NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It must give Mr. Snowden and several of his colleagues a good deal of satisfaction to denounce the late Trade Union Congress as "futile to a painful degree." So much criticism of the same kind has been directed against them that they would be more than human to refuse an opportunity of passing it on. Nevertheless, his criticism of the Congress is undeserved. It is true that most of the resolutions passed and the speeches delivered were contradictory and ill-considered, but nobody is entitled to expect much intelligence from a Congress, and the conflict of opinion which was manifest bore no relation to the unity of purpose it concealed. That purpose, as we said last week, may be summed up as the determination to resume the weapons of the strike on the largest possible scale. To this end the whole of the unions are to be trained to act as one. In addition to this, it was evident that the Congress was determined to retain the right of the unions to strike whenever and as they please. No Compulsory Arbitration was to be admitted in any form. In comparison with this momentous decision the expression of opinions concerning the Insurance Bill, Proportional Representation, Secular Education, and the like are of no account. The mere opinions on these questions of a body of working-men are, in fact, valueless. But the "fraternal delegates" who attended the Congress on behalf of the Government will not fail to report to their masters the spirit which the opinions did not reveal.

Doubtless Mr. Snowden has been assisted to his condemnation of the Congress by the fact that not only was Compulsory Arbitration, of which he is an advocate, rejected by a unanimous vote, but his own pet scheme for non-contributory insurance was defeated. We wish we could believe, however, that in rejecting a non-contributory scheme the Congress was declaring in favour of paying full price, like honest men, for their insurance. But there is, unfortunately, no ground for this supposition. From all we gather the delegates were quite prepared to accept 9d. for 4d.; and their sense of justice only revolted when it was proposed to give them 9d. for nothing. This laxity of moral conscience, we believe, is due to the persistent efforts of men like Mr. Snowden to secure the pitch of the straightforward working-man by confusing immediate meliorism with radical improvement. It is made difficult for men to resist an apparent gift of 9d. per week when their leaders, who are supposed to have long sight, declare that there is no danger in it. Yet it is obvious on a little reflection that the more meliorism the less real reform can be made tolerable by State charity, the incentive to raise wages is gone.

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The recent railway settlement, so ingeniously contrived by Mr. Lloyd George, was hailed, as everybody knows, by the union officials as a great victory for trade unionism. Actually, however, it was a crushing defeat. The evidence now being given before the prolonged Commission, while justifying the men's action, will conclude in resolutions to make such action impossible again. Meantime consider what the companies have already gained by the settlement. First and foremost they got their men back to work before an outraged public was driven in desperation to insist on railway nationalisation. Secondly, they obtained a breathing-space, as long as the Commission can be dragged out, during which they can continue their old game of separating the "loyal" sheep from the "disloyal" goats. (The bonuses and collections for the men who stayed in are designed more to humiliate the strikers than to encourage the non-strikers). Thirdly, they extracted from the Government the permission to raise rates and charges if, by ill-fortune, the Commission now sitting should declare in favour of higher wages. On the men's side, what is there that can be regarded as a gain? The strike cost them hundreds of thousands of pounds; the Conciliation Boards which they desired to abolish will certainly be maintained with disastrous improvements, their own unpaid ringleaders are marked down for slow certain disciplinary degradation, and the off-set is nil. A few more such victories for trade unionism, and the organised workers will be worse off than the unorganised.

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In the presentation of the case for the men before the Commission its strength was considerably reduced by the variety of opinions expressed. Actually, as we have already said, the opinions of workmen should count for nothing, one way or the other. The inclination of an engineer to prefix "recognition" to non-recognition is cancelled by the inclination of the goods porter, say, to prefer the reverse. Questions of general policy of this kind are as much outside the range of the average workman as foreign politics are caviare to the average politician. What is to be discovered is the underlying unity of interest among workmen; which must certainly exist since the workmen, whatever their opinions, do actually work fairly harmoniously together. It should...
not be impossible for the men’s leaders—and, indeed, it is their duty—to interpret this unity and to devise a policy by which it can accomplish its object. But unfortunately they have shown themselves before the Commission to be as much at sixes and sevens as their men. In contrast with the divided counsels of the men and their leaders, the evidence of the shareholders’ officials is strikingly unanimous. The business of raising profits, it appears, conduces more easily to agreement than the business of raising wages. Or is it that the shareholders have a shrewder sense of values than the wage earners, and appoint directors and managers with a single eye on railwaymen in respect of their shareholders? A general manager who failed to maintain profits would speedily find himself out of a job. The most incompetent trade union officials are placed virtually for life.

Be this as it may, the fact remains that it will be much easier to summarise the views of the shareholders than of the workmen. They have already, in fact, been summarised by the two witnesses who have so far been heard on behalf of the companies. Mr. Walker, of the London and North-Western Railway, was emphatic in condemnation of recognition of the unions in any form. Recognition, he said, was coercion. The companies would be placed under the tyranny, not merely of the men as a whole, but of a minority of the men. Only ten or twenty per cent. of the men, the non-unionists, yet recognition would infallibly place them in a position of command. Asked what his remedy for the recent strike might be, Mr. Walker fell back upon the Conciliation scheme. He denied that there had been any unjust conduct on the part of the men, and the scheme might be made to work better in future, provided there was no recognition. Sir Charles Owen, of the London and South-Western, was equally emphatic in the same direction, and even more extreme in his denunciation of the unions than Mr. Walker. Sir Charles, it seems, is a bit of a patriot as well as a full-blown railway manager. He foresees that the logical end of the sympathetic strike is to put the workers in a position not inferior, but probably superior, to that of the Imperial Parliament itself. To nip this design in the bud, it was necessary not only to refuse recognition to trade unions, but to make strikes illegal under penalty, and to treat railway workers in particular as if they were soldiers or marines.

What can be said of all this stiff-lipped rant except that it is by some twenty years out of date? The question of the relative position of unionists among non-unionists has been settled ages ago. It is true that the unionists are a numerical minority, but all great bodies of men, professional no less than artisan, are run by a minority, and in the case of the railwaymen the minority has most of the public ability and all the power. Despite the disproportion of numbers, the railway directors do and will find it easier to ignore the ninety non-unionists than the ten unionists, for the simple reason that the former would not fight on their own initiative but the latter would. Mr. Walker’s complaint then that the unionists are outnumbered and non-unionists is no ground for refusal of recognition even if it involves handing over the contest to a minority. For in weight, which alone counts in representation, that minority is already more powerful than the majority, and will rule it under any circumstances. The fear that the unions, once granted recognition, will control the companies as well as their men, break up discipline and endanger the lives of the travelling public, is, of course, a mere bogey intended to terrify the public into antagonism to the men’s just demands for higher wages. Recognition has been conceded in the Post Office, which has charge of public interests as great as those farmed out to railway companies, without involving any particular indiscipline. Why should railway companies concede recognition and still live? * * *

But the most extraordinary demand was made by Sir Charles Owen, that railwaymen be enlisted like soldiers and marines and placed under the same obligations of loyalty. Loyally, in heaven’s name, to whom or what? Sir Charles Owen, such a little Englishman that he actually compares the duties of soldiers and sailors to their country with the services of railwaymen to a set of thieving directors? Nobody denies that the railways are supposed to be run in the public interest exactly as wars are conducted in the public interest; and to that extent, other things being equal, railwaymen are public servants. But what should we say of the obligations of an army whose officers employed it in depredations were at the cost of a foreign enemy and enriched our own country indirectly? Certainly no jurisconsult would propose to apply the laws in force in the army and navy to the discipline of buccaneering and privateering expeditions. Yet it is precisely this latter class of enterprise that our railways belong. They discharge a public duty. Admitted. But they discharge it at the minimum of convenience to the public and the maximum of profit to themselves. And now they have the impudence to demand that the Government and public shall keep order for them among their slaves! The doctrines of anarchy were never more clearly uttered than when Sir Charles Owen requested the Government to endow private railway corporations with regal powers. * * *

We confess, however, that with muddled-headed union officials on one side and impudent would-be despots on the other, the outlook for railway peace is black. Only to read the evidence backwards and forwards of the Railway Commission is to plunge deeper and deeper into gloom. The real bone of contention is that enormous loot of the companies, that annual 47 million pounds, screwed out of our national trade and our labourers. The working-man as a whole, and his representatives as a minority, will have no share of it; the directors, on the other hand, refuse to part with so much as a penny of it, either to their workmen or to the public at large. What is to be the end of it? We cannot but think that the men at any rate have justice on their side. Nowhere in the world does any trade with the same proportion of profits pay such low wages as our railway companies; and while this is the case, we can only say that railwaymen will be unworthy the name of Englishmen if they put up with it. But this is a matter, too, in which each man is entitled to a voice in the matter. It is certainly not to the public interest either that half a million men should be underpaid, or that itself should be overcharged, to make a holiday for a handful of idle shareholders. The only remedy that we can see is for the share-holders to declare it an public interest; to share the profits now paid to capitalists between them. A rise in wages and a reduction in fares and rates would be a happy issue out of our present troubles.

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But does anybody with any political experience imagine that the nationalisation of railways, though commended by almost universal example, dictated by present events and advocated by nine out of ten of the electorate, will be brought about within a reasonable number of years? Mr. Walpole, we see, is deducing himself and his friends with the belief that nationalisation has been brought nearer by the recent strike. A step more or less in the direction of infinity is scarcely worth troubling about; but for our part we see no better prospect of immediate Railway Nationalisation than of defeating Mr. Lloyd George’s Insurance Bill. If Railway Nationalisation is supported by everybody, assuredly the Insurance Bill is opposed by everybody. Yet the one will fail to be realised in spite of the universal advocacy, and the other will not fail to be opposed by universal execration. The reasons for this paradoxical state of affairs, this complete divorce of public intention from Parliamentary legislation, are not to be discussed at this moment, but we invite our readers to meditate on the problem before finally concluding that democracy is a failure. On the contrary, from all we see, the Government is preparing now to meet the demands which they foresee will be made upon them by the
General Strike. Far from attempting by legislation to make strikes unnecessary by nationalisation, they propose first to attempt to make them impossible, and, if that should fail, to attempt to ensure that they will be broken up. Mr. Churchill's foxy mind has hit upon the idea of enrolling a voluntary police force in every town to act in the event of a strike. This is not precaution simply, it is preparation for prosecution.

If there is no intention, however, of economic legislation, plenty of resources are at the disposal of the Government for pushing through its programmatical Bills. We do not grudge Home Rule a campaign all to itself if the country will back against the formation of a League to popularise the Insurance Bill. The promoters of the League have begun with a lie and they will presumably continue by misrepresentation. It is simply untrue to declare, as they do, that there has been no opposition to the principles of the Insurance Bill, and that all the criticism has been of details. On the contrary, at least five journals we can name have consistently and continuously opposed the Bill on principle and not on detail. If Mr. Lloyd George likes, we will return them to you new, partly at their own expense, partly at the public expense, partly at yours. But since you (the employers) will reap the entire benefit personally we doubt resulting from the Bill, a reduction of wages paid may remain the same, but the total amount paid is reduced. Or a more efficient organisation may exchange four badly-paid workmen for three well-paid, with an appreciable saving on the transaction. Mr. Lloyd George's Bill is announced in replying to our requests for light on economic problems; but we regret that we cannot congratulate our contemporary on its quality. Two articles on economic subjects appeared in its columns last week, but both bristled with interrogations rather than with replies. "How is it possible," the Times asks, "that there is a present distribution of wealth (of wealth) that only the workmen realise very clearly that a problem of what the true distribution should be remains unsolved." What, for example, is a "living wage"? What is "adequate payment for labour"? Is it as much as a man gets, or as much as he can get, or something that he ought to get, but doesn't get? If he ought to get it and doesn't get it, why ought he and why doesn't he? If he ought not, why ought he not and does he get enough? To string together academic questions we feel inclined to reply after the manner of the lecturer on metaphysics who was asked the portentous question: How, when, where and why did the One become the Many? The lecturer looked very solemn, and after appearing to reflect for a minute or two, uttered the word "Yes," and sat down. No more serious reply, in fact, is possible to the questions the "Times" strings together; nor will any reply, no matter how splendid, solve the problem of the more equitable distribution of wealth, which weighs on all classes, is a practical problem. We shall never arrive at an exact evaluation of services rendered or of obligations due. On the other hand, the state of the administration of a country is continually approximating to equity; and they are to be found, as we have so often pointed out, in the transference of profits to wages by nationalisation of monopolies.

The discussion of economics, we are glad to see, has been taken up by the "Spectator" and the "Observer" also. Mr. Garvin employs Lord Rosebery's phrase, "spoon-feeding," to describe the social legislation of the present Government. But, mirabile dictu, he makes a single exception of Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Bill. If the change of 9d. for 4d. is not spoon-feeding, Will it not "teach the people to cling on to the State?" Mr. Stracey, we regret to say, is even more at sea. "If Socialists," he says, "could persuade the rich as well as the poor to spend less and to save more, not only would there be a greater supply of capital for rendering our industries more efficient, but the capital could be supplied at a cheaper price, thus permitting a relative as well as an absolute improvement in the wage-earner's position. Our capital is already almost a drug in the English market. We have capital enough almost to run the industries of the world. The purchasing power of the masses, represented by their wages, is, however, so small that industry seldom gets its demand, and when it does it has exhausted its means of production. To set our mills going at full speed and to multiply them does not require of wages can so easily be veiled that only the workmen themselves, and they not collectively, can detect it. The substitution of machinery, for example, is one means of reducing the total wages bill. The rate of wages paid may remain the same, but the total amount paid is reduced. Or a more efficient organisation may exchange four badly-paid workmen for three well-paid, with an appreciable saving on the transaction. Mr. Lloyd George's Bill is announced in replying to our requests for light on economic problems; but we regret that we cannot congratulate our contemporary on its quality. Two articles on economic subjects appeared in its columns last week, but both bristled with interrogations rather than with replies. "How is it possible," the Times asks, "that there is a present distribution of wealth (of wealth) that only the workmen realise very clearly that a problem of what the true distribution should be remains unsolved." What, for example, is a "living wage"? What is "adequate payment for labour"? Is it as much as a man gets, or as much as he can get, or something that he ought to get, but doesn't get? If he ought to get it and doesn't get it, why ought he and why doesn't he? If he ought not, why ought he not and does he get enough? To string together academic questions we feel inclined to reply after the manner of the lecturer on metaphysics who was asked the portentous question: How, when, where and why did the One become the Many? The lecturer looked very solemn, and after appearing to reflect for a minute or two, uttered the word "Yes," and sat down. No more serious reply, in fact, is possible to the questions the "Times" strings together; nor will any reply, no matter how splendid, solve the problem of the more equitable distribution of wealth, which weighs on all classes, is a practical problem. We shall never arrive at an exact evaluation of services rendered or of obligations due. On the other hand, the state of the administration of a country is continually approximating to equity; and they are to be found, as we have so often pointed out, in the transference of profits to wages by nationalisation of monopolies.

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more capital, but more effective demand. Does anybody doubt that if wages were doubled to-morrow manufacturers would be working overtime the day after?

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Some credit, we suppose, will be given to Mr. Rothschild for rehousing his Northamptonshire serfs. But while the attempt is in the right direction, the fulfilment falls far short of what so wealthy a man might do. The houses, to begin with, are semi-detached, which means that a workman will never be able to get away from his neighbour. The rooms are small, which means that he will never be able to get away from his family, nor they from him. The paired houses are in rows, and the gardens are all open to each other and front on the street. The fierce light of village publicity will play close and ceaseless observation. A considerate squire, anxious to set an example to the world, and with unlimited land at his disposal, might have tried the experiment of isolated houses with privacy guaranteed by trees, and with large rooms. It is an extraordinary delusion that the poor like to live on top of each other. Only the dehumanised freaks who erect garden suburbs of red-brick horrors and fancy themselves in love with communism even attend to them. Their own solitude is not essential to a decent life. But the meanest act of Mr. Rothschild's beneficence is his decision to confine his new houses to the labourers on his estate. Even Mr. Cadbury does not do that.

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The case of the Hon. Galbraith Cole, brother-in-law of Lord Delamere, who is to be deported from British East Africa in the interests of public government, offers some difficulties to the casuist, but none, we should hope, to the Imperialist. Casuistically it might be argued that public rule is very popular with the whites and unpopular with the blacks of East Africa, its offence should have the allowance of longitude in our judgment and be measured by the local circumstances. On the other hand, we are entitled to ask what whites support him and to enquire into their standards of judgment. An English gamekeeper, we do not doubt, would be acquitted by his peers if he shot a suspected poacher in the dark, especially if poaching had recently been prevalent in the neighbourhood. Similarly the white jury that acquitted Mr. Cole might be, and actually was, in a sense, a consenting party of his peers. But the government officials there as much as here are under obligations to a superior court, the court of civilised opinion all over the world. In defying the local government and in relying upon his own associates, Mr. Cole is challenging Christendom on behalf of an act that no real public opinion anywhere within the region of culture would approve. That his act was aggravated by its wilfulness, the lack of provocation, its petty motives, and Mr. Cole's subsequent failure even so much as to report his murder to the authorities, is evidence of his dangerous contempt for established government. As much in the interests of civilisation as of the natives he should be exiled home.

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While several of the Unionist members are making themselves ridiculous by refusing to accept Parliamentary payment, one Labour member at any rate is making himself ridiculous by attempting to prove that he will still be out of pocket. His table of weekly expenses is composed of items some of which may surely be put down to mistakes. "Postage, fifteen shillings per week," implies a good deal of correspondence or a large number of very negligent or indigent correspondents. "Response to charitable appeals, fifteen shillings a week," is perhaps a confirmation of the last deduction. "Receiving deputations at House of Commons" is also an expensive item. But the largest item on the list is £2 8s. railway fares. Even supposing this table is correct for a single week, there are fortunately not fifty-two weeks in the Parliamentary year. With care, indeed, we think that even this Labour member who lives apparently in Ultima Thule will be able to make both ends meet.

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It is time that somebody protested against the publication in the halfpenny illustrated papers of indecent photographs. We do not refer, as their readers will immediately surmise, to photographs of an outrageous sexual nature. These, indeed, would be comparatively harmless since everybody would see them for what they were. But we refer to photographs of purely private and personal acts and doings about which only the most vulgar and morbid section of the public can be curious. Last week, for example, the "Daily Mirror" published photographs of Burgess kissing his wife on his return from swimming the Channel. But the "Morning Leader" had the execrable taste to publish an even more offensive photograph, and one calculated, we should say, to wound the feelings of thousands even among its own readers. To snapshot a well-known Labour leader entering a carriage on his way to the funeral of his wife and to publish it for the world to see is, as far as we know, the lowest depth to which the halfpenny Press has yet sunk. The rage, however, for spectacle of any kind at second hand is likely to be inflamed by King George's command display of the cinematograph at Balmoral.

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The "strike" of school children has been laughed at, but its significance cannot be laughed away. Doubtless the example of their fathers was the leading inspiration, but their own grievances are no less real than their parents'. Did it come with any shock, we wonder, to the educated public to learn that corporal punishment still continues despite regulations in our elementary schools? Or that thousands of children suffer in schools as men in prison? Probably not. The Bishop of Carlisle, it is often said, is a model public man who if corporal punishment took place, the children were all the better for it. He believed in corporal punishment. It had done him good and he wished he had had more of it, etc., etc. When will these clericals learn that the rôle of savage-chief fails to impress us in their cloth? The Bishop of Carlisle posing as John Bull Paterfamilias reminds us irresistibly of Mr. Formy's representation of "For I'm one of the boys." But there, the Bishop makes a pair with his brother of London, who, a celibate, advocates large families for everybody—else.

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Seeds of strange religions are wafted from time to time on to our shores. But fortunately or unfortunately they do not find the soil in us in which to flourish. Good, bad or indifferent they meet alike the same fate—a little wonder, a little success, then obscurity and finally perhaps extinction. The latest to land in public is Bahaim, of which, indeed, many of us have heard in private these many years. "Baha' u' llah's counsels," we are told, "are faithfully carried out. . . . A Bahai must have a trade, an art, or a profession . . . he must take part in some work for the benefit of the community." From this we forecast less success in England than for Christian Science, let us say, that makes no such demands of the idle rich.

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It is extraordinary that Mr. Bowen Rowlands should conclude his series of articles in the "Daily Mail" on Criminal Reform, with a recommendation the adoption of which would give reformers nothing else to do but to combat crime. Mr. Rowlands is so impressed with the evils of the Reformatory Schools to which our magistrates light-heartedly commit high-spirited but poor children for offences which in the rich would be considered as impossible, but their total abolition. This is satisfactory until we learn that he would substitute for them a special State Prison with all the "advantages" of scientific classification, superintendence and trained officials! "The criminal man," he says, "is evolved from the criminal youth." We should think he will be by these means.
F  o  r  e  i  g  n  A  f  f  a  i  r  s.

By S. Verdad.

Let us first of all get rid of the present Moroccan situation, which may be done in a few words; although the attitude of the German Government is difficult to understand, it is almost certain that there will be no war this time. To this terse expression of my highly-placed informants have added: "But war is bound to come in five years or less." This sums up the position as it is now grasped in diplomatic circles; although the views of my highly-placed informants have added that there will be no war this year. They are Count Aehrenthal, the Austrian Foreign Minister, and M. Delcassé, the French Naval Minister; and both of them believe that war between France and Germany is inevitable in 1913 or 1914. This is the critical period when Germany must decide whether or not she will renew her Navy Bill in the sense of extending its range, or whether she will be satisfied with building the number of ships already provided for.

On this point it is impossible at the present juncture to speculate one way or the other. Much depends on the men. If Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter, the German Foreign Minister, retains his post, or is appointed to a more important post, a German naval policy is likely. If the Government finds itself in trouble after the next Reichstag elections there may not be a new Navy Bill for two or three years after the present one expires. The immediate circumstances, however, concern us more.

It is obvious that the present negotiations have resulted in a diplomatic victory for France—more than that, even—a moral victory. It need only be added that the German diplomatic defeat is not due to Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter, but to someone still higher and much more intelligent. But another factor contributed towards taking the ground from under his feet—viz., the financial factor.

Perhaps a reference to finance suggests Mr. Norman Angell. As I have previously pointed out in this paper, Mr. Angell's mistake lies in supposing that finance is the decisive factor in international affairs, that men are actuated by purely materialistic motives, and that men who are actuated by purely materialistic motives cannot be patriotic. Remember the patriotism of the British soldier. The habits of men like Rockefeller, Morgan, Carnegie, and Frick might have served as models for Methodist parsons; had their limits been otherwise, these men would have held the positions they now do in the world of finance.

Let me add that Mr. O'Connor's method of writing on foreign affairs is peculiar. He takes an article in the "Nation," assumes it to be accurate, and bases a two-column article of his own upon it. The blunders made by the "Nation" writer, supplemented by blunders of Mr. O'Connor's own, make amusing reading. The well-known German firm of the Mannesmann Brothers is referred to (and more than once) as the "well-known German firm of financiers called the Mannesheim Brothers." Again, "The French," says "Tay Pay," quoting the "Nation," "are discredited already by Europeans and Moors alike. Whatever the German occupation of Agadir may be, the news of their landing created a jubilant feeling through Europe.

Mr. Norman Angell, however, is not the only critic to lay stress upon financial matters in the present month. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, of all men in the world, has a "two-column article on the subject. Towards the end of the last few days which shows that they are not satisfied with that. They want something more; something non-materialistic. They want something more: satisfaction as the term was once understood in connection with duelling, and as it is still understood in those happy countries where the perfectly rational practice of duelling is still recognised. They can't get it, for they are not strong enough. The dissatisfaction felt and expressed throughout the country, however, makes it perfectly obvious that no State, however small, however prosperous whether it is satisfied with doing nothing more than satisfying itself alone. There must be something else, something higher and nobler.

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The South African war was, to a large extent, a stock-jobbing operation. The "Daily Mail" of September 18 mentioned by the limits of political influence, and that there exists some direct relation between political power and the prosperity of the lesser States, with no political advantage, assuming for the sake of argument that they are actuated by purely materialistic motives, and that they are not strong enough. The dissatisfaction felt and expressed throughout the country, however, makes it perfectly obvious that no State, however small, however prosperous whether it is satisfied with doing nothing more than satisfying itself alone. There must be something else, something higher and nobler.

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Trade as It Is.

Jacob was not a particularly clever boy—at least, so said the schoolmaster. He was just average at his lessons, and outside school he distinguished himself in any way. He was the laziest boy you ever met, but he took care to avoid the cane. There was, however, one very strange thing about Jacob; somehow or other he managed to acquire more possessions than any other boy in the country side. How was that?

Ben was a different boy from Jacob. Always hard at work, full of energy in school and out, good at his lessons, a favourite with everyone, and the handsiest fellow you ever saw. His hobby was making whistles, but at the time I write of Ben had only got one whistle while Jacob had two. How was that?

Tom, too, was a capital fellow, clever in a different way from Ben, but equally industrious. Tom loved to make catapults, but at the time I write Tom had only one catapult, while Jacob had two. How was that?

Sandy was a different sort of boy from Ben and Tom; nevertheless, he commanded general respect. Sandy liked to cut and carve walking-sticks, but at the time I write of, Sandy had only two walking-sticks while Jacob had three. How was that?

If you had asked Jacob, he would have told you it was all a question of political economy. Jacob talked a lot about political economy, about supply and demand, production and distribution, and of how imports paid for exports, and he was particularly strong on invisible exports, and the advantages of a good credit system. Why was that?

Now at one time Ben had five whistles, Tom had five catapults, Sandy had five walking-sticks, and Jacob had none of these various articles.

One day Tom was showing Jacob his five catapults, and he operated with one on Miss Biler's favourite tom-cat. Jacob praised Tom's skill, and asked the loan of a catapult. Tom was a good-natured fellow, and willingly granted it.

Jacob set off for Ben's house. Ben was pleased to see Jacob, and showed him his five whistles, playing melodiously now on one and now on another.

"They're very nice," said Jacob, "but I've something to show you worth all of them put together; look here," and he produced Tom's catapult. He missed old Mr. Twiddler's dog Fido—Jacob never could trust me with his catapult and Ben trusted me with his. But Jacob couldn't. "I'd like it back now," said Jacob.

"Whatever is the use of them all to you. You only need one. Now look here, I've got the most beautiful thing you ever saw," and he produced a whistle. "What do you think of that?" The whistle pleased Sandy mightily, so Jacob suggested to exchange it for four walking-sticks, but Sandy was a different sort of boy from Ben and Tom, so he declined, and pretended whistles didn't interest him. He offered, however, to give one walking-stick for it. Jacob scouted the offer, and produced his catapult. That made Sandy's eyes glisten, and finally, after a deal of higgling and haggling, Jacob gave a whistle and a catapult for three walking-sticks. Then Jacob went home. He counted up his possessions. They numbered two catapults, two whistles, and three walking-sticks.

Then Jacob began to reason on political economy.

"The value of a whistle," said he, "is clearly the value of a catapult. How trade has enriched both Tom and Ben. Tom has produced two catapults and Ben two whistles. They have exchanged whistles for a catapult, and each is the richer, by exchanging something he did not need for something that he did.

"As Sandy's three walking-sticks only exchange for a catapult and a whistle, and as a catapult and a whistle are of equal value, it follows that the value of a walking-stick is as the value of two to three. It must cost Sandy less labour to produce a walking-stick than it does Ben to produce a whistle or Tom a catapult, therefore a walking-stick is not as valuable as a whistle or a catapult, which, as we have seen, are of equal value to the one to the other.

"The great engine that has brought about this exchange of goods is credit. If Tom could not have trusted me with his catapult and Ben trusted me with his whistle, they could never have made that exchange of goods with one another which has benefited them so.

"How marvellously Nature adjusts all things in this wonderful world; even values included, if she is not interfered with.

"Let me think further. What were Tom's catapults, Ben's whistles, and Sandy's walking-sticks the result of? Clearly of industry and thrift. Viewed from this standpoint, their goods were their capital. Capital is, then, the reward of industry and thrift. I possess two catapults, two whistles, and two walking-sticks. These are capital, my capital. Capital is the result of industry and thrift. Clearly then of my industry and my thrift. "Ah! it is just and right that such qualities should meet with their due reward, and how true it is that 'Honesty is the best policy.'"

That is my story. Now it is for you to say whether Jacob's reasoning was right or wrong, and if wrong, where wrong. Then, perhaps, some day I will tell you whether I think his reasoning was right or wrong, and if wrong, where wrong. In the meantime, I have given an instance of trade as it is—at any rate, sometimes. But my story, of course, has nothing to do with political economy, because that is the science that deals with trade as it should be. It has, however, to do with certain political economists, because they always will confound trade as it should be with trade as it is. And statesmanship has to deal with trade as it is, which is, I think, the moral of my story.

J. Z.
which class is singled out for special treatment by society. If a new society should decide to endow all its red-headed members with wealth in perpetuity, and to accompany the gift with the responsibilities of social power, the result in the long run would be the creation of a specialised and relatively cultured class.

We are not now engaged in creating a special and privileged class in a new society, for the simple reason that our society is old and a special and privileged class already exists. The question is: Are they, in society's opinion, worth maintaining? Can society dispense, or does society desire to dispense, with that class with all that it represents? If that class ceased to exist, would it not be found necessary, to re-create it? The speculation, it will be seen, turns upon the value set by society on culture, as well as upon the efficiency of the class in question to discharge its duties.

A community so materialistic as to possess no respect for culture, or so little respect as to be sceptical of the conditions of its appearance. Such a community might conceivably come into existence among a whole class of persons for the specific purpose of generating culture. Placing no value on culture, it would naturally refuse to pay the high price that culture demands. But is this the case with England? On the contrary, it might be said, that while the upper classes are prepared to endow a whole class with leisure, wealth and power, and to maintain them in that state, we shall insist on a fair return in the particular quality for which we make that sacrifice. And such a fair return we shall in fact receive; at least, if not in fairness, the reply would be that we get all that is possible. A chosen and privileged class, though indispensable to culture, can, nevertheless, not guarantee culture. It would be foolish to kill the goose that alone can lay golden eggs, because for the moment golden eggs are not being laid. The onus is thrown on us of proving that, in fact, the wealthy classes are neglecting their social responsibility of maintaining culture. Not a difficult task, by the way!

Having indicated one of the legs on which the present system may conceivably stand, we may now consider the other. Assume the abolition of a wealthy class and a comparatively equal distribution of wealth, is there any hope that the spread of culture among the many would compensate for the absence of the privileged? An alternative speculation is to enquire whether the general culture of the many is compatible with the special culture of the few.

Reformers who have lived long enough to see their schemes in operation are, more often than not, disappointed with the result. The improved conditions they have laboured to secure for the poor prove so often to be a superficial improvement only. Within the last forty years, it is undeniable that conditions once attainable by the wealthy alone have been placed at the disposal of nearly everybody. But has the level of intelligence or culture been raised thereby? Is a mining village in Yorkshire the more tolerable because the majority of its inhabitants are now comfortably off?

The reflection is inevitable among sincere reformers that in distributing wealth among the masses they may be not only draining the old reservoirs of culture, but the stream they spread over the new areas may produce more weeds than flowers. A proletariat that swallows a million copies of the "Daily Mail" per day, a million and a half of "Lloyd's Weekly," that maintains football, music halls, quack medicines, popular novelists, popular preachers, that vulgarises pleasure resorts, wallows in murder reports, drinks to excess, eats and when it runs to excess, forms itself into mobs for the
suppression of independence, crucifies its honest friends, aggrandises its flattering enemies—what is it worth? Socialists, it may be said, are endeavouring to multiply the opposition to riots that get in the rank-scented many; to whom they are preparing to sacrifice the privileges (on small provocation) of the few. What wonder that the few, possessing power, are opposed to Socialism?

THE EAGLE SONG.

Like an eagle that breaks
From a song-bird’s snare,
And rising, shakes
His plumes in the air,
From the spirit’s sleep,
From the toils of love,
Waking,
Breaking,
I leap, I leap.

O blackcragged hills where the torrents bound,
In chasms churning; O leaping wonder,
Shake the snake
Of love to the ground,
Stunning his sense with the deafening thunder.

Up, up, the torrent’s roar quaffing,
Laughing, I soar, I soar.

O mountain peaks of snow and ice
Afloat in the cloud-seas; O white disdain,
Take the snake
In thy glacier vice,
Pierce his heart with thy burning pain.

Up, up, the ice-glare hoar quaffing,
Laughing, I soar, I soar.

O winds of heaven, tingling cold,
Breath of derision; O tense, fierce mirth,
Shake the snake
Of love from his hold,
Dash him to death on the stones of earth.

Up, up, the storm-wind frore quaffing,
Laughing, I soar, I soar.

Like an eagle that flies
Thro’ the silent air,
A speck in the skies,
Alone, aware,
Over mountain and vale
With the lightness of strength,
Driving,
Unstriving,
I sail, I sail.

PALLISTER BARKAS.

Pages from a Book of Swells.

By T. H. S. Escott.

Country House Swells and would-be Swells.

Five years more than a century and a quarter since, this realm, from Cape Wrath to the Land’s End, was given over to riots that, notwithstanding the great difference of their origin and issues, gave rise to universal alarm only less severe than the recent industrial agitation, differing from the 1750 precedent, among other things, in being confined within a definite area. The cause of the Lord George Gordon “No Popery” tumults in 1750 had appeared a couple of twelve-months earlier in the Roman Catholic relief measures that the great Yorkshire M.P.—Lord George Savile—had succeeded in getting through the House of Commons. All who have not quite forgotten their “Barnaby Rudge” know how the tide of fire and blood, the fumes of gunpowder and fury, enveloping so large a part of the Home counties, surged through London and Westminster up to Downing Street itself, and seemed to concentrate all its augmenting violence at the Prime Minister’s front door. Lord North, however, who then filled the office occupied by Mr. Asquith to-day, was lying comfortably in his Bow Street-flat and his Cabinet-boxes in his favourite armchair. “My Lord,” said the butler, appearing with the light refreshment always brought to his master at a certain hour, “the mob is only to break in and surely roast us all alive.” “I thought,” was the Prime Minister’s sleepy reply, “I heard the knocker go.” With these words the statesman lounged languidly out of the room, to find in the hall a scene of the wildest confusion and terror. The ladies of his family, with their visitors and servants, were cowering in corners, sheltering themselves behind impregnable pieces of furniture, or screaming out that the only place of safety was the cellar. Private secretaries bustled about with restoratives for fainting womanhood or rehearsed among themselves the order in which they were to await the momentarily expected attack from without, and perhaps by some deed of heroism, resembling that of Horatius on the Sublician Bridge, would not only prepare to receive but perhaps to repulse the foe. One of this number, more enterprising than the rest, had discovered and contrived to charge to the muzzle a firearm of the pattern that might have been carried by Cowper’s John Gilpin in doing train-band duty. Meanwhile, on the outside yelling continued. The housekeeper, the cook, the abigail, and Lady North herself might be pardoned for thinking it looked as if the rioters really meant to force the door. The Prime Minister remained smilingly, immovably calm, if a little bored, merely remarking there was no cause for alarm, and that, for himself, the only thing which made him nervous was—pointing to the aforesaid blunderbuss—“Jack Spencer’s gun.”

A similar confession at this season of the year is on the lips of many a worthy gentleman who entertains his acquaintances to a few days’ shooting on northern moor or amid southern stubbles. The Mrs. Spencer of the period has, of course, to be asked, because she is the life and soul in a country house of the fashionable sporting set, ever ready on an off day or in bad weather to take a chief part in organising indoor amusements, from high-class theatricals to living pictures, or at cards, from beggar-my-neighbour to bridge. But the Spencers are not a semi-detached couple. They only visit together. While Mrs. Spencer is ready to walk with the guns, only to appear at the luncheon spot, or to stay at home together as she instinctively perceives will really best promote the house party’s success, her husband has the reputation of rather fancying himself at the covent side, and in connection with the campaign against every variety of feather or fur. What in the eighteenth century “Jack Spencer’s gun” was to the third George’s Prime Minister, who lost us America, that his descendant’s and namesake’s breech-loader is to the rural gatherings & la mode in the month that brings in the partridge as well as the oyster. It is not our own Jack Spencer’s fault. He, honest fellow that he is, prefers the tramp after birds with no companion but his dog, gun, and perhaps a farm lad, to the big ceremonial shoot, his invitation for which he owes chiefly to his wife’s popularity. Except beneath the roofs of the richest and the greatest, Jack Spencer, like others, finds the country house recently to have changed, on the whole, for the worse. Chief among the causes that have extinguished the private week-end parties out of town during the session is a disposition to munify on the part of domestic servants against the absence of any break in the intolerable round of overwork. Then the “eternal want of pence that vexes public men” has become also of the everyday private individuals. Game-breeding of any kind is so costly that its destruction is reserved for an increasingly narrow circle of acquaintance; while the spoils of the battue, on whatever scale it may be, big or small, find their way to Leadenhall Market instead of to family friends.

Still, so far as concerns its human ornaments, the rural reunions of the early autumn remain as rich as ever in varieties of character that well repay the observer
of his kind for the trouble involved in a round of country visits. Here is an elderly youth whose dress would become seventy and thirty, and who may be anything between that age and three score, whom in London one sees only at the unmistakably owned headquarters of the Conservative Pall Mall, which has long eclipsed the original true blue itself. A fellow of his college at Oxford, he was converted some time since, together with the late Master of Balliol, to the Tory faith by achseling a haphazardly disposed manner, whom not for worlds would he name by any term less formal than the Earl of Beaconsfield. So with the statesmen on that side who preceded him. They are none of them mentioned, if commoners, without the prefix of "Mr. Right Honourable George Canning to the late Mr. Ashmead Bartlett. Not that, beyond his phraseology and sometimes his dinner costume, there is anything specially antiquarian about the politics of the gentleman now mentioned. His great complaint, indeed, against the constitutional chiefs is that they do not come quickly enough on their revolutionary opponents and, according to the Disraelian figure, steal their clothes. No one but he knows the secret of hoisting the enemy with his own petard, beat him at his own game by the simple device of outbidding and anticipating him with the electors. This is the real sporting statesmanship that has always been a feature of the green with the neglect of which more than explains all recent Unionist troubles. And at least this Daniel of his party knows something of what the French call la chasse. For when a halt is called for lunch, it is found that his beast has become one of the finest he has ever brought from France playing "kiss in the ring" or chancing to look up at the open oriel window, now seated at dinner next to a gentleman with a beautiful head of jet-black curly hair, a highly-waxed moustache, a nose suggestive of what Wardour Street used to be, and the slightest suspicion of a Hebrew accent. He is Nogo's most intimate friend, and, by way of making things pleasant, you naturally was enthusiastic about the company, the antique roof, and its associations. "Yes," rejoins your companion, "this is the second year Mr. Nogo has had it; it has never wanted a summer tenant at a fancy price since I bought the ground at a bargain. and as a speculation changed what I found on it into a Tudor manor house."

Unedited Opinions.

Down with the Tricolour.

EXCUSE me, I didn't quite gather what you were saying.

No wonder, perhaps. It requires a good appetite for ideas. I was saying, Down with the Tricolour; by which you understand that I mean the three-headed dog of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

Why, what have they done to be thus abused?

Nothing good, everything bad. Liberty, what does it mean? The Whig, of course, by the neglect of which more than explains all recent Unionist troubles. And at least this Daniel of his party knows something of what the French call la chasse. For when a halt is called for lunch, it is found that his beast has become one of the finest he has ever brought from France playing "kiss in the ring" or chancing to look up at the open oriel window, now seated at dinner next to a gentleman with a beautiful head of jet-black curly hair, a highly-waxed moustache, a nose suggestive of what Wardour Street used to be, and the slightest suspicion of a Hebrew accent. He is Nogo's most intimate friend, and, by way of making things pleasant, you naturally was enthusiastic about the company, the antique roof, and its associations. "Yes," rejoins your companion, "this is the second year Mr. Nogo has had it; it has never wanted a summer tenant at a fancy price since I bought the ground at a bargain. and as a speculation changed what I found on it into a Tudor manor house."

No matter, then. Things that begin in time end in time. A date can positively be fixed for the appearance of these three ideas. Consequently, it is certain that they will one day disappear. After all, human errors are not immortal. The race has been many times temporarily insane, and has as many times recovered. From this triplex insanity of the Tricolour we shall recover, never fear. Only think, it will soon be apparent that these ideas are empty. What do you mean by empty?

In this respect I am pragmatic. I mean that we have a right to expect that a genuine idea will prove its value. If, therefore, Liberty, Equality and Fraternity fail after a fair trial to prove their value, we shall be entitled to reject them. Take, for example, an undoubtedly genuine idea, such as Truth or Beauty. It would be singular if, when we devoted ourselves to truth, we did not become more truthful; or if, when our artists pursued Beauty (which, by the way, they do not at present), they should find themselves further off than they started—nay, further.

You mean that Liberty is for ever unrealisable?

More than that, it has no existence even as an ideal. There are liberties, as someone has said, but there is no such thing as Liberty. I can understand an individual or a nation desiring to take more liberties with certain things than it has taken before; but this addition to its permitted activity is not an access of liberty. Moreover, Liberty is a dangerous word to apply to the extension of liberty. It foreclose the discussion of their merits and defects.

In what way?

Why, if once it be granted that Liberty is desirable, then by association of words, what are called liberties become similarly desirable. You dare not refuse a man or a nation the right to do any silly thing that comes into his head lest he should cry out that you are blaspheeming the sanctity of his blessed Liberty. Yet all the time, it may be, the very liberty he proposes to
take is thoroughly unjust, and possibly as harmful to himself as it is annoying to you. Only the other night, for instance, I had to expostulate with a village neighbour for permitting his gramophone to blast the village peace. He replied that he lived in a free country and had liberty to amuse himself in his own way. Yet his own way not only annoyed me, but kept his own children awake long after they should have been asleep. I could give other and greater examples—drawn from the history of modern nations even. It is emphatically not a good thing that nations, any more than individuals, should be allowed to do what they choose. Free choice—which is what fools understand by liberty—is generally ruinous.

I refrain from comment on your singular views. May I hear what you have to say against Equality? First of all, you say obviously that equality is a myth. Not only is there no such thing, but by the nature of the world there cannot be. Consequently any agreement concerning Equality is necessarily arrived at by the process of shutting the eyes to facts. Any fair standard we care to employ yields difference as its certain result, and difference, mark you, as much in the region of quality as in the region of quantity. It is true that number is universal and the most maimed unit is still one, but number also is unreal. By any real standard that number is not a quality of force. A nation that pretends they are not is either dishonest or silly. The pursuit of equality is, therefore, an occupation for knaves or fools.

And Fraternity? Here we touch the lowest depths of the modern spirit, the utmost lie. I do not deny that some men feel towards some men an emotion which may properly be described as Fraternity—though I would rather have it named Friendship. But I do deny that this feeling is or can be universal. Of all the curses which have been drawn from the history of mankind, few are more correct to say that the rational conceptions of the State hitherto prevailing, and indeed almost instinctive in economics in particular, to know better.

Liberty, Equality, or Fraternity?—the question answers itself. But does the universe give us justice? Ah, there is the riddle. But certain it is that the best minds are neither indifferent or positively antipathetic or inimical. Now it is all very well to declare that these nineteen are either indifferent or positively antipathetic. Nineteen should also be objects of one's affection. I can make crab apples sweet to your taste. Your Fraternalist, however, tells me not only that I ought to feel towards some men an emotion which may properly be called Fraternity, but that I ought to feel towards some men an emotion which may properly be called Friendship, but that I ought to feel towards some men an emotion which may properly be called Friendship, but that I ought to feel towards some men an emotion which may properly be called Fraternity.

But if none of these things can be taken as a safe guide, what is there left? The one thing which, in the end, contains all the good falsely attributed to these three, and a great deal more besides, is Liberty. Liberty, Equality, or Fraternity? The question answers itself. But does the universe give us justice? Ah, there is the riddle. But certain it is that the best minds mankind has produced declare that in the long run the world is just. Not one of them has ever promised us a ribbon of the Tricolour. If, therefore, we would model ourselves after the nature of things and not upon some monstrous whim of sick men, it is to Justice we shall go for our prototype. Lord, give us justice, we shall act justly, and we shall be satisfied. I really believe that if the Tricolour were to be raised in the dust and Justice were raised in its stead, the world would begin to feel what it is that abortion, the French Revolution, brought amongst men, the worship of its trinity is the worst. Let France that raised the flag be the first to haul it down.

Toryism and Social Reform.

By J. M. Kennedy.

My previous remarks applied particularly to a fallacy which is Liberal in its origin, but which has recently been taken up and propagated by a few Socialists and Conservatives. It is a fallacy which was not sufficiently accounted with economics in general, or with their own respective economics in particular, to know better. I refer to the minimum wage. For the Conservative Party to support any minimum wage proposal is simply to take another road to ruin. Even a doctrinaire Socialist like Ferrero pointed out long ago in the Paris "Figaro" that a minimum wage invariably tended, wherever the experiment had been tried, to become a maximum wage; and this sums up the arguments against it in a single sentence. The modern limited company, which has done away with all the old amicable relations existing between masters and men, naturally sees no reason why it should add to the minimum, either for length of service or any other cause, when it is possible to get competent men at the minimum wage itself. The minimum wage, in other words, lays down a low level of recompense for all the workmen and automatically prevents that level from being raised. And so the minimum wage was decided upon and measures like the Insurance Bill passed, we should have the State not only prescribing the limits of the workman's wages, but also telling him in what particular manner he must spend a certain proportion of them beyond this. If the workmen continue to push forward were carried out, would be conditioned by the party which generally professes to abhor "Socialism" or anything that tends to interfere with the legitimate freedom of the individual.

It will be sufficiently clear that we are spending the workman's wages for him when we consider the effects of those Bills, always Liberal in principle, which have been passed during the last forty years or so. Instead of raising the wages of the workman to a degree which would have been sufficient for him to pay for the education of his family, State schools were established for his benefit and wages remained stationary. The workman's wages, again, were not increased to enable him to feed his children properly, but free meals in the schools were arranged for instead. As the working man could not afford to pay for the doctoring of his family the system of free medical inspection was introduced. And now, instead of giving the workman a sufficiently high wage to enable him to pay for his own insurance, it is proposed still further to lower his wages in connection with the National Insurance Bill.

All this means that the workmen of the country are slowly and gradually, but none the less surely, losing every shred of their independence and coming under the ownership of the State. We are little by little putting into effect the deplorable principles laid down by Mr. Sidney Webb, the chief author of the Minority Report, and thereby paving the way for what Mr. Belloc has justly called the Servile State: the means of production are gradually coming under the control of a relatively small number of capitalists; and the workmen, by the system of wage-deductions already referred to, are coming more and more under the control of what we may, for the sake of convenience, call the State.

In this place, however, we can use the expression "State" only as a convenience. It would be much more correct to say that the rational conceptions of the State hitherto prevailing, and indeed almost instinctive in the minds of Europeans, are fast becoming over-looked and forgotten. Instead of the faith in the German theoretical State—i.e., the entire nation acting in a corporate capacity—we are to all appearances approaching an age when the State will consist of a few capitalists, pulling the strings of a bureaucratic government, no matter which party may be in power, and at the same time supported by the few capitalists—the present lower classes being no longer looked upon as a human element in the State at all, but
as a "commodity" for exploitation, just like the railways or the mines. That this is no fanciful picture will be clear to anyone who has learnt the lesson to be derived from the London Dock strike of 1889, the engineers' strike of 1892, and the London railway strike of 1913. In every case the workmen, while apparently gaining a temporary victory, were ultimately beaten by the capitalistic interests and reduced each time to a greater state of dependence and humiliation than they were in before. Higher wages made no difference to the workman's pocket when they are followed by higher prices.

Coming back to our tariff reformers, however, we find that the attitude of the Colonies sufficiently indicates that we cannot have our policy of social reform based upon a preferential tariff; but the resources of economics are none the less not exhausted. Within the limits of a generation one party or another will inevitably find itself driven in a different economic direction from that at present pursued, and this direction will take the form of a considerable increase in the number of commercial undertakings owned by the State. It does not follow that the State ownership of such undertakings will necessarily come under the heading of Socialism or Communism, as these words are usually understood, any more than that the average man thinks of Socialism or Communism in connection with the Post Office or the Navy. Yet there are other undertakings which are as liable to State control in as great a degree as either of these.

I do not, of course, assert that this economic trend is eminently just, or even that it is at all desirable; but in considering the remedies for the present disorganisation and unrest in the lives of civilised peoples we cannot overlook the individualistic philosophy which has been inspired the English economy in the early part of the nineteenth century; and this is obviously out of question. But we may control and regulate the tendency, and the party which can regulate it to the best advantage of the country is the party which is destined to come into power and to stay there for some considerable time.* Let the Conservatives, then, find out what forms of industry should be owned by the State and what forms should be owned by private individuals. By establishing a clear distinction in these respects they will escape the crude plans of the extreme Socialists, and at the same time undermine the purely capitalistic support given to the Liberals. The land must again be the starting point of a Conservative policy; but a land policy is useless in itself without some further economical policy.

When we speak of individual ownership, of course, we must not confuse this expression in any way with individualistic philosophy. Far from leaving the nation as a collection of segregated atoms, we shall bring about a more real and vivid consciousness of the whole people. Certain traditional ways of working, certain ideas of design and technique were universal, but, like language, were never a common possession of the whole people. Certain traditions of working, certain ideas of design and technique were universally recognised, so that when the craftsman was called to design he was not, like his modern successor, compelled to create something out of nothing, but had this tradition ready to hand as the vehicle of expression understood by all. It was thus that the arts and crafts of former times were identical—the artisan was always a craftsman, while the craftsman was always an artist.*

It is hardly necessary to add that conditions like these do not prevail at the present day. The great development of machinery during the nineteenth century has resulted in the human element being supplanted by the mechanical. Mr. Penty is therefore quite justified in adding that the modern craftsman, "deprived of the guidance of a healthy tradition, is surrounded on all sides by forms which have persisted, though debased and vulgarised, while the thought which created them has been lost."*
Sir Herbert Tree's production of "Macbeth" gave me a pleasant feeling of surprise. I hasten to say (lest I should give readers of this journal too little to be a shock) that I am far from regarding the production at His Majesty's as an ideal one of the play. But there is, comparatively speaking, a certain reticence about it that one found as pleasant as it was unexpected. One's visual sense is rarely offended; one's aural sense is rarely tortured; and the beauty of Shakespeare's verse is not entirely smothered. For these things in this age we cannot be too thankful.

Naturally, when His Majesty's is in question, the first thought to be mentioned is the way in which the play is staged. For myself I frankly thought the staging good; in other words, appropriate. It is all very well to hold that one kind of picture is better than another kind. An arrangement of scenes and costumes may be most impressive when considered, so to speak, in vacuo, but quite unsuitable to the particular play under consideration. You may admire the art of Mr. Cayley Robinson or that of [Audrey Beardsley] without considering either of them as persons suitable to be employed upon designs for "Charley's Aunt." It is true that some of Sir H. Tree's Shakespearean productions in the past have seen the plays smothered in grandiose displays of too vivid scenery and too vulgar liveliness; but there was not the danger he had to avoid on this occasion. There was also the Charybdis of modern melodrama artiness. Vast scenes moulded and coloured with sombreness and terror filling us with the sense of the immobility of his art and the terror to be met with in this age and generation. Winds and ancient stone may be an admirable setting for some of Maeterlinck's plays. But Shakespeare was not a twentieth-century Belgian, nor is Macbeth "Pelleas and Melisande." A Lady Macbeth creeping about in a symbolical universe like a cockroach in a church might produce effects which would now and then send shivers down our spine and remind us that in spite of our obstreperousness fate always has the ace of spades in her sleeve, but it would be impossible to force the whole "Macbeth" into such a setting; and if you did, if one may say so, you would lose half of it in the process. Generally speaking, Sir Herbert has struck the happy mean. Two of the scenes are models of simple harmony—the interior of Macbeth's castle with the brilliantly sunny window at the back, and the sleep-walking scene with the austere stone staircase running down the middle of the hall which faces the audience. They are admirably in tone with the passages of the play enacted in them, and they do not make us suspect that the Thane of Cawdor was really the Thane of Tite Street. The one real failure in the way of scenery is the Castle of Macduff, which would do better for Great Missenden Towers in some Drury Lane melodrama. Here and there is a trace of the old Adam. The witches are a bit overdone—though, of course, a manager must do something to live up to his posters. And one or two slight details of treatment might be altered which save nothing to do with form or colour. For instance, the loud knocking at the gate which goes on so long whilst Lady Macbeth and her trepiedant spouse are conversing in the courtyard after the murder would obviously, as at present arranged, break the whole household down into the yard long before the bloody couple finally manage to quit it. And the closing fight between Macbeth and Macduff is spun out too long—although, in truth, it is so profoundly bad that it is a wonder it is not protracted even longer.

But though the framework is better than one had any right to expect, what one sees at His Majesty's, taken as a whole, is far from being completely satisfying. The actors do not live up to or into their surroundings. Miss Violet Vanbrugh commands respect, but rarely enthusiastic approbation. It is not that she does not produce an illusion; she produces several conflicting ones. She is several ladies in one, which is rather undesirable, since her business is not an adventure in experimental theogony, but the interpretation of a great character drawn by an author who did not indulge in cosmic allegory and had not heard of subliminal selves. On her first appearance, when she is awaiting her husband in what the buoyant critic of a certain evening journal would term "Lady Mac's drawing room," she is not Shakespeare's beautiful tigress, but a charming lady, refined and probably of Radical tendencies, who looks as though she is missing over the hard lot of the poor poor. In the murder scene she gets near the real thing, will neuroses, intellect, adamanine purpose. But in the sleep-walking scene, though dignified, affecting, wonderful to look on, and poignant in the delivery of her words, she lacks the touch of hardness in demeanour and voice that would have preserved the integrity of the character. She rouses too much sympathy of the tender melting sort—a sentiment highly creditable in a manly breast, but out of place here. One's predominant impulse was to rush out of the stage (she and console her, or without dispair) pat her little head. For the rest Miss Vanbrugh was occasionally indistinct in her delivery, but showed throughout a rare appreciation of the value of her lines.

Of Sir Herbert's Macbeth, it may certainly be said that it jars less than most of his interpretations of tragic parts—for which he was not made. Macbeth is not an easy character to make much of. He is essentially petty, dull, and colourless; however, many murders he may commit he cannot even be repulsive save by virtue of his feebleness. Where he is most definite, alive, and therefore interesting is in the murder scene. Here Sir Herbert gives us a good morbid study which is continued in the ghost scene, where he has left a lot of gaps for the actor to fill up. Sir Herbert's leaning towards histrionic epilepsy came in useful here; in the rest of the play he showed unusual self-suppression in the matter of grunts, snorts, and puffs. Sometimes, in fact—an extraordinary thing to say of Tree—one might almost have said he was "walking through" the part—in other words, there were times when he seemed to be making little effort to redeem the dulness of a character that has but an intermittent life. Like his good lady, he was occasionally inaudible; inaudibility is not a matter in respect of which we want the stage to hold the mirror up to nature. Sometimes, too, his slow utterance drifted into the recitative style. This was especially notable in the "Out, out, brief candle," passage. The lines here take a good deal of carrying off, like many of Shakespeare's chunks of metaphorical contemplation. But the way to carry them off is not to confront the audience with solemn earnestness and address it as though it were a P.S.A. meeting.

The minor parts, few of which count for much, are well filled. Mr. Bourchier is strenuous and convincing as Macduff. Baquo and Duncan, having little chance to be anything more, are adequately stately. The porter gives us a well-flavoured little interlude, and the two male witches are a trifle up their falsettos but have preserved the colour of a better occupation. Tree's "Macbeth," in fine, is far better than most Shakespearean productions one sees nowadays, and Sir Herbert ought to be congratulated on the thought and effort he has put into it by everyone who admires energy even when occasionally misplaced.

A HEART OF OAK.

(Admiral Collingwood used to keep his pockets full of acorns to drop into holes in the earth during country walks, with an eye to man-of-war building of the future.)

Old Admiral Collingwood, drunken with England, sowing his acorns, saw within his mind:

Oakapples—cannonballs, oaks—heaving frigates,
Swaying their rustling tree-tops in the wind.

E. H. V. S.
Another Tale for Men Only.

By R. H. Congreve.

II.

When I say that Freestone was lost I mean no more than that he was lost to complete liberty. I figure him, and myself, flying high in the air, the kite flying all the time by a thread which any female could wind up at pleasure to bring the soarer to her feet. It was evident, from the incident already described, that Freestone's girl knew the trick of the winch. She had only to wind and down would come her kite from howsoever high a flight.

It was just possible, however, that the string would one day snap. A strong breeze of inspiration in the lucidity of an upper plane of poetry might, perchance, promise acolyte be lost to the opportunity, at any rate, of becoming an initiate of philosophy and art. Freestone's girl knew the trick of the winch. She had only to wind and down would come her kite from howsoever high a flight.

Very true, I said; but why, if this distinction is so clear to you, have you not found words to describe it? You continue to regard yourself as a Symbolist, and in such language you thereby run the risk of being associated with Maeterlinck rather than with Blake. Surely there is a word for Blake's order of creation.

There is, and I perceive that you are aware of it. But I am usually too timid to employ it on my own behalf. The claim is so stupendous, and my right to it is aspiration rather than power. You were thinking of mythopoeia?

I was, I admitted. But tell me, I asked, whence comes this timidity? Are you afraid you would be laughed at for claiming to be able to create mythology; or do you doubt your own ability to do it? Either defect is remediable, and you have the right to try.

It was evident from Freestone's manner at this point of our discussion that he was interrogating himself severely. No Greek ever listened for the voice of the Delphic oracle more intently than Freestone now tried to hear the oracle of his soul. But he hesitated, either as if he were afraid of his own words, or as if he were afraid of his own experience.

And is not doubt one of the causes of inability? If you mean, I replied, what Blake meant when he said that if the sun were to doubt it would instantly go out, I do regard self-doubt as synonymous with inability; but I am inquiring what is the origin of your self-doubt. Let me frankly say that my own observation persuades me that your self-doubt arises from association with the weak, whether conscious or unconscious. My aspiration is strong, and in your secret heart you believe your capacity to be equally strong; but somewhere or other, between your genius and your brain there is a weakness which interrupts the stream of power. I suspect that weakness to be due to external causes. Association with the strong strengthens, and with the weak weakens. I think there can be no doubt of that.

But I do doubt that, Freestone said. The association of the strong with the weak compels them to be strong enough for two. Weakness, in fact, is itself a demand for more and more strength. I cannot conceive that you should deny it.

My dear Freestone, I replied very gravely, for I realised that we had tracked his heresy to its microbe; forgive me if I regard your view as not merely wrong, but banally wrong. Here are you with the divinest gift that man can have in your hands—the gift of creating spiritual myths by which worlds live. Formerly mythologers like yourself took pains to congregate together in secluded communities and to derive mutual strength from poetic intercourse. That was a condition of their power. You, on the contrary, are not only almost alone, but you hold the theory that you should remain alone save for the company of aliens and inferiors, from whom you imagine you will be able to draw what by hypothesis they do not possess—namely, strength. How, under these circumstances, can you avoid bleeding to death by self-doubt? Infalibly your association with the weak will be the death of your art.

Freestone, I could see, was not listening with his mind, but only with his ears, to my remarks. It was as if, when we got upon this subject, that slip of a girl had become aware of her danger and had begun to wind the string on which Freestone's mind flew. Though no reference had been made to her by either of us, and Freestone, I really believe, was conscious of the motive of his heresy, she nevertheless presided over his judgment during this episode and blinded him. A few more remarks from me and I should conclude my attempt to enlist Freestone in the ranks of the liberated from women.

To my last harangue he replied without much spirit.
Are you not limiting art in confining it to the mutual
delight of the strong? Exactly as it seems to me to be
the duty of the strong to assist the weak, and not only
the duty, but the condition of their health, so it appears
to me that art is never purer than when descending to
the help of human souls in distress. Above all things,
I would have my poetry a solace to the defeated and a
stimulant to the despairing. My association with the
weak will enable my art to understand and, I hope, to
dry their tears.

But it is surely the glory of the whole, I said, that
they do not need a physician. You are regarding art
now as a sick-nurse—no more. But the best songs of
the world—particularly those still to be written—cannot,
simply cannot be sung in a sick-chamber. They would
sound cruel. You must assuredly temper your wind to
the shrill lamb. Paradoxical songs can be composed and
sung only in paradise. The intimate company of
so much as one single earth-bound spirit is bound to
introduce a discord into the celestial harmony. The
Children of Israel could not sing their songs in Babylon;
either will you sing your best songs among strangers.
My dear Freestone, think again of your obligation not
to the weak, but to your own order. There are nurses
in plenty.

With this the conversation cooled. Freestone appeared
baying, but under the burden of a foregone
conclusion. The somewhat melancholy tone of my own
remarks and the seriousness with which they affected
me were evidence that I had failed and that Freestone
regretted it. We parted sadly, and I was quite prepared
to hear a day or two later what, in fact, I did hear.

(To be concluded.)

The Race Question.

By M. B. Oxon.

II.

As I have suggested in some previous articles the current
conception of a man is far too limited. It has no meritoct its simplicity, and this is illusory. Any-
one who considers, even rather superficially, his own
inner workings, will admit that he is far from being
such a simple unity as it is customary to think, and
such unity as does exist is of a nature to be almost
invisible to an outsider. It seems to me that the key to
most problems (in so far as there is a key) lies in the
recognition of the differences, and not the similarities
of men and races, and that this runs a great risk of
being disregarded in those days of "unification." Each
man is many attributes, physical, emotional, and mental, which are incomparable with
each other qualitatively, being referable, in fact, to
different categories. They can, however (within cer-
tain limits) be looked on as having quantitative or
numerical values which are to some extent comparable.

These numerical values may be assigned according to two
methods:

(a) According to the extent to which the different
qualities are discoverable, either by the self-introspec-
tion of the man, or by the careful inspection of another
who is competent for the task. (This can only be
possible in the case of persons who are very intimate with
one another.)

(b) According as the qualities are made obvious by
their environment—using this word in its largest pos-
ible meaning, to include, even, the other attributes in
the man's inner workings.

The numerical value assigned to any one quality in
any one man will often differ according to which of these
methods, (a) or (b), is employed, this difference depend-
ing, in the first place, on the standard and understand-
ing of the observer, and, in the second, on the degree
to which the environment hides or discloses attributes
which, even if nearly invisible, may really be of con-
siderable magnitude.

Method (b) is the one which is almost invariably used
for scientific purposes, and on which is based the idea of
a "normal" man. Whether a normal man exists or not, it is clear that the values assigned by method (b)
depend very largely on environment, and are, in fact, to a
great extent due to measurement of the environment.

Some of the attributes are material, and some are not.
The former are included in anatomy, the latter in
psychology, while physiology treats of some items
belonging to each division.

A question of leading importance and of great diffi-
culty is whether anatomical and psychological attributes
are both entirely dependent on each other or not. All
the facts have been gathered on the assumption that
they are so dependent, and hence it is difficult to make
ourselves see the contrary in the facts. So far as we can
say the fact that they have been thus gathered will make
them the more valuable. It is clearly an easy solution
to say that they are dependent on each other, and that
they are both due to heredity, but, leaving aside any
evidence which, if we take a neutral standpoint we can see
a possible solution of the facts of family resemblances and
differences: Thus, Sporting-men, for example, all tend
to wear similar clothes. All men wearing such similar
clothes are not necessarily brothers (though they may
be), and not all sporting men wear similar clothes. Just
so similar soul-types tend to be associated with similar
body types, and it is not invariable, we call such
exceptions "sports," "throw-backs," etc. and so on—er-
rag in far-back heredity to account for them, forgetting
that there is almost no trait which we could not thus
account for by going far enough back. The question is
further troubled by the fact that traits of which are usu-
ally labelled as psychological evidences, and are
taken to suggest an heredity which is not a bodily one,
whereas they are really physiological (psychological
psychology), and dependent on the part of "soul" which
is to a great extent conditioned by body, and are really
due to physical heredity. But this is not the sort of
soul with which we are concerned in questions of
sociology and race.

Hence the condition of a man or a race may be the result
of two factors, a soul and a body, which are indepen-
dent of each other except in so far as they con-
dition each other by their interaction.

This, of course, complicates the question of evolution
in theory, but I think makes it more comprehensible in
fact.

Are we to be evolutionists or not? and, if so, what
do we mean by evolution? Clearly nothing stands
still, all is flux. Life, whether of a man
or a stone, is evidenced by change. At death
an apparent cessation of change takes place owing to
the movement having passed into a different
dimension. The movement, however, it would seem, is the result
of surrounding change, which we can observe, and
which, even if nearly invisible, may really be of con-
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siderable magnitude.
Napoleon, the only relic of his genius, dates from this period. Mr. Hassall divides his career with the Treaty of Tilsit, 1807. In the first period he was phenomenally sane, for his ambition had some relation to his resources. To give France her natural boundaries of the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees was at least a possible task for a great general supported by a patriotic nation. When the East beglamoured him, and the vision of universal Empire rose before him, he believed it to be France or to rely on France. He became Napoleon, to whom all the nations of the earth should be subject. He ignored human nature in his reliance on the devotion and co-operation of conquered peoples. He won Austerlitz with the finest French army he ever commanded: Russia destroyed the grand army of which only 40 per cent. were Frenchmen. He lost his navy at Trafalgar, and declared England to be in a state of blockade when he had no means of making the blockade effective. He would "conquer the sea by the land," he wrote to his brother Louis; and he invented the Continental system. To ruin England, he was forced to conquer Europe, and to deprive the Continent of some of the necessaries of life. It could not be done. Bourrienne had to order clothing from England for the French troops in Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck. The insurrection in Spain opened a market to England; the bombardment of Copenhagen; the Danish fleet re-opened the Baltic; and Russia modified its adherence to the system after the Austrian marriage. While he relied upon France and her resources he was successful; but he began to make himself subservient to an Empire in the East. He found an Empire of the West as a preliminary to an Empire of the East. He put himself above nationality, and nationality destroyed him; the magic of his name could not compel devotion from the conquered. His sanity had deserted him. He cared only for his ambition, and recked nothing for his resources. In the Russian campaign he ordered his marshals to operate with armies that he knew did not exist. When they reminded him of the fact, he said: "Why rob me of my calm?" In 1814 he told Marmont to do this and that with his ten thousand men. Marmont replied that he had only three thousand; but Napoleon insisted. "Marmont with his ten thousand men." Ménail says that when Napoleon added up the numbers of his soldiers he always added them wrongly, and swelled the total. These are extreme instances of the self-delusion that dates from the year of the Treaty of Tilsit which had affected Napoleon.

The Austrian marriage is but another example. He had inflected on Austria the crushing defeats of Austerlitz and Wagram; and "the Minotaur," wrote Lord Castlereagh, "demanded the sacrifice of an Austrian maiden." But it might be added that Britain was still in arms; the Treaty of Tilsit蛟which destroyed the grand army of which only 40 per cent. were Frenchmen; and the Continental system, which nearly ruined England, collapsed, and buried Napoleon in its ruin.

Of his conquests, not one remains to France. "I found her poor, I leave her poor," he said in a burst of candour. Actually he left her poorer. Her boundaries restricted, and her population decimated by con-

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**Views and Reviews.**

Or the seven mistresses and two wives of Napoleon the Great, Marie Louise is the least interesting. She belongs to that period of his life when, as Carlyle quotes, he "was given up to strong delusion, that he should believe a lie;" and for so willing a victim to political necessity, no sympathy can be felt. From the beginning to the end she was Napoleon's "Austrian" than was her great-aunt, Marie Antoinette. Archduchess of Austria she was born: Empress of France she became; and she ended her days as Duchess of Parma and Guastalla with scarcely a regret for her forlorn situation, for she was no longer endued with some of the attributes of soul which were bestowed on her when she was Napoleon's "Austrian" than was her great-aunt, Marie Antoinette. 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*An Imperial Victim.* By Edith E. Cuthell. (Paul. Two Vols. 24s. net.)

*The Life of Napoleon.* By Arthur Hassall. (Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.)
scription, himself exiled to a rock in an ocean, this was the end of his dream of universal dominion. To France he left the Code Napoleon; to Europe he was a scavenger and a scourge, and he made the Revolution effective. For the rest he was providential. He forced the ancient Monarchies to set their houses in order; he increased the spirit of patriotism and the sense of nationality; and he taught Europe to resist tyranny. He left England mistress of the seas, and Russia powerful on the Continent, and faded into a legend. Napoleon's unrecognised misfortune is that she was not conquered by the Emperor of the French.

A. E. R.

REVIEWS.

Sindicalism and Labour. By Sir Arthur Clay. (Murray.)

Sir Arthur Clay has been to some trouble to collect what facts there are on the subject of French syndicalism; but he is not up to date with the subject there, and he is centuries ahead of the subject here. M. Sorel, upon whom he relies as the articulate exponent of ancient Monarchies to set their houses in order; he and he is centuries ahead of the subject here. M. Sorel, upon whom he relies as the articulate exponent of French syndicalism, has lately abandoned his belief in the theory; and it is doubtful if there are half a dozen persons in England who are familiar even with its definition. Consequently the discussion of syndicalism as an eminent phenomenon in the English Labour movement is necessarily academic; and when it is carried on with ignorance and prejudice it is mischievous or futile.

To understand the causes of the movement now in progress in England about a general strike it is not necessary to examine the theory of syndicalism. If Sir Arthur Clay were as well-informed as he is ill-informed on the inwards of Labour agitation he would realize that in only the thousands is any theory attached to Labour agitation at all. We whose business it is to give brains and form to the demands of human hunger striving to satisfy itself, know very well that few of our theories are ever understood by those in whose behalf they are devised. Collectivism, for example, is a mere name among the wage-earners of the kingdom, and not even a name among most of them. If there is any comprehension of its meaning, that comprehension is to be found only in the few whose sympathies and sympathies are impressed by the movements associated with their ideals. Strong economic pressure will drive into collectivist ranks hundreds of people who, as easily retire when the stimulus is over. They are attached to collectivism as to a flag, but only when they feel in need of assembling as an army. At other times they are indifferent or, more usually, hostile.

It has been the same with syndicalism in France; and such will be its fate if the idea should ever become familiar in England. Certain well-known (not to Sir Arthur Clay) economic events have led in England to the discovery, first, that political action by itself is useless. The strike was dropped in favour of political action in 1893; now it is resumed, but political action will not be dropped, but both methods will be employed simultaneously. What is won by the strike will be maintained by the vote and vice versa. That is one of the causes of the revival of the strike. And the second cause, which makes it general, is the discovery that sectional strikes are almost invariably unsuccessful. Capital is now tacitly if not openly federated; and the unions must federate to oppose them. It is merely a matter of tactics and the massing of big battalions. Sir Arthur Clay is not always right in his denunciation of the present disposition of the Labour movement to syndicalism; but the explanation, as we say, is far-fetched nonsense. The English trade unions have no desire to capture their industries and run them by themselves for the advantage of their members. Not at all. The idea has never dawned on them, nor will it in a thousand years. They do, however, desire higher wages and better conditions; and if necessity points to a general strike as the means to this end, then that propaganda will flourish; and possibly a M. Sorel will arise in England to philosophise about it.

Sir Arthur Clay's contribution is worthless.

The Dangerous Age. By Kalin Michaelis. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

It was superfluous to import this book. Here in England we are already stifled by writers, not only female ones, but numerous males, who are plagued with the itch to tell all about their own or their friends' sexual disorders. In every literary form we have endured it. And here it is again. The literary lady in this case seduces it on to a character, Else Lindtner, a woman aged forty-two, married, sexually unsatisfied, and ready to stick at nothing. The preposterous Elseindres her literary husband to get a divorce; then she builds a "White Villa" by the sea, takes there many dresses, a maid, and "a soul's life to wait." The fly in the back-ground is a youth—oh, so pure! oh, so chivalrous and handsome and clever! If we were to say that Joergen Malthe, being, as we judge from the crude portrait, a quite decent man, philanderer, but only as lonely as he makes out, will it in a thousand years. They do, however, desire higher wages and better conditions; and if necessity will arise in England to philosophise about it. Sir Arthur Clay's contribution is worthless.

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On the understanding that this is a highly condensed history, and not, as the title suggests, a complete work on a great subject, there is much to be thankful for.
in Mr. Godfrey’s book, for, though limited here to London, there is no post-Roman architectural period that cannot be fairly illustrated by our own buildings, and the reader could have no better introduction to the study of London architecture than he will find in this book, so extremely well planned it is, with a list of the principal buildings at the commencement of every chapter, and with key-maps at the end indicating the position of buildings that have been referred to elsewhere. The most one can do in such a brief notice is to recommend the work to the general reader. Intended as it is to “illustrate the course of architecture in England till 1800, with a sketch of the preceding European styles,” it is certain to prove most useful, at least as a book of reference, and no higher praise could be paid to such a work as its own. Practically all the buildings here noticed have been made the subject of special works, and the reader who wants to know more will not have to look very far.

The Imperishable Wing. By Mrs. Havelock Ellis.

A collection of short stories. In the first, four children look for a baby in a garden while “Ma” is being confined in the bedroom. Grace Annie, seven years old—poor little thing!—has already been taught to talk like this: “Doctors be liable to misfortune, auntie says, and if they be unable to the body, owing to a stream of rain or a gale of wind, mothers often cry even louder than my Ma.” The second story displays an English country gentleman “gling his moist own” in a primitive fight for a village girl. Wives, sin, illegitimate infants, teats, roses, honeysuckle, marrying and giving in marriage and the Saviour of the World make up the rest of the mess.

Peter and Jane. By S. Macaunghot. (Methuen. 6s.)

“Mrs. Ogilvie was a woman who thought on the lines of Aristotle, despised most other women, dyed her hair, and read the Court Journal.” Peter, her son, “was never more silent than when a moment of strain began.” After long grief and pain he marries Jane; and the author gives vent to appropriate feelings: “Well, good luck and long life to bride and bridegroom!”

The City of Enticement. By Dorothea Gerard. (Stacey Paul. 6s.)

Adventures of an English family in Vienna.

The Unofficial Honeymoon. By Dolf Wyllarde. (Elkin Mathews. 6s.)

Adventures of ship-wrecked persons on a desert island. Nervine, under influence of nature and immensity, becomes devout, and after the rescue, intending to enter a nunnery, is barely saved from giving herself to God by catching German measles. The hero arrives in time for her to tear the veil and coif from her head, “feeling nothing but the imperative necessity of the one woman to the one man.”

“And so he took her.”

An Old Maid’s Birthday. By T. C. Macaunghot. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)

A one-act play. Pleasant old spinster revives memories of the Indian Mutiny in which her nephew perished, ordains £30 to Indian missions as “a little brick which I can add each year to the rampart that protects us from a second Sepoy mutiny,” and dies an hour or so after, it being her birthday. Surely a horrible warning to those who voluntarily pay for the repression of India!

Lalage’s Lovers. By G. A. Birmingham. (Methuen. 6s.)

“I am a churchwarden. The office is hereditary in my family. My son—Miss Pettigrew recommended my having several sons—will no doubt hold it when I am gone. My mother has always kept me up to the mark in the performance of my duties. Silly! Silly! He marries Lalage, the canon’s daughter. “Thus which preceded our wedding was very considerable indeed. Presents abounded. Even in my house, which is a large one, they got greatly in the way.” What stuff for a man to set his pen to!

Mrs. Ingleside. By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen. 3s.)

A reprint. To this edition, the ninth, “a complete descriptive list of the people in the book—nearly eighty in all—has been prefixed.”

The Dempsey Diamonds. By Allen Arast. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

The inter-relations of the characters and the interweaving of the strands of the plot make together a literary Celtic pattern, in which it is difficult to discover beginning or end, or to distinguish grotesque from araucian. The subject lends itself not unwiderly to this form of ornament, being, as it is, concerned with the doings of certain people in Scotland who become involved in the fate of the Dempsey diamonds.

Letters from Abroad.

By Hundy Carter.

THE FRICION THEATRE.

Cracow, Poland, September 4.

Between Buda-Pesth and Cracow is the romantic frontier station, Zakopane, where one pauses a moment to assimilate the orientalism of the other. It is here, raised to heights against the divided blue, one may contemplate the hot-house of Hungarian passion, and it is here one meets the Polish artist spread-eagled against all horizons, morning, noon, night, partaking of his annual banquet of nature. The banquet is good. Mountain lakes and streams turned to wine of flame and gold, and the manna of sun-stained or constellation skies showered upon scented waves of fawn and green. Those that desire more substantial fare may have the benefit of the Zakopane hotels for the purpose.

From Zakopane one may see the fierce fire of orientalism beating down upon the Hungarian capital, opening up avenues of passionate expression to which we cold-blooded northerners are strangers. Indeed, in England we eliminate passion, we paint the essential facts of life in neutral tones, we stifle our sensations in strait waistcoats. Buda-Pesth exerts this passion in various ways. In love and hate, but never in logic. Perhaps the lack of logic accounts for the difference of opinion concerning its true inwardness. There are some persons who will swear others regard it as the centre of the vegetarian intellect. According to these it is but half civilised, half developed, a mixture of dirt, destitution, and disease. Such persons must have had an interview with our own higghoned, Manchester, Glasgow, and the like.

One remarked, “What you see in Buda-Pesth is merely external. The city itself is a huge melon, gorgeous without, but hollow and watery within.” Another called it “glittering and rank as a sunflower.” I accepted the opinions without comment. I was far too interested at the time gathering sensations from the procession of picturesque old towns and villages along the Danube, which seemed to have stepped out of the canvases of Max Sappantschich, Oskar Grill, and Eduard Zetsche, to mind the significant sensation of a far-away city. Besides, it was impossible to turn my attention from the wonderful relays of lethargic peasants, the rhythm of their slow life and movements, and the glow of colour from their costumes, complications, and commodities as they boarded the boat and sat and frizzled in the burning sun. Then some of the quaint chateau oriental things that unfolded daily on the long silver grey wing of the river—the detached villas with their poultry runs, glued on the stern of immense barges, and the quaint river flour mills in mid-stream, both solving the problems of no rent and perpetual motion—these also were arresting.
It was not till we had glided through the wide fissure of the last circle of steep mountains, and Buda-Pesth came in sight, a mass of glimmering light, like a bar of fire separating two monumental tombs, the receding and advancing, that the question of its real character became of importance. It is the custom of certain ambitious continental cities to give themselves the sub-title of Paris. It was the turn of Buda-Pesth to do the same. But when the curtain rose, so to speak, on the city one saw at once it was not the eternal Paris, but the plaster of Paris we are accustomed to see on the stage, with a good deal of over-extravagance and animalism left in and a good deal of vital life and stimulation left out.

The nature of the social performance may be summed up in a single word—sensuality. It is a series of displays of opulence and poverty. It introduces one to a city of glorified cafés and banks. Nowhere in the world are there such decorated interiors where you may sip your coffee, read the "Times," and listen to the finest music. Nowhere such decorated exteriors of marble and metal, dedicated to insurance and exchange. Nowhere such a jumble of modern architecture. Nowhere, except in Russia, such badly paved and neglected streets. Nowhere so many women casual labourers, so many bare feet, so much improvi-
dence and indiscipline. Nowhere so many love affairs, divorces, and suicides. Nowhere such a human kaleidoscope of the peasantry pour in from outlying districts, Czechs, Servians, etc., filling the city with splashes of individual colour.

There are many other singular things. Scattered throughout Buda-Pesth are places of entertainment answering to the general title of Friction Theatre. They are the antithesis of the Wagner Theatre. If there is any attempt to preserve mood, that mood must be one of eating and drinking. In the Friction Theatre the whole of the seats in the amphitheatre and circles are replaced by little dining tables. Each table accommodates four persons, and its price varies with location. Thus Plutus and his ladies are housed in a row of nice little pens next to the orchestra, and are thus favoured between the courses with a close and fairly uninterrupted view of the persons on the stage, and thereby enabled to form a better independent literary or ordinary opinion of unblushing nudities than the common persons browsing in the background.

Needless to say, the quick-lunch theatre is alive with friction devils. The feeding commences with the rise of the curtain. The curtain is uninterrupted till the fall, and it is uncertain throughout whether the programme is a series of demonstrations of the histrionic talents of the performers or of the gastronomic talents of the members of the audience. Whether there is anything of interest going on upon the stage it is really impossible to tell. The chief item is a contest between the waiters with large heads, hands, and feet and the funny men on the stage to get into the sight-line first and remain there. The waiters always win. If the former occupy the stage the latter occupy the attention, and buzz round you till either you order beer or give way to oriental language.

Besides the waiters, there are the smells to interrupt the natural order of things. They are a numerous body. I counted ninety-nine, pungent, and apparently belonging to an organised body. From the various assertions it was manifest they are all down for tours, and they all mean to come on at once. And they do. Their chorus is, "Can you breathe?"

The audience is another source of deep and pure irritation. There is no mistake about its intention. One can see it has come to use the entertainment as a digestive, and that it is entirely independent of all other medical resources.

So it washes down the gross sensuality of certain scenes with glasses of the best wine; waves its soup spoon deliciously when the nude young dancing person blesses its bouillon with her naked legs; swallows its étreinte with infinite zest what time the comedians on the stage spit at each other. (Spitting is a favourite form of fun with the Hungarian comedians, and many and varied other ways it demonstrates its ability to accept and enjoy the whole thing as one denunciation, as Mr. Mantilini would say.

As for the "turns," their business appears to be of a supplementary nature. Their comic extravagances are clearly designed to make the waiters look happy; their lugubrious jokes are arranged so as to permit the audience to perform the dual function of eating and laughing at the same time; the aim of the priceless gems of the star comique is rather practical than aesthetic. Under the guise of rolicking humour it is really a device to make people drink.

A further frictional feature is contained in the spirit of camaraderie existing between the "turns" and the audience. Throughout the performance the former continually stop in the midst of the songs or patter for a few minutes' private conversation with the conductor or audience. Sometimes the talk takes the form of a discussion, and for the moment it is almost impossible to decide whether one is in a Hungarian theatre or taking part in one of the Stage Society's receptions held between the acts, when everybody receives everybody else and the movements and noise resemble those of feeding time at the Zoo.

The origin of the custom of encouraging the "turns" to converse with the audience is not clear. Probably it is meant to give the underpaid artistes opportunities to recover from the effect of the sight of so much food and drink at once. It is noticeable, too, that occasionally one of the waiters drifts on to the stage to take part in a scene. This is really a wise precaution on the part of the management. For it would be hopeless to attempt to preserve order with imitation waiters on the stage and real ones in the auditorium. There would be a riot.

The final source of irritation is to be found in the theatre itself. The "house" is decorated according to the new and elaborate ideas coming from Austria and elsewhere. Its white and gold walls, adorned with fanciful classical devices, such as Greek gods and goddesses, were the attractions and decorations by which the visitors were guided to those in the Ark, are not at all bad. But unfortunately the decorations do not preserve the personality of the theatre. To be correct they should present scenes in the life of the God of the Alimentary Canal. If the god himself might be represented seated on a barrel of Pilsener, eating the far-famed German sausage, and crowned with a wreath of tripe and onions. A modern touch might be provided by introducing the fat, greasy beer-wenches of the München Lowenbräu-Keller, each bearing twenty or so litres of foaming beverage, and circling gracefully round Alimentary Canal. A swarm of Barbary apes, to whom the women are chattering vivaciously, would complete the allegory.

If I have noticed the facts of the Friction Theatre at some length it is because I perceive a possibility—not altogether remote—of its introduction into this country. So far I have had a belief in the establishment of one form of theatre only—the Art theatre. But I am now converted to the view of the desirability of the establishment of another form. There is a class of public that never ceases to be drinking and digesting. This class should have its own theatre, where it would be properly sup-
plied with food, drink, digestives, narcotics, newspapers, phonographs and waiters, and would thus cease from troubling the intelligent playgoer with his drink-
ing hells, why not eating hells? I commend the idea to Messrs. Lyons, Lipton, and Lockhart. Into the jaws of the three L.'s I unhesitatingly cast the gorging and guzzling public.
The Practical Journalist.

A Vade-mecum for Aspirants.

By J. C. Squier.

No. VII.—THE MODEL COLUMN FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Two Useful Recipes.

No. 1.—Take a saucepan and fill with water to the depth of two or three inches. Put it on stove and allow it to remain there until water is well on the boil. Take one egg (unless one be desired) and without breaking the shell place it in saucepan so that it is just covered by water. Continue to keep water on boil for three and a half or, if a somewhat denser consistency of substance is desired, 11 for minutes. Time may be gauged with watch, clock, or sand-glass specially prepared for purpose (Messrs. Spatchcock and Wilson, of High Holborn, make excellent articles of the sort), but comparative exactitude should, if possible, be secured. At end of specified time saucepan should be briskly removed, large spoon (or fork if no spoon handy) inserted into water and egg extracted. The egg immediately after emergence from water will be seen to be wet. This, however, need cause no alarm, as water will speedily evaporate, leaving nice clean, smooth, dry surface. Place egg in small cup of suitable shape; serve hot and consume with salt and pepper to taste.

No. 2.—A Cheap, Easy Dish for a Large Family. Take two pounds of best Astrakhan caviare and four ounces of superfine paté-de-foie-gras, and mix until a uniform paste has been secured. Take also the gizzards of eight ptarmigan and two pounds of fresh lemon pips and grind as small as possible. Boil the first mixture in water for about twenty minutes and then add the second, stirring softly over a slow fire. When the desired softness has been obtained, drain off the water and stand aside for the steam to come off.

Transfer to double saucepan and add the yolks of the water and stand aside for the steam to come off. When the desired softness has been obtained, drain off the water and stand aside for the steam to come off. Transfer to double saucepan and add the yolks of two eggs and a quarter to half a pound of guava jelly; stir and boil slowly for an hour and a half. Add half a pint of water; allow the mixture to stand for two hours and then strain through a clean cloth. The solid remaining in the cloth may be thrown away; the liquid that comes through will, if allowed to stand for two hours, form a jelly. Place the jelly on a dish and serve with a garniture of breadcrumbs. If the utmost possible economy is necessary the breadcrumbs may be omitted.

How to Open a Door.

A number of young housewives have lately informed me that they have considerably difficulty in opening doors. I cannot quite understand this, as the process is really quite a simple one. Take the handle of the door in the right hand (or the left, as the case may be) and turn slowly and without the application of unnecessary force, so that the upper portion of the handle moves from right to left (or from left to right, as the case may be), and the lower portion from left to right (or, as the case may be, from right to left). If this is done properly the catch (unless the door is out of order, in which case the services of a locksmith should be requisitioned) will be found to slip. A slight push (in some cases a pull is required, as some doors open out of a room in a different way from that in which they open into a room) must then be given and the door will then be found to yield in the manner aimed at. It may be taken as a general rule—though, like most rules, it will admit of exceptions—that a door should be shut after the opener has passed through it. Open doors freely admit draughts, and experienced doories will tell you that there is nothing like a draught for assisting the contraction of a cold. I have seen doors, however, which open in a different way from those above described. Each kind, of course, as it says the cases in life, must be treated according to its particular nature, but the instructions I have given above will be found to be of fairly general application.

No. VIII.—THE MODEL CUPID’S CORNER.

(The Editress is always glad to give advice to those of her fair readers who have love or complexion troubles.)

MARTY (Greenwich).—No, I do not think it would be feasible or, if feasible, profitable for you to bring three Breach of Promise actions at the same time against three different men, even under the circumstances you mention. Juries are always apt to look at these matters from the male point of view; and, after all, you have been a little fickle in your affections, haven’t you?

ROSIE B. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Yes, your position does seem to be a rather cruel one. You say that you are quite certain he loves you; and yet somehow I feel that if he now really loves you as much as he does he ought to be willing to give up the garlic. Try what a little quiet persuasion will do, dear; endeavour to make him see matters more from your point of view.

God has given us women a great gift in the power of our tongue. If you find him still obdurate, let me hear from you again.

LILY OF THE VALLEY (Seven Dials).—Your complaint sounds like eczema. It is very hard to get rid of it. The best cream for it that I know is prepared by Madame Schebernazz, of Bond Street, whose advertisement will be found in another column.

COON (Portalington).—You are a very foolish girl, Coon, and I am very much ashamed of you. I should have thought that at this time of year everybody would have known that tight lacing is one of the very worst things from the point of view of physical well being. The girl who, as you say you have done, brings her waist down to seven inches, is committing a crime against society. But there, I suppose I am very old-fashioned!

DISTRACTED TEACHER (Exeter).—Yes, he has behaved very, very badly indeed, and I must say that in your position I should find it very, very hard to forgive a man who had behaved in such a manner. I do not think you did wisely in refraining from reproaching him when you found out that he was meeting your friend. When you found out that he was meeting your friend you enclose. If only young people would be more tolerant of each other’s little ways, the world would be a much happier place than it is. I think, Poppy, that you should have afforded him an opportunity of giving an explanation before sending him a letter of the sort that you enclose. If only young people would be more tolerant of each other’s little ways, the world would be a much happier place than it is. I think, Poppy, that you will learn that when you are a year or two older.

MABEL (Bettwys-Coed).—No; most emphatically no!

JUNIPER (London).—Asafetida is an excellent thing for it and also very pleasant to take.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE PREVENTION OF DESTITUTION.

Sir,—I have two objections to the unfortunate prominence of the prevention of destitution. First, they have thrust into the background the earlier Socialist proposals for abolishing poverty as well as technical destitution (the two terms are quite distinct). Secondly, they do not attempt to be calculated to increase efficiency to anything like the extent their cost would fairly demand. Roughly speaking, the number of the destitute as compared with the population of one to ten; and of these it is probable that, of the adults, not more, again, than one in ten ever can be made under any belated system of training worth his keep to the community. Yet it is obvious from the Fabian Society has confessed its failure to draw up a tract advocating the public ownership of the milk supply. On every side, in short, if your correspondent will fairly examine the evidence, we are experiencing a set-back to the practical realisation of public ownership; and this I attribute mainly to the diversion of effort created by the Minority Report and its advocates. Destitution, admittedly, is a disease, and a very terrible scourge; but there is no question to my mind that the Minority Report would merely mitigate its symptoms and not eradicate them. To use a medical analogy, the right treatment to adopt is to encourage the phagocytes, in other words, to organise the labour of the already efficient, and to obtain for the community at large the profits now being appropriated by a class.

In reply to Mr. Meaden, whose communications are always well considered, I regret that no Socialist has taken upon himself the challenge to discuss the banking system. When, however, he attributes to me an unqualified condemnation of "production for profit," I must protest. I have many times stated that Socialist as a practical system of national production will use make use of several forms of ownership and administration for profit; just as only the most fanatical Socialists will abolish all private production for profit; just as only the most fanatical Socialists would abolish all. I am merely endeavouring to restore a balance which the Fabian Society is seeking to destroy, and which I am sure your correspondent will see that the State, in fact, is the poorest of the respective areas to which they shall be mutually confined is the problem of statesmanship. At present, there is not the least doubt that the State has by no means its due share of property. The English State, in fact, is the poorest in the world in proportion to its country's wealth. In advocating a large extension of public ownership, therefore, I am merely endeavouring to restore a balance which the Fabian Society has set about disturbing. The trines of the Manchester school have between them disturbed.

THE REVOLT AND THE REMEDY.

Sir,—I am sorry to see Mr. Norman, a severe critic of the existing system of law, advocating brutal sentences even for defaulting employers. Can he, I wonder, realise what "fifteen years' penal servitude" means? I should have thought so lightly of inflicting this torture on an employer for negligent manslaughter! If ever public opinion should be sufficiently aroused to the injustice of such thoughtlessly cruel punishments, Men with intact to torture are bad enough when the victims are poor; they will be not a whit the better when the victims are rich. Let Mr. Norman stop making proposals for the torture of his enemies when, if ever, they get into his power. Such threats only inspire his enemies with new determination to evade him, and his friends with regret and shame.

David Lewis.

THE BLACK PERIL.

Sir,—A correspondent in your last issue tells us that it is only a question of a short time as to when the franchise will be extended to the native population of South Africa, and goes on to declare that before this Dark Continent takes the black native into the franchise she is bound to extend it to her white women. Your correspondent suggests this action as a remedy for "the black peril in South Africa," and reminds us that Mr. Smuts, Ollie Schreiter, and other great South African minds already perceive this remedy, and perceive it clearly. Should this clear perception continue to permeate South African minds in such numbers as will carry it into legislative effect, it follows, as a logical conclusion, that the native woman must also be enfranchised, and that in "a short time." It is unusual when favourably discussing the enfranchisement of women, native or otherwise, to uphold the "principle" while ignoring the results, but if a simple English mind may go off this track, and even do the reverse, clearly the results following legislation which places the black races on an equality with the white, it predicts for men and women alike a troubled future, terminating in a holocaust and that in "a short time."

Francis Whiting.

SOCIALISM AND COMMUNISM.

Sir,—I have no wish, certainly at the present time, to encroach further on your space in the above discussion. I limit myself to calling your readers' attention to the somewhat astounding assertion of Mr. Haldane Smith that the "calculation of each worker's share in social production will be an insignificant cost of labour." The notion of calculating profit, property, and wealth on the community at large the profits now being appropriated by a class.

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In reply to Mr. Meaden, whose communications are always well considered, I regret that no Socialist has taken up his challenge to discuss the banking system. When, however, he attributes to me an unqualified condemnation of "production for profit," I must protest. I have many times stated that Socialist as a practical system of national production will use make use of several forms of ownership and administration for profit; just as only the most fanatical Socialists will abolish all private production for profit; just as only the most fanatical Socialists would abolish all. I am merely endeavouring to restore a balance which the Fabian Society is seeking to destroy, and which I am sure your correspondent will see that the State, in fact, is the poorest in the world in proportion to its country's wealth. In advocating a large extension of public ownership, therefore, I am merely endeavouring to restore a balance which the Fabian Society has set about disturbing. The trines of the Manchester school have between them disturbed.

THE WRITER OF "NOTES OF THE WEEK."

Sir,—I am sorry to see Mr. Norman, a severe critic of the existing system of law, advocating brutal sentences even for defaulting employers. Can he, I wonder, realise what "fifteen years' penal servitude" means? I should have thought so lightly of inflicting this torture on an employer for negligent manslaughter! If ever public opinion should be sufficiently aroused to the injustice of such thoughtlessly cruel punishments, Men with intact to torture are bad enough when the victims are poor; they will be not a whit the better when the victims are rich. Let Mr. Norman stop making proposals for the torture of his enemies when, if ever, they get into his power. Such threats only inspire his enemies with new determination to evade him, and his friends with regret and shame.

David Lewis.

THE BLACK PERIL.

Sir,—A correspondent in your last issue tells us that it is only a question of a short time as to when the franchise will be extended to the native population of South Africa, and goes on to declare that before this Dark Continent takes the black native into the franchise she is bound to extend it to her white women. Your correspondent suggests this action as a remedy for "the black peril in South Africa," and reminds us that Mr. Smuts, Ollie Schreiter, and other great South African minds already perceive this remedy, and perceive it clearly. Should this clear perception continue to permeate South African minds in such numbers as will carry it into legislative effect, it follows, as a logical conclusion, that the native woman must also be enfranchised, and that in "a short time."

Francis Whiting.

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publications of the Society, or else on the published state-
ments of a responsible member of it. In all cases, I think,
I have given detailed references. Mr Reid is, therefore,
quite at liberty to make a personal attack on me and to
say that they are thus simply expressions of individual
opinion. My arguments are much more than that: so much
more so that the defender of the Fabians has yet been able
to explain them away.

J. M. KENNEDY.

* * *

OUR NATIONAL LACK OF FORESIGHT.

Sir,—The failure of the 1907 Railway Agreement is only
another example, another wasted effort, of a very
extraordinary fact. Here we are well into this "so-called
twentieth century," and one of the most prominent features
of the age is the failure of the entire line of foresight.
The cause of this defect is not clear; it would seem to be
due, partly at any rate, to lack of training. There is no
trade or profession in which it is not to be found among
the whole the scientists seem to escape from it best, owing,
I would suggest, to their training. True, they are not
always without reliable prophets, but it must be remembered
that many of their failures are in the region of what may almost
be called real prophecy, and against these failures there have
to be credited to them a great facility and good fortune.
Another factor seems to be a sheepish habit of following
an old track, doing slavishly what someone else has done.
And when science fails it is generally from this cause. I
once knew a scientist who, although he had decided to become
an engineer. But one day he was told
to prepare plans for a new boiler. He set to work to calcu-
late out these something or other and not being
boiler-maker—ought to come, but was speedily stopped
from such a waste of time, and told that he had better put
where they would not be last boiler. This, he said,
was a horrid way of doing things, and left off boiler-making.

A wholesale condemnation may, perhaps, seem too sweep-
ing, but I think that if your readers will keep their eyes
open they will find it hard to agree with it.

In the case of the law it is an old-standing defect. Law
was an ass three hundred years ago, and has apparently
not left off its ass-ness since. The Story of the
Book decreases every time one reads the report of a trial.
This may be partly due to the way in which it is ordained
that our laws should be made, for too many cooks are
well known to spoil the broth. Still, to take for example
of a similar kind which is before us at the present moment,
one would have expected the great mind which arranged
that the law should be done "in the usual manner," would have had the foresight to make sure that
there was a "usual manner" in which to do them.

But look in the theatres to see what the regions of mind for examples. They are all round as in commercial
things as well. Most people will remember, I am sure, how
d年初 the theatre stall makers, and the railway carriage makers
was an ass three hundred years ago, and has apparently
been the laughing-stock of Europe, and it isn't nice to be
laughed at, even by Europe. The latest case is that of a
woman who makes the discovery that she does
does not love a man well enough to marry him. Of course, the
man had been entrapped by some clever woman? For we
must remember that what is considered as tragic and
pathetic in the case of a woman, becomes merely mirth-pro-
ducing in that of a man, Why? Perhaps some advocate
of "the new woman," who is going to enlighten us
of these breach of promise cases? Will some suffragette
advocate "equal rights for women as for men," which would mean a farthing
damage to the young lady in question, plus a good laugh-
damages estimated probably at a farthing. Now,
not love a man well enough to marry him. Of course, the
solicitor than let his son, for instance, be sued for breach
of promise. But now, when it is the woman who makes the discovery that she does
does not love a man well enough to marry him. Of course, the
man had been entrapped by some clever woman? For we
must remember that what is considered as tragic and
pathetic in the case of a woman, becomes merely mirth-pro-
ducing in the case of a man. Hence, the suffragette view
of these cases should be considered. In all cases, I think,
there is no question of seduction. The man's published
letter proves he was honourable and wished to act honour-
ably. Of course, there are heartless cases in which the
man deserves to suffer, but these are just the cases which
seldom come before a court. It is usually the adventurous,
supported by Dodson and Fogg, who obtains the most sub-
stantial damages, though we by no means wish to infer
that the case under consideration is one of these.
The deeply wounded woman suffers in silence, too loud to put
a price on her beauty.

And what, we should like to know, is the suffragette view
of these breach of promise cases? Will some suffragette
enlighten us? Are "man-made laws" so very unjust to the
sex in such cases as these? Would they advocate "equal
rights for women as for men," which would mean a farthing
damage to the young lady in question? What man of the
world would not sooner settle privately with the lady's
solictor than let his son, for instance, be sued for breach
of promise, even supposing it was obvious that the young
man had been entrapped by some clever woman? For we
must remember what is considered as tragic and
pathetic in the case of a woman, becomes merely mirth-pro-
ducing in the case of a man.

JUSTICE.
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