themselves, but to the weakness of their paid representatives. We will safely predict occasions when men will discover leaders more nearly allied to themselves in spirit. Another favourable feature of the affair has been the readiness which allied trades have shown to strike in sympathy with the wronged and fighting fellows. Federation of trade unions is still in its infancy, but if such sympathetic striking as we have just seen is done in the green leaf, what shall be done in the brown?

We may be that not for twenty years will the occasion be ripe for a general strike of wage-earners against the mad system of private profits; but sooner or later, unless meanwhile the Government organises labour on a national basis, England will witness an industrial war before which the trade unions have not shewn fighting will fall, into insignificance. We have only to repeat the alternatives before our governing classes: to enslave the working classes by State charity on the lines of the Welsh Insurance Bill; to organise industry nationally so as to eliminate private profit, rent and interest; to face a future of increasingly bitter and widespread strikes ending in civil anarchy. Politicians, so far, are divided in their adherence between the first and the last of these three alternatives.

Turning from consideration of the men's side to that of the Government and companies, it is amazing that a Liberal Government should have dared to show its identity of interest with capitalism so unmistakably. From the moment of the intervention of the Board of Trade for the purpose of procuring twenty-four hours' respite for the companies to the drafting of the final clause in the articles of settlement, the Government, with all the forces at its disposal, has been the open ally of the railway companies. In the intervals of attending the theatre to see "Bunty pulls the Strings!" and motorizing in the country, Mr. Asquith has himself been engaged in bullying the men and threatening them with the unlimited employment of the army and navy as if they were a foreign enemy. We should have thought that the recollection of Featherstone would have inspired Mr. Asquith with some prudence, at least, in his use of threatening language. On the contrary, he appears to have become, by the use of it, more ready to threaten physical force than ever. The disposition of the soldiery over the face of the country and under orders apparently to shoot at small provocation and prepared when necessary to run the railways on behalf of the companies is a contributory cause of the男士们's censure, to which they are set on their legs again, and it is probable that before long they will be extended to include compelling. With words on their lips protesting that in all their actions they were being guided solely by public considerations, Mr. Asquith and his Cabinet have been deliberately acting in the interests of railway shareholders. We defy the railway companies to deny that the Government has acted throughout the whole dispute exactly as their own directors would have acted with the army at their back. What is this if it is not public treachery? The public certainly has been no guilty party to the dispute. It may be that something will grow—though striking for a minimum wage of a pound a week does not seem criminal; it may be, and it is more likely, that the companies are wrong. But whoever is right, the public is the innocent party. Yet it is precisely the public that is to be sacrificed and penalised by the imposition of higher railway rates. And the worst of the whole matter is that this result was entirely unnecessary. It is, in fact, a gratuitous insult as well as injury piled upon the heap already inflicted on the public by rascally politicians. It is certain that as things have been allowed to run in the past, the railways have been simply sponges on the pockets of the public. In return for the indispensable minimum of services they render, the railway companies of this country have been permitted to rackrent passengers and merchants to the very verge of commercial strangulation. And while they have thus robbed the public they have also exploited their men and sweated them into a state of revolt. The obvious public-spirited remedy for this diseased condition of private greed was to announce on the morning of the declaration of the strike that the public had had enough of the railway companies and would proceed to relieve them of their duty. Mr. Asquith's assistance, to rectify it. A less bluntly expressed alliance was plainly advisable, and at the eleventh hour, when the Labour Party had sheepishly withdrawn its Vote of Censure, Mr. Lloyd George announced the revised intention of the Government to appoint a special Commission of Inquiry,—on which, we do not doubt, his dear reliable friend Mr. MacDonald will be certain to sit. Meanwhile, however, as we have said, everywhere the forces of the Government were at the disposal of the railway companies.

Let us reckon up roughly the respective gains and losses accruing to the three parties of the dispute. The men, it is clear, have failed to gain what they struck for, namely, redistribution. Further, they have only fastened the Conciliation Boards, which are becoming their own necks. These Boards may work a little more smoothly in future, since any increase of wages they determine may now be paid by the public; but it is contrary to human nature to suppose that the ring-leaders of the recent dispute will not be penalised or the blacklegs rewarded. In short, the advantages to the men as a body will be annulled by their distribution. The Government and the companies, on the other hand, have won some solid pudding companies to the companies of the Government it is an advantage that the Conciliation Boards have been renewed. The loss of prestige involved in their breakdown would have been considerable, and, possibly Mr. Lloyd George, their chief author, would have gone down in history as the man they are set on their legs again, and it is probable that before long they will be extended to include compel. There will thus be another line of approach laid down to the Servile State. As for the companies, it is manifest that their chief concern has now been met: the public are to pay for the Conciliation Boards. In all the affair, in fact, the public is the single uncompensated loser.

This final result is so contrary to justice that we should be disposed to adopt Lord Hugh Cecil's suggestion and call for the impeachment of Mr. Asquith. In truth, no impeachment in history could have been sustained. With words on their lips protesting that in all their actions they were being guided solely by public considerations, Mr. Asquith and his Cabinet have been deliberately acting in the interests of railway shareholders. We defy the railway companies to deny that the Government has acted throughout the whole dispute exactly as their own directors would have acted with the army at their back. What is this if it is not public treachery? The public certainly has been no guilty party to the dispute. It may be that something will grow—though striking for a minimum wage of a pound a week does not seem criminal; it may be, and it is more likely, that the companies are wrong. But whoever is right, the public is the innocent party. Yet it is precisely the public that is to be sacrificed and penalised by the imposition of higher railway rates. And the worst of the whole matter is that this result was entirely unnecessary. It is, in fact, a gratuitous insult as well as injury piled upon the heap already inflicted on the public by rascally politicians. It is certain that as things have been allowed to run in the past, the railways have been simply sponges on the pockets of the public. In return for the indispensable minimum of services they render, the railway companies of this country have been permitted to rackrent passengers and merchants to the very verge of commercial strangulation. And while they have thus robbed the public they have also exploited their men and sweated them into a state of revolt. The obvious public-spirited remedy for this diseased condition of private greed was to announce on the morning of the declaration of the strike that the public had had enough of the railway companies and would proceed to relieve them of their duty. Mr. Asquith's assistance, to rectify it. A less bluntly expressed alliance was plainly advisable, and at the eleventh hour, when the Labour Party had sheepishly withdrawn its Vote of Censure, Mr. Lloyd George announced the revised intention of the Government to appoint a special Commission of Inquiry,—on which, we do not doubt, his dear reliable friend Mr. MacDonald will be certain to sit. Meanwhile, however, as we have said, everywhere the forces of the Government were at the disposal of the railway companies.

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FOREIGN AFFAIRS.
By S. Verdad.

Several months ago I had occasion to call attention to Canadian disloyalty, which must have suggested a certain amount of disloyalty to the Empire on the part of the French-Canadians and the American immigrants. This view was pooh-poohed in many quarters at the time; but not by those who were acquainted with the intellectual ramifications of the Dominion. I would like to take advantage of the interest aroused by the coming Canadian elections to refer to the matter again.

It must not be forgotten that whenever French-Canadian disloyalty was hinted at people at times pointed to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Premier, as a typical French-Canadian and loyalist. But this will serve no longer. Mr. Bourassa, formerly one of Sir Wilfrid’s followers, has broken away from his leader and undoubtedly represents present-day French-Canadian opinion much better than the Premier. Mr. Bourassa’s first political meeting was a signal success. While his policy is anti-reciprocity—and the election is being fought chiefly on reciprocity—it is also anti-Imperialistic. The Conservatives may ally themselves with Mr. Bourassa to check the movement in favour of reciprocity with the United States; but they cannot look to him or his followers for support in connection with an Imperialistic programme.

It is also stated that the farmers in the Western Provinces of Canada are angry because Parliament has been dissolved without provision having been made for a redistribution of seats; for, in view of the rapid increase in population in the West, this would have given them an opportunity of returning more representatives to watch over “agricultural interests.”

This, however, can be no consolation for the Conservatives; for much of this increasing population is due to American immigration, and the American farmers who have settled down in Canada have done so from financial considerations, and not with any profound desire to accelerate the programme of Imperialism. Indeed, it is known that the farmers as a whole are keener on reciprocity than Imperialism. Where, then, are the Conservatives, who numbered 88 in the last Parliament, to gain the 23 seats necessary for them to secure a majority of one over the 133 Liberals who faced them? They frankly admit that they do not expect to gain anything like this number.

What seems most probable at the moment is that Quebec, Sir Wilfrid’s hitherto loyal province, will split its votes between Mr. Bourassa’s Nationalist following and the orthodox Liberals led by Mr. Wilfrid Laurier. If so, the Conservatives may be able to defeat the reciprocity measure. This, however, cannot be a question of more than a few weeks—and what then? What, indeed, if even the Conservatives do gain a small majority over both the other parties? Will such a state of things help them in their Imperialistic propaganda?

I doubt it. I doubt it because the Imperialistic element is at a disadvantage in Canada, and this is a disadvantage which is likely to become accentuated rather than otherwise in the course of the next few years. The French-Canadian element has more brains. The American element has more votes. That is the whole thing in a nutshell. Lip-service to the mother-country is of little avail. The remarkable action of Canada in regard to her own Navy, and the conditions under which we may employ it if she graciously allows us to do so, are sufficient to show the difference between words and deeds. The intellectual influence of the French-Canadian element will always be maintained, especially when the numerically influential element goes on increasing.

If a very rough classification were called for, it might be stated that the French-Canadians represented the professional and cultured classes, and that they are on the whole Liberal in politics, the more extreme section being represented by Mr. Bourassa’s Nationalists. The Conservatives stand for the financial interests, and are led by Mr. G. K. L. Borden. The farmers are Liberal at the moment on account of the reciprocity question, and follow the orthodox lead of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Now, Canada is not yet a country where the financial interests can play a very prominent part. It is primarily the farming element that must remain for many years. They do not seem to have been very successful in their work of Imperialistic propaganda, and it is for them to decide whether they think they can do better before reciprocity knocks the bottom out of their programme.

Let no mistake be made about it: the moral effect of the Reciprocity Bill, if it passes through the new Canadian Parliament, will be very great. Canada’s commercial relations will be almost solidly united with those of the United States; and in commerce and agriculture the United States is by far the stronger Power. In view of the influence on world-politics now exercised by financiers, it will be difficult for any statesman to foretell what the exigencies of American finance may or may not call upon Canada to do in the event of a war in which Great Britain may be engaged.

I do not pretend to discuss the question of Canada thoroughly in this article; but I hope to return to it after the elections, when the doubts now so broadly spread and somewhat clearer. The immigration in the course of the next few years, indeed, may change the aspect of the whole affair. There might be such an influx of English-speaking immigrants as to swamp the votes of farmers in the West. On the other hand, there may be a large enough number of American immigrants to turn the scale the other way. This latter event seems to be the more likely; but the intellectual weight of the French-Canadians will still preponderate over the mere numbers of the farming element.

We have heard a great deal about the commercial rights of the various European countries in Morocco, subject to the protection of France. In theory, no doubt, there is an agreement between the Powers. Among the actual merchants themselves, however, or their representatives in Morocco, there is a good deal of dissatisfaction over the manner in which France has for some time past been dealing with non-French subjects. Many English, Spanish, and German traders have complained that, where it is possible to grant privileges at all, such privileges are always conferred upon Frenchmen; and that, where Frenchmen are in competition with the merchants of other nations, the French often happen, only the Frenchmen stand the slightest chance of “making good,” to use an expressive Americanism.

The attitude of the French officials in helping their own countrymen to the exclusion of others may be quite natural and inspired, no doubt, by a feeling of nationality as much as by commercial rivalry. Nevertheless, while the Algeciras Act granted France certain political rights in Morocco, there is supposed to be a commercial open door for other nations as well. If the French Government chooses to abuse its political position as Morocco’s political guardian to secure contracts for its firms, and to protect French merchants while cold-shouldering others, Germany for one will have a perfect right to protest even more strongly than she is now doing. But English trade with Morocco is still more extensive; and it may be delicately intimated to Downing Street that there is certainly no Anglo-French entente cordiale in Morocco just at this moment. There is rather a feeling of considerable bitterness, which only the unsettled state of the country prevents from becoming more manifest.

As for the somewhat tiresome “conversations,” they remain where they were. The financial elements interested on both sides must naturally take some time to make up their minds; and it is a matter of difficulty to get into any communication with the various Marmesmam agents, scuttered as they are in all parts of the world.

As announced by the Press, the British counter-proposals in connection with the Bagdad Railway have been sent to Constantinople. Here again, however, the Wilhelmsstrasse will have to be consulted.
An Open Letter to a Workingman.

Sir,—At the present moment, when you are so successfully striking, a number of more or less intelligent gentlemen are offering opinions to the world on the subject of why you are striking. In writing this letter, a humorist, styling himself “An Ordinary Man,” wrote an article for the “Daily Mail” in which he ascribed your unpardonable ill-temper to politics. All blows delivered at authority in one place, he asserted, caused blows to be delivered at authority in other places. “When,” he asserts, “the constitutional prerogative of a King is assailed by his Ministers there is a general relaxation of the interrelated organisation, and the van-boy defies the authority of his master. When the House of Commons weakens the authority of the Second Chamber, it weakens also its own authority over the people whom it is its task to govern. When a Minister applies to high politics the low appeal of violent and angry vituperation, he sets in motion forces that express themselves in violent deeds about dock gates. The vengeful spirit introduced into the national politics sinks down and down, through the series of smaller relationships. Let me give you a plain example of what displeasing in tropical conditions, and are anxious to have a little holiday. To-day a lady gravely informed you what she had suffered from the heat; in short, that you and your comrades are striking solely and simply because YOU find work some-what displeasing in tropical conditions. And the result is that one naturally expects a leader-writer on the “Daily Mail” to make his not unreasonable claim, too—a thing which the oligarchy cannot contemplate for a moment with complacency. What is this claim that you make, sir? It is for and around the factory gates. They have now secured England that great numbers of children are born into homes where it is utterly impossible for them to acquire any sort of decency whatever, where they can never be alone! They must live in rooms which are occupied by other persons, male and female, old and young, where they cannot fail to be witnesses of intimate relationships. Let me give you a plain example of what I mean. Two years ago a boy, under eighteen, was tried before a magistrate for seducing his sister, younger than himself. He was sulphuric acid. A young girl contracted the disease from him. She had a child! The magistrate upbraided him. The magistrate informed him that he was a filthy young scoundrel, that he went about the streets, crying out, ‘I am a pest to society; I must be flogged, that he was dead to all sense of decency . . . and sent him to jail. That boy and his sister, and his father and his mother, and yet other brothers and sisters lived in one room in Southwark, and had lived in one room, there and elsewhere, from the day he was born.

Sir, your not unreasonable demand is that you shall be allowed sufficient wage from the profits made by your masters. Why you think that you are striking because you are lazy, that you won’t work, that there is plenty of work if you would only take it, and that therefore you do not want to be given things free of charge. You do not want your children fed by the Spartans. You do not want your children educated by the oligarchy. You do not want your children fed by the State. You do not want your children fed by the community. You do not want your children fed by the local government. You are coarse, you are stupid, you are foul-mouthed; but you are not a fool. You are not, because the House of Lords has had its Veto removed. You are not interested to the point of excitement in the preservation or destruction of the House of Lords. Van-boys do not leap from their vans and flout their masters because that is your not unreasonable claim. How, sir, have they met your demand up to now? You asked them for bread, and they gave you a Conciliatory Board. You went to them and you said: Poor fellow; since your wages are so low. And they said: Poor fellow; since your wages are so low that you cannot educate your children yourself, we will educate them for you. You asked them for bread, and they gave you the privilege of loneliness. Your demand is that you may receive sufficient money week by week to enable you to provide them and you with enough food to eat, enough clothes to wear, and enough pleasure to make work worth while. It is not possible for you to do any of these things on eighteen shillings per week.

Sir, your not unreasonable demand is that you shall be allowed sufficient wage from the profits made by your masters. Why you think that you are striking because you are lazy, that you won’t work, that there is plenty of work if you would only take it, and that therefore you do not want to be given things free of charge. You do not want your children fed by the State. You do not want your children educated by the oligarchy. You do not want your children fed by the community. You do not want your children fed by the local government. You are coarse, you are stupid, you are foul-mouthed; but you are not a fool. You are not, because the House of Lords has had its Veto removed. You are not interested to the point of excitement in the preservation or destruction of the House of Lords. Van-boys do not leap from their vans and flout their masters because that is your not unreasonable claim. How, sir, have they met your demand up to now? You asked them for bread, and they gave you a Conciliatory Board. You went to them and you said: Poor fellow; since your wages are so low. And they said: Poor fellow; since your wages are so low that you cannot educate your children yourself, we will educate them for you. You asked them for bread, and they gave you a Conciliatory Board. You went to them and you said: Poor fellow; since your wages are so low. And they said: Poor fellow; since your wages are so low that you cannot educate your children yourself, we will educate them for you.
without charge. You do not want them medically inspected, or yourself doctored, or your wife midwifed without charge. You want Higher Wages. You want to feed your own children yourself. You want to be able to choose a doctor for yourself, and to pay him with your own money. You want all children are to be fed freely, educated without charge, medically inspected at the expense of the community, you do not object if all children, rich and poor, are so treated; but you do not want to be put at a "laziness" labelled and called "the lower classes." You want Higher Wages. You are not lazy. If you were lazy you would not work at all. It is far easier in England to live by idleness than it is to live by labour. Those who say you are lazy do not know how to work long hours on a small coin which is sometimes repulsive and frequently dull beyond belief for small reward. There are women in Belfast who sew "dots" on cushions. When they have sewn a hundred or so dots on a cushion-cover they get one penny. It takes a week, working fourteen to sixteen hours per day, to earn seven or eight shillings. Will the oligarchy dare to say that these women are "lazy"? Doubtless they may be, but lazy—no! Van-boys of fourteen normally work fourteen hours every day! . . . Sir, I said you were stupid. You are. You are a damned fool. You have put up with the insolence and insults of the oligarchy too long. They have become so arrogant that they tell you when they give you sixpence per week increase of wage that you are being uncommonly well treated, and that you must not expect this sort of thing to go on. They will do anything for you except allow you to do things for yourself. They have turned the countryman into a dull, hat-touching, spiritless clod. Look out, sir, or they will do the same to you. You want Higher Wages. See that you get them. If you have to pull London and Liverpool and Glasgow and Manchester and half England to bits in order that you may get Higher Wages, do not hesitate: get Higher Wages. I am, sir, yours sincerely,

St. John G. ERVINE

The Revolt and a Remedy.

By C. H. Norman.

There is a sternness of attitude and mind among the strikers that should warn the governing and employing classes that merely juggling with wages and hours will not root out, though it may allay the present industrial discontent. The progress of economic knowledge amongst the working classes has been very great in the last ten years. The workers have learned that the administrative and legal officials of this country are biased against the working class. Sentences passed upon strikers have reached such a degree of vindictive harshness that a disinterested observer cannot but conclude that the magistrates and judges have determined to manipulate the legal machinery against any attempt to improve labour and economic conditions. On the other hand, offences against the working class, arising under the Truck and Factory Acts, are most leniently dealt with.

It is clear that a new spirit is permeating the industrial workers. They have become distrustful of their old-fashioned leaders in the trade unions. Their Parliamentary representatives are regarded with a tolerant disappointment. Mr. Tom Mann's creed of industrial syndicalism and industrial unionism has provided the workerman with a new belief. By means of the able organisation of the strike committees, much has been done far more than Mr. John Burns ever did, the workers have been able to present an unbroken front to the employers. The development of "the sympathy" among the workers as an additional weapon has proved most effective. Yet, pending the expropriation of the owners of private property, the workers are entitled to legislative reforms which would place under some responsibility, not only to the employed, but to the community.

My proposal is this: That Parliament should pass a new Act, entitled "An Act to regulate the relations between employers and employed." By the definition clause, the word "employer" would mean (1) a private employer owning his or her own business; (2) any director or shareholder of companies; (3) a master employed by some one of the preceding two; (4) an official under the control of the Government or any municipal body; (5) any committee or body of persons to whom the power of employing labour may be delegated, (a) or labelled a syndicalist and called the "lower classes." You want Higher Wages. You are not lazy. If you were lazy you would not work at all. It is far easier in England to live by idleness than it is to live by labour. Those who say you are lazy do not know how to work long hours, to earn seven or eight shillings. Will the oligarchy dare to say that these women are "lazy"? Doubtless they may be, but lazy—no! Van-boys of fourteen normally work fourteen hours every day! . . . Sir, I said you were stupid. You are. You are a damned fool. You have put up with the insolence and insults of the oligarchy too long. They have become so arrogant that they tell you when they give you sixpence per week increase of wage that you are being uncommonly well treated, and that you must not expect this sort of thing to go on. They will do anything for you except allow you to do things for yourself. They have turned the countryman into a dull, hat-touching, spiritless clod. Look out, sir, or they will do the same to you. You want Higher Wages. See that you get them. If you have to pull London and Liverpool and Glasgow and Manchester and half England to bits in order that you may get Higher Wages, do not hesitate: get Higher Wages. I am, sir, yours sincerely,

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It is clear that a new spirit is permeating the industrial workers. They have become distrustful of their old-fashioned leaders in the trade unions. Their Parliamentary representatives are regarded with a tolerant disappointment. Mr. Tom Mann's creed of industrial syndicalism and industrial unionism has provided the workerman with a new belief. By means of the able organisation of the strike committees, much has been done far more than Mr. John Burns ever did, the workers have been able to present an unbroken front to the employers. The development of "the sympathy" among the workers as an additional weapon has proved most effective. Yet, pending the expropriation of the owners of private property, the workers are entitled to legislative reforms which would place under some responsibility, not only to the employed, but to the community.

My proposal is this: That Parliament should pass

a new Act, entitled "An Act to regulate the relations between employers and employed." By the definition clause, the word "employer" would mean (1) a private employer owning his or her own business; (2) any director or shareholder of companies; (3) a master employed by some one of the preceding two; (4) an official under the control of the Government or any municipal body; (5) any committee or body of persons to whom the power of employing labour may be delegated, (a) or labelled a syndicalist and called the "lower classes." You want Higher Wages. You are not lazy. If you were lazy you would not work at all. It is far easier in England to live by idleness than it is to live by labour. Those who say you are lazy do not know how to work long hours, to earn seven or eight shillings. Will the oligarchy dare to say that these women are "lazy"? Doubtless they may be, but lazy—no! Van-boys of fourteen normally work fourteen hours every day! . . . Sir, I said you were stupid. You are. You are a damned fool. You have put up with the insolence and insults of the oligarchy too long. They have become so arrogant that they tell you when they give you sixpence per week increase of wage that you are being uncommonly well treated, and that you must not expect this sort of thing to go on. They will do anything for you except allow you to do things for yourself. They have turned the countryman into a dull, hat-touching, spiritless clod. Look out, sir, or they will do the same to you. You want Higher Wages. See that you get them. If you have to pull London and Liverpool and Glasgow and Manchester and half England to bits in order that you may get Higher Wages, do not hesitate: get Higher Wages. I am, sir, yours sincerely,

St. John G. ERVINE

The Revolt and a Remedy.

By C. H. Norman.

There is a sternness of attitude and mind among the strikers that should warn the governing and employing classes that merely juggling with wages and hours will not root out, though it may allay the present industrial discontent. The progress of economic knowledge amongst the working classes has been very great in the last ten years. The workers have learned that the administrative and legal officials of this country are biased against the working class. Sentences passed upon strikers have reached such a degree of vindictive harshness that a disinterested observer cannot but conclude that the magistrates and judges have determined to manipulate the legal machinery against any attempt to improve labour and economic conditions. On the other hand, offences against the working class, arising under the Truck and Factory Acts, are most leniently dealt with.

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such a rider to their verdict; but it shall not be lawful for a jury to return such a rider to their verdict where the employer has already been convicted. In all cases where no conviction has been recorded against an employer, a court or a judge shall direct the jury specifically upon their powers of bringing in the aforesaid rider. Any employer convicted under this Act shall have the right of appealing to the Court of Criminal Appeal and from hence to the House of Lords.

It may be said that this Act would introduce many sweeping and novel propositions into the English law. I frankly admit it. Its punitive character is founded upon the fact that misery is a moral evil which is caused by the incapacity of dividend-receivers and their representatives. Misery is productive of all sorts of social ills, diseases, and cruelties to the mind and body. It is the duty of society to protect itself against the selfish demands of the small section of the community known as the employing or wealthy classes. The exploitation of any man or woman for material gain, under many circumstances, is a moral crime.

Thus it came about that by the time he was forty-five Thompson had managed to put away quite a considerable sum of money, and this in spite of the fact that he had a wife and three children whose mouths had to be filled, and whose bodies had to be clothed just like anybody else’s wife and children.

Both he and his wife had looked forward to a day when he should no longer make money for other people, when he and his family should enjoy the full benefit of their labour. Perhaps this made saving easier. It is worth some sacrifice to be able to stand on one’s own feet.

For some time they had made up their minds to take a farm. They had been dairy farmers with poultry and pigs as side lines. Mrs. Thompson was country-bred, and new to the city, but she had always been a home girl, and the idea of living in the country had always been a pleasant dream. Thompson had picked up a lot of experience in the management of cows and pigs.

I don’t know whether you have ever tried looking for a small farm. There are plenty of agents ready to help you; in fact, I believe that an agency costs nothing by the agent, and he spent many week-ends in the country managing such exploitation as evidence of the rosier side of the business.

Thompson had always spent his holidays at farms where Thompson had bought incubators, a good strain of fowls, two or three litters of pigs, and another cow.

The first thing that happened was that the milk round turned out to exist only in the imagination. Thompson had counted on money from this to keep him going until the pigs and poultry began to pay. Reprisals against the vendor were out of the question; he had disappeared, leaving no address—only a few debts.

May was a wet and stormy month. The first thunderstorms filled the air with the promise of a drier season. The cattle walked through the tumble-down hedges on to other farmers’ fields—usually hayfields. Bills for damages became frequent. The pigs simply pushed down the rotten boards of their sties, and roared in all directions.

The previous tenant had cleared out, being a wise man and recognising the impossibility of doing anything with the place.

Finally, the landlord wrote giving Thompson notice to quit in October, as he had sold the freehold, and the new owner wished to occupy the property himself.

In the circumstances Thompson was glad to see the last of the farm, but even if he had been successful and doing well he would have had to quit just the same.

They returned to London. Luckily Thompson managed to get another berth, but his salary was smaller, his savings had practically disappeared, and all ambition and desire to be his own master had been choked out of him irrevocably.

Now you may laugh and call Thompson a fool. You, of course, would have made careful inquiries as to the honesty of the vendor. You would have overhauled his accounts, you would have inspected the house like an expert, interviewed the landlord, and taken many other precautions.

In the first place, remember that Thompson had been driven to desperation by the casual treatment of the agent. If he were too exacting he felt that he might never find a farm to suit him. Secondly, you will be lucky if you find one in ten of these small farms that possesses an account book. Again, it is easy to make a house appear presentable for a few hours, and you cannot have up the carpet to find out whether the floors are sound, nor pull off the paper to ascertain the condition of the walls.

It is all very well to talk about a “back to the land” movement, but while the intending farmer is left to the mercy of commission-grabbing agents, unscrupulous vendors, and landlords whose only thought is to get their rent, you will continue to hear tales of disaster such as this of Thompson.

However, one day Fate (or the agent) led him to a certain small village not far from London. It was a glorious warm day in early spring. You picture the little cottage with its warm plastered walls and pretty weather-boarded roof; the big trees, the orchards bursting into the primroses, the rich green of the young grass, the cattle feeding peacefully.

The tenant said that he was doing well with milk in the neighbouring town, that he could sell all the eggs he could get, that the landlord was a pleasant, obliging man, and many other things.

The end of it was that Thompson took over the lease (which he should have done twelve months before). He had the whole of his capital on the stock; he hadn’t the money to spend on any other man’s house.

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Pages from a Book of Swells. By T. H. S. Escott. The Swell Semitic.

Those who can recall the regatta week at Ryde some two score years ago, will very likely summon up to the memory the two reigning beauties of the season, who never showed themselves to the pier or in any promenade of the place without attracting something of the attention usually reserved for royalty. They were always dressed to perfection, in garments whose every fold was impressively stamped upon them. The graceful movements and the good looks of the wearers set off their toilets to such advantage as to make any costumer's fortune. What but chiefly charmed all beholders in the two sisters was the beauty of their olive complexion, a mixture of tenderness and penetration in the expression of their eyes, together with a charm in their carriage and walk that realised the poetic platitudes about the poetry of motion. The regatta week was an exceptionally good one; all Hyde Park, Mayfair, Pall Mall and St. James's seemed to have emptied themselves upon Ryde Pier, to admire first these two daughters of Israel, and then to speculate upon their names, their identity, their accessibility, and much else to the same. The British Isles seem, even in those comparatively exclusive days, used to be a sufficiently mixed affair. Never had there been so many applications for tickets, the motive in perhaps the majority of cases being hope of securing oneself in the same room as the two girls, concerning whom the most definite knowledge obtainable was that they were daughters of an Isle of Wight jeweller.

The great majority of those who had admired at a distance never had a chance of speaking to either till, a few years later, they found themselves among the wedding guests at Lochnaghey Castle, the Highland home of the Marquis of Heatherland, where two sisters and heir, the Master of Glencoe, was introducing to his father's roof a bride he had recently taken in southern England. Of the lady in question, little was known beyond the fact of her belonging to a business family, and of her portrait executed by Sir Apelles Fitzroche, who only painted pretty women, and whose brush made him the creator of "professional beauties" at will. Rumour, however, had it that she possessed a sister who shared her good looks, and for whom their father, if she found a desirable husband, would come down quite as handily as her good looks, and for whom their father, if she found a desirable husband, would come down quite as handily as her, and for whom their father, if she found a desirable husband, would come down quite as handily as herself. Nothing could now satisfy the heir to the Heatherland marquisate but introducing his sister-in-law, as well as his bride, to the castle circle at Lochnaghey. Within forty-eight hours of the honeymooning couple, the Master of Glencoe had married, and where the parental place might be. Ponsonby was not a reading man, but, when these questions were put to him, he took down one of Dickens' novels, and referred to the description of the Chuzzlewit family as descending in a direct line from Adam and Eve, and in the very earliest times closely connected with the agricultural interest. Sometimes nothing was said to the Master of Glencoe; if he were undoubtedly of Huguenot descent, and in the persons of their remote ancestors had introduced arts and manufactures into those southern counties of the United Kingdom originally inhabited by a gens of genius and intelligence to foreign influence. Then there had been intermarriages, in earlier generations, of the Brahams with the Castilian Sephardim. Here, Kit Ponsonby ventured to think, was a blend of distinction with antiquity so scented as to attract a titled noblesse, which, like that of the British Isles, can historically establish its authentic connection with a remoter period than is fixed for the beginning of modern history, the year when Harry of Richmond crossed over to conquer on Bosworth Field.

Though the persons figuring in this will be easily identified in any official narrative of our titled or untitled aristocracies' vicissitudes, the episode just related is not less accurate in every detail of person and circumstance than if it were taken from Debreit or Burke. Two noble houses at least owe alike their first-rate brains and their most marked facial features, including the thick lips reappearing in every generation, to the Hebrew intermarriages of their distant progenitors. The instances quoted now are only typical of others too numerous to be given. As for the Hebrew chiefs of our social system as it now exists, they really resemble ordinary well-dressed persons in that, certain physiognomies quite strike the eye and are spoken of, those about their persons that calls for description. The souls of good Americans, it used to be said, went to Paris. Among the circumstances that have conspired to make London a paradise for the better sort of Jew must be written chiefly the Semitic genius for adapting race to environment. Here Disraeli showed himself the social re-creator of his people. He set them an example of mingling on equal terms with the British natives among whom their lot was cast, and of generally beating the British Isles, can historically establish its authentic connection with a remoter period than is fixed for the beginning of modern history, the year when Harry of Richmond crossed over to conquer on Bosworth Field.

The admixture of new, often of foreign, and sometimes of Israelith blood, has saved the peering from becoming an effete past, and, whatever its legislative future, will ensure its remaining a national force of the first magnitude. It needed the far and deep-seeing audacity of Semitic genius to identify modern Conservatism with all that was most characteristic of the English genius, and to establish the time honored line through the times. It is still, as a system naturally attracting to and representing in itself, the humours, the caprices, and the tastes which made fashionable society for the moment what it was. The best representatives of the chosen race who have survived the Nineteenth Century indubitably placed their selves or relegated their racial origin to the background as he did. What the true-born Briton is, man of pleasure or business, living for sport or for art, breeding short-horns or collecting pictures, such is the Swell Semitic at this stage of our social and political evolution.
Letters from Abroad.

The New Idea of Dramatic Action.—VI.

THE MEISSTINGERS' MOOD.

Munich, August 7.

There is more Meistersingers atmosphere in old Nuremberg than in Wagner's opera as presented under the joint management of Cosima Wagner, Siegfried Wagner, Rook's Touring Agency and Co.

Even on the journey from Bayreuth to Nuremberg there is more insistence on the mood Wagner sought to create than exhaustion. It is quite common to find small groups of tourists, in their greater tinuten and analysing the motives of his work with a great deal of sympathy and no little intuition. As the conversation lengthens and the subject deepens one does indeed drift to the margin of an imaginary world, to remain there while Hans Sachs and many a worthy burgomaster and whole groups of merry apprentices reconstruct that curious satirical sphere in which they moved and found expression.

The journey is in fact a fitting prelude to the once famous City of Guilds, to the city that was the Art and Craft centre of the Middle Ages, the Mecca to which Italy came across the Alps. It is I have suggested, the symbol of the Middle Age spirit and movement, just as the old Sebaldus Church was once the symbol of the objective world of sound. We have only to call forth that immense conourse of apprentices, burghers, and judges closely packing every part of this spacious and richly decorated church, each taking a live interest in the tournament of song, to realise what this world signified. It belonged to the great moods of humanity.

Such moods, when we can realise them, send us on our way rejoicing. Old Nuremberg was created in the mood of co-operation. To-day even in the grip of decay, and with the modern commercial spirit raising its head, it rises to its original melodic heights, and speaks to the sympathetic observer of a period when the citizens of a town or city combined to obtain the finest artistic results. Everything in the old mediaval city can, in fact, be brought into relation with this particular mood. Co-operation combined with extreme cheerfulness.

Look, for instance, how Art and Craft reign supreme in the old buildings. One can see that when these were constructed it was not the fashion to order private and public architecture, as one orders potatoes and coals, from tradesmen who have a stock of ready-made shields on hand into which they pack their ready-made goods, or who will cheerfully undertake to build anything from a lunatic asylum with a nice sun-bath on the roof for the patient, to a pretentious bijou residence with three commodious bedrooms on the first floor, a dressing-room or two, a box-room, bath-room, and lavatory on the same floor. A shell, at that time, grew round an intangible idea, and the integrating side streams vibrating with air, light, line and colour—shimmering blues, greens, yellows, and pinks—to the mass of red and violet roofs carved against the clouded amber sky. Haunting from point to point till those original interwoven and crowded lines are reached. Then a pause. Here is a subtle balance of irregularities that will lure and baffle the most seasoned artist. I believe it once caught Mr. Walter Crane in its snare.

The painter who depends largely on his selective sense will find elsewhere a good deal of sorting necessary in order to make his own class of attractive picture. He will, for one thing, have to remove those two twentieth century Gothic towers of St. Lorenz Church overlooking the quiet group of romantic Middle Age architecture, also within sound of the weir. As a rule, realism does not find ancient towns and cities good halting-places. The walls, roofs and towers of these, though paintable, are not satisfactory subjects for photographic representation. They are the material of which impressionist poems are made.

Nuremberg is both a decoration and a drama. The old city is a decoration admirably reflecting the decorative co-operative mind of the Middle Ages. The new growth is a drama: it is the dramatic expression of the modern spirit of competition. It may be seen from the castle tower gradually filling the wide basin formed by the sweep of hills, repeating the old in a bad imitation of the deep-painted reddish-brown roofs pitted with tier upon tier of tiny windows, and putting on new and ugly forms. The twentieth century gasometer goes at the trot across the horizon, while factories honeycomb the perspective with smoke-stacks as dense as at that marmalade borough, Bonnie Dundee. The eye wanders instinctively from this hideously designed new world to the exquisite remnant of a decaying past.

One reflects. We think we know so much. Were those alive who lived three or four hundred years ago they would probably wonder we know so little—especially in some matters of art. We do not know, for instance, how to combine in artistic achievements. Still, it must be admitted that we are acquiring more power to express ourselves both individually and together. The search for unity, simplicity and beauty in the theatre is serving to bring together groups of workers having a single purpose and harmoniously constituted to produce it. The artistic spirit of the Middle Ages has been carried across the footlights, and its fragrance
is beginning to disinfect the rank artificial atmosphere of the stage. There is a conscious attempt being made to recapture the Meistersingers mood—if not in England, at least out of it.

The Don in Arcadia.

X.-A Cow-Errant.

Gold is tried in the fire and deprivation is the final test of character. My character, since I came to Arcadia, has been subjected to this crucial test, and I do not think it has been found base metal. I have not had a drop of port or a single cigar for weeks; for weeks my diet has consisted of primitive beef and beer; and Aristotle has been the only companion with whom I could converse and a footing of intellectual equality. All this, and much more, I have endured as became a gentleman and a philosopher. But there is a limit to everything.

As I have already recorded, one of the severest ordeals I have had to face in this our Arcadian life has been my host's unreasonable indulgence to his cow. Many are the times I have delicately hinted to him of disapproval of his conduct:

"Turn the beast out of the house," I have often said to him. "She is not a little place for cows."

His answer has invariably been: "Ask of me anything else you like, and I will grant it with pleasure. But this—never. I cannot part with Chloë. I wish you to speak well of Chloë; for she is mine—mine to possess, and cherish—and all praises bestowed upon her, I shall regard as bestowed upon me.”

Then, pointing to the animal, he would add rapturously:

"The friendly cow, all red and white, I love with all my heart. She gives me cream with all her might.
"To eat with apple-tart."

"That," once I admitted, "is a useful, cow-like function; but—"

"It is the least of Chloë's functions," he replied.

"The truth is, Chloë represents in my eyes the poetry and the mystery of motion."

"Poetry and mystery in connection with a cow!" I exclaimed, scarcely knowing whether I ought to laugh or to feel scandalised.

"Even so," he said, shaking his head. "A cow has always seemed to me a being cut off from the world, as if by a charm, and moving in a kind of rapt isolation. I have always seemed to me a being cut off from the world, as if by a charm, and moving in a kind of rapt isolation."

"Yes," I politely agreed, "she appears to be an animal of a calm and concentrated disposition. Most cows, I believe, are like that."

"Chloë is more—much more than that. A solemn gravity pervades all her actions. If you observe her carefully, you cannot but be aware of a curious significance in her movements, as if it were some form of religious ritual."

My complaisance being nearly exhausted, I said something about dumb, driven cattle.

Chestnuton protested: "Chloë is not dumb. She is only reticent: a goddess of deep and dainty thought—silent of habit, adorning all obtrusiveness. Yet there is in her massive taciturnity more eloquence than in any other lady's assertive loquacity. Look at the manner in which she wags her tail. There is meaning in it—that other than the meaning conveyed by the waggings of a human tongue. The waggings of the human tongue have, at most, a prosaic sense: you can always paraphrase them into prose; whereas the waggings of Chloë's tail cannot be translated into ordinary speech at all. Those silent, rhythmical oscillations have no proper name; they are to the waggings of a human tongue what verse is to prose, having, like verse, a rhythm which is not a mere trick or ornament, but a means of self-expression, secret and mysterious. Of course, they may suit themselves to some story; but they can never be a story, for they are expressive through pure movement, as music is expressive through pure sound:

"O, Chloë, move thy tail still, still so, And own no other function."

I suffered Chestnuton to go on emitting these florid ineptitudes, my compassion for the man obliging me to suppress all the objections to his conduct which my common sense prompted me to utter. All that I allowed myself to do by way of relieving my conscience was to sigh and mutter:

"Surely, nothing but disaster can come of such proceedings."

Alas! little did I suspect at the time how soon my prophecy was to be fulfilled, or to what a degree its fulfillment was destined to redound to my own detriment.

I lay abed in a state of blissful sonnolence, when there came a loud knocking at my door. I started, greatly irritated, but speechless. Presently the disturber of my maturial dreams smote on the door again a second time, even louder than the first.

"Who's there?

"A message for you, sir," answered from without a voice which I recognised as Mrs. Clodd's, and a slip of paper made its appearance under the door.

I leaned over and looked at the document, hearkening to the heart's retreating footsteps. Then I rose and picked it up. It was, indeed, a message—an urgent message from her host, imploring me to go to his room.

I went, of course, and found him very much distressed, with a degree of anxiety that I could not have believed.

"What is the matter?" I inquired.

"Milk famine is the matter!" he replied, with tears in his voice. "No more milk for us! I shall never again have cream to eat with my apple-tart!"

I gathered that Chloë had, all of a sudden, been afflicted with sterility.

I consoled with Chestnuton, as was only proper.

"But," he would not help adding, "are not you the cause of all this?"

"How?" he demanded, indignantly.

"You evidently injured the poor brute by forcing it to lead an unnatural life. Once knew a retired Anglo-Indian colonel who tried to introduce discipline among his hens by clipping their wings—thus he thought to break them of the habit of flying into a neighbouring wood and laying their eggs there. The result was that the hens ceased to lay any eggs at all; military discipline was contrary to their nature."

"Cows are not hens," he said.

"I grant the difference," said I. "But how do you account for Chloë's calamity then? Every natural phenomenon admits of a natural explanation, if we could only discover it."

"This is no natural phenomenon—its suddenness suggests something uncommon. The more I think of it, the clearer I discern in what has happened the hand of a supernatural agent."

"What!" I exclaimed, taken aback.

"Have you never heard of elf-smitten cattle?"

"You mean that Chloë—"

"Yes. She presents all the symptoms: elf-smitten cattle retain the appearance of cattle, but none of their uses, they yield no milk. Chloë retains the appearance of a cow, but she yields no milk: her value and reality as a cow are gone. She must be elf-smitten. Mrs. Clodd thinks so, too."

Chestnuton's syllogism did not seem to be conclusive, even though it was supported by Mrs. Clodd. But I thought it unwise to tax his mind further in its actual state. So I contented myself with hinting that, if Chloë should cease to fulfil her mission as a milk-producer, she might be advantageously converted to other uses, more directly culinary.

Chestnuton was horror-struck.

"Eat my Chloë!" he cried. "I would as soon eat my grandmother! Besides, it would not be wholesome. The flesh of elf-smitten cattle, Mrs. Clodd says, is unfit for food."

"There is no harm in trying," I insisted, gently.

"No, no!" he cried. "Your advice involves something impious and distasteful to me."

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"What!" I exclaimed, taken aback.

"Have you never heard of elf-smitten cattle?"

"You mean that Chloë—"

"Yes. She presents all the symptoms: elf-smitten cattle retain the appearance of cattle, but none of their uses, they yield no milk. Chloë retains the appearance of a cow, but she yields no milk: her value and reality as a cow are gone. She must be elf-smitten. Mrs. Clodd thinks so, too."

Chestnuton's syllogism did not seem to be conclusive, even though it was supported by Mrs. Clodd. But I thought it unwise to tax his mind further in its actual state. So I contented myself with hinting that, if Chloë should cease to fulfil her mission as a milk-producer, she might be advantageously converted to other uses, more directly culinary.

Chestnuton was horror-struck.

"Eat my Chloë!" he cried. "I would as soon eat my grandmother! Besides, it would not be wholesome. The flesh of elf-smitten cattle, Mrs. Clodd says, is unfit for food."

"There is no harm in trying," I insisted, gently.

"No, no!" he cried. "Your advice involves something impious and distasteful to me."
"Very well, then," said I. "Do as you think best."

So far as I was concerned, Chloé's sterility was a matter I could easily survive, for milk has never been a great favourite with me, and, in any case, I felt confident that my philosophy would prove equal to this fresh deprivation. But I was soon to learn that misfortunes never come singly. I was caught in a thunderstorm. Although I took care to change my clothes as soon as I reached home, yet I noticed the signs of a slight chill, for during dinner I sneezed twice. Therefore I retired to my room early.

The storm had meanwhile developed into a hurricane. The wind howled like a hungry wolf round the corners of the "Hut," and the rain swished and splashed against the window-panes frantically. Whether it was due to Aristotle, or to the merry gambols of Chestnut, I never determined; but I did not feel as sorry for myself as another man of a less philosophical temperament would in like circumstances.

I read through Aristotle's masterly delineation of the high-souled man with a new appreciation of its accuracy; then I laid the volume down, sipped a portion of the warm beverage slowly, and, leaning back in my easy chair, planted my feet on the fender.

"Friends," I mused, "might lose their sense of proportion, cows might lose their milk, and the elements might lose their self-control; but, the gods be praised, I remain always the same, and this nectar is truly delicious."

Thus I lay, with my eyes fixed on the dancing flames and the glowing caves of the wood fire, discovering all sorts of delectable pictures in them, and occasionally breaking into decorous little fits of laughter; whether it was due to Aristotle, or to the merry gambols of the flames in the hearth, or to the large, wild music of the night without, or to the hot nectar within me, I could not determine; but I felt happy—with a strange, vague, yet pervasive kind of happiness.

All of a sudden the door burst open and in rushed a gust of cold wind, accompanied by Chestnuton.

"What in the name of —?" I began, springing to my feet; but the flow of words froze in my throat as I caught sight of my host's appearance. Disfigured his usually rubicund countenance, and his hair, all out of curl, was dripping in a most melancholy manner. Everyone cannot find happiness in abandoning a life, civilised existence and taking to cattle-chasing through the clouds. Yet, as the circumstances permitted; then, considering that the moment had come for me to declare, without sinning against the proprieties, yet without mincing words either, what I thought of Chestnuton and his ways, I continued: "You, being a poet, may find it a wild proceeding, something that satisfies your inner yearnings. I, for my own part, must plead guilty to a constitutional inability to enjoy midnight runs after lost quadrupeds."

Having spoken thus, I marched off to bed.

"Sybarite, indeed! After all, if one prefers a normal, cultured, and conventional life, Chestnuton has no right to criticise it. It is much more dignified than this dilettante and unreal state of discomfort that he has chosen for himself. There is something something something—"having undergone inconsequent, improper, and thoroughly unpleasant about pastoral life. I always felt that, and after to-night's horrible adventure I feel it more keenly than ever.

Anecdote and Epigram.

By Muriel Golkowska.

The publication of M. Frédéric Rolée’s second volume on Talleyrand has provoked a revival of interest in the one-time bishop, statesman during many different régimes, with such names as de Bouillon, de Talleyrand-Périgord by birth, Prince de Bénévent by Imperial decree. Only habit or excess of zeal can have induced Napoleon to imagine the substitution of one of the most curious of the many old names with which he was fond of decorating his house, for this gaudy appendage.

"I should like my Court to be formed of nobility only," he was often heard to say, and it was not one of Talleyrand’s easiest tasks, in his capacity as the Emperor’s chamberlain, to select the most aristocratic names in the Faubourg Saint Germain for the attribution of Court functions. "I am less and perhaps more," the statesman said when he asked his friends to refrain from addressing him as "Your Highness" and to call him simply M. de Talleyrand, for, while these Napoleonic favours flattered some, they amused him.

"Congratulations, me said one of Bonaparte’s courtiers who by birth was a duke and peer of the French realm, "the Emperor has just made me a count." "Indeed," retorted Talleyrand, "I congratulate you most sincerely, and I can only hope that at the next promotion you will be made a baron."

Talleyrand returned his letters-patent to Napoleon when he broke off all connection with him with an alacrity only equal to his zeal when he shed his bishop’s mitre many years previously, for it may be seen that Talleyrand was twice crowned against his wish. His parents had not understood him when they obliged him to take orders—a slight lameness excluding him from
the Army—with the clergy, the only appropriate career for French noblemen's sons, and Napoleon had not understood him when he presented him with a most
sanguinary prophecy of his career. Louis XVI. flattered his pet vanity more artfully. "Our families are of the same age," he observed, on receiving Talleyrand for the first time at Compiègne in 1814, but my ancestors were cleverer than yours; had yours been as clever, you would not now be saying to me, 'Take a chair, come here and talk business.' To-day it is I who say to you, Sit down, and let us chat."

Talleyrand was consistent in his pride of birth as in all else, for, when Louis Philippe visited him at his death-bed, Talleyrand thanked him by observing, "Sire, this is a great honour for our house," which implied that before the Counts of Périgord were absorbed by the crown they had reigned as sovereigns like the Bourbons.

Talleyrand was a friend of England, and here, as on many other points, he differed from Napoleon. He was one of the first to consider the advantages of establishing an entente cordiale between the two countries, assuring, as he firmly believed, the peace of Europe, for Talleyrand was as pacific in his politics as Napoleon was aggressive and bellicose.

While Napoleon's victories and increased demands excited a thirst for retaliation on the part of his enemies, Talleyrand studied proceedings for pacifying the Continent of Europe with durable treaties. Throughout his career, from the Revolution to the Empire, in 1814, in 1815, and afterwards, the Franco-British alliance secured by a commercial treaty originally sketched out with Mirabeau, and none more than Talleyrand deplored the declaration of war with England."

He was all his life faithful to these pacific tendencies as he was all his life faithful to his country's interests, although appearances allow the opinion that he was, above all, perhaps, faithful to his own. But whether the tactics he employed were or were not to his own advantage is historically of insignificant importance since they were tactics of undeniably extensive range and effect, while—as may, at least, be conceded—having the double advantage of serving two ends, the general—his country's, and the particular—his own. And it may be argued in his favour that during the Revolution he acted or tried to act as a conciliator, thus exposing himself to being accused of running with the hare and hounds. But, if those of whatever side took, one was bound to fall between two stools unless, and even when, one was careful to be ahead with the advance guard. But as Talleyrand

A diplomatic message dated November 27, 1836, sent by Talleyrand to the Emperor during the emergency which had been given him by Louis Philippe, who shared his view that the recognition of the French constitution by England was of primordial importance, contains the following passage: "Europe is certainly undergoing a crisis. Well, England is the only power who, like ourselves, frankly desires peace; the other powers recognise some kind of divine right; only France and England do not recognise it. The principle of non-intervention is equally adopted by both countries. I would add, and I attribute importance to that, to the sympathy these two nations feel for each other. My opinion is that we must use all of these points of contact to give Europe the tranquility of which it stands in need. Although some States may or may not be disposed for peace, France must declare that she wishes to, and this wish, emanating from the two strongest and most civilized States in Europe, as it would, must make itself heard with all the authority which their authority permits. Some of those cabinets who still march under the banner of divine right are just now inclining towards coalition; they may not know because they have not a principle in common; this principle is weakening, it is true, in some places, but it still exists; also, when these cabinets converse they may understand each other. They maintain their divine right with guns; England and ourselves will support public opinion with principles; principles travel everywhere, and while making each is easy principle had been Talleyrand's pass-word at the Congress of Vienna, and to it France perhaps owes its preservation from a fate which might have been similar to that of Poland.

could not be of these, when violence supplanted reason, he was obliged to leave the country. He had done his best to save the King, but his advice had not been listened to; his every suggestion to make himself succeeded in compromising himself, for his attitude as a reformer was a suspicious attitude in those raging times.

Of course, it does not look nice to the face that when Napoleon was, in the ascending, he supposed Napoleon, and that he deserted him when it lowered, but on closer examination his own argument in defence of this proceeding, "that he had distinctly separated the nation's from the Emperor's cause," may be substituted for harsh slander. Moreover, Talleyrand was never able to look back in his own coin for having dismissed him from the Foreign Office and forced a post on him unworthy of the wide range of his talents? Besides, Talleyrand hated failure; he was not for protecting the weak as the following story illustrates: He had just given a diplomatic post to a young man who had been highly recommended to him. When calling on M. de Talleyrand to thank him, the newly-appointed official had the misfortune to say: "Monseigneur, I am doubly grateful to you, since it's the first time in my life that I have any luck." "Really?" asked Talleyrand, "are you not a lucky man?" "Oh, no, monseigneur," was the reply, "I just have been," "Tout comme un ancien-sieur, tant pis, you must not consider yourself appointed. In politics, you see, one must be lucky." And he dismissed him pitilessly.

Although he was lame himself, or perhaps because he was, he did not serve the plan to be crushed to the halt and the maimed. And this explains why he took Napoleon's arm when it was strong and dropped it when it was no longer to be relied upon. Napoleon and Talleyrand helped each other up the hill of glory, but Talleyrand humanly—inhumanly stepped aside when Napoleon was on the point of dragging him into the precipice. Can one blame him for not having been blind in his loyalty? Moreover, Talleyrand probably never pretended that he owed loyalty to Napoleon. The Napoleonic war was one on which Talleyrand had neither the power nor the desire to oppose. The wave, he knew, must be allowed to pass. He realised that while one agrees to live an active life, one must accept events as they come and profit by them, but he realised also, and as well as any sceptic, the vanity of activity. "Here are 83 years behind me," he wrote in February, 1837. "I do not know whether to be satisfied when I recapitulate how all these years have been spent. How much useless activity they represent? How many years wasted! How many regrettable complications, exaggerated emotions, misused gifts, and how much wasted energy, how much enmity provoked, how much balance lost, and so many illusions destroyed and tastes exhausted! And what is the outcome of it all? Merely moral and physical fatigue, complete discouragement for the future and disgust with the past."

Talleyrand regulated his diplomacy to the country's need and ruling spirit. It may be a fine line which divides his suppleness from an appearance of duplicity, but there are reasons to suppose that he observed this fine line. His suppleness was, after all, that of the man of the world who conforms his course to the wind. And is this not the very element of life? To vary with the weather—how many unfortunate make the same mistake! To what end? And what is the outcome of it all? Merely moral and physical fatigue, complete discouragement for the future and disgust with the past."

Talleyrand's regulations of his diplomacy to the country's need and ruling spirit. It may be a fine line which divides his suppleness from an appearance of duplicity, but there are reasons to suppose that he observed this fine line. His suppleness was, after all, that of the man of the world who conforms his course to the wind. And is this not the very element of life? To vary with the weather—how many unfortunate make the same mistake! To what end? And what is the outcome of it all? Merely moral and physical fatigue, complete discouragement for the future and disgust with the past."

Although he took part in the earlier phases of the Revolution, he was not, therefore, a revolutionary, but a reformer—the distinction should be borne in mind. His clairvoyance saw that "the envy, the principle of the French Revolution, aggrandises the most minute derivative equality. It holds its insulting level," he added, "above all heads in view of destroying the innocent superiorities established by social distinctions."

He may be called an "opportunist," as the modern French term has it, but it is that a vice, especially in the case of a man who profited by opportunities to serve a general cause though his object might have embraced his own advancement?

A question which will ever remain open is: Does a politician with more patriotism by retiring from public life during a form of government opposed to his
views, or those he owes his name and origin, or by tak-
ing part in it? Talleyrand adopted the decision which
allowed him to pursue the career for which he knew
himself to be exceptionally gifted. After he had sought
refuge in America from ferocities which threatened
every civilized French citizen, he felt his vocation becom-
ing him across the water, and he did not hesitate a
minute to return to his country when he realised that
his time to reappear on the public platform had come.
With Talleyrand politics were a passion, and passions
claim sacrifices. And it must be allowed Talleyrand
that, unlike many others of his class, he did not main-
tain his position or secure advancement at the cost of
primary a patriot may be deduced from these lines
of tempering Napoleon's impetuousity did not earn him
a little too hastily, everyone here is cool and collected
except for a
did not require this warning ardently to pray Heaven
to preserve your days.
Talleyrand was ever for moderation, and his practice
of this sense of judgment—the science of savoir vivre,
was at
was the
first to manage with the clergy,
himself to the satisfaction of all the legitimists
how he could manage with the clergy. "M. de Talley-
rand sait assez bien vivre pour savoir mourir.") And
so, when his turn really came, he did, comporting
himself to the satisfaction of all the legitimists
so divided in their opinion of him during his lifetime.
"I am old," which was equivalent to saying: "Sir, you are
for they were the same age.
Talleyrand's intelligence, vivacity and humour always
shone brilliantly in society. If M. de Talleyrand's
conversation could be bought it would ruin me," said
Madame de Staël, and he was the Misses Burney's pet
 ambassador.
Talleyrand's part is shown by the following anecdote.
When Louis XVIII., insinuating that he could
forth dispense with his services, asked him how many
miles Paris was from Valençay, Talleyrand's country
formed itself round him. His ambassadorship in Lon-
don was not

"Every measure which is not necessary," wrote this
tact, that unfailing judgment which draws impor-
tant his position at the Congress of Vienna.

"Talleyrand was always admirably seconded by his
officials, and with whom you will be satisfied," for
"Yes, monsieur," continued Talleyrand,
"You will find them faithful, skilful,
period, than from Paris to Ghent," where Louis
was ill in bed. Being in a
confidential mood, Bonaparte spoke about his finan-
cial difficulties and how they hampered him in the
realisation of his aims. Talleyrand listened attentively.
"Look here," he said; "open my desk, you will find
there one hundred thousand francs. They are yours
for the time being: you can return them when you
come back." And so Napoleon did; but one day he
asked his minister: "What interest had you in lending
me that money? I have turned it over a hundred
times in my hands, but I have not been able to make out
what was at the back of your head."
And Talleyrand answered simply that his only in-
terest was the interest he took in the time of
"M. de Talleyrand appealed to the Prince de Bénadet, "I
did not require this warning ardently to pray Heaven
to preserve your days."
Talleyrand was always admirably seconded by his
secretaries. "You will find them faithful, skilful, just
and prudence."
"If M. de Talleyrand's
take the lead in political affairs under such different
circumstances.
"Opinion is a useful check," he said, "but a danger-
ous guide in government."
The key to his career lies in these sentiments. He could not be expected to smother
his genius for the sake of an idea; nor can he be
blamed for having pledged his own private opinion to
the demands of the times and the attainment of his
ambitions in yielding to the Bonaparte rule without
consequences. But that he was
ambitions in yielding to the Bonaparte rule without
a
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Circumstances.
A Tale for Men Only.
By R. H. Congreve.

III.

Things being left thus conclusively for the time being with Marylebone, I thought I might try my luck with THINGS being left thus conclusively for the time being admission from which she could not retire without I could catch her alone and flatter her into a talkative plunged into the first stage of my voyage of discovery. detected chicanery. I had no scruples about doing this if it were possible, since my view then was and still is that an inferior in an assembly of equals is a curse to everybody. I should be saving both Marion and the rest of us needless trouble by convincing her beforehand that she really had no part or lot in our circle. On the other hand, I was aware of the depth of her cunning, so much the deeper for being wholly beyond the reach of her tongue; and I knew that her instincts would put her mind on guard against me at the first bare sign of my purpose.

When I knocked at her door in the ugly block of flats, built ostensibly for the working classes but occu- plated chiefly by rich people and such couples, I heard a discreet cough from within and then the rustle of some papers. When she let me in I saw that she had been reading and making notes in an exercise book, which was lying open on the table. She had evidently not expecting visitors quite delicately. Nevertheless, \textit{\textit{s\textit{h}}} was her invariable finesse, that she was as neatly dressed to receive them as if they might drop in at any moment. Marion, I should say, is not beautiful, despite the fairly regular features, the really well-modelled nose (ave the mouth, for one thing, was too small and the lobes of her ears were a little pouchy. Her hair was always parted down the side, which struck me as being affectedly mannish, but it had the designed effect of showing a fair-sized forehead on one side, not too sinewy for a woman, but too smooth for an intellectual and especially for a presumed metaphysician.

She was genuinely pleased to see me, and \textit{\textit{i\textit{t}}} at once plunged into the first stage of my voyage of discovery. I'm delighted, Marion, I said, that you are anxious to flat. Marylebone had no instructions from me to sing my praises. I can only conclude, if he did so, that he did it in defence. Who was attacking me? Was it you by any chance? What would be said of a general who, when his first line of strategy had failed, was too disconcerted by the failure to produce his second? I was quite prepared for Marion's reply, but she was scarcely prepared for my instant rejoinder.

Yes, Marion, I said, it was I. I have been black- guarding you to Marylebone all the afternoon, and he has been nobly defending you. Shall I tell you what he said?

I would rather, if you please, hear what you said. What Marylebone said to you was probably true, but what you said to him may have been false. In any case I am interested in hearing the worst that can be said of me. The best is never quite true.

Marion looked a bit affectedly mannish and almost inter- cessory while saying this that I thought it my cue to draw her a little further. Oh, but, I said, I find it diffi- cult to say the worst of you to your face. It is the worst that seems most untrue when I look at you. I am almost inclined to repeat Marylebone's best and to swear that it is gospel. Indeed, I will. First you have been interested in philosophy ever since you were a tiny little girl. Second, you have the best collection of second-hand philosophical books and pamphlets in London, and which you have gathered with your own hands from bookshops. Third—

You are a brute, she said, with a not too natural smile. On your lips these attributes sound remarkably like defects, as you intend they should. Now tell me what you had to say against me to Marylebone?

Well, I hesitated, I was trying to convince Maryle- bone that you were coming to the group on his account and not on account of the discussion. . . .

Go on, I said, let us get it over.

Naturally he would not believe it. He assured me that you were by natural bent as well as by constant exercise an expert in metaphysics, at least, a keen and disinterested student. Frankly, Marion, I doubted that, and I doubt it now. Convince me that you are, and I shall be delighted; but, honestly, I am not con- vinced.

And how shall I convince you, sir she said, sir she said? The group least of purpose should be mistaken for the pursuit of Marylebone in- stead of metaphysics? I believe that you really think you will persuade me against it by these means. But you will not. I am more than ever determined to come. I have it with me in such right things as such a woman. We gott is simply a fool, and Prince is not much better. It is simply sex-prejudice on your part to try to exclude me. So Marylebone said.

Well, what else is it? she repeated.

Nothing, possibly. Only the same might be said, and probably will be said by the malicious, of Maryle- bone's proposal to bring you. I owe you, Marion, complete frankness, and as a metaphysician you are right to insist on it. I believe that Marion is coming to the group for the sake of his invitation to you was due to sex-prejudice,—of course, in your favour. He, of course, denied it just as I deny that sex-prejudice alone excludes you. So there we are, at an impasse, like the two goats. Which of us is to be walked over?

Marion meditated on the question so coolly that I was almost deceived into thinking our conversation had not yet penetrated her feelings. If they were so deep down, the intervening layer could not, in an intelligent being, be any the less distinct and intelligible. In her manner she was demonstrating her capacity for abstract thought and the possession of at least the raw material of dialectics in this very detachment of thought from feeling. Whether this detachment was genuine or only acquired and existing now for my illusion's sake remained to be seen. I decided to play my last card.

Marion, I said, let me stop all this badinage of mine if I can, and do you so too. The fact that we have fenced with each other all this time is almost sufficient proof that dialectics in the pursuit of truth is impossible between us. With the best will in the world to reason with you as if you were a text-book of logic, here have I been intellectually flirting with you on a most serious matter. The worst of it is that you know that this is the case as well as I do. You know that we men lie to you and prevaricate and posture; and as a mind you are simply as these as several of you. As a truth she was Marylebone's woman and nothing more. I, therefore, discounted her laughter as evidence that she was really incredulous of my charge. On the contrary I insisted on taking it
as an admission. I began to congratulate her on the fact that she was a woman after all. There is a fashion nowadays, I said, of despising women and of looking down on such women as frankly accept the definition of their sex. The suffrage movement is as much a movement of feminine self-contempt as of feminine aspirations. What it mostly means is that women are dissatisfied with themselves, and wish to become, not more womanly, but more manly. I am convinced, I went on—for Marion did not attempt to interrupt me, for this effort they were really defeating their own object. Snatching at the glittering shadow of men's virtues they will be certain to lose the substance of their own. After a very few years you will find these misguided huntresses empty-handed, without strength and without charm.

I found it easily false to talk to Marion, and flattered myself in consequence that I was impressing her as well as myself. I commented, in fact, on the phenomenon at the moment, and mentally confirmed my previous diagnosis of Marylebone's temptation. Who would not believe that so helpful a sounding-board of one's ideas as Marion was gifted with original intelligence? But the fact that so far she had contributed nothing positive to the discussion did not give me pause.

Well, I said, you have heard my ideas. Now tell me what you think of them. To be or not to be, that is the question. As Marylebone's woman you are something and somebody. As his ape you will be nothing and nobody.

It may have been the word anguia that stung her, as indeed I meant it should. Marion almost sneered in reply. Thanks to you, she said, I am perfectly determined to attend the meetings now and to risk every catastrophe you prophesy. If you and the rest of the men refuse to me have I shall despise you beyond words as a set of paleolithic savages. If you imagine I shall attend merely in order to follow Marylebone, or that Marylebone merely because she is my friend, you are mistaken. It is as a mind and not as a woman that I have a right to attend on Marylebone's invitation. If I were a man you would not dream of raising an objection. Your silly prejudices have no place in metaphysics and I am determined to ignore them.

The matter was past argument and I refrained even from pointing the obvious moral. Marion had demonstrated her femininity by no less vivid means than that of behaving as she imagined men would behave. No man under the circumstances would have chanced a refusal of admission to the group. He would have felt his way into it long before he provoked an invitation.

The first breath of opposition would have sent him off in ten-leagued strides.

As a mind and not as a woman, she was probably due to a certain delicate fear of consequences,—for Delane himself, Northcliffe himself, had and has to mind his p's and q's with Messrs. Smith and Son. I think the fear was ill-grounded. I do not believe that the mighty firm would attempt to visit adverse criticism with commercial consequences. Moreover, adverse criticism would need a great deal of brains to make it plausible, and scarcely a director of any of the chief organs has any real brains to spare for fundamental principles. (This is not written satirically, but as a record of fact.) If Messrs. Smith and Son believe "The English Review" to be contrary to public morals, why should they circulate it? Ought they not indeed to be praised for not circulating it? For after all, a refusal to circulate it means a diminution of their profits. It is stated that Men were under contract to print the very periodical which they banned, but that point, though piquant, is negligible.

Printing contracts are naturally made in advance, and printers cannot be expected to divine the exact nature of the copy which will be sent into their composing-rooms.

It would be interesting to know the train of logic which led Messrs. Smith and Son to withdraw their ban on "The English Review." Personally I am convinced that upon reflection the managers came to the conclusion that they were mistaken in their impression that "The English Review" was inimical to the cause of good morals and good taste. It is stated that Messrs. Smith and Son circulated in the ordinary way the following anecdote,—I mean that it was printed in a prominent position in a periodical without which no "Smith's bookstall" is complete:

"Dear Dad, why do you call 'em the 'two wed Lords'? asked the small boy who had been soaking himself in the Sunday paper. 'It may be,' answered Dad, with lofty philosophy and a strict regard for truth, 'because the Government seeks to deprive them of their power; but until that happens, my boy, stick to the good old participial adjective, gilded, my boy, gilded!'

And also the following anecdote:—"Latest offence of the one and only Teddy Coward, who is Brightening himself up at the Queen of whiskying places:—What is the difference between looking from the King's Road into Muttons' shop window and looking from the inside of Muttons' shop into the King's Road? The answer is: In the first case you see the flies in the tarts, and in the second place you see the tarts in the flies.

Messrs. Smith and Son also circulated a description of a ball got up by some Parisian immoralists, from which I can quote a few words:—

"The great tragedian, de Max, was there, gracefully reclining on a throne of skins and soft furs; his gorgeous costume was so décolleté that everyone knows all the Queen of whiskying places:—What is the difference between looking from the King's Road into Muttons' shop window and looking from the inside of Muttons' shop into the King's Road? The answer is: In the first case you see the flies in the tarts, and in the second place you see the tarts in the flies."
review, “The Contemporary,” but it had no eye for such literature as I have quoted. This detail was not mentioned in the otherwise admirable obituaries of Sir Percy.

By the courtesy of a correspondent who is a publisher I have just met with a really interesting document that bears upon the sales of novels, and the comparative popularity of novelists, in a distant colony. A certain Colonial bookselling house issues a printed list of standing orders, and, I presume, sends it to all the chief publishers in Great Britain. This is a business-like proceeding, for the firm cannot profitably wait for reviews and market news from England. It gives its orders in advance, and solely on the strength of the list of standing orders is amended accordingly. In the latest list (cancelling all others) Miss Marie Corelli is paramount. The firm is prepared to buy in the dark two hundred and ten copies of any new work by Miss Marie Corelli. This is immense, and it is great and unaccounted for another author approaches the two hundred. Of the two other mighty publishers of sentimental fiction for the multitude, public, Mr. Hall Caine is honoured with an order for only sixty copies, and Mrs. Humphry Ward for only twenty copies; whereas even the American Winston Churchill comes in for eighty copies. Miss Gertrude Page gets an order for forty copies—and I had never heard of her! Kipling has forty, May Johnson thirty-seven, W. J. Locke twenty-two, Elinor Glyn ditto, Rider Haggard thirty-two, Joseph Hocking thirty (but his brother Silas only six), W. J. Jacobs thirty, and the Countess Arnim twenty-five. I deplore to say that I myself am down for a mere miserable nine copies; but Joseph Conrad is down for one less. Whether this is a source of comfort or of discomfort to me I leave the reader to guess.

REVIEWS.

Towards a National Policy. By Harry Roberts.

Mr. Roberts makes an effort in this book “to approach certain problems of politics from the point of view of common sense,” but he does not avoid either of the dangers of the plain, blunt man engaged in an art in which he has not been trained. If politics were as simple as the organisation of a sheep farm, doubtless the common sense of John Smith might contribute some valuable light, but, being as it is the art of managing large bodies of mostly disagreeable persons, even a Danton was compelled to say that it were better to fish than to meddle with government. Common sense applied to such an art is liable to lead to a hopeless inferiority in the affairs of life by not being taught to use a needle. In similar fashion Mrs. John Lane needs no introduction. As a novelist she is widely advertised and favourably reviewed; and of one of her books it was even said that she could have written it if she had been a woman. Of this volume of essays one may say that Lamb might have written it if he had been Mrs. Lane, but not otherwise. She obliterates the distinction between journalism and literature to some purpose, for the thing that Miss Lane acknowledged courtesy of the editors of various periodicals. We may regret their permission to republish when we have to read essays without structure or style, and whose satire is only comparable to that of one of Mr. Bottomley's publications. Two samples will suffice. We are told that women need pocketbooks more than votes, and that men are reduced to a hopeless inferiority in the affairs of life by not being taught to use a needle. In similar fashion Mrs. Lane writes on a variety of subjects, objurgating motor-buses and monuments, minor crimes such as punctuality and slamming doors, the tyranny of the past; and it seems that the principal trial of the celebrated woman is that she has to state her correct age to her biographer. This is humour of a kind that does not distinguish Mrs. Lane from a multitude of scribblers.

Hilary Onslow. By Horace Wyndham. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

Of the many ways of writing an autobiography, Hilary Onslow is supposed to adopt the simple and direct method of “setting forth the various matters dealt with exactly as they really happened.” This is all very well when accident has been at pains to produce a cataclysm, but in the case of the celebrated person: he has no notion of how to make his schemes work. If, for example, the party system has outlived its utility, to what force will Mr. Roberts appeal to establish it with the sovereignty of the people and without the aid of the politicians. Mr. Roberts knows of no such means, and neither do we short of an elaborate discussion of the establishment of a Committee of Public Safety, entrusted with a temporary dictatorship. Is this what common sense leads to? The truth is that when modern publicists declare that the party system has outlived its utility they fall into the double error of assuming that it has also outlived its popularity, and that its utility is necessarily their utility. It is quite conceivable that the party system, like the American Constitution, was only ostensibly designed for social utility as social reformers reckon it. Actually its intention may have been to maintain the inequalities of society as they exist, and on the assumption, frankly confessed by Mr. Churchill, that these inequalities are essential to a high civilization. It is most improbable that an attack on the party system may be entirely misdirected. Mr. Belloc and his colleagues may be attacking an institution for fulfilling the very purpose for which it was devised. If they reply that the purpose is a bad one, we may agree; but the onus is on them to show that their own purpose is both better and equally practicable. That the party system is still popular nobody can deny. The caucus can undertake at very short notice and by the simplest means to persuade nearly 90 per cent. of the electorate to vote for one or other of the party candidates. Until we can produce an appreciable reduction in the numbers of the electors who are willing to be rounded up into the categories of the politicians. Addressed to nobody in particular, its effect will be proportionate to its direction.

Talk of the Town. By Mrs. John Lane. (John Lane. 6s.)

Mrs. John Lane needs no introduction. As a novelist she is widely advertised and favourably reviewed; and of one of her books it was even said that she could have written it if he had been a woman. Of this volume of essays one may say that Lamb might have written it if he had been Mrs. Lane, but not otherwise. She obliterates the distinction between journalism and literature to some purpose, for the thing that Miss Lane acknowledged courtesy of the editors of various periodicals. We may regret their permission to republish when we have to read essays without structure or style, and whose satire is only comparable to that of one of Mr. Bottomley's publications. Two samples will suffice. We are told that women need pocketbooks more than votes, and that men are reduced to a hopeless inferiority in the affairs of life by not being taught to use a needle. In similar fashion Mrs. Lane writes on a variety of subjects, objurgating motor-buses and monuments, minor crimes such as punctuality and slamming doors, the tyranny of the past; and it seems that the principal trial of the celebrated woman is that she has to state her correct age to her biographer. This is humour of a kind that does not distinguish Mrs. Lane from a multitude of scribblers.
No unusual incidents calling for an autobiography of over 300 pages are to be found in his career. At the age of twenty-five he meets a girl he desired to marry, but by sheer perversity he misses his opportunity, and only when he is on the point of marrying somebody else does she reappear. She refuses to disturb his arrangements, and absents himself until his marriage with the other girl is legally settled. At this stage, a story of some interest to marriage pathologists might begin; but Mr. Wyndham here leaves off.

By J. M. Kennedy.
The Amazing Emperor Heliogabalus. By J. Stuart Hay. (Macmillan, 1894. 6d. net.)

Some students of Roman History may perhaps be inclined to wonder why a nine-by-six volume of three hundred odd pages should be devoted to Heliogabalus. Most of us know what picturesque lies the "Scriptores" were, and what appalling ill-judgment they almost invariably exhibited; but was it worth while writing a book to contradict them? Can Heliogabalus be whitewashed?

Yes. In the first place, it was highly necessary that this gentleman should be written in the light of the researches pursued by Continental scholars during the last thirty years or so, and the resultant new evidence provided by inscriptions, coins, and so forth. In the second place, it is impossible to write about Heliogabalus without a consideration of the immediate time, and the exact status of Christianity in Rome in the early part of the third century is a subject of much interest and importance. Apart from all this, of course, there is the notion to present us with a picture which looks much more like the real Heliogabalus than the caricature to which we have hitherto been accustomed.

Mr. Hay shows conclusively that the boy-emperor did not allow himself to be led by the nose by his female relatives, particularly his grandmother. This is a great point in his favour. It is certainly creditable for a youth in his early teens to have been able to withstand and checkmate the schemes of the ambitious women of the period; and the reader is led to mark the sentence out, together with Mr. Hay's description of the conduct of the emperor on that occasion, certainly indicates that he was not lacking in courage. As for the verses with which Heliogabalus has been reproached, Mr. Hay is equally right in showing that they do not, after all, appear to be so very terrible when investigated from the standpoint of modern medical science of the Kraft-Ebing school.

The religious problem, however, is more important still, although Dill and Tucker have naturally shown for the vices of the day, which they are supposed to put into practice and which most of them have forgotten. But Mr. Hay's book, it need hardly be added, is worthy of a much wider and more intellectual circulation; for no student of psychology, history, or theology can afford to neglect the new light it casts upon a vital period in the annals of the Roman Empire.

By T. E. Hulme.
L'Attitude du Livre Contemporain. By Tancrede de Vianis. (Mercure de France.]

This is an extremely good and an extremely interesting book. I recommend those who either know nothing of modern French poetry or who, knowing something, want their knowledge systematised, to buy it at once. (True invention of movement.)

I confess that its goodness was a surprise to me. When I first picked it up I saw that it was a collection of essays on all the poets that one has known about for some time, the names on the cover: Verhaeren, De Regnier, Mockel, Paul Fort, Maeterlinck, and Viele-Griffin seem just the same as those in Beaunier's book, "La Poesie Nouvelle," that I read some five or six years ago. There were no new names. I found this to be an illustration of one of the characteristics of French verse, after a short period of great interest, the most vital that had occurred for centuries, had now arrived at comparative stagnation, and had been succeeded by a period during which French philosophy, also for the first time for centuries, to dominate Europe.

However, when I commenced to read the book I found it vastly different to what I had expected. It is not a mere collection of disconnected, though intelligible, essays on the fashionable moderns that we all of us know, the kind of thing which any literary man who is in the know can turn out at his leisure, but is really a definitely-thought-out attempt to exhibit all these poets as particular manifestations of the same general current of ideas.

It starts out from this thesis. That there is in each generation what Taine called a "temperature morale," which is to be found at the same epoch in all the different orders of mental activity, and which constitutes "l'état général de l'esprit de moeurs enceintes." To any tendency of poetry at a given time there is a corresponding tendency of philosophy. The psychology of one of Corneille's heroes corresponds to the pure Cartesian doctrine. To the Positivism of Comte and Littre corresponds in literature the spread of naturalism and the "Parnasse." The criticism of Taine, the poetry of Lecomte de Lisèe, the novel of Flaubert, the painting of Courbet, all live in one common atmosphere. The question then arises, what similar parallelism holds good of modern French literature and philosophy—Monsieur De Vianis's book is a reasoned attempt to prove that the spirit which finds expression in the Symboliste movement in poetry is the same as that represented by Bergson in philosophy.

They are both reactions against the definite and the clear, not for any mere preference for sentiment, but because both feel, one by a kind of instinctive, unconscious process and the other as the result of reasoning, that the clear conceptions are too intellectual, and that the true distortion of reality. Bergson represents a reaction against the atomic and rational psychology of Taine and Spencer, against the idea that states of mind can be arrived at by the summation of more elementary states. He asserts the mental states from a continuous and unanaly-
sable state of flux which cannot from its nature be ever represented clearly by the intellect, but must be seized by a process of intuition. The Symbolist reaction against the Parnassian is exactly the same reaction in a different region of thought. For what was the Parnassian attitude? It was an adventure to create poetry of "clear" ideas. They employed always clear and precise descriptions of external things and strove by combinations of such "atmosphere beautiful" to manufacture a living beauty. To the Symbolists this seems an impossible feat. For life is a continuous and unanalysable curve which cannot be seized clearly, but can only be felt as a kind of intuition. It can only be symbolized by means of symbols. M. Visan would then define Symbolism as an attempt by means of successive and accumulated images to express and exteriorise such a central lyric intuition. This is the central idea of the book, and the working of it out in the detailed study of the poets of the movement is extremely well done. It is very interesting to see how a complex thought like that of Bergsoniously and symbolically and found a tentative expression in a purely literary movement.

One amusing expression should be noted. He gives an interesting description of the eager little sets of students who used to attend Bergson's lectures at the Collège des Bernardins. His point of view is the present-day, when it is impossible to find a seat and the hall is overwhelmed by the feathers and "blasphemous scents" of women.

The Journey to Bruges.

By Katherine Mansfield.

"You got three-quarters of an hour," said the porter.

"You got an hour mostly. Put it in the cloak-room, lady!"

A German family, their luggage neatly buttoned into what appeared to be odd canvas trouser legs, filled the entire coupler, and a homoepathetic young clergyman, his black "dicky" flapping over his shirt, stood at my elbow. We waited and waited, for the cloak-room porter could not get rid of the German family, who appeared to be explaining to him by their enthusiasm and gestures the virtue of so many buttons. At last the wife of the party seized her particular packet and started to undo it. Shrug her shoulders, the porter turned to me. "Where for?" he asked.

"Ostend." "Wot are you putting it in here for?" I said. "Heavens, yes, long time going to sleep. He chose the latter procedure. They all went to sleep except the young Frenchman, who took a little pocket edition of "Moral Order of the Snark's Summer Annual." "Wot are you putting it in here for?"

"Pardon'd me, you are putting it in here for."

"Oh, go on."

"Si vous plait'd give you a head, gives you a head, gives YOU a head, gives YOU a head."

"Dover!" shouted a guard.

In the act of crossing the gangway we renounced England. The most blatant British female produced her mite of French, which was this: You lie on your back—flat—you know, one another.

As I watched her, thinking of Rembrandt and, for some reason, Anatole France, the stewardess bustled up, under a businesslike-looking apron. She replied to our salutations with studied indifference, mentally ticking off the remaining member there was nothing to be seen from behind his luggage but a pair of tan shoes and a copy of the "Snark's Summer Annual." "Look here, old man," said the enthusiast, "I want to change all our places. You know those arrangements you've made—" I want to cut them out altogether. Do you mind?" "No," said the Mole, faintly. "But why?"

"Well, I was thinking it over in bed last night and I'm hanged if I can see the good of us paying fifteen bob if we don't want to. You see what I mean?" He took off his pince-nez and breathed on them. "Now, I don't want to unsettle you," went on the Enthusiast, "because, after all, its your party—you asked me. I wouldn't upset it for anything, but—there you are—you see."

My heart yearned over the Mole's imme-}

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have been the same colour: he proved so gentle and sympathetic a listener. In the opposite corner to me sat a beautiful young Frenchman with curly hair and a watch-chain from which dangled a silver fish, a ring, a silver shoe, and a medal. He stared out of the window the whole time, faintly twitching his nose. Of the remaining member there was nothing to be seen from behind his luggage but a pair of tan shoes and a copy of the "Snark's Summer Annual." "Look here, old man," said the enthusiast, "I want to change all our places. You know those arrangements you've made—I want to cut them out altogether. Do you mind?" "No," said the Mole, faintly. "But why?"

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My heart yearned over the Mole's immediate future, but he was cheerful and offered to find me a porter at Dover and strapped my parasol in with my rugs. We saw the sea. "It's going to be beastly rough," said the Enthusiast. "Gives you a head, doesn't it, when you look here, with a black feather fan. You'll have to pay fifteen bob if we don't want to. You see what I mean?"

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the male in graceful attitudes against the ship's side, talked already with that brilliance which denotes friction! I found a chair in a corner against a white partition, but unfortunately this partition had a window set in it for the purpose of permitting the curious, who peered through it, watching those bold and brave spirits who walked "for'ard" and were drenched and beaten by the waves. In the first half hour the excitement of getting wet and being pleased with rushing into dangerous places, to return and be rubbed down, was all absorbing. Then it palled—the parties drifted into silence. You would catch them staring intently at the ocean—and yawning. They grew cold and "snapp'd," suddenly a young lady in a white woollen hood with cherry bows got up from her chair and swayed over to the railings. We watched her, vaguely sympathetic. The young man with whom she had been sitting called to her. "Are you better?" Negative expressed. He sat up in his chair. "Would you like me to hold your head?" "No," said her shoulders. "Would you care for a coat round you?... Is it over?... Are you going to remain there?..." He looked at her with infinite tenderness. I lifted my face again to catch your unsympathetic quaver on a thread of lace. I lifted up my eyes. "We are there in two minutes," said she. Forlorn ladies, freed from the embrace of Neptune, knelt upon the floor and searched for their shoes and hairpins—only the old and dignified one lay passive, fanning herself. She looked at me and smiled. "Grace de Dieu, c'est fini," she quavered in a voice so fine it seemed to quaver on a thread of lace. I lifted up my eyes. "Oh, c'est fini!" "You alone à Strasbourg, madame?" "No," I said; "Bruges." "That is a great pity," said she, closing her fan and the conversation. I could not think why, but I had visions of myself perhaps travelling the nine long months with her, wrapping her in the black shawl, of her falling in love with me and leaving me unlimited quantities of money and old lace. These sleepy thoughts pursued me until I arrived on deck. The sky was indigo blue, so great masses of stars were shining; our ship stood black and sharp in the clear air. "Have you the tickets?... Yes, they want the tickets. Produce your tickets!..." We were squeezed over the gangway, shepherded into the custom house, where porters heaved our luggage on to long wooden slabs, and an old man wearing horn spectacles checked it without a word. "Follow me!" shouted the villainous-looking creature with whom I had endowed my osous-looking creature with whom I had endowed my...
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE STRIKES.

Sirt,—I fear very few of the general public can know of the seriousness of the industrial combinations of the past few weeks. I certainly say some stupid thing to them; if I remain silent, I am a misanthrope, an unsociable animal, a bear." Too true, alas! it is that the man who wishes to attract the gaze of the "general" cannot do it by speaking frankly and freely the truth that he is, has been the same from the dawn of the world.

"It is a kind of policy in these days," writes old Burton of the "Anatomy," "to prefix a phantastical title to a book which is to be sold for money. If a man write a day-net, many vain readers will carry and stand gazing, like silly passengers, at an antic picture in a painter's shop, that will not look on a judicious piece." There are those in all times who possess a fatally potent gift for thus compelling the public gaze. As Seneca so

It is deplorable. It is an incontrovertible fact that the weekly life of millions of workers in these islands is six days' famine more or less, and one day feast from Christmas Day to Christmas Day; and Society wonders that since 1823 to February, 1910, it spent £9,000,000 upon pauperism. Also that during the past 25 years it has spent upon "lunacy" over £71,000,000 sterling, vide Mr. John Burns' answer to Mr. Pike Pease in the House recently.

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"Showing the best and dividing it from the worst," replied Lamb, "I never heard you do anything else!" But genius is like the wind. It bloweth where it listeth. But soldiers should be used for shooting down their brothers, cousins in the streets, because the latter are simply the unhappy men of to-day deprived of any absolute right to life, and sitting with their liberty did not extend unto railing," thought he himself qualifies his judgment somewhat by his implied rebuke to Juvenal for "raking in the sink of vices to procure a laughter. Certainly, if we cannot go the whole way with those who would raise the highest place at the feast of life, we can, nevertheless, appreciate the force of the gentle Elia's rebuke to Coleridge. "I think," Charles," remarked the poet (re-

It seems to me, sir, that nothing will be done till all the workers have a trade union and all unions are banded together into one vast federation of labour; or the trade of the country carried on by cooperative principles, on a fair and just basis to the workers.

The men particularly demand the recognition of their union.

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myself and my eternal none. The Animus," said Sterne, "the best and dividing it from the worst," remarking Lamb, "‘The Animus," said Sterne, "taking up her residence, and sitting dabbling like a tadpole, all day long, both summer and winter, in a puddle, or in a liquid of any kind, how thick or thin soever, he would say, shocked his imagination. The phraseology may be paralleled from Swinburne's amusing but perhaps rather too irreverent parody of Tennyson: "The soul squats down in the body like a tinker drunk in a ditch." After all, though, we ought not perhaps to carp at the freedom of Mr. Swinburne's jesting. Was it not Erasmus, himself the prince of jesters, yet a very serious man, withal, who declared in his "Encomium Moriae" that "wits have always been allowed this privilege, that they might be smart upon any transactions of a supreme merit by the few who can judge of these things." "Grandis, et ut igitur nobis magis est luculenta, nec tur- gida, sed naturali pulchritudine exsurgit." Thus Petronius; but he was too much man of the world to let his practice accord with his principles.

"Showing the best and dividing it from the worst," replied Lamb, "I never heard you do anything else!" But genius is like the wind. It bloweth where it listeth. But soldiers should be used for shooting down their brothers, cousins in the streets, because the latter are simply the unhappy men of to-day deprived of any absolute right to life, and sitting with their liberty did not extend unto railing," thought he himself qualifies his judgment somewhat by his implied rebuke to Juvenal for "raking in the sink of vices to procure a laughter. Certainly, if we cannot go the whole way with those who would raise the highest place at the feast of life, we can, nevertheless, appreciate the force of the gentle Elia's rebuke to Coleridge. "I think," Charles," remarked the poet (re-

It seems to me, sir, that nothing will be done till all the workers have a trade union and all unions are banded together into one vast federation of labour; or the trade of the country carried on by cooperative principles, on a fair and just basis to the workers.

The men particularly demand the recognition of their union.
Now, the secretary of the Fabian Society wrote to The New Age on December 7, 1907, in the following terms:—

"What the President of the Board of Trade [Mr. Lloyd George] has done is, under the guise of a complicated Conciliation Board, to take the hours and wages of the railway men for seven years out of the sphere of private bargaining, and thus unduly or collectively to arrogate the power for that period of the fixing either of wages or hours; and to vest this power in an impartial arbitrator, who will occupy practically the position of a judge. Mr. Lloyd George is, I believe, concurring in having set up in England the first 'Wages Board,'... And notwithstanding all the parade of 'conciliation,' reference to the arbitrate and let them go to arbitration, which cannot be compulsorily in every case in which the parties do not come to agreement. All that the men have to do is to bring forward, in their own company, a demand already formulated for each section in their 'National All-Grades Programme,' and if and when these are not wholly or substantially acceded to by the representatives of the directors, to let them go to arbitration which cannot be refused..."... "Mr. Bell and the Executive Committee of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants have been blamed for 'recognition,' as many a baffled Trade Union has found, does not, in itself, raise any man's wages or shorten any man's hours. When Mr. Lloyd George made the directors concede instead, what had been done is, under the guise of a complicated Conciliation Board, to take the hours and wages of the railway men for seven years out of the sphere of private bargaining, and thus unduly or collectively to arrogate the power for that period of the fixing either of wages or hours; and to vest this power in an impartial arbitrator, who will occupy practically the position of a judge. Mr. Lloyd George is, I believe, concurring in having set up in England the first 'Wages Board,'... And notwithstanding all the parade of 'conciliation,' reference to the arbitrate and let them go to arbitration, which cannot be compulsorily in every case in which the parties do not come to agreement. All that the men have to do is to bring forward, in their own company, a demand already formulated for each section in their 'National All-Grades Programme,' and if and when these are not wholly or substantially acceded to by the representatives of the directors, to let them go to arbitration which cannot be refused..."

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honour." Some wag wrote suggesting that three special sorts of dogs, trained to ward off native intruders, should be kept in every house. The good man would then have leisure to look after the lodger.

Mr. Purchar refers to my "inaccuracies," and regrets that space will not allow him to "traverse and disprove them categorically."

Sir,--Mr. T. A. R. Purchar, in his letter in reply to Mrs. Beatrice Hastings in THE NEW AGE of Aug. 17 does not make it quite clear whether he denies the fact of "The Black Peril" in South Africa or only the "charge against tens of thousands of women of her own race," viz., that "the present epidemic in Africa of native crime is the result of work for the good of the Untiali native." Presumably he denies the existence of the Black Peril when he writes in an equally sweeping statement that "her statement, from the first word to the last, is in direct contradiction to the facts," and thus he implies an entirely false impression of the situation which really exists in this country.

As I have lived and worked among black people in West Africa and Jamaica, and have deep sympathy with the coloured races in all lands, I would be glad to believe that there is no black peril for white women in South Africa as there is in West Africa in Jamaica, and that the result of the hysterics of the white women: "and if it is not to irritate a well-known lion," I beg him to refer to the epistle of Mr. Maurice Brown. Let him read that, and then if he disagrees with me that these young men are muddling their brain and mushy in feeling, and not to be described accurately except as he has described them, I shall be glad to read some criticism of his own in his quite famous, chaste and severe style.

To Mr. Brown's question, "When your soul stands naked before posterity, and that inexorable judge demands of you your account, saying 'A thing of beauty was laid in your hands,' what will you say with it?" I suggest my answer would run somewhat like this: "Read my criticism!"

Sir,—A slave to beauty and a believer in John Masefield, I am sure that Mr. Kennedy is sincere when he accuses me of inaccuracies, because he evidently thinks I shall be too flushed to notice how he has re-written me for the purpose of criticising my style. I beg to say that "we restorationists" is not to be found in my writing. Mr. Kennedy invented that in order to convince himself; and in revenge I shall inform him that one of our well-known critics is saying that Mr. Kennedy wrote the review of "Nan." Just noting this tendency to over-statement (I am trying not to irritate a well-known lion), I beg him to refer to the subjoined review of a play called "Antony and Cleopatra."

"This disgustingly play is a record of the illicit love of an old man and a gipsy, who, in present-day parlance, would be called a nymphomaniac. Of her the author says that "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale Her infinite variety," so we presume that she, too, is not in the first blush of youth."

Sir,—From an obscure provincial paper I take the subjoined review of a play called "The Reviewer of Nan." It is the first act of all, and perhaps the most repulsive, is where the old man, defeated and deserted, sticks a sword in his stomach, and in a last frenzy of lust is hauled up, with protruding bowels, into the gipsy's chamber, where we leave them nuzzling with 'reachy kites.' Finally the old man dies, and in the woman commits suicide. Such, in outline, is the play which has received the approval of the Manchester Press.

Sir,—A slave to beauty and a believer in John Masefield as one of the few hopes of beauty in this present intellectually-aged era, I came back from the wilderness the other day and found with hope the fight that has been waged from this edifying scene we pass to an obscene dialogue with a eunuch, and so on through dreary descriptions of drunken debauches, where eight boors who lounge and yawn as they wade into battle, during which the strumpet tries to bolt, and the old dotard follows her. The last act of all, and perhaps the most repulsive, is where the old man, defeated and deserted, sticks a sword in his stomach, and in a last frenzy of lust is hauled up, with protruding bowels, into the gipsy's chamber, where we leave them nuzzling with 'reachy kites.' Finally the old man dies, and in the woman who commits suicide. Such, in outline, is the play which has received the approval of the Manchester Press.

Do I not recognise the hand of "The Reviewer of Nan?"" He is not afraid to fasten a putrid and stinking fish on to his line, which he then pulls up amid roars of laughter. This is real Hampstead Heath Holiday!"
THE NEW AGE

August 24, 1911.

"THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION"

Sir,—From the reading of Mr. R. B. Kerr's letter in your issue of August 17, I regret that by the word "lovers" I can only understand "persons between whom easy-going sexual interchange is not just a matter of every great or noble sense, nor even great and single-heartedness of love," such as figure in many "clean" divorce cases, where a woman leaves her lover, or vice-versa.

It therefore appears that the husbands are to be more or less complainant because divorce is not to be sought, and the men who are getting their sexual pleasures on the cheap are called "lovers." At any rate I am even more surprised than the husbands at the object to promiscuity; while any similarly minded married women, seduced maidens or paid harlots who may be adding to the general felicities of society, are extolled. Against these temporary loan of their wives, are, with the wives, equally "lovers" of the husbands. If this deduction appears too far-fetched to be relished we might say that, as the wife gives herself to the unattached man for pleasure and not for keep or profit, these two are "lovers," while the husband and wife stand in the relation of occasional father and permanent paid harlot—and, incidentally, joint guardians of the home not to be broken by divorce by any decent man or woman.

Of course, a merely faithful wife who does not actually love her husband is not in this way a harlot, as, n a possessing true love to keep her so bound, she dignifies and honours the ideal of duty to husband. It certainly implied in the marriage contract sufficiently to keep her what is conventionally called a "decent" proceeding?

According to Mr. Kerr's letter, promiscuity among respectable married women may soon become common over here, and as I am a respectable middle-class husband myself, I should like to bring two things to your consideration. Perhaps Mr. Kerr can say what his Canadian examples would think about them.

First, my husband and my parents. My husband, my wife not only costs me money to keep, but is also prospective bearer of the legitimate children I may require to carry on my business, estates, name and so on. In the event of her contracting a contagious disease from a lover should I be able to claim damages from the lover for depreciation of her value as a possible mother, and for sufficient money to buy safe "love" elsewhere, if necessary? If not, would divorce then be a "decent" proceeding?

Second, if my income only permits of my keeping a wife and properly educating and launching three children, and her lover insists on helping my wife to produce more, should I not be able to obtain a maintenance allowance from the lover for each child of his? If not, would it be right to send his children to the workhouse or should I only carefully differentiate between his children and mine, to ensure mine getting the best and most of everything I provide.

By the by, how soon would a child be told who was his father? Mr. Kerr does not tell us whether all the children of the Brown family of the Brown's children, called called "John Brown" Smith to remind him of his respectableness? Brown might be quite a superior man.

Of course, there may be a chance that it is never known who is the father of any child. How delightfully intersecting the possibility of the possestion of the child itself. I suppose, unless she tells lies to all concerned, its respectable mother will tell the child, when old enough to understand, "I never was certain who your father was, we were all so lover-like together."

Mr. Kerr does not tell us whether all the children of the Canadian families are likely to be those of the husbands or not. But presumably if a husband does not want the expense and trouble of any children except his own, he should be careful to watch that his harlot—"lovers"?" bother! it will slip out of his wife only has two other men with scientific precautions; even though it may be that instinctively poetic lovers such as these never love so greatly and naturally as to desire to retain the possession of the love—a child of their own. Love, apparently being concerned with pleasure only, while for child bearing and rearing, legitimised harlotry is sufficient. Here is perhaps the true meaning of the last line of Pope's quoted couplet:

"When love is liberty, and nature—law."

Oh, those poor poets! What they have been said to have said and meant. Marriage may be, and too often is, alas, only a contract, but it is so complete a contract, duties and restrictions on both sides to be honoured. Free love, provided it is single-minded and great while it lasts, may be an inspiring and clean thing. But legal marriage, with all the disadvantages and vices it may produce, and easy-going promiscuity—Pugh! Do our women want their fathers and their children? Not the clean-minded among them, anyway, I am sure.

NEVILLE ELIOT.
MATES AND SUPER-MATES.

Sir,—This would be an appropriate heading for the letter in last week's issue of The New Age, signed R. B. Kerr.

The writer states that he is acquainted with three married women, a part of the English middle classes, that they "go to church," and are "considered respectable," although the position is known, and that they "can support themselves by their own hands." He adds: "There can be no doubt that American and Colonial examples like these may be followed by the general body of the English middle classes."

I agree that the monitory in which married life is so often passed leaves a "felt want," but I deny that this "addition" would give the "freedom combined with stability" which he truly asserts is "wanted by women." Husbands and wives have it in their own hands to break the conventional customs of married life, in their own interest.

If it is the stratagems and wiles which form the chief part of the charm of intercourse outside the marriage bond, why not introduce a little of the same into the usual life of domesticity? Why not have clandestine meetings as if with strangers? Why not make appointments by note, and find the sort of mutual refreshment and wish to give pleasure so expressive of the other relationship? A young couple might be most naturally and interested in making plans to meet away from domestic engagements and worries which oppress them at home. If it is the sense of "spree" that gives life or "bells" of a gradual, illicit pleasure, why banish that element so completely in the licensed existence?

The same men and women might make themselves "other people" to each other if they made opportunities only known to themselves, and be together in entertainments, moonlight walks, rows on the river. If it were found well to lead this "double existence" they would both find much fun and amusement in making plans to meet away from domestic engagements and worries which oppress them at home. If it is the sense of "spree" that gives life and "bells" of a gradual, illicit pleasure, why banish that element so completely in the licensed existence?

When afterwards they become fathers and mothers what a relief to have now and then a time planned by and for themselves without children, and with themselves only to please.

M. A. B.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Sir,—Mr. Thorn has replied to my last letter in one of his own in which he has thrown his previous savoir-faire to the winds, and has delivered himself of an attack in, if he will forgive my saying so, by no means the most courteous terms. He asks a great number of questions, to attempt to reply to which would be an impossibility, as it would require a space which I could not possibly expect to meet away from domestic engagements and worries which oppress them at home. If it is the sense of "spree" that gives life or "bells" of a gradual, illicit pleasure, why banish that element so completely in the licensed existence?

He says that Huxley did not know everything. I think that is a truism with which everybody will agree. I quoted M. E. Abbey's letter which had the support of Huxley could not be put out of operation. It would give me no trouble to give Mr. Thorn ample proof of this. That Mr. Thorn should stoop to call a practitioner a murderer for failing to heal another person is a better proof of Mr. Thorn's mental temperature than of anything else. The calling of names is an exceedingly elderly process. Wyclif was described as lie forger having the hardihood to translate the Bible: there is a statue to Wyclif on the Embankment to-day; Darwin was politically redoubted as "heretics" because he had "lowered in addition to their husbands," that they "go to church," and are "considered respectable," although the position is known, and that they "can support themselves by their own hands." He adds: "There can be no doubt that American and Colonial examples like these may be followed by the general body of the English middle classes."

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