NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Before gathering up the fragments that remain of the banquet of lies in which politicians have been engaged, we may make an announcement—still premature in Mr. Lloyd George's view. It is that an additional Insurance Commissioner, chosen from one of the industrial insurance concerns, has been appointed, and, in fact, was appointed weeks ago. His name we will not disclose, but we may say that the salary he will receive for Mr. Lloyd George for less than his late company paid him? Stop! There are compensations to be offered. By the Government, of course! Who else should compensate an official who is accepting a reduced salary at his hands? But this natural guess is wrong. The compensation for the reduction of the new Commissioner's salary will not be paid by the Government. No, it will be paid by his late company. When it is remembered that most of the industrial assurance companies are simply voracious sharks, and that the new Insurance Bill will enormously enlarge their fishing, the generosity of the present company towards Mr. Lloyd George ceases to be esoteric. But for the look of the thing, any one of these companies would pay the total salaries of the Commissioners in return for the honour of choosing them.

We shall be interested in seeing what comments are made by the Kingdom of Heaven Press on this appointment when it is publicly announced. (We do not regard our announcement of it as publication.) It is not possible to refrain from congratulating Mr. Lloyd George on the possession of the proverbial quality of his nation, known on a hundred race-courses all over the world. For, consider the ruseful methods by which he has introduced his Commissioners to the public! First, we had the list of five or six comparatively respectable names, among which only Mr. Lister Stead's name aroused serious suspicion. A week or so later the name of Mr. Smith Whitaker was added. This threw the doctors into renewed revolt—as well it might—but the edge of their attack was taken off before Parliament rose. With miraculous ingenuity, however, the best wine was left until last. Parliament has risen, no questions can be asked, the silence of the Press has been secured, the Bill is law. This is the moment to slide the trump down the sleeve and to plank it on the table. The name of the new Commissioner can now safely be announced. Lest anybody should suppose that the order of their appointment has determined the order of their announcement, we may state that the complete list of Commissioners was well known to Mr. Lloyd George from the first. In his Kingdom of Heaven there is nothing but guile. * * *

It is now proven that no view of the intelligence or courage of the House of Lords is too low to be true. We assumed when writing last week that at least some show of resistance would be offered to the passage of the Insurance Bill through the Second Chamber; but even in this we were flattering the Lords. No show even was made of opposition, but, led by Lord Lansdowne, the peers one and all crawled on their hands and knees to do Mr. Lloyd George's bidding. "I venture to suggest," said Lord Lansdowne, "that we ought to think twice before we embark upon a conflict which, in my belief, would be not only long and probably bitter, but also infructuous." This pitable consideration of "consequences" that were once defiantly "damned" did not, however, prevent the Lords from rejecting both the Naval Prize Bill and the Police Bill—Government measures, both of them. Nor did it prevent the Unionist Press from supporting the Lords in their action. The same Press, as we know, has been declaring that the Lords had no responsibility for any Bills whatever. They had had their hands washed of complicity in the deeds of the present Government. For this reason alone they could not shield the country from a Bill which everybody save the scoundrels who will profit by its administration hate with a mortal hatred. Yet they could and did reject two other Bills. * * *

Well, the Bill is now an Act of Parliament approved by all parties and both Houses. It only remains for us to say that, judging by the evidence offered us, this is as far as the scheme can go. The national horse has been dragged to the water, but not the whole forces of the political circus can make us drink. When we say that the Bill will not work, we mean that it will not actually come into operation. Thousands of officials will be appointed, every one of whom will take good care to draw his salary, every one of whom, we do not doubt, will set about the business of his office as if the Act would work—but it will not work, it simply will not work. It is a matter of complete indifference to us whether the Bill technically comes into force on July 1, 1912, or January 1, 1913. On neither date will it come into actual operation. We will stake our faith in Eng-
on the prophecy that the vast majority of the persons compulsorily rendered improvident by this Bill will refuse to have anything to do with it in July or in January. The first deduction from wages that is attempted will light a conflagration in which the whole being of the Bill will be shrivelled to a dead parchment. The first attempt to enforce payments, whether from employers or from employees, will threaten the Government with an exhibition of such lawlessness as will fairly terrify them; and should the attempt be renewed, we frankly promise the Government national riots.

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After all, England is not Finland, nor is Mr. Lloyd George the Tsar of Russia. Every soul in England who is not an idiot or a scoundrel is perfectly well aware that the Insurance Bill is not being pushed on to the nation for the national good. Even if it were, we should be right in objecting to the methods by which it has been carried. As it is, when everyone of us knows that its intentions are as rascally as its methods of passage have been lying and tricky, our right to object are opposed to the Bill. The resistance to its operation who have treasonably conspired to force it upon us. The whole body of men of science, led by Sir William Ramsay, denounce the Bill as at least nasty and, sotto voce, as the work of a vulgar charlatan. The majority of every class in the nation will join together against it, and incidentally against the politicians of all parties who have treasonably consented to force it upon us.

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For it is, of course, ridiculous to suppose that the national disgust will be directly safely against Mr. Lloyd George, and that the Unionists will on that day appear angels of innocence by the side of his political blackness. That consummate ass, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, whom not only his name could from ignominiously back-benched by a Glasgow tradesman with the hearty approval of everybody with a sense of intellectual values, has recently been assuring his party that "wherever he went he heard the same story. A new feeling of hope, a new assurance of victory." We do not deny that the return of the Unionists is certain to slaver Mr. George with praise last week, it must be remembered that the Insurance Bill is not being pushed on to the nation for the national good. Even while we are voting with one hand, with the other we are only because there is no alternative. Heine was once playfully chided the "Daily News" for its lukewarm support of his Bill, that journal has been raising its laudatory adjectives on Mr. Lloyd George to the superlative degree. Nothing merely positive or comparative could atone for the earlier neglect. Pelion must be heaped upon Ossa. Last week saw the Titanic task end with an article by Mr. A. G. Gardiner, the architect of Civil Service Reform. The purpose of which is: the course of which we are bidden marvel at the parallel between the Welchman and Heaven knows what ancient Greeks and Romans, as well as modern statesmen. We have concluded ourselves that Mr. Lloyd George and M. Hal dane cynically suggested would be quite willing to prac-

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The "Times," however, was feele in comparison with the "Daily News." Ever since Mr. Lloyd George playfully chided the "Daily News" (in his Tabernacle speech) for its lukewarm support of his Bill, that journal has been raising its laudatory adjectives on Mr. Lloyd George to the superlative degree. Nothing merely positive or comparative could atone for the earlier neglect. Pelion must be heaped upon Ossa. Last week saw the Titanic task end with an article by Mr. A. G. Gardiner, the architect of Civil Service Reform. The purpose of which is: the course of which we are bidden marvel at the parallel between the Welchman and Heaven knows what ancient Greeks and Romans, as well as modern statesmen. We have concluded ourselves that Mr. Lloyd George and M. Hal dane cynically suggested would be quite willing to prac-

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Mr. Lord George, by the way, may be recommended an even better guide to the ruin of England than the history of Rome, even though written by a Socialist. It is the history of Athens. As every student knows, the resemblance between the history of Hellenistic Athens and our own unhappy country are too complete to be a mere coincidence. Similar causes produce similar effects. We will not ask Mr. Lloyd George to accept our word that he has been anticipated over two thousand years ago. The summary of the closing epoch of Athens by a recent "Times" reviewer will suit us very well:

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Pee Willie Winkie, of the "Daily News," has likewise had a glorious week. More prescient of the buttered side of the bread than Mr. Lloyd George himself, he has been bawling superlatives at Mr. Lloyd George ever since the latter pushed his nose out of his Welsh office. Ecce homo! Mr. Lloyd George's triumph over twenty-three despicable politicians, who voted against the Bill is an occasion P. W. W. naturally cannot let pass. A Pindaric ode in journalism is the smallest tribute he can offer. This, however, was preceded by preparations of
the public mind on a mountainously-mousey scale. "The great session [on Thursday] was visibly wanting!" But the language that can speak of Dreadnoughts as familiarly as maids of fourteen of puppy dogs is entitled to language. "The super-Dreadnought with guns placed along the centre-line at any rate, comes to stay. The Consolidation authoritative to the Navy. P. W. W. is also in every political secret. The navy loan? There is, I need hardly say, no shadow of foundation for the rumour that a Navy loan will be proposed for the building of Dreadnoughts. The only objection that has arisen concerns Rosyth." A Navy loan for the port at Rosyth, is of course, a Navy loan robbed of all its objections. One with half an eye can see that. P. W. W. even sees that, and he has not got. But why say more of P. W. W.? Has not his epitaph been already written by Tennyson in "The Brook"?

Poor Philip, of all his lavish waste of words,
Remains the lean "P. W. W." on his tomb.

We do not know who wrote the Saturday leader in the "Daily News," in which the opposition to the Insurance Bill was described as an "insincere agitation." If it was neither P. W. W. nor A. G. G., it must have been a candidate for the staff of the "Morning Post" or the "Daily Telegraph." The argument of all these journals is the same: because the Insurance Bill has passed the two Houses of Parliament, therefore it is operative law, and any continued resistance is either insincere or foolish. Well, we shall see. Meanwhile, we beg these journals occasionally to light upon the truth, if only by happy accident. For the following wholly false paragraph which appeared in the "Morning Post" on Saturday no accident, we fear, can be blamed, happy or otherwise: "Socialists must be said, are not very acute in practical matters. . . . Their eyes are so fixed upon their own fancy ideals that they are liable to be bamboozled by the astute Liberal lawyer-politician." Considering that the opposition to the Insurance Bill was led and has been carried on by Socialists, not one section of whom has been "bamboozled" during the space of a minute by Mr. Lloyd George, while the "Morning Post," whose politics are written by bounders for bounders, has been dragged at his heels in ignominious blindness, the quoted paragraph is cool. It occurs, by the way, in an article appealing for Socialist support in the Unionist campaign against Home Rule. Thanks, we will choose our company. In the "Morning Post" we snub Mr. Garvin.

Lord Robert Cecil has offered the public no apology for his broken pledge, but at the British Constitutional Association and at Govanhill he has been bewailing the decay of independence in Parliament. Of the latter complaint we have heard quite enough from members of Parliament who lift no finger to stop it. To the rapid decay of Parliamentary prestige it is obvious that Lord Robert Cecil has added his mite by his inaction over Mr. Lloyd George's Bill. No less than five hundred of his recent articles expressing the wishes of his constituents have been dragged at his heels in ignominious blindness, the quoted paragraph is cool. It occurs, by the way, in an article appealing for Socialist support in the Unionist campaign against Home Rule. Thanks, we will choose our company. In the "Morning Post" we snub Mr. Garvin.

An illustration of an idea as distinct from a generalisation on facts was hinted at in these columns last week. We refer to the new industrial revolution as conceived by certain American commercial politicians, and now in process of being carried out. Not greatly to our surprise, the first persons to realise its importance in 1906 were the labour leaders—a class of people as inaccessible to ideas as Liberal cocoa-nuts—but a little group of employers and capitalists. At a meeting held last week of the Imperial Industries Club a letter was read from a Mr. Bell (to whom our compliments) on the subject of "Causes of Labour Unrest." Mr. Bell advocated the voluntary concession by employers of a portion, at any rate, of the demands of their workmen, his chief ground being that a shilling more a week voluntarily given in wages has a much better effect on the morale of the men than three shillings taken by force. There is no doubt about this whatsoever, and we may safely assume that, with a strong lead from America, the idea will shortly be taken up in England. Their analysts (with the exception of the simple fact that a willing and contented workman is the equivalent of at least four unwilling and dis-
contested men. It has proved to be so in the Army, and it will prove to be the same in industry. Where it is fully realised by our employers, there will be no more costly strikes and lock-outs.

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Strangely enough—no, we are not really surprised—the employers to realise this idea and to put it into practice first are and will be Liberals. Trust a Liberal to sniff, while it is yet a great way off, the latest device for increasing profits in industry. After all, Liberalism is capitalism in politics; and it would be strange if the genius of Bright and Cobden, who ruined our agriculture to multiply their factories, were not hereditary in the same order of minds, the Brunners and Monds, the Cadburys and the Rowntrees. We have been brought up to regard these employers as philanthropists, have we not? Their provision for their employees has been lavish, a model for the State itself to follow. What they have voluntarily done to-day, every employer will be compelled under inspection to do to-morrow. But the result has invariably been the same: all this attention to the demands of their workmen has paid handsomely in annual profits. Instead of losing by their philanthropy they have gained by it. The crumbs they cast on the waters of labour come back to them as a whole loaf at the end of the year. Why more employers have not foreseen this example it is not hard to guess—employers are stupid. But wait until they wake up to the fact that Cadbury's model village, Brunner Mond's bonus scheme, recreation grounds, baths, libraries, holidays, night schools, etc., pay it, solid dividends. On that day an idea, for once, will have dawned on them.

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Against this new industrial feudalism it is improbable that the trade unions will be able to put up much of a fight. If the men were all of the temper of the Sheffield railwaymen. One by one they pluck the fruit of their achievement, if you like, and leave the garden to be worked over by others. One by one the Labour officials climb over their men's shoulders up and up into power where the tray them. One by one the Labour elect to lead them the pick of their most deadly enemies. The poor fellows are impressed with the necessity of having a few members of their class to speak for them in Parliament. They do not realise that their provision for their employees has been lavish, a model for the State itself to follow. What they have voluntarily done to-day, every employer will be compelled under inspection to do to-morrow. But the result has invariably been the same: all this attention to the demands of their workmen has paid handsomely in annual profits. Instead of losing by their philanthropy they have gained by it. The crumbs they cast on the waters of labour come back to them as a whole loaf at the end of the year. Why more employers have not foreseen this example it is not hard to guess—employers are stupid. But wait until they wake up to the fact that Cadbury's model village, Brunner Mond's bonus scheme, recreation grounds, baths, libraries, holidays, night schools, etc., pay it, solid dividends. On that day an idea, for once, will have dawned on them.

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The declaration of Mr. Asquith that in his view the enfranchisement of women would be "a disastrous political mistake" may be taken to mean that he will do more than passively oppose it, he will actively attempt to defeat it. The recent renewed attempts of the W.S.P.U. to employ the force they do not possess have reacted against them to their detriment, and under cover of their public discrediting, they are being deserted by many of their professed friends. The list of a hundred or so M.P.'s, once favourably disposed to women suffrage, have vacillated, and are now wavering if not hostile, scarcely indicates the extent of the set-back in the political prospects of the enfranchising amendment. We should say that, if affairs are made still worse by those who may expect under the new Franchise Bill is the enfranchisement of the existing municipal voters. Even for that measure we doubt if there is sufficient support in both Houses to pass it. Mr. Lloyd George may profess to be anxious to enfranchise married women whose cause he appears to be quite passionate about—but not a married woman will, we think, ever appear on the electoral register of this country. A few more blunders on the part of the women, the continued indisposition to discuss the matter on its merits, one or two more such exhibitions of spite and private-mindedness as have recently disfigured their public proceedings, and the claim of even a handful of their number to a vote will pass unheeded for a generation. Giving women a vote goes against men's grain in England. Under the compulsion of invulnerable reasoning supported and supplemented by irresistible persuasion, the vote may be conceded by men to women. But every excuse for refusing it will be gratefully accepted.

TO THE LORDS.

My lords from your high place look down and behold us, Who you to slavery for peace' sake have sold us. Vain was our hope, in your courage believing. You have failed us, the workers, the nation deceiving. You, with eyes, have proved guiltless of knowing or seeing; Whose wisdom and sight were sole reason for being; Whose power had left you, in counsel unaltered You should have held to your trust, but you faltered; You, with so much to give, nothing have given; You become less than nothing, unheeded, unpitied. You become less than nothing, unheeded, unpitied. You, with so much to give, nothing have given; Your House is sundered, by your own hands riven.

TO THE CHANCELLOR.

Great Chancellor, your Bill becomes a Law! The people saw and knew not what they saw, But those that live will see and know and say. CHARLES WHITE.
**Foreign Affairs.**

By S. Verdad.

As I write the negotiations between France and Spain with reference to Morocco are just about to begin. No doubt is entertained in diplomatic circles that they will ultimately reach a peaceful conclusion; but it is questionable whether they will not occupy more than the short time which some people expect them to take. It it stated in Madrid that, instead of being concluded in a few days, these negotiations will be spread over several weeks; and in the meantime it is quite conceivable that the existence of the Caillaux Cabinet will come to an end.

It is hardly likely that the Cabinet which follows the Caillaux Ministry will refuse one or two concessions to Spanish pride. It must be remembered, however, that the French people as a whole are not satisfied to find that Spain is entitled to so much as the Treaties show her to be. And there is no doubt that some "sacrifices" on her part will be insisted on, otherwise the political existence of M. Caillaux' successor will be of equally short duration. To show the need for continuity in foreign policy it need only be pointed out that matters become involved if the negotiations with Spain begins by one French Cabinet and carried to a certain length were abruptly broken off by another. An incident of this nature, which caused a great deal of embarrassment at the time, occurred in 1903 or 1904 in connection with one of M. Delcassé's secret treaties, only on that occasion the change of Ministry took place in Spain. But the incident gave rise to so much annoyance that no one wants a repetition of it.

Much of the adverse criticism directed against the Caillaux Ministry in the course of the debates on the Morocco Agreement is due to the unusual personality of M. Caillaux himself. The French Prime Minister is not a man of extraordinary ability; far from it. He has merely certain peculiar habits, such as indulging rather freely in political chit-chat after a good dinner and giving utterance to opinions the effects of which he does not weigh very carefully. It was at a dinner the other day, for example, that M. Caillaux declared that Spain, if she proved obstreperous, would feel the weight of France's power (or words of a somewhat similar signification); and it was also at a dinner that he said that French financiers should lend plenty of money to Germany in order to secure financial control of the German Empire—an unusually fatuous remark, the fallacy underlying which was promptly squelched, firmly and respectfully, by an ex-Minister who happened to be present.

This, however, is not all. M. Caillaux is of an interfering disposition. He was not content to let his Foreign Minister, M. de Selves, deal with the Morocco question through the Ambassador to Berlin, M. Jules Cambon. He took a hand in the game himself; and on at least two important occasions M. Cambon was puzzled to receive from Paris two sets of instructions of a diametrically opposite tendency, one from the Prime Minister and another from the Foreign Minister. In the course of another argument with Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter, the French Ambassador was thunderstruck when the German Foreign Secretary announced that he had heard differently from M. Caillaux direct. It is to be hoped that the Spanish negotiations will be left entirely to the French Ambassador in Madrid, M. Geoffray, who is more capable of dealing with the affair than M. Caillaux.

In Paris stories like these soon become current, and it was the warvailing opinion that their Premier was a "character," but one whom, for the sake of the honour and dignity of France, it would be advisable to put out of the way without wast-
The New-Old Capital of India.

By Syed Hossain.

Far and away the most important of the "benefactions" announced at the Durbar on Tuesday, the 12th inst., by the Viceroy of India, on behalf of the King-Emperor, is, of course, the transference of the capital of the Indian Empire from Calcutta to Delhi. This is indeed an epoch-making decision, and inasmuch as the imposed change marks a departure from what has been the settled and traditional policy of the Indian Government for well nigh a hundred years, it is fraught with far-reaching and many-sided consequences.

The significance of the step is manifold—political, social, economic, and last, but not least, administrative.

To India at large, to the masses in their millions, the main appeal will be on the first head—the resurrection once again of their Imperial city, the regilding of the immemorial capital of the land which has emerged time and again, seemingly immutable, from the ravages alike of fire and pestilence, and in false adoration of the romance of ages. But there is another aspect of the question. "Sentiment" cuts both ways, and it can hardly be doubted that to large numbers of Indians, specially, perhaps, Mahomedans, the innovation will be invested with a tinge of memory. The ashes and dust of Delhi cannot, indeed, be disturbed, nor its ruins rehabilitated, without conjuring up its chequered history, for it is not much more than fifty years ago since the last of the Moghuls made his exit from Delhi to find his last resting-place in an exile's grave just beyond the outskirts of the Empire over which his ancestors, if not he, had held sway. The political wisdom, therefore, of a step calculated to awaken memories of bygone splendour and strife, of the conflict of races and clash of creeds, and to perpetuate the bitterness of defeat, may at least be questioned. That in some instances, at all events, memories of the past may conceivably come to be revived with poignant vividness will not appear so very remote a contingency when it is borne in mind that it is not many weeks since the suggestion of the restoration of Oudh (which was swallowed up) by Lord Dalhousie in pursuit of his policy of annexation was put forward with serio-comic pathos for inclusion in the Coronation "boons" expected at the hands of his Majesty the King-Emperor.

And there are other considerations. Calcutta represented the clean slate in Indian history. Boasting no antiquity, glorious or otherwise, its capitalship symbolised the irrevocable breaking from the past, the advent of Pax Britannica and the dawn of a new era. In its prosperous modernity were merged alike the practices and the memories of the past. What is to come, not what has gone before, has been the key-note of its constitution, and in the process, moreover, of being worked out to a slow but splendid vindication. But Calcutta must abide by the well-meant, even gracious, interpretation which restores Delhi as the centre of its abidings and adorations. The Viceroy and his advisers with a fine vantage-point wherefrom to survey and control the administration of the whole country.

The Subjugation of Man.

By Komo Wilkinson.

The meeting on December 12 at Bechstein Hall of political amazons, presided over by Lady Courtney of Penwith, may well recall the earliest instance of active feminine association with international politics. That came about soon after we had got clear of the Middle Ages. It actually happened in this wise. Permanent embassies were then beginning to exist; the diplomatic world was disturbed and dazed by the novelty of ambassadors being accompanied by their wives at the courts to which they were accredited. The first scene of this change was the Hague; it was treated very lightly by the French Envoy, who only noticed it to tickle the ears of his sovereign and the court at home with an amusing and essentially Gallic phrase. It was, however, under the ambassador of the Roman ladies at a feast and gala of extraordinary splendour. The innovation, of course, did not end here. The representatives in the seven-hilled city of other sovereigns were allowed no peace by their better halves till their lords had induced his holiness to put them on a level with the Countess Olivarez. There ensued, too, another, and from every point of view an entirely natural consequence. A rush to secure ambassadors for husbands set in with eligible widows and maids, like that which, at a later age, was to urge Chicago heiresses to find English dukes for their partners.

Meanwhile the master of the Vatican did not forget the Spanish origin of the new régime and observe untouched the abiding gratitude of the ambassador whom he had called into being, and whose good will, together with her ceaseless scheming, secured predominance for peninsular interests at the papal palace. As might be expected, the international dames, who had now made themselves something of a force in conducting the world's affairs, overacted their part. So far and so fast did they go that, at the first European Congress held after their promotion the only chance their husbands found of doing any business was to rise before the sun, and, leaving their wedded tyrants asleep, to meet by stealth and try to do a little serious work. Of course they were found out. The French Ambassador cajoled her husband into betraying his colleagues. It suddenly became impossible for the statesmen to find a quiet corner for conference without,
before they were half way through a protocol, their consorts rushing in upon them with a cry which spread quite as much terror through the war shout "Votes for Women" brings with it now. Of course, the luckless delegates shortly separated in despair, without having done any good. Most of them, on returning home without anything to show for their absence, were deprived of all their State emoluments by their disgusted sovereigns.

The one country in the world whose ambassadresses have helped consistently, rather than occasionally wrecked the ambassadors, is England. It was Sir William Temple, an Ambassador in Holland, who negotiated the marriage between William of Orange and the Princess Mary, which changed the dynasty. This remarkable woman really eclipsed her husband by the correspondence in which she wound up diplomatic work, was Lady Palmerston, who negotiated the marriage between William of Orange and the Princess Mary, which changed the dynasty.

Another of the Temple ladies, scarcely less up to her husband by the correspondence in which she wound up diplomatic work, was Lady Palmerston, who negotiated the marriage between William of Orange and the Princess Mary, which changed the dynasty.

The education of the sense of their own importance reached its highest point; the minds of the English women in that chivalrous epoch when, through-out Europe, the belted knight divided his energies between heroic feats to win his mistress's smile and big oaths to be quit of her for inconstancy. The Puritanism which followed was a bad thing for the ladies, who were then first systematically taught that they belonged to an inferior sex, with an authority limited by nursery or kitchen. Of course, the dear creatures revenged them-selves secretly, when they could not do it in public, by enthusiasm for cavaliers, who, in their turn, did not a little towards re-establishing their champions. In the place of power to which they had risen during the Elizabethan period. The Georgian era not only did nothing in the way of promoting, even by an additional inch, the subjugation of man; it appreciably lowered the opinion entertained of women, and, indeed, threatened to withdraw from them those fruits of ful-filled ambition which had come down to them from mediaval days, and to which they had been adding ever since.

Time, however, had only been waiting to glorify the daughters of Eve by fresh laurels of victory. The gay colours, with gold and lace decorations for their coats, hitherto the fashion with the trousered sex, universally gave way to Hamlet's customary suit of solemn black. At the same time the doomed male's conquerors blossomed out into blaze of many coloured millinery, loading themselves with cargoes of jewels, lustrous and costly enough to form the portable wealth of an Indian Mahárájá. Thus, nineteenth century English women gratified the ruling passion of their order, the sense of power, by ruining their fathers or husbands with light as their ancestors of the sixteenth hundreds had driven their knighthly slaves out of their minds with jealousy. And that proved only a beginning. The club, the betting ring, the covert-side, and the few men who began to understand the value of the inferior sex, with an authority limited by nursery or kitchen. Of course, the dear creatures revenged themselves secretly, when they could not do it in public, by enthusiasm for cavaliers, who, in their turn, did not a little towards re-establishing their champions. In the place of power to which they had risen during the Elizabethan period. The Georgian era not only did nothing in the way of promoting, even by an additional inch, the subjugation of man; it appreciably lowered the opinion entertained of women, and, indeed, threatened to withdraw from them those fruits of full-filled ambition which had come down to them from mediaval days, and to which they had been adding ever since.

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Co-education in America.


By Albert Schütz.

Unhampered by traditions, America made rapid progress on the road to feminism—so rapid, that in the opinion of many her citizens have gone far enough. This is rational. True enough, the vote for women remains exceptional; but under the circumstances this is of no moment whatsoever; the law is always on the side of women, anyway. If women had made the laws themselves, there is no doubt they would have dared to claim as many rights as men have granted to them. This is so true that it is by no means rare to meet women who will tell you that they feel ashamed to look as if they were asking for more, and apologise for belonging to suffrage leagues; they want to vote, they say, only in order to use their political influence in behalf of lower classes (sisters and brothers) whom the laws do not protect. The spinster suffragist will admit that, considered from this point of view, women suffrage is worth discussing, even in America.

With regard to the special question of the right of women to a higher education, it was hardly ever denied at all; from the very beginning the affirmative solution was, so to speak, a priori adopted. The problem which called for some discussion was of a practical order, namely: is it expedient that women should study with men—the problem of co-education. No philosophical principles, but merely external circumstances solved it at first.

In the East, where colleges and universities, with their dormitories and social life, were already entirely organised for men, it seemed natural to create separate colleges for women. Thus were founded Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr; and then Barnard and Radcliffe, the first located next door to Columbia, in New York, the second next door to Harvard, in Cambridge, Mass. The same professors go back and forth from one insti-tution to the other, offering the same courses separ-ately to the boys and to the girls; only in graduate courses, the girls, being small in number, join the boys.

In the West, conditions were different. People were just about beginning to establish their universities when the question of the expediency of higher instruction for women was looming up on the horizon. If the thought occurred to them at first to imitate the system of separation of sexes which had been obtained in the East, they were soon induced to give it up. Theoretical notions always lose some of their argumentative strength when practical considerations become involved. In the case of co-education, economy was the determin-ing factor; and to those who wished to discuss matters on grounds of pedagogical principles, the explanation was given that co-education was indubitably a more progressive view of things. Science was still too much of a conventional taste in that part of the country in those years to lead to the foundations of universities, as in the East, by private donations. Action in educa-tional matters was left to the care of the Government, and the few men who began to understand the value of higher culture had not an altogether easy task when they were trying to persuade the representatives of farmers, or merchants, or gold diggers to vote appro-priations for universities. So the problem of the higher education of women was much simplified by saying: We must get a university in our State, but this university shall do for both sexes.

One would be entirely mistaken, however, in think-ing that this argument of money solved the question once and for all. The comparative intellectual equality of the sexes was to come up for real discussion a few years after it had been bluntly adopted as a matter of course. Something there was that did not work.

Co-education was then discussed precisely in those Western universities which claimed to have hoisted the flag of progress in introducing it. This was all the more surprising because for a while things had looked
very much as if the Eastern institutions would be forced to
give up the principle of separation, so as not to be
accused of refusing to move forward. But the oppo-
site of what was expected happened. It was the Univer-
sity of Chicago which one day around the pedagogi-
cal world by the decision to abolish co-education in
the two first years of undergraduate studies: the lead-
ing university in the West moved backward. Else-
where, however, there is no much evidence of a rare
occurrence to hear of the serious difficulties arising
from co-education in colleges.

It may be that the money question continues to play
an important part, it may be that one considers it wise
to wait for further investigation into the matter, but
the fact remains that, just at present, the discussion
is not going on. The Eastern universities keep to their
policy of separation, and the trend of opinion would
seem to be decidedly in favour of that system, i.e.,
given many, many opportunities to make use of all
their pupils, have come to this opinion, that any piece
of work requiring conscientiousness, understanding,
and receptivity, was performed admirably; if one
reaches more advanced courses and graduate studies,
a girl left to her own resources very rarely proves spon-
taneous, original; a boy, without being so always, is so,
however, at times. As long as a professor is there to
direct and supervise some thesis, map out a plan,
suggest researches, an able girl will do the task often to
perfection; by herself she can produce nothing system-
atric or of value. There are many examples of young
women who had written a brilliant doctor's dissertation,
and received sincere praise in scholarly reviews, but
who, once they had left the university, had to stand on
their own feet and depend upon their own initiative,
have not continued in the same high degree to
succeeded quite well. We knew that, as a matter
of fact, before the tests of recent times, in view of
the namés of Mrs. Kowalewska, of Sophie Ger-
main, of Mary Somner. But what is the explanation
of such an exception? The answer is, that one cannot
stroll about capriciously when one deals with figures:
one goes straight or one does not go at all; the method
is not in the subject itself, where method is in the subject itself, where the
working person—in philo-
sophy and in literature, for instance—women work in
the most disconcerting fashion.

Shall we say, then, that women ought to be dis-
couraged from undertaking graduate studies? I do not
wish to be considered responsible for such a statement.
There is here a fact that must be taken into account and
which has been mentioned before: the modern society
marriage has become rarer than it used to be, and since
the increasing number of husbandless women wish to live
—and they certainly have a right to that—it is just that

* Some have taken great pleasure in developing the truisms that all men are not shining lights either. Nobody
can think of going against evidence. What is here meant is: first, that there are more men in liberal professions (as elsewhere)
who live by the book, the better, the average secondly that the average of masculine excellence (intellectually speaking) is
higher than that of feminine excellency.

* We might further observe that in literature woman succeeds least badly in novels, the loosest of the literary
"genres"; while secondly that the intellectual and artistic system combined with a creative mind, she has never succeeded.
they should get all the help possible. Teaching, with or without good reason, is considered a profession where women are successful; they ought, consequently, to have at their disposition first-class colleges and universities. More than that, if women have, as I think they have, more natural difficulties to overcome than men, it would be in the order of things that they should be offered even better institutions of learning than men. Thus, if someone asks: Is it desirable that women should attend universities? the writer would answer: No. But ought we to prevent them from attending? No, again. It is a question of necessary evil, necessary in consequence of our social organisation, accidental and temporary it is to be hoped.*

In talking with girls who devote themselves to higher studies, it is easy to see that many really love science, but as a mark of embarrassment. Those who, by preference, keep on studying with the idea of making science the end of their lives, are great exceptions. Some of them believe sincerely, at one time in their student's career, that they learn of their own accord and that they like to do it as a profession. They will usually acknowledge later, a few months later, that they had deceived themselves. If they continue, they do so out of necessity, or because they do not know what else to do.

A movement has been going on for a very long time which indirectly supports our own conclusions, namely, an inclination on the part of women to desert liberal professions. But it might not be superfluous to say first that, under present conditions of belief and generalisation, the parts of Europe, female pastors, lawyers, and physicians have never been over-abundant in the United States. The writer has lived about twelve years in America, in or near large cities, and he has seen only two female preachers, three or four physicians, and no lawyer—which evidently does not mean that those species are non-existent, but shows certainly that their representatives are not swarming as the locusts during the plague in the East. There are relatively very many female professors, but possibly there would not be so many if women's colleges did not consider it their duty to favour them to some extent, and if there was not a scarcity of men at times to fill the places. So, one ought perhaps not to speak of a tendency with women to give up liberal professions, but rather of a tendency to give up attempts to reach very high in those domains. Numerous magazine articles have appeared of late discussing the problem of women who have to earn a living; and everywhere the cry, "Away from teaching!" can be heard. (See, e.g., "Everybody's Magazine" for July, 1910.) The fact is always emphasised that a girl gains by a college course; her intelligence develops, her view of things becomes broader; her mind is not so alert as that of the girl who did not profit by the same opportunities. But what is new is that nowadays people offer—dare offer—to college graduates positions as stenographers, secretaries, superintendents in stores, social workers, and so forth. Girls with diplommas themselves go with less reluctance into business. Some have been who rented farms and raised potatoes and chickens. During the spring, 1910, the agitation reached the most conservative women-colleges, and professors have openly favoured it. So it is quite serious: and it is a confession, too.

This first step called for another. Not satisfied to teach the girl with a diploma that she ought not necessarily to limit her ambition to teaching, college authorities have begun to introduce in their programmes courses in book-keeping, stenography, type-writing, and other commercial branches, even in gardening and dress-making. The most famous experiment of the sort was made in Rockport College, in Illinois. The old women's colleges, those representing tradition, like Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, Bryan Mawr, have so far refused to consider such changes. At the same time....

* According to the Census of 1900, the average of non-married women between 25 and 29 is of 375 out of 1,000. The following figures are interesting:—In Chicago, out of 1,000 women of the given age, 34 are unmarried; in Denver, 315; in New York, 358; in Minneapolis, 369; in Philadelphia, 382; in New Haven, 393; in Boston, 422—almost 50 per cent.

should artists marry? An anonymous book has recently been issued by Meyer and Jessen, of Berlin, entitled "Das Buch von der Hofdame Goethes" ("Goethe as Educator"). It touches incidentally upon a somewhat delicate subject, a subject on which every German (or at least every German woman) still feels sore—the poet's free union with his housekeeper, Christiane Vulpius. The author defends the position of Goethe in particular and of artists in general, in a chapter full of significance, which we reproduce below:—

As the Apostle teaches, "He that is bound to a wife, seek not to be loosed, but he that is loosed from a wife, seek not a wife." (1. Corinth, VII, 37). Marriage burdens us with a thousand cares, wants and anxieties, curtails our internal and external freedom, and generally alters our character for the worse—making us more insincere, more cunning (in self-defence), more pitiless, more impervious to the sorrows of others and the great sorrows of the world. Hence, if someone asks: Is it desirable that women institutions for girls are founded to-day which offer practically nothing else but that commercial education. To lend a certain prestige to their purpose, they were called "Business Colleges"—just as in Europe a commercial school will take the title of Commercial Academy. The best known to-day is "Simon's College" of Chicago, within a very short time which indirectly supports our own conclusions, accidental and temporary it is to be hoped.*
the oldest human relationships, and not to know it is a
decidedly a deficiency. The unwedded life is lacking in
something, in a great experience, and without marriage,
that is to say, without long and intimate living together,
men will never be able to understand women properly.
Women, if they mean to be of use, learn all lovers' visits
and lovers' walks; the souls then usually make a
careful toilet, veil themselves in ceremonial dress,
either innocentely white or bacchantic red. What they
lay bare of female souls, as of their bodies, is merely a
table. But many men even who feel in themselves
means of attraction for men, and has no significance for
living together; to them it is a physical necessity—for
partiality; a household, a home of his own, has suddenly
together, men will never be able to understand women
become to him the be-all and end-all of existence. It
a careful toilet, veil themselves in ceremonial dress,
clatter; she unthinkingly scares away his meditations,
he sinks into an early slumber; drags him mercilessly
in some cases the impulse does not last long; others
then never wish to miss it again. When Goetze re-
turned from his two years of travel in Italy, he, too,
felt this need; he expresses it repeatedly with strong
partiality; a household, a home of his own, has suddenly
to him the be-all and end-all of existence. It
was then that he came to know Christiane
Christiane was not respected only by Frau von Stein* and by so-called society in
Weimar: even genuine friends and sincere admirers
could but condone it as a regrettable weakness. We,
however, venture to say boldly, "Here, too, he acted
rightly."

No other form of union was endurable or free from danger
to a man like Goethe.

I Gather the Limbs of Osiris.

By Ezra Pound.

[Under this heading Mr. Pound will contribute expositions and translations in illustrations of the "New Method in Scholarship."—Ed.]

IV.

A BEGINNING.

In my opening chapter I said that there were certain facts or points, or "luminous details," which governed knowledge as the switchboard the electric circuit. In the study of the art of letters these points are particular works of the works of particular authors.

Let us suppose a man, ignorant of his wife's taste, the judgment, the production, the spiritual inde-
dependence of their husbands
of Schiller's greatest period are none the better for
have been modelled upon the personalities of his wife
and of his sister-in-law. Whatever the ronanesses of
both sexes may say, Goethe by an artist did right not
to sacrifice the highest in him to matrimony—that
matrimony that has become the Waterloo of so many
gifted men of the last century.

P. V. C.
focus it on a certain resistance. 'The latent energy is made dynamic or revealed' to the engineer in control, and placed at his disposal.

As for me—the visitor in the engine-room—I perceive 'sources'—not ultimate sources, but sources—of light, heat, motion, etc. I realise the purpose and effect; I know it would take me some time really to understand the rules in accordance with which any engine works, and that these rules are similar and different with different engines.

To read a number of books written at different ages and in different tongues may arouse our curiosity and may fill us with a sense of our ignorance of the laws of the art in accordance with which they are written. The fact that every masterpiece contains its law within itself, self-sufficing to itself, does not simplify the solution. Before we can discuss any laws of art we must know, at least, a little of the various stages by which that art has grown from what it was to what it is. This is simply restatement of what ought to be in every text-book, and has nothing to do with any new method. The handiest way to some leaven of the various stages is, however, by "the new method"—that of luminous detail.

Interesting works are of two sorts, the "symptomatic" and the "donative"; thus a sedesino of Pico della Mirandola, concerned for the most part with Jove and Phoebus, evokes the later classicism. Camelot's "Los Lusiañas" has a similar value. In them we find a reflection of tendencies and modes of a time. They mirror obvious and apparent thought movements. They are what one might have discovered, or, better, he discriminates. We advance by discriminations, by discerning that things hitherto deemed identical or similar are dissimilar; that things hitherto deemed dissimilar, mutually foreign, antagonistic, are similar and harmonic.

Assume, that by the translations of "The Seafarer" and of Guido's lyrics, I have given evidence that fine poetry may consist of elements that are or seem to be almost identical. In the canzoni of Arnaut Daniel we find a beauty, a beauty of elements almost unused in these two other very different sorts of poetry. That beauty is, or would be if you read Provençal, a mir. He draws latent forces, or things present but unnoticed, or perhaps taken for granted but never examined.

Non e mai tarde per tentar l'ignoto. But the "donative" author seems to draw down what he perceives of what ought to be in every text-book, and has nothing to do with any method here mentioned. He conceives, that is, a manner of writing in which each word should bear some burden, and not on the action the one upon the other; not upon frequency, but upon the manner of sequence and combination. The effect of "lais" in monom韵me, or of a canzon in which a few rhymes appear too often, is monotonous, is monotonous beyond the point where monotony is charming or interesting. Arnaut uses what for want of a better term I call polyphonic rhyme.

At a time when both prose and poetry were loose-jointed, prolix, barbaric, he, to all intents and virtually, rediscovered "style." He conceived, that is a manner of writing in which each word should bear some burden, and not on the action the one upon the other; not upon frequency, but upon the manner of sequence and combination. The effect of "lais" in monom韵me, or of a canzon in which a few rhymes appear too often, is monotonous, is monotonous beyond the point where monotony is charming or interesting. Arnaut uses what for want of a better term I call polyphonic rhyme.

For long after him the poets of the North babble of gardens where "three birds sang on every bough" and whereother things and creatures behaved as in nature they do not behave. And, apart from his rhyme, apart from the experiments in artistry which lead in so great part to the conclusions in the "Treatise on the Common Tongue," it is this that Dante learns from him, this precision of observation and reference. "Que j'ai ROSERS" sings Daniel, "Dove l'Adige" the other. And it will be difficult to prove that there is not some recognition and declaration of this in the passage in the Purgatorio (Canto XXVI) where Arnaut is made to reply—

"E vei jausen lo jorn qu'esper denan"—

"I see rejoicing the day that is before." If this is not definite allegory, it is at least clearer than many allegories that tradition has brought to us, and may, if it is, have a useful end and a meaning. If Dante does not here use Arnaut as a symbol of perceptive intelligence, sincere, making no pretence to powers beyond its own, but seeing out of its time and place, rejoicing in its perspicacity, we can at least, from our later acquaintance with this, find in this trait of Arnaut's some germ of the Renaissance, of the spirit which was to

* I do not mean that Dante here accepts all Arnaut's forms and fashions. Arnaut's work as we have it shows constant search and rejection.
Art and Drama.

By Huldy Carter.

The modern didactic play prides itself on its independence of the theatre. That independence it owes to the Viewsyites. Their drama of discussion was the bridge of emancipation from the physical control of the theatre. It is the special merit of this drama that it has opened the door to many serious evils. It has, for one thing, crowded the stage with persons who are in no sense actors, and with authors who are not playwrights. Now the novelist, as such, is not a playwright. We admit, in fact, that the conditions of novel-writing and play-writing call into operation two entirely different sets of capabilities. He admits, in fact, that the conditions of novel-writing and play-writing vastly differ.

The serious novelist is free to his own inclinations. He may treat both his ethical and technical "drama" as he likes. He is not limited in the matter of time and place of action; he may make his setting as vast as he likes; play tricks with his materials; arrange them in any fashion, and yet give them a sufficient resemblance to the fundamental facts and forces of life to appear unified, reasonable and true. In short, he may adopt whatever means he chooses to bring his readers into the action of his "drama." It is different with the serious playwright. His work is clearly conditioned by the physique of the theatre. If he wishes to make his audience a part of the action of his play he is bound to consider this physique, in order that he may unite everything in the theatre to attain his end. This fact the Germans are now recognising by adapting the theatre to the play (as at Olympia and Covent Garden), till such time as the new dramatic action arises to rebuild the theatre so that the desired unity may be secured.

The prevalent tendency of the serious novelist to exalt himself, or allow others to exalt him, where alone the playwright should be, means but one thing. He is seeking effacement either in the form of murder or suicide. A recent important death is that of Mr. George Moore, who recently succumbed at the Apollo Theatre before a house full of Stage Society people. Mr. Moore slew himself with the jaw-bone of "Esther Waters,"—or to be precise, with one of her ribs—what time Esther herself loudly exclaimed, "Look 'ere, Mister Moore, in th' stage-play you've only tyken one rib. It ain't fayre. Yer should 'ave took every rib." Apparently Mr. Moore believed that on the stage a little Esther watered goes a long way. He did not even attempt to bring her bowdlerised career up to date by attempting to make it illuminate some present point of interest. For instance, that women under present social conditions have to fight through their sexual attractions for economic freedom. Their success in life still largely depends on their capacity to handle money. Had he done so the abbreviated Esther would have been intensified in consequence, as the following abbreviated account of the play suggests.

The first act introduces a servant who has gone wrong with another servant and needs a sympathetic mistress to inform the audience. The second act, the same person, who throws up her job of wet-nurse at 15s.,

a week, discusses the costs and care of her child, and after objecting to be Trafalgar-squared by the stubby baby-farmer, cuts with her baby wrapped in the baby-farmer's best Witney blanket. The third act, the same person faced with two evils: Parsons, who wants to marry her on the one hand, and William, the father of her child, who wants her to live on one技术水平. If the latter—when he is speaking of the artist, of the Greek and Roman classics, and of Nature: "Few men will drink from the cup when they may drink from the fountain."

A third death—or, rather, the ruin of a reputation—that of Meredith's at the Little Theatre, is also a matter for tears. One day, in quest of the new play, I came across the eminent novelist disguised as "The Sentimentalists" sandwiched between Mr. Granville Barker and Mr. J. M. Barrie. He was most piqued at the abbreviations between a "Rococo" and a "Twelve-Pound Lock." His sad appearance reminded me that all his characters have genius, like those of Shakespeare and Balzac, and it takes art to give genius to man instead of taking it away from him. I wonder Meredith's theatrical friends do not see this and leave him alone. Or if they must manipulate his reputation for their own profit let them confine themselves to "Jump-to-Glory Jane."
FIVE POEMS.
By Edith Moggridge.

ATHENS.
Set amid purple hills and gleaming sea,
Crownèd with beauty and with majesty,
Not dim with age, O City, dost thou stand,
But queenly yet, with proud undaunted air
Of youth eternal. Couldst thou be more fair
Even when, new-shapen by the godlike hand
Of Pheidias, the great Athenè gleamed
With not so red a gold as glows to-day
On thy majestic columns, that have drunk
The colour of uncounted sunsets? Nay, Athens, O Athens, must I deem thee sunk
That yet outshinest all I ever dreamed
Of unveiled beauty, scarcely can I dare
To think upon the glory of thy prime,
Before the barbarous ravage of the Turk,
Canst thou be more fair than as the birds' wide-curving wings.

A CORNISH SUNSET.
One after one, one after one,
Shoreward the seagulls fly.
The unseen rays of the departed sun
Transmute each little cloud to burning gold,
To flaming red or fleecy pink, and draw
Slow veils of delicate rose across the tender sky.
The world scarce breathes
And all things else aïe utterly at rest,
Slow veils of delicate rose across the tender sky.

Only the gulls fly slowly, one by one,
Inland and eastward. Why, O swift pinions,
Do ye forsake your spacious free dominions,
And seek the shadows dun?
I see your myriad comrades far away
(Dark specks to me, though white as tossing foam)
Wheeling in circles o'er your rocky home,
And know, although I hear them not, that they
With joyous, fierce, discordant voices raise
Their evening hymn of praise.

What power
Impels you shoreward at this holy hour?
Is it a storm your flight foretells,
Or do ye long
With the silent song
Of blackbirds and thrushes in murmurous dells,
Far from the sound of the unresting sea,
To blend your voices?
Surely that cannot be!
Surely your heart rejoices
In the mighty glee
Of the waters wide,
In the echoing shock
Of wave on rock,
In the swirl and suck of the swaying tide.

One after one, one after one they fly,
In grave procession 'neath the quiet sky.
On and on unwearyingly.
Sudden, upon the silence and the dream
There breaks a single, penetrating cry.
Another answers it; and soon they fill
The air—long, solemn, plangent cries that seem
Curved as the birds' wide-curving wings. . . Behold,
The light has faded: grey is all the gold.
A little wind goes whispering o'er the hill. . .
Slowly the clamour ceases : all is still.

I.

Hail, father Sun!
Hail, glorious one!
Small though I be,
My name
Is Flame;
Kindship I claim
With thee.

How steep, how wide
Is this bleak mountain-side
That wears me for a jewel on its breast?
At rest:
Seem all things but the light east wind and me.
Craig Ddu,
Bright on thy swarthiness flames my glowing breath,
But after, stronger blackness followeth,
For death:
I bring to the heather and every little fern,
That feel the green Spring at their roots, and yearn
Already to the west wind of to-morrow.
Can thy dark heart feel sorrow
For these thy children, thus untimely slain?
In vain
Thou mournest. Yet ere long I too shall die,
And the soft rains with silent ministry
Shall tend my grave, until it bud again
With greener, sweeter burgeonings, and thereafter
With ruddier heather-bells, whose tiny laughter
Shall turn to joy the ashes of thy pain.

II.

A thread of smoke, I curl and creep
About the heather. Small flames leap
Laughing from leaf to withered bell; below
I seize the stronger stems, and grasp them till they glow
More swiftly now I run, fanned by the light
Dry wind. Quick flames dart, restless, light and bright
About the twisted stems, and soon appears
A patch of blackened earth; around it I
Dance in a widening ring of revelry.
The wind, for foam-dakes, on its swift wing bears
Dartlets of flame, that, lighting on the ground,
Make lesser rings; but soon they die away,
And all around
I hold unchallenged sway.

Dulled to a dusky red, the westering sun
Behind Y Garn drops down.
My wide-blown smoke across the hillside brown
Trails like a long blue banner, and shows dun
Against the delicate azure of the sky.
Loud roar my flames. Gently and tranquilly
The twilight brims each silent valley-cup,
And slowly gathers in the folds of the hills.
More solemn grow the mountains: brighter I
Leap and exult, and shoot great flame-walls up,
Readder and fiercer as the evening hills
And darkens into night; until I wake
The uttermost depths to answer, and in the lake,
Dark and remote, deep down and far below,
A band of rippling red gives back my waverind glow.

IN DER NACHT.
(After Schumann).

Dark waves are tossing round my spirit's bark,
Dark rolling clouds wing softly overhead,
Uplifting darkness, powerful, infinite,
Is round me. Sure such gloom as this was shed
Over old Chaos when the world was made.
This darkness is not only lack of light.
It is the gloom in which Creation broods
Over the world, and shapes its inmost soul.
Dark is the wind, and dark the sea, and dark
My listening spirit; over me there roll
Waves upon waves of quintessential night.
THE PENDANT.

"Ich trage im Herzen viel Schlangen
Und dich, Geliebte mein."—HEINE.

During the excavations at Haghia Triada there was found a heart-shaped pendant no larger than a pea . . . covered . . . with designs of animals in relief, a scorpion, a spider, and a serpent."—A. Mosso, "Palaces of Crete."

Heine! who could have thought to meet
Thy restless spirit bitter-sweet
Four thousand years ago in Crete?

Already was the earth so old?—
Coquetish was the girl and cold
For whom was made this heart of gold;

Tip-tilted nose and great black eyes,
Red lips a-curl with mockeries;
Gay, dainty, full of vanities.

She took his beating heart from out
His body, turned it round about,
And dropped it with a scornful pout.

From that time forth about it clung
Visions of her that pierced and stung
Like small cold snakes with forked tongue.

And so he made this trinket, where
Clung snakes, like tendrils of her hair,
And scorpions, like to thoughts of her.

Present-Day Criticism.

In these days there seems to be no reason (there is one) why Mr. Jerome K. Jerome should not call himself a dramatist. To convince him that he is not a dramatist would need more than the proverbial surgical operation; it would need a series of failures—failures in the only sense such persons understand the word, namely, box-office failures. He is unlikely, then, to cease calling himself a dramatist, for he knows quite as well as Messrs. Maugham, Barrie, Barker, Shaw, Brookfield, and the rest, how to mix the prescription for a stage-play, exactly how sex, sentimentality, malice and veracity (modern for wit and wisdom) must be blended to make heaven smile or hell weep. Now, Mr. Bennett and some others of the ilk had been ferried over the Styx and stood starkly waiting to hear where they were to go—as dramatists. Mercury arrived and moved them to delight with the news that they might each try their luck with a play to be performed before the hosts of heaven and hell. Mr. Jerome won the toss for first, and borrowing a towel from an obliging ghost, rehearsed.

"What's the matter?" stammered poor Mr. Jerome.
"Matter enough!" Mercury replied. "You do not know your business." "Me?" "Be off and wander," came the command; "you have failed to make heaven smile or hell weep. Now, Mr. Bennett!"

The modern stage-play is not drama and makes no appeal, as drama does make appeal, to that old—nowadays old-fashioned—sense of virtue which simplifies life into good and bad, which teaches us to keep vital instincts as to what will make us happy or wretched. The weak-backed teaching, "something good in everything," confounds people through and through. They moralise and philanthropise over criminals instead of calling in the doctor and the sanitary inspector. They wrestle lovingly with a treacherous friend when their one hope is to put leagues between them. They suffer tickler in politics and mediocrities in the arts. There is no health anywhere, and the truth is, as it always was, that the bad thing with a little good in it works all the real mischief that is done in the world; for an out-and-out bad thing has only crude power—power to assault but not to undermine. "I detest," said Confucius, "that which has only a semblance of virtue and reality. I detest the cunning man lest he confound equity. I detest the flowing mouth lest it confound the truth." "I detest," says Sainte-Beuve, "the so-called beautiful poetry lest it be taken for true poetry, lest it destroy in the critic's mind the divine reality with which sometimes blazes forth, at other times is humble and modest, but always elevated, always profound, and which reveals itself only at its own hour." And humbly following this line of critics, we may add our detestation of the so-called dramatist with his expression confusion of virtue and vice, so that an alleged ideal may become farcically popular, and matter proper for jesting work.

The specious plays concocted by these Pandarins do not, of course, survive, are not expected by their cynical writers to survive; sooner or later they are seen to be the false idea, the fanged humour hurts, and the public, unconsciously revengeful, laughs hysterically in the wrong places, or seeks some other relief. But meanwhile taste and judgment have suffered a set-back. People cannot often witness plays like "Man and Superman," "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," "The Honeymoon," "What Every Woman Knows," "Don," or "The Blue Bird," these resemblances of religion, mysticism, idealism, sentiment and humour, without denaturing their ears, roughening their taste and stultifying their judgment regarding works wherein such subjects are presented with balance and harmony.

An amazing thing is the open contempt of these dramatists for their public. It is going no deeper than words; it is well apprehended by their cynical writers to survive; sooner or later the truth is, as it always was, that the bad thing with a little good in it works all the real mischief that is done in the world; for an out-and-out bad thing has only crude power—power to assault but not to undermine. "I detest," said Confucius, "that which has only a semblance of virtue and reality. I detest the cunning man lest he confound equity. I detest the flowing mouth lest it confound the truth." "I detest," says Sainte-Beuve, "the so-called beautiful poetry lest it be taken for true poetry, lest it destroy in the critic's mind the divine reality with which sometimes blazes forth, at other times is humble and modest, but always elevated, always profound, and which reveals itself only at its own hour." And humbly following this line of critics, we may add our detestation of the so-called dramatist with his expression confusion of virtue and vice, so that an alleged ideal may become farcically popular, and matter proper for jesting work.

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Recent Verse.*

By Jack Collings Squire.

People have differed—and, if I may say so, rightly—about the merits of Mr. Ezra Pound's previous books of verse. But nobody could deny that he was certainly of the poemata in this opus (one falls insensibly into himself; but with rather more difficulty. The plupart polyglottery after reading Mr. Pound) are essays in Early Italian and kindred forms. These forms lend themselves to decorative effect, to subtly-woven harmonies of phrase and rhythm and rhyme. Their rigid elaborateness, however, induces, or at any rate, favours, monies of phrase and rhythm and rhyme. Their rigid themselves to decorative effect, to subtly-woven har-

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other way, he is a genuine artist with eyes of his own but who would gain and not Iose if he could forget all

something strong and living whatever materials he uses,

almost perfect passages like this:—

Thy gracious ways O lady of my heart have

O'er all my thought a golden glamour cast;

As amber torchflames where strange men-at-arms

Tread softly 'neath the damask shield of night,

Rise from the flowing steel in part reflected,

Or, perhaps, "It was the stout Sweet William that

sailed the herbaceous border." Here is another of Mr.

Figgis's Adventures in Metaphor:—

And here he is again among the roses:—

No more for us the little sighing

No more the winds at twilight trouble us,

and its refrain like a muffled bell,

Lo, the fair dead,

has a mournful music that echoes in one's ears when he has shut the book.

Mr. Pound once breaks forth into burlesque.

Eros," "Paracelsus in Excelsis," "Li Bel Chasteus,

and "Threnos" are the most admirable. The last-

named, a lament over Tristram and Iseult, with its

opening:—

No more for us the little sighing

O woe, woe, People are born and die,

We shall all be dead pretty soon

Therefore let us act as if we were dead already.

The bird sits on the hawthorn tree

But he dies also, presently.

Some lads get hung and some get shot,

Woe! woe, etcetera. . . .

London is a woeful place,

Shropshire is much pleasanter,

Then let us smile a little space

Upon fond nature's morbid grace.

Oh, woe, woe, woe, etcetera. . . .

The longest poem in Mr. Darrell Figgis's book is a metrical rendering of the book of Job. There is one line in it which is thoroughly enjoyable. That is the line in which Mephistopheles, entering, remarks:—

He! Job! How goes it?

One almost expects this cheery salute to be followed up by an invitation to go down the Strand or, perhaps, to have a banana. However it is not.

The other poems in the booklet may roughly be divided into two classes. There are some short simple lyrics in which delicacy and singing quality are aimed at; and there are odes and the like where the objective is solemnity and profundity. Here is a specimen of Mr. Figgis in his more gossamer mood.

Roses red and roses white

Dancing gleaming in my sight,

Testing in capricious pleasure,

Tripping to an unknown measure;

Quartet, trio, duet, then

Breaking to unite again,

Swung upon the summer wind.

This allusion to the fore and aft of a rose is, if I am not mistaken, new to English-speaking races. The image may profitably be expanded. We shall soon, if our poets seize occasion by the forelock, be getting something like this:—

The north wind beats the boughs together,

Merrily sails the rose,

Lightly topping the waves of ether

That whack against her nose,

Ancient Fidlit's on the poop,

Her captain brave is he,

He rolling steel in part reflected,

Yo-Ho, Yo-Ha, Yo-He.

Or, perhaps, "It was the stout Sweet William that sailed the herbaceous border." Here is another of Mr. Figgis's Adventures in Metaphor:—

Life blossoms at noon,

But is gone on the morrow.

A transient boon

To falter rough-hewn

On a night of wild sorrow. . . .

And here he is again among the roses:—

So say it is not true, dear,

That even as the rose, Alice, radiant Alice,

It is the same with you, dear;

That Alice, lovely Alice,

I woe thee but to rue, dear!

As often as not, however, Mr. Figgis avoids hothos by taking refuge in incomprehensibility. This is, especially so in the appallingly polysyllabic Ode to Music. What on earth does this mean?

Boding His lonely plaint

To the far borders faint

Of an immeasurable infinity.

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By Jack Collings Squire.

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Mr. Pound once breaks forth into burlesque. Even those of us who carry about our copies of "A Shropshire Lad" with our pipes and bunches of keys, must

"Canzonie of Ezra Pound." (Elkin Mathews.)

"The Crucibles of Time and other Poems." By Darrell Figgis. (J. M. Dent.)

"Hail Mary," By Aleister Crowley. (The Equinox.)

"Fifty Poems." By John Freeman. (Herbert and Daniel.)

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"Hail Mary." By Aleister Crowley. (The Equinox.)
And what of these lines?

Spurn what pelf

The ruinous def

Bestrews before thee, thou dost lift thy Wing.

Thine accents eloquent

Break o'er the Heart deliquescent murmurs, fraught

With piercing echo of the sense and rare:

Swelling all being to its uttermost hair

With lost antiphonies.

Seasons but irk as they ply

Disunion on halcyon.

In his poem on Dawn Mr. Figgis begins with the invocation:

Thou hast outdone me, bird!

It certainly has.

Mr. Aleister Crowley's book was published two years ago anonymously. It consists of some three dozen poems to the glory of the blessed Virgin. They are all marked by that facility and freedom of diction and metrical fluency that are such striking features of the author's profane books. Some of them are rather like hymns; some are exquisite verses with a Yellow-Booky flavour; and others are somewhat unsatisfactory exercises in forms which are not customarily used for such subjects. Here is a specimen of the last sort:

Enshrined in cloister sanctity

I sit and worship solemnly;

Mary is everything to me;

I hail thee holy Mary.

By day and night I sit alone

Mute as a monument of stone

And meditate before the throne

Of bright and blessed Mary.

The lift of this, and in places its phraseology, have in them something which scarcely bears witness to a humble and profound reverence for the mother of God on the steps of Heaven. Some of the poems are very much better than this, but all of them lack real fervour in respect of feeling just as in respect of form they lack that final touch which distinguishes the work of the born poet from that of the competent turner of verses. Personally, I find Mr. Crowley the devotee of Mary considerably less interesting and much less amusing than Mr. Crowley the singer of strange and obscene gods, Abracadabras, and things one doesn't mention. "Hail Mary," in fact, is dull.

Mr. Freeman's volume, the print of which might conveniently be larger, has qualities that grow on one.

The Lord Mayor of Birmingham contributes a preface to Mr. Rudland's series of ballads illustrating the origins and history of that charming town. "The year," begins the Lord Mayor, "in which Birmingham becomes the second city in the United Kingdom must begin a new era in the history of the Midland metropolis, and is, therefore, a fitting time for setting forth the more romantic episodes from its annals."

Mr. Rudland's "Ode on the Restoration of the Holte Family" was produced in the Midlandmetropolitan Theatre (now a Men's Institute), the first performance taking place in 1884. Mr. Rudland was a member of the company which gave the first performance. Mr. Freeman continues: "The poem "The Magic Flute" in Cambridge I am a confirmed Mozartian. For fully half an hour after the final curtain I was even an anti-Wagnerite. The production was almost entirely an amateur one, and of course one had to think kindly of the struggles of the company to suggest the Mozartian mood; but Mr. Edward Dent (who did an excellent translation of the libretto into English), Mr. Clive Carey and Mr. Scholfield worked wonders in stage management and "producing," and the performances were good enough to give one a fair idea of the opera.

Wagner was a great boaster. He claimed to have released opera from the despotism of the bejewelled prima-donna, to have done away with roulades and cadenzas and other vanities of the kind, and to have brought musical declamation into opera, with which any rate closer, approximation to ordinary speech. But it was most obvious in listening to this opera (which has only been heard twice in England during the last twenty years) that Mozart was Wagner's master in this question of reconciling music and speech. Wotan's pompous and artificial declamations do not compare at all favourably (from this point of view) with the conversation of Papageno, for example—this apart altogether from the construction of the opera, with which a mountebank called Schickaneder had a good deal to do. (For the libretto, a quite excellent one by that extraordinary man, Giesecke, was, as it stood, a totally different thing from the opera as it was originally performed, as it is now known, or, as Mozart had to submit to the beguilements of Schickaneder, an actor-manager-producer, who controlled the purse, with the result that all kinds of extraneous matter crept in. But Mozart's original scheme must not be overlooked in the sequence of related keys. Interpolated dialogue had not by any means his whole-hearted consent, although
without dialogue the opera would be unintelligible, or nearly so.

Giesecke, the author of the libretto of "Die Zauberflöte," was an eccentric genius. In turn law student, strolling player, versifier, he translated "Hamlet" for its first production in Vienna, received the order of the Dannebrog, went on excursions into Greenland on natural history quests; lived in Dublin many years, where he was lecturer or professor in mineralogy in the University; was known socially as Sir Charles Giesecke (although he had never been knighted by the English people, was an almost fanatical Freemason—his libretto is all politics and Freemasonry—and died at a dinner party. His last days were more prosperous than Mozart's, although his earlier career was precarious beyond words. Mozart's short life was the opposite, commencing in patronage and luxury and popular applause, and ending in debt and pauper's grave.

During the last fortnight or so something like a hundred concerts and recitals have been given. We are slowly making a reputation for ourselves as a musical public, and we are beginning to take an interest in the right things. The bulk of the good work, however, is still foreign. Covent Garden and the London Opera are mainly foreign, and the recital and concert-givers during the last few weeks have included: Elena Gerhardt, the St. Petersburg Quartet, Pablo Casals, Carreño, Carl Flesch (whose coldly immaculate playing I do not admire), Charles Clark the American, and the Société des Concerts Français. Native enterprise is admirably represented by such new organisations as the Hamilton Harty Sextet and the London Quartet, but we have still very few singers whom it is a great pleasure to hear, and no great ones.

Someone should be severely reprimanded for the dancing of the Espérance Guild of Morris Dancers. I was present recently at a performance in the Adelphi Hall—it was a sort of costume concert given by Miss Beatrice Dunn and Mr. Clive Carey—at which a lot of little children took part in traditional singing games, and some youths in Morris dances. Someone with more enthusiasm than intelligence taught these children to dance. Someone dressed them up like children I have ever seen—pink and blue and mauve and yellow chiffon—and someone, as I say, should be severely reprimanded. The dancing was as far removed from the pure tradition as the music of the restaurant is from folk-song, while the pretty "scheme of colours" in the singing games would have disgraced a chocolate box. Let the Espérance Guild call their games and dances something else, and if they continue to make us keep those beautiful traditional things free from trashy sentiment. The performances by Miss Dunn and Mr. Carey of a number of folk songs and duets in a stage-folk costume were on a similar level.

Mr. Landon Ronald, the new director of the Guildhall School of Music, has made his presence felt in that place. A recent performance in the Queen's Hall proved that he has brought the School orchestra into the position of being second to none of its kind in the Kingdom. Of course, like the other schools, he has to employ a certain amount of professional assistance, but the influence of a first-class orchestra in a place like the Guildhall School will be of inestimable value to all the students.

Mr. Herrmann Klein is the author of one of the vainest books of "criticism I have ever read. It is entitled "Unmusical New York," and published in this country. I think it must be a couple of years now since the book appeared, perhaps three, but I remember quite well thinking that it touched the low-water mark of vulgarity and self-advertisement. Of criticism there was none, of Mr. Klein's " Homes" in it. Its pages are more than enough. The other day Mr. Klein gave a "causerie" in the Bechstein Hall entitled "The Stroke of the Glottis." He has recently returned to reside in London and teach voice-production, which science he learned from the great Manuel Garcia. His lecture, for which the usual concert prices were charged, was, like his book, quite uncall for. I cannot imagine anyone wanting to hear about that "stroke of the glottis," all that one cares to know about it may be found in Garcia's own books. The raison d'être of Mr. Klein's causerie was apparently some misapprehension which has, be said, existed as to the proper meaning of the phrase, "stroke of the glottis." The public generally was not aware of any such misapprehension, and if it had been it would not have bothered to set that misapprehension right. Mr. Klein appeared on the platform as a public benefactor, set the philosophical straight and made the rough places plain. His position as the apostle of a creed that is fairly well accepted was just a little ridiculous, while the advertisement of the singing-master was only too obvious.

The anxiety of the London Choral Society to produce new works is a healthy symptom of the English renaissance. But Mr. Arthur Fagge would be well-advised to put his hands to his mouth a little. Native talent is achieved by producing such a work as "The Soul of Perceval," by Mr. Charlton Speer, or Miss Margaret Meredith's setting of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional." The former is an ambitious composition of the psychological type, clumsily arranged, seriously lacking in originality, the "temptation" of Perceval being suggested, with unconscious truth, in music reminiscent of a café-chantant. The latter is a pretentious choral work, which, written without any regard for the form of Kipling's verse, is thereby rendered impotent for evermore. I do not admire these particular verses, but if I did I should be very cross with the composer.

The only thing of any value produced at the recent concert of the London Choral Society—and that of a purely relative kind—was Coleridge-Taylor's setting of Alfred Noyes' "A Tale of Old Japan." The composer's personal history and his ancestry is so unlike that of other composers that one is always led to regard his work with special interest. "A Tale of Old Japan" is a pretty, well-planned, melodious work; it is quite easy to sing, easy to understand, easy to get tired of. It is so like "Hiawatha" in places that one may be forgiven for wondering when Minnehaha's next solo will be heard. It will, however, be welcomed by provincial choral societies enthusiastically, and I hope it will have a long and jolly career.

I have left myself only space enough to mention that I have received for review the following new publications: "Bach," translated by Ernest Newman from the German of Schweitzer; "Musical Composition," by Sir C. V. Stanford; "Bagpipe," by W. H. Grattan-Flood; "Jimmy Glover, His Book," as well as a parcel of music from Stainer and Bell. I will refer to these next week.

The Proportionism of Auguste Herbin

By Hunley Carter.

THE NEW AGE, in pursuit of its intention to make known to its readers the work of certain advanced spirits, presents with this issue a reproduction of a recent study by M. Auguste Herbin. As in the case of the Picasso study, I do not propose to offer a personal explanation of the Herbin study. I do not admit that it should be explained. I am content to believe with the artist himself that every person should be left to make what he or she likes of it; being satisfied that persons on the level of the experience of M. Herbin will not misunderstand and that those who find it fascinating and requires no interpretation. If I appear to put any interpretation down it is merely with the idea of com-
paring notes and rightly placing M. Herbin—not as a cubist, but as one of a group of extraordinary artists who, while agreeing in vision, have certain differences of expression.

I contend, in fact, that the work of Herbin, like that of Picasso, is diametrically opposed to that class of work which art critics are accustomed to explain, and which they have been explaining for several centuries, possibly because it has been produced on explainable grounds—that is, on grounds more or less photographic, gradually being destroyed, and soon it will be possible no longer for art critics to revel in their present inanities. With the advance of photography a new vision of art is arising. As a "Present Day Criticism" in the last issue of this journal suggested, photography has indeed entered into serious competition with various forms of art. As a result it has killed realism in painting and is now seriously threatening realism in the theatre. It is, indeed, beginning to be felt by theatre managers that either they must improve on the really admirable Kinemacolor pictures at the Scala Theatre or they must run round to the Bankruptcy Court. The public will no longer accept their stupid form of stage realism while it can get the real and live the price. With regards to artists it is practically the same thing. Photography is rapidly depriving them of an objective world to which they have been long accustomed. It is forcing the original minds into an x world in search of new materials. So was it like Picasso's and genius Herbin's Segonzac beginning to look within for what has hitherto largely come from without. In this they are searching for inspiration in fields till now un trodden by moderns, and by so doing are making up the old standards of criticism to which critics to-day are suspended like guinea-pigs the wrong way up with their eyes out.

Hence the wide consternation among these critics at the thought of such a fate. Hence, too, the inconceivably foolish attitude of publicists like Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who, in another long article in the "Illustrated London News," first willfully misunderstands Picasso, then censures him as a bad artist. If Mr. Chesterton had been moved by a spirit of prophecy instead of attacking the new men, he would have stood amazed before the vision they offer of artists passing through a new world where at last they are seeking refuge from the quest of that new and symbolical expression with which art ever seeks to illuminate, not to explain. Mr. Chesterton is an instance of extreme youth defying antiquity with a coca-nib.

Science, particularly photography, is, then, unconsciously serving art by compelling its serious followers to seek internal inspiration. Auguste Herbin, for instance, is concerned only with this form of inspiration. His forms are not to be viewed as representations of real ones, notwithstanding that their character and action may come within our actual experience. They are not copies of ordinary objects, but the creations of a finely-balanced mind with a wonderful sense of proportion and the rhythmic instinct at work on pure rhythmic design. Each creation is the outcome of an intuition. M. Herbin conceives a centre (say a straight or angular line) upon which a number of lines springing spontaneously therefrom will balance. Then he proceeds to conduct a work of the imaginative intellect solely and powerfully helped by his grasp of measure and shape harmony, and measure and shape balance and direction. Each creation must, therefore, be amazingly managed for attaining the essential truth and no more. This includes the technical efficiency of the proper selection and adaptation of materials according to the laws of proportion. Such laws were understood by the Greeks, and works of fine proportion were Greek creations which inspired the Greek minds for centuries, but are so also, is moderns. This means that the main conditions for understanding M. Herbin's study are lost. I therefore anticipate that few persons will welcome the study, even though it misses the limitations inseparable from the so-called real and fosters the pleasures both of the imagination and the intellect. Few, in fact, will realise its tremendous nature. The problem of taking a simple term and evolving therefrom a complex and orderly arrangement having harmony, balance, and rhythm is the most difficult problem an artist can face, and not, as the ability to solve it presupposes genius. M. Herbin has solved it.

**REVIEWS.**

**Turkey and its People.** By Sir Edwin Pears. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)

Books of travel, books describing foreign countries, began to lose the charm of novelty years ago. Hakluyt and Marco Polo have been read for generations, at first on account of the novelty of their descriptions and subsequently as a matter of historical interest, and because of a naiveté of style not easy to describe. Even James Bruce made statements which were startling enough to arouse Dr. Johnson's ire. But since his day books of travel have become common; and, in addition, the respectable bourgeois Englishman has ventured abroad more. With them all, if we have not travelled ourselves we have at all events read about real travel and "have an idea" what strange lands are "like." A new volume now and then to bring our knowledge up to date meets as a rule with only cursory attention.

Nevertheless such a fate is not enough for Sir Edwin Pears. He is or was, if the reviewer is not in error, the Constantinople correspondent of the "Daily News," but there is a welcome absence of Nonconformity in his pages. As is only right he gives the widest possible meaning to Turkey and tells us a great deal about the Greeks. He takes us round the islands and chats to us about the Colossus of Rhodes, and this with an air of philosophical detachment as if we were living in the third century. Lovers of the classics will be glad to read of the lost MSS. of MSS. at the Mount Athos monastery which have yet to be edited. No one knows what may not be among them. "Forty years ago Dethier dug out of them the manuscript of Critobolus, giving the only account which we have by a member of the Orthodox Church of the capture of Constantinople by Mahomet." One hopes that European scholars will receive permission sooner or later to ransack this place. We may yet have the lost decades of Livy, the now lost comedies of Menander, of which we possess now only a few fragments, and perhaps even a complete text of Aristotle's poetics.

Of course, Sir Edwin devotes a chapter to the Greek Church. It has degenerated badly, but chiefly because of the power of the popes. Indeed, its ecclesiasticism is the relentless persecution to which it has been subjected for centuries. Still, it fills a want, even if there is a certain amount of laxity in the service at times. Sir Edwin Pears, for instance, attended an Easter eve service.

The choir, in two parts, were on the floor near the stalls. The service was, as this service always is, of an impressive character, but at one part a boy in the choir made a mistake. The choirmaster left his place, crossed to the opposite side, and gave the lad a severe box on the ear. The lad shrieked with pain. The instant after he shouted out against his register and called him a brute, as indeed we thought them therupon. He received another box, and then the lad replied; more blows followed, and this contest went on in presence of the congregation two or three minutes. No one remonstrated, for all seemed to think the scene unusually or extraordinary.

There is little that is new for Sir Edwin to tell us about the Turks strictly so called. It is pretty well known already that every Moslem is entitled to four wives, but that in Turkey, at all events, the poorer classes make one suffice, chiefly because of the expense. But it is of interest to know that, even at the recent date when Sir Edwin wrote, the position of women in Turkey remained as it had always been. There are a few "advanced" ladies who would fain "improve" the position of their sex; but their efforts would appear to have met with little success, and the ladies in question are sensible enough to recognise that considerable time must elapse before the Moslem woman ceases to
be anything but a higher type of female slave. It is, nevertheless, well to be reminded also that a woman's property has always been respected, and that in this regard Turkish women were even better off than English women until our Married Women's Property Act was passed.

The numerous other subjects dealt with in Sir Edwin's long book can only be briefly mentioned. He shows himself a keen ethnological critic, and his chapter on the Vlachs, Pomaks, Jews, and Dunmays is well done. He deals too with the Albanians and Armenians and adds a good deal to our knowledge of these peoples. But his last chapter, "Signs of Improvement in Turkey," is hardly up to the level of the others. Certainly, as compared with the atrocities and brutality of half a century ago, or even less, there is some improvement to-day. Despite the Armenian outrages which followed the recent revolution, it is hardly likely that there will be any more massacres on an extended scale. But progress depends on more than sanitary improvements and clean streets, necessary though these things may be. Progress depends on thought; and unfortunately the Turks, though Sir Edwin hardly tells us this in so many words, have no thought that is rational. They share the Koran with other Moslems just as English people share the Bible with the Germans. There is no Turkish race, for the Turks are made up of a variety of races; but there is not even a Turkish nation. It is for the future to show as a result of their half-disintegrated race and hazard intermarrying, will absorb the good qualities of the several peoples comprised in the Ottoman Empire, or whether they will merely become mongrels.

The indications are, unfortunately, that they will become mongrels.

**Masters of English Journalism.** By T. H. S. Escott. (Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

Many persons, especially of the journalistic class, will be glad to see this volume coming up Fleet Street crowning journalism with a wreath of bays. Personally, we should not be greatly upset if it were the other way about, and we saw Fleet Street fiction crowned with a thorn or leek. Doubtless the author believed it was his duty as a full-blooded patriot to hang as much bunting and festoons as possible in honour of a procession that has for centuries past been on the road to capitalism and is now on the high road to ruin. It may have been the same impulse that led him to organise the procession so that the cause of the decline of journalism is placed on the same dizzy pinnacle as that of journalism. He has, therefore, failed to develop the next important section of his pageant. He offers the crowd an opportunity of witnessing the rise of the era of tit-bits, starting with the "Gladstonian Forecast" of the cheapening of paper, proceeding to the coming of Newnes, thence to the direct influence of "Tit-Bits" on the two controlling forces of the newspaper world, their campaign of the gospel of tit-bits, their conquest of Fleet Street and the fulfilling of the Newnes mission. All this is worked into a decidedly inspiring spectacle—for the crowd. In fact, the progress of the champion capitalist-paper hustlers is made a matter for cheers rather than for tears. There is no attempt to deprecate their cunning art, or to persuade them to kick thoroughness and deep thinking out of England by increasing the popular appetite for scraps, sentiment and atrocities, and by educating the public mind to enjoy lies, personalities and scandal. Nor is there any attempt to show that the Newnes is but the beginning of the new set of forces which the new age is developing, namely, thoroughness, the fall of the present "Masters of Journalism" is inevitable. In short, the "Tit-Bits" section of Mr. Escott's pageant plays down to the tit-bits mind.

In this procession from Defoe to Harmsworth we notice one or two unfamiliar figures. Among them is Sir Philip Francis, whom Mr. Escott presents as the man in the mask, Junius, thus definitely settling the author's "letters," and this without any powerful evidence as corroborative of his own. He does not appear to have heard of the candidature of Gibbon, the historian, on whose behalf far more convincing evidence has been put forward. In his next procession, which we hope will be a prophetic one, on New England and the New Journalism, Mr. Escott must avoid controversy, for that he cannot support, and which weaken his "personal forces."

**The Russian People.** By Maurice Baring. (Methuen. 15s. net.)

This book is a conservative estimate of Russia. In seeking to present the chief landmarks in the history of the Russian people, Mr. Baring fills the gaps left by experts, the author has contrived to give us a twofold view of the life and deeds of certain notorious sovereigns that makes the reading of them of little value to non-experts. The following extracts from the "Epoch of Catherine II." (1762-1796), shew us how Baring handles a glimpse of the personality and doings of Catherine the Great. After referring to "Princess Frederika of Anhalt-Zerbst" as "perhaps the most disagreeable figure in Russian history," he proceeds to trace her political career in a chapter that weathers the sort of way of her. He clears her from all implication in the murder of her husband Peter III., and this in face of the overwhelming evidence in Catherine's memoirs, that she bitterly hated Peter for his brutal neglect and ill-treatment of her. He says she herself pointed out that he was and was utterly uncourteous in the means she used to attain her end, and evidence elsewhere that she was the mistress of Orloff, the man to whom her actions Catherine was impelled by the real good of the country. According to the author, Poland and Russia had long been contending side by side for the supremacy of the Slav races in Russian territory. But Russia, the weaker of the two, was infhibited from any idea and carried it out, namely, political unity." Whereas Poland had a dozen ideas and achieved political anarchy. Hence its fall. It is more than likely that a large slice of Poland would have gone to Russia in any case. Catherine's external policy was "to consolidate the Western frontiers of Russia," and she needed a portion of Poland for the purpose. Further, the author is anxious we should believe that in her actions Catherine was impelled by the real good of the State and strict justice. Speaking of her administration, he says "her policy was deliberate and based on the conviction of what was necessary, possible and fit." She was a republican by heart. Yet she "deliberately clave to autocracy." She did everything "to strengthen the idea of absolute monarchy." She filled the army with Germans (a fact not noticed); and the country with foreigners to further the so-called cultural movement. She endeavoured to widen the range of her government over her subjects by eliminating the exclusive manipulation of them. "She increased the power and strengthened the position of the nobility." She did nothing for the serfs because "the nobility were too strong for her." If the author is proving anything it is that he cannot show us how working for the good of the country and people, was governed by personal considerations, and was contributing to those causes which have increased the black pages of Russian history. The public, in fact, had no opinion. But the author is so set on pressing the point that it had an opinion, that out of the pressure of the nobility on the serfs he manufactures a rising of the latter under Emilian Pugachev (meaning, no doubt, Jemelka Pugachev). Apparently there were six similar risings of six false Peters all having
one object, namely, to secure a crown which had been usurped by a foreigner. By revealing a likeness to Peter they captured the popular superstitious imagination. The chapter is, indeed, triumphant autocracy.

The book has four maps.

The A B C of Japanese Art. By J. F. Blacker. (Stanley Paul. 5s.)

This is a gloriously illustrated catalogue, giving the origin, nature, and value of Japanese porcelain and plate, which the author has compiled with the aid of the British Museum, and Wigmore Street and Bond Street tradesmen. It discovers no real knowledge or appreciation of the dealer's secret. Its message is that the present value of Japanese art compared with old Chinese porcelain is low, which is another way of saying there is more money in Old China than in Old Japan. Consequently the collector should seize the present opportunities, before the tide of high prices is in full flood. It has already begun to flow, etc., etc. The value of the book to collectors and others is largely discounted by the author's peculiar literary style. Two examples may be given. In one place he speaks of Nobuzane, a member of the great Fujisawa family, "whose picture, 'Sambo Kozin, the Spiritual Lord of the Three Treasures,' is in the British Museum, and that is only attributed to him." Here there are two statements. It is Nobuzane's picture, and it is an attribution. If the Blacker style is as his book leads us to believe—he should tell us whether the picture is Nobuzane's or not. In another place, he mentions that "it is expressly stated that the Tosa school, founded in the ninth century, owed nothing to the influence of China." Where is it so stated? The truth is that about the beginning of the tenth century Japan shut up like an oyster and refused to have intercourse with other nations; hence arose a national style in art. The author is referring, no doubt, to the direct influence of China. He should say so. The book contains a useful list of Japanese signatures.

Nineteenth-Century English Ceramic Art. By J. F. Blacker. (Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d.)

Though the title of this book is concerned with art, the book itself deals with science. It is in fact a record of potting and pastes and marks from the collector's standpoint. The author has selected a number of great potters in Staffordshire—Copeland, Minton, and Wedgwood, etc.—and treats them as such. But he leaves it to the reader to believe—he should tell us whether the picture is Nobuzane's or not. In another place, he mentions that "it is expressly stated that the Tosa school, founded in the ninth century, owed nothing to the influence of China." Where is it so stated? The truth is that about the beginning of the tenth century Japan shut up like an oyster and refused to have intercourse with other nations; hence arose a national style in art. The author is referring, no doubt, to the direct influence of China. He should say so. The book contains a useful list of Japanese signatures.

THE LAW AND THE WORKERS.

Sir,—Mr. C. H. Norman fails to convince me of the wickedness of the Children Act or of the stupidity and ignorance of Mr. Herbert Samuel (whom I have had the honour of meeting, and for whom I have the greatest possible admiration).

Neither have I overlooked Mr. Norman's two facts, on which, however, we shall never agree. I repeat that parents should be made responsible for the continued well-being of their children; and surely the fireguard question is only a branch of the larger one of cruelty to children. I presume that Mr. Norman is in the N.S.P.C.C. and the League of Pity, and approves of it?

As to raising carelessness to the dignity of a crime, surely it is admitted that culpable negligence should be punished.

What on earth have the late Judge Grantham's cottages to do with the case?

I am sorry I missed THE NEW AGE of some time in November, 1910, and regret I have obliged Mr. Norman to repeat himself. Has Mr. Norman heard of a case tried by Sir William Grantham under the Incest Act at Appleby Ashtes last year? A father not seven years' penal servitude (I understand) which he richly deserved, to the general satisfaction of his neighbours. The case being heard in camera the pornographic illustrated weekly Press did not get hold of it.

Does Mr. Norman remember the Ball case, which was so much discussed (on a technical point) last year? I trust Mr. Norman will no longer refuse to treat me as "un sérieux"; and I may add that I am a qualified solicitor.

I am sorry I was too late for last week's issue. M. R. L.

Sir,—In reply to the first part of Mr. Norman's letter, I do not deny that low wages may contribute to the causes of prostitution. But we are not discussing the facts; we are considering the remedy.

Suppose, for the sake of argument, that Mr. Norman has duly become the proprietor of a factory employing, say, two hundred girls, fifty single men and fifty married men. Let us further assume that Mr. Norman himself has a wife and family dependent on the business. In such a case with most owners. On examining the pay-sheets, he finds that the girls, being unskilled labour, are not paid a living wage. As a conscientious man he feels compelled to make some radical change. Very well, there are two courses open to him, both of which lead to exactly the same result. Finally, he may advance the girls' money to a living wage.

In this case, he will be unable to meet the prices of competitors, and bankruptcy will soon overtake him. The business will be discontinued, and all the employees, including those who were adequately paid, will be thrown out of work. The second alternative is, of course, to close down the factory at the outset and tell the employees—well, it is hard to imagine what one could tell them. One might be mobbed.

This is the line of action selected by Mr. Norman. He says: "Mr. Norman may not believe it, but I believe it close down, because I believe it is better for girls to go on the rates or die of starvation, than go on the streets and die of syphilis."
Of course, I believe it, but I think such a procedure would be unpardonably cruel. Further, I must convict Mr. Norman of rhetoric. The latter part of the above quotation hardly makes sense. If it means anything, it means that merely because they go straight for prostitution, some absolutely out-of-work girls calmly enter the workhouse or else stoically die of starvation. This is obviously too absurd. In real life girls do not die of starvation. Mr. Norman's dismissed work-girls would tramp the streets looking for a new job and, as their branch of the labour market was somewhat overstocked, they might end in tramp- ing the streets looking for jobs of a less appetizing kind. In short, their progress to ruin would be accelerated by dismissal.

Thus, whichever of these two extreme courses is adopted, the girls suffer. Mr. Norman's family suffers, the single men suffer, all the more, the men who do not suffer. Nor should we forget the elderly people among the latter who would probably join the permanently unemployed.

No, I am afraid neither closing down nor indiscriminate wage-raising is the remedy. Half a loaf is better than no bread. The great majority of girl workers live at home; for them, the ordinary factory wage is far too preposterous. In fact, we really cannot allow Mr. Norman to close his factory. It is too easy a way out; he would be evading his responsibility. I hope he will make some further suggestion: one's sympathies and inclinations are entirely with him.

I must ask him to believe that employers are not the vampires he imagines them to be. Most of them are as humane as he himself, but, as men of experience, they do not exactly know what to do for the best. The modern habit of finding it to their advantage to provide the best means to their employers' shoulders is simply intellectual laziness. It is so much trouble to trace the effect back to the cause; much easier to call it the employers' fault and have done with it. Why does nobody mention the public, with itscrze for cheapness?

In conclusion, what is wrong with domestic service as a means of livelihood? It is a lucrative, comfortable occupation, and the demand vastly exceeds the supply. Girls prefer it because of the free evenings, but no woman need be a prostitute if she can be a housemaid. If a girl prefers the pavement to domesticity, it is surely the fault of the employers, but not exactly know what to do for the best. The modern habit of finding it to their advantage to provide the best means to their employers' shoulders is simply intellectual laziness. It is so much trouble to trace the effect back to the cause; much easier to call it the employers' fault and have done with it. Why does nobody mention the public, with itscrze for cheapness?

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than that in which Egyptian, Roman, and Renaissance women obtained theirs. These civilisations were far more appreciative of adornment; moreover, the "freedom" of these earlier women must be interpreted in a very narrow sense. "Personal freedom" does not include civic and political freedom. Moreover, to make women responsible for the fall morality of the time was not to co-opt the attempt to attribute the feminine inhabi-
tants of Hoxton tenements all the squalor and unhealthy condi-
tions, typical of the rest, to the general social morality, I am endeavouring to deal with the history of feminism, more particularly in its Roman aspect, in a series of articles at present appearing in the "Freewoman."

AMY HAUGHTON.

* * *

"THE WAR GOD."

SIR,—To deal faithfully with Mr. Huntly Carter's "reply" would, literally, be ploughing the sands. It is im-
possible to take seriously a writer who runs so ridiculously off the track. His sole answer to me is apparently to infer," by a logic evidently intended for his own amuse-
ment and not for the persuasion of either me or your readers in general, that I hold all sorts of irreconcilable opinions, most of which I do not.

It would be unkind to do more than hold up one of his series of syllogisms, typical of the rest, to the general admiration. It is his first:

I consider "The War God" a pernicious production.

Ergo, I approve of a pernicious production. Enough! And why does Mr. Carter fuss so about Fabianism? It has no better claim to belong to the Fabian Society, it is true; but I confess I am far too inactive in its interests to be bothered to defend it against Mr. Carter, who, utterly irrelevant about abuses, did not.

Did I not say that effrontery is a Nietzschean virtue I

prefer? As a play, he probably prefers "Dear Old Charley."

Perhaps, after all, his letter was meant purely as an entertainment to your readers, and not as an answer to me. In that case, as one of them, I venture to thank him for his effort, which must have been quite moderately successful.

A. H. M. ROBERTSON.

MUSIC AND SOCIALISM.

SIR,—I am trying to bring about the co-operation of Socialist musical organisations in different parts of the country. In the north of England, where work is more con-
tinuous, and for considerate periods, in one place, the Clarion Vocal Unions have built up a splendid singing organism, which culminates each year in a festival of massed choirs. I never want to hear better continu-
sing, and members reside for considerable periods in one place, the Clarion Vocal Unions have built up a splendid singing organism, which culminates each year in a festival of massed choirs. I never want to hear better sing-
ing; and the work of these bodies has a distinct influ-
ence in refining and enforcing the propaganda of Socialism. But in various respects, for various reasons, the music of Socialism is at a deplorably low level.

Will you allow me the use of your columns to ask all who wish for a better condition of affairs to communicate with me at once?

RUTLAND Boughton.

SIR,—May I put in a plea for humour as against music?

"Don't Mr. Huntly Carter mean that of the two exhibitors

one place, the Clarion Vocal Unions have built up a

splendid singing organism, which culminates each year in a festival of massed choirs. I never want to hear better

sing; and the work of these bodies has a distinct influ-
ence in refining and enforcing the propaganda of Socialism. But in various respects, for various reasons, the music of Socialism is at a deplorably low level.

Will you allow me the use of your columns to ask all who wish for a better condition of affairs to communicate with me at once?

RUTLAND Boughton.

THE LYRICAL NOTE IN G MAJOR.

SIR,—In his "Lectures in English Poetry," Professor Bradley says that, in its first conception in the poet's mind, the elements of a poem are confused, inchoate, without

character, and have said so. Mr. Wake Cook did not under-

stand Gauguin (Cézanne) or Van Gogh; therefore they were

insincere, or if not insincere, maxims. Mr. Wake Cook

does not understand Picasso, either. There we have Mr. Wake Cook's critical attitude in a nut-shell. Everything that he does not understand is charla-

find charming, and some of which hang in Colonial gal-
leries (there's honour and glory!)—is it not, I repeat, a pity that he should occupy a column of THE NEW AGE

space with a subject of which he knows nothing.

Mr. Cook's ignorance of what constitutes the true artist's work seems to me something like x to the nth power. It is a pity. One is not surprised that he is dissatisfied with Mr. Fisher, whose letter seemed perfectly sensible and genuine—ob-

vious ignorance asking courteously for enlightenment and, therefore was not of course courteous. He is, however, different is Mr. Cook—he knows really less than Mr. Fisher—he has thought more about art, but has thought wrongly; his know-

ledge is on a continuous side and Picasso certainly is. Mr. Cook probably knows more about drawing than Mr. Cook ever thought there was to know.

A famous trial is recalled to mind. We seem to recall a greater than Cook falling into error and speaking about "firing a pot of paint in the public's face."

Oh, yes, we recall the trial, and looking calmly into

Mr. Cook's frenzied physiognomy, we exclain: "No, we

could never make you see the beauty."

And in Whistler's own words:

* * *

"Do you know, I fear it would be as hopeless as for the

musician to pour his notes into the ear of a deaf man.

I should like to write at length on the "painting of

realities." It is intimately connected with the artist, and

"The Real Presence," but I should want many columns,

and even then, would Mr. Cook and those of his kidney

recognise the lout, as I know they do not? Never believe it.

Caleb Porter.

* * *

SIR,--I congratulate Mr. Wake Cook. My only fear is that congratulations will be a substitute for an attempt to adopt towards so mighty a heirophant. Nothing less than a devout bending of the head in rapt adoration is the need of a great artist. His doing so only shows that he has been struck by an authority of a New Apocalypse, something even of the ingenuousness of a rustic Messiah. "Mr. Huntly Carter knows what I said was true," Mr. Wake Cook says. [I.e.] to us. The absurdity of this is his

utterly irrelevant abuse.

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musician to pour his notes into the ear of a deaf man.

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Caleb Porter.
Mr. Wake Cook then becomes Platonist, and speaks of "ideas." Nature is the only authentic expression of the "ideas." It is a thing so understood by me that I cannot imagine. But most certainly the highest art is colour photography on such a premice. I cannot gratulate Mr. Wake Cook on the perfection of his intimate acquaintance with the "Godhead of Art."

Mr. Wake Cook further confuses the question with a batting analogy from music, appropriate enough in a Wagnerian absurdity. He confesses to the manner of Mr. Wake Cook's theories. Music is the expression of the Ding an sich. Nature is its only authentic expression. These are the very words Mr. Wake Cook in the momentous definition of the Eternal idea. Plato has, however, answered Mr. Wake Cook once for all. If Nature is the automatic expression of the Eternal idea, then why do we feel content with the truth? This is Mr. Wake Cook's art; on his own definitions it is the very quintessence of Decadence.

Sir,—We are suffering to-day from two gross evils: the desire to educate, and the desire of explanation. The one threatens to turn us into a nation of bores, the other is a desire to avoid ignorant dogmatism; he should learn that to call that which does not understand insincerity or lunacy is not only uncritical, but dishonest. Should he learn that his pronouncements on art are not made ex cathedra. Real. His recklessness is interfering with her musical repose and prejudice to come out of its cave for the purpose of devouring poor Picasso? This is not a fight, it is a lark. You are beginning at the wrong end, and you ought to stop and let me rearrange matters for you.

Sir,—Consistency is a jewel (when properly set) mena are, broadly speaking, phenomena not present to the senses or intellect, in fact, no-thing. Again the tangible has physical, mental, and moral qualities. There is no proof that the tangible has such qualities. Therefore it is worthless. Then Mrs. Liebich carelessly follows Sir Oliver Lodge's lead by separating atoms and electrons (forgetting, no doubt, to go the whole length and add ions), and this in the fact that the body, of which that which cannot be divided. This recalls the scientific attainments of Marie Corelli, who has discovered the Mighty Atom. If Mrs. Liebich's interpretations are correct it is that it is made with the idea of displacing Debussy. From her point of view he is clearly a fool whose proper place is the dunce-cone, whereas the idea of the fact that which cannot be divided. I have taken in the good work is that of laying six to four against his inglorious reappearance. I have no doubt he would give up writing about art.

Mr. Wake Cook has no inkling of the fundamental problem of art. He indeed "stands alone." It is well understood that Mr. Wake Cook's art; on his own definitions it is the very quintessence of Decadence. He indeed "stands alone." It is well understood that he should learn that his pronouncements on art are not made ex cathedra. Real. His recklessness is interfering with her musical repose and prejudice to come out of its cave for the purpose of devouring poor Picasso? This is not a fight, it is a lark. You are beginning at the wrong end, and you ought to stop and let me rearrange matters for you.

M. Debussy has poetised in sound some of Nature's most ethereal and imponderable phenomena. The transient appearance of clouds, the intangible fabric of their architecture, their colour, and their unessential rhyme are, prevalent in the infinitesimal atoms and electrons of the ambient air have been utilised to exemplify the mystery of creation.

Here's profundity for you. Metaphysics, physics, chemistry, mechanics, geometry and the mystery of creation—all involved. Mr. Wake Cook has elected to house in a body named Wrench? The spirit, being a right clean and shapely spirit, as behove one divine. But Picasso failing him, he will make shift with Mr. Walter Sickert. It will be noticed that Mr. Evans approaches the Sickteronian Oracle bathed in the blood of Mr. Sickert's best friend.

The position of Mr. G. F. White in the Picasso discussion is a subject of curious speculation. I met Mr. White three weeks ago denouncing the Picasso study and artistically gurgling, "I only ask for information." I met him the following week as a controversial Moses furiously breaking the tablets of Mr. Wake Cook's anti-Picasso law, or in the vernacular, "damning the gentleman." I now meet him much to my surprise linking himself to the Jig-Saws, and uniting with them to throw Picasso overboard. It looks as though Mr. White has no definite point of view.

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HUNTY CARTER.

ON THE "DECLINE OF FAITH."

Sir,—It is true that we no longer believe that the supreme and controlling power of this universe is a bigoted old fool or a Hebrew monopoly; this much the Rationalist has done for us.

Our creed may run riot somewhat as follows:

"I believe in the Divine, the ruler of heaven and earth, and in his most splendid protagonist, Christ Jesus our Lord, born of the Virgin Diana, succoured of Fallas Athenae, Lord of Horus, Lord of Raa, Prince of the House of Angels, but to say that we are faithless in an age without faith is an absurdity.

E. F.

WRENCHED LOGIC.

Sir,—Consistency is a jewel (when properly set); therefore, what is to be thought of a spirit—a comely, clear and clever spirit, that, with billions of names to choose from, elected to house in a body named Wrench? The spirit, being a right clean and shapely spirit, as behove one divine. But Picasso failing him, he will make shift with Mr. Walter Sickert. It will be noticed that Mr. Evans approaches the Sickteronian Oracle bathed in the blood of Mr. Sickert's best friend.

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Printed for the Proprietors, THE NEW AGE PRESS, Ltd., by A. Bonner, at the Chancery Lane Press, Nos. 1, 2, and 3, Rolls Passage, Chancery Lane, W.C. (and 38, Curator Street, E.C.), Agents for South Africa: CENTRAL NEWS AGENCY, Ltd. Published by the Proprietors at 38, Curator Street, Chancery Lane, E.C.