In "Nash's Magazine" Mr. Redmond endeavours to explain the absence of interest in Home Rule by attributing to the subject the character of a foregone conclusion. Home Rule, he says, raises no interest because Home Rule is now taken for granted. While this may possibly prove to be the case, a more immediate explanation is the actual presence in popular discussion of a still living issue in the form of the Insurance Act. Liberal journalists and many Unionist journalists have done their best to ring down the curtain on this Act and to concentrate attention on the next items of the party programme; but it is all to no purpose. The Insurance Act is not by any means an accepted fact, and everywhere where political discussions take place Mr. Lloyd George can scarcely be expected to appreciate the contention that the Act, though unpopular now, will be popular after a year or so of working—for who is he to know better what the people will like than they know themselves?—the analogies on which he relies are false. To a chauvinist Welshman, Mr. Lloyd George can scarcely be expected to appreciate the English national character. Nevertheless, he will learn—and is already learning—that an Act that runs contrary to the English grain will do everything save work. We defy Mr. Lloyd George and his three thousand new paid officials to make an Act effective which the nation has decided is un-English. Nobody at present can tell exactly at what point it will break down, but that it will break down any student of the English character can safely prophesy.

**NOTES OF THE WEEK.**

Apart altogether from the contradiction of democratic government which is involved in Mr. Lloyd George's contention that the Act, though unpopular now, will be popular after a year or so of working—for who is he to know better what the people will like than they know themselves?—the analogies on which he relies are false. The Budget, for example, was only unpopular among the single class of the landowners, who feared, wrongly as it turns out, that their interests were in jeopardy under the new halfpenny land-tax. Once they had assured themselves that land would be raised and not depressed in value by the new policy, their opposition naturally faded away. Indeed, it is now well known that no part of the famous Budget will be repealed by the Unionists when they return to power, and, least of all, the clauses against which they fought so strenuously as to destroy the absolute veto of the Lords in the matter. It is useless, therefore, to point to the career of the Budget as a precedent for the prospective career of the Insurance Act. The former, in the broad sense, was popular save with a single mistaken class from the outset. The latter has been really popular with no single class, nor with the nation as a whole. The astonishing thing about the Insurance Bill, indeed, has been the individual character of the defence and the
massive character of the opposition. On one side, we have had Mr. Lloyd George and half a dozen experts, or at least expert workers who can speak with knowledge; on the other side we have not only most of the publicists who had defended the Budget and the Parliament Bill, but the great masses and blocks of public opinion as represented by the various classes whose interests the Act affects. The Act entered the Old Age Pensions, however, on its introduction, the crop they gathered from Old Age Pensions, their dis- illusionment will be startling. Old Age Pensions were popular in every sense of the word. We know of no Act that has given greater satisfaction or that was more immediately acceptable both to those who were about to receive and to those who were about to give. Whether wisely or not, whether sentimentally or not, the fact remains that Old Age Pensions aroused no opposition in its popular inception and has incurred no opposition in its administration. The Insurance Act, on the other hand, is steadily growing in unpopularity as it approaches operation, and in its administration, if ever it should come to that, will experience active and passive opposition at every turn. In short, all the attitude likely to result from the Act was reaped within a day or two of its introduction. As we write this last May, if Mr. Lloyd George had withdrawn the Act immediately after its introduction or, at latest, upon its second Reading, he would now have been able to bring in an amended Bill which receives so little opposition from it.
that has all the vices proportionately represented of its official party. This dull, declamatory sheet has now been convinced, along with the rest of its colleagues—to wit, the "Daily Express," the "Sporting Times," the "Christian World," and the "Eatingwill Parish Magazine"—that the General Strike is useless for industrial purposes. The men, it appears, would be far more profitably employed in voting for the receipt of £20 a year by such of the Labour Party nominees (most of them with an eye on a job) than in taking their fate into their own hands and fighting industrially for higher wages. If they should fight industriously, what would the “Labour Leader” do then, poor things? The General Strike is impossible, or would prove ineffectual, but solely on the ground that political action would be weakened. Well, we happen to hold exactly the contrary view. In our view a General Strike is impossible; in our view a General Strike would be ineffectual and make conditions ultimately worse for the workers. But the single respect in which the threat, the preparation and the prospect of the bare possibility of a General Strike would be effective is in giving proper respect to the political activity of this kind. The argument for the active propaganda of a General Strike—has it not all been said a thousand times in these columns—is the same argument that ensures a lasting peace by preparing for eternal war.

The “Labour Leader,” however, is not the only journal to find itself without a policy in these days, and driven to paddle violently in both directions to keep moving, if only round. The industrial “unrest” which became visible to the naked eye last August has assumed the character of a permanent planet in our skies, and under its malevolent beams all the theories of the political astrologers are being taxed to repetition. The problem, we shall continue to repeat, is not one of abstruse psychology, but one of wages, conditions of labour, and prices. And, with this simple statement, is it any wonder if the General Strike now becomes a horse of a different colour when the war does come. The “Labour Leader” gently inclines its head in the direction of a General Strike. The end—so it has nothing to do with the party—then justifies the means.

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One of the chief brains of the Unionist Party, Mr. A. A. Baumann, does not appear to be confident that an English variety of Tariff Reform will behave any better than its German or American confrère. (In England, the average steel worker receives less than £30 a week.) On the other hand, he is not disposed to recommend to his party any programme of Social Reform whatever. He argues, with no genius for Social Reform; they are told, is not a means of “redressing social inequalities.” But as Mr. Baumann, does not appear to be confident that a General Strike is impossible, or would prove ineffectual, but solely on the ground that political action would be weakened. Well, we happen to hold exactly the contrary view. In our view a General Strike is impossible; in our view a General Strike would be ineffectual and make conditions ultimately worse for the workers. But the single respect in which the threat, the preparation and the prospect of the bare possibility of a General Strike would be effective is in giving proper respect to the political activity of this kind. The argument for the active propaganda of a General Strike—has it not all been said a thousand times in these columns—is the same argument that ensures a lasting peace by preparing for eternal war.

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a single principle of this policy, between Mr. Baumann and his colleague the choice is only between nothing and next to nothing. * * *

A remarkable book has just been published which certainly views social problems in a more optimistic light than we have yet been able to do, yet without blinking the main facts of the industrial unrest. In the Hon. George Peel's "The Future of England," our readers will discover many an opinion with which they are already familiar. Mr. Peel, for example, looks forward to the legislative establishment of "a Plimsoll line of citizenship" or national minimum, and as a means to this end. For the prevention of the trouble, he believes that "labour should own some actual share in its own industries." This new note, as we called it last week, of co-operation between masters and men is the only actual thing that the unions and spent in strikes had disproportion therefore, between the money available for the purchase of co-partnery--co-partnery, that is, on anything like equal terms--is impossible. The attempt, however, but to capture by their own unaided efforts joint control with the existing owners is bound to be long, bitter, and costly; and in the end it may not succeed. The absence, and not the presence, of peace, in short, is assured if "industrialism" is allowed to run its course alone. In the interests, therefore, of the nation, as well as of the workers, the State will be wise to interfere and that soon--with the declared intention of putting the workers in control of the existing industries. In that case the "recognition" of trade unions in the large industries is not a pious aspiration, it is a necessity of state. In consequence of the refusal of recognition by the railway companies last August we are threatened again with a devastating railway strike. We shall continue to be threatened with strikes, and from time to time to experience them, until full recognition is conceded or enforced by the State. After recognition will follow--and must follow--the "interference" of the State in "questions of management." A hard nut for employers to swallow, you say! But it must be swallowed if there is to be peace. And after joint management is conceded, joint ownership is only a question of time. That, we sincerely believe, is the dilemma of the world at this moment. To assist it is the business of the State, the duty of labour leaders, and the practical religion of the Churches. But where does Socialism come in? We shall ask. And after all what is Socialism but the partnership of all with each, of the State with each of the spontaneously created groups of which the nation consists? We have never in these columns advocated a hard and fast theory of collectivism, which, as Mr. Penty and others have pointed out, is no more than State capitalism. For certain routine industries, chiefly distributive, State ownership is economically advantageous without carrying with it any moral disadvantages. But for productive industries the existence of the State as a partner in the ownership of the instruments of industry is not far short of a Plimsoll; it is a necessity of state. In Collectivist industries, such as the Post Office and--in time to come--the railways, the State's partners must be the respective unions of the men employed. The Postmaster-General, for example, should have had the will and the power of the Postal Workers' Union. In large productive industries--cotton, engineering, shipbuilding, and the like--the State must be content with a joint partnership consisting of masters, men, and itself. In craft industries, we do not imagine that any formal partnership is necessary. Individualism may safely be permitted to spread its wings in the sphere of art subject only to the sufficiently cramping conditions of public demand.
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdad.

Important negotiations are at present proceeding between London and St. Petersburg with regard to Persia. I do not mean that our Foreign Office is concerned, as articles in a section of the Liberal Press would imply, with the executions which the Russians have so thoroughly carried out in the northern towns. The two Governments are simply trying to answer the question, What is to be the ultimate fate, or rather status, of Persia? I have reason to believe that these particular negotiations would have been delayed for some time, had it not been for the insistence of the Indian Government regarding certain specific points not unconnected with problems of frontier defence.

The Indian Government is still a believer in that old form of negative defence called the buffer State. The policy of the Indian Government has always been to strengthen the defences of the great sub-continent by interposing small States between India and the Russian Frontier. This is the only reason why the authorities at Calcutta, or rather at Simla, have so consistently bolstered up the Ameer of Afghanistan, when with comparatively little trouble Afghanistan could have been annexed to the Indian Empire. For the same reason Baluchistan is somewhat vaguely recognised as being under the authority of the Khan of Kelat. Where the northern defence of India is concerned, the Indian Government regards Afghanistan, the Hindu-Kush, and the Himalayas as adequate buffers to keep Russia shut off, just as Thibet is a buffer State between India and China. After the Anglo-Russian Agreement of 1907, however, it never occurred to the Indian Government that Russia would dream of taking possession of so large a section of Persia as she has now occupied, for in its opinion the advance of the Tsar's troops further south, and eventually to Baluchistan, is only a matter of time. But the Home Government—Sir Arthur Nicolson, that is to say, when these particular questions are concerned—is not satisfied with the rather loose expression "buffer State." Sir Arthur believes, and in my opinion quite rightly, that the term cannot be applied to a small strip of territory lying between two countries. A buffer State is only of use when, in the event of war, it can support one or other of the great Powers engaged with a military force, which, if not so large as to be a decisive factor in the struggle, must at all events be large enough to make its aid worth bidding for. From this point of view neither Afghanistan, Baluchistan, nor Thibet can be regarded as a buffer State. Neither can Persia; for none of these States is itself capable of rendering military assistance in the event of war, either to the Indian Government or the Russian Government. Similarly, it is hardly possible for us any longer to regard Belgium as a buffer State in Europe between France and Germany, for in the event of serious outbreak the small force which Belgium could put into the field would be utterly overwhelmed by the hundreds of thousands of men with whom France or Germany, or more probably both, would over run the country.

It will not be forgotten that Sir Arthur Nicolson, upon whose shoulders most of the real responsibility for our present policy in regard to Persia necessarily falls, played a prominent part in negotiating the Anglo-Russian Convention of 1907, and all those who are honoured with his acquaintance are well aware that he has made a special study of the relations which at present exist, or are likely to arise, between Russia and India. He recognises that no human agency can check the progress of Russia in this part of the world. In spite of all his efforts the Russians could not be kept out of Merv, and for years the intrigues carried on by Russian officials at the Court of the Ameer of Afghanistan were a source of anxiety to one British Foreign Minister after another. Probably the knowledge that Sir Arthur Nicolson himself that the 1907 Convention was merely a temporary measure, a palliative. The Russians simply had to enter Persia; and, this being the case, it was only right to see that they should enter Persia on the best terms most advantageous to us. The Russians, I repeat, cannot be stopped; I would compare them, without meaning to be disrespectful, to a moving bog.

It follows that Russia and England will meet in Persia without a buffer State between them; but, as I have endeavoured to show, there is really no buffer State between them now. As to future negotiations in connection with Persia, I can only say that they will not have in view the driving out of the Russians out of the country. It is much more probable that at some time in the distant future we shall induce the Russians to keep away from Northern India by offering them "compensations" in Southern Persia and in establishing a definite British force in Baluchistan. In this latter case, however, the British Government would undoubtedly reserve to itself the right of taking over one or two good Persian seaports, probably Bandar Abbas (Gombrun) and Bushire. In the meantime, despite official denials, there will eventually be some sort of British occupation of Southern Persia, and it is the exact nature of this occupation which is now being discussed by the representatives of both Governments.

The reconciliation between ex-King Manolo and Don Miguel need not be taken as quite definite where the latter is concerned. It simply means that the two Monarchical parties have combined their forces for the time being with the object of endeavouring to overthrow the Republic; but if the movement which is now being planned succeeds and the Royal exile recovers his throne, there will again be a Pretender. The Portuguese labour troubles, the aspect of which becomes very serious once every six or eight years, have never been engineered by the Monarchical parties, as newspapers in the pay of the Republican Government are so fond of suggesting. I pointed out in this column long ago that what had been engineered as the result of the First Republic had likewise happened as the result of the Portuguese Revolution: the Monarchy was eventually replaced by the rule of the middle classes. I observe that even the "Daily News," in its issue of February 1, was compelled to admit that the Republican Government was not acting quite so justly as it might have done, and that the vengeance of God, or something, would fall upon the new Republic if certain of its present rulers were not replaced by better types of democrats. The fact is, of course, that ever since its formation the Republican Government in Portugal has behaved in a more capricious and arbitrary fashion than any other Government in Europe, with the possible exception of the Young Turks. It is impossible to estimate the number of people, from trade union leaders to supporters of the Monarchy, who have been in prison for months without trial. Such a state of affairs is always a very serious symptom in a country which is supposed to be constitutional.

In Spain the Republican movement is again beginning to tax the resources of the Government, and Señor Canalejas is taking every possible precaution. King Alfonso is endeavouring, and with some success, to regain his former widespread popularity, and to this end he will be assisted—I speak seriously—by his growing side-whiskers. His embryo mutton-chops make him look much more like a typical Spaniard.
Unmerciful Judge Ridley.

By Beatrice Hastings.

"A jury’s fight for a life. Judge refuses to accept a mercy-petition." This is the story told by William Philpot, about whom I wrote a couple of weeks ago, was tried. This unhappy invalid has been sentenced to have his neck broken. There was no excuse for the sentence.

The jury, indeed, fought for his life, but a wicked lawyer fought for his life, bullying and browbeating the twelve citizens, who would have sent the man back to his family, into altering their verdict so as to make it possible for him to be killed. The report of this trial, as I read it, is horribly true. It seems too bizarre for anything but a large Guignol spectacle, to hear of a judge, a man, with the chance of releasing so miserable a fellow-creature as this broken-souled Philpot, deliberately, before the eyes and in the hearing of the poor wretch himself, his father, his friends, and a hundred other men, nagging to get him sent to the gallows. He will not be sent there.

We are getting forward! The jury in this case decided that Philpot was wholly insane, went temporarily insane. It was quite evident that they wished to release him. The old, cruel accusation of sin had no place in their minds, and though they were bullied into obedience before the representative of the old, cruel law, they will not act to speak their minds among their people. And doubtless they know that the "law," the lawyers, will not dare to execute Philpot.

Not that many such as he have not helped to feed the hangman’s wife and children, even before the Kingdom of Heaven began to arrive amid Liberal legislation; not that others, with their agonised twitchings, will not glut that cold-blooded murderer’s eye in the little shed beneath the gallows. We have twenty-one legally murdered in this country in a single month. That is still to be done with impunity by a Home Secretary who wants to do such things. The nation, however, does not want these things done. Every one of those condemned men was petitioned for! I remember, particularly, the case of a man in a Midland town for whom nearly every adult person in the district pleaded, including the jury and the mayor of the town. He was hanged all the same. Mr. Winston Churchill, our little John Pug, reduced to spare his life, though hundreds of people who had known the man from childhood, and knew that he had suffered a bad fall on his head, were averse from having him strangled to death within call of them. It was Mr. Churchill who opened the reign of King George the Fifth with as dastardly a judicial murder as ever was committed; when Jessup, the Cambridge, the brakes were let go, and the glut that cold-blooded murderer’s eye in the little shed beneath the gallows--and the waters now, as then, are teeming with fish. Is it not that they have been too exclusively engaged on the Sisyphus task of raising wages above their economic level--as futile an object, with economic conditions as they are now, as an attempt to dam the ocean waters--instead of devoting more energy to means of supplementing wages? Is it not in that direction that the workman will attain that material well-being without which life cannot give him what his position in the social web justifies?

In an article published in this Review on January 25 the present writer endeavoured to demonstrate how the income of a wage-earner might be reinforced; how, within the limits of a single generation, labour by fair and honest purchase might attain a commanding interest not only in the freeholds, but in the commercial and industrial undertakings of the country. By the method there shown, and probably by that method alone, could the rural districts be peopled with a peasant proprietor evolved from its natural source—the rural labourers; by such means, and by such means only, could the artisan and town labourer ever share in the industrial concerns which their skill and labour have helped to found and make prosperous. It is only so that labour can be emancipated from the dominance of capital and released from the depressing influences of insufficient means.

But, in short, there are other problems to be solved; and amongst the foremost, that of expropriation and taxation of land—two chaotic subjectives—which may well be linked together and made interdependent. At the present time, when the whole question is in the air, the values of the land is on the valuation of land and buildings by men who, to a large extent, are groping for the data for estimating their true value. In such ways we are not likely to eliminate the serious inequalities already existing in the burden of the fall on land.

Why should not each owner—knows the value of his property if anyone does—put his own value (revised annually) upon his various holdings? Why whoever comes into office can scarcely help being some sort of improvement. Under whatever government, judges, the being-created representatives of psychology, will act as harshly as they dare. But any government which encourages judicial brutality underrates the intelligence of the mass of men as represented by the average twelve of our juries. The return of such a verdict as those given in the Philpot case is an insult which will be talked of wherever average men meet from end to end of the city, and will make its way, slowly but certainly, from end to end of the kingdom: and future juries will resolve mysteries brosweaten by an overbearing judge. Slowly—but we get forward!

A correspondent suggests to me the publication of a pamphlet on Mary Lamb, the immortal ‘Bridget’ of the Elia essays. I have not the material, but I should be glad to have it, or to assist anyone in the circuit of such a work. When we know from the records of many homicides who are hanged that they were as guiltless of intentional crime as that woman, who, after killing both father and mother in a fit, was released in her brother’s care, and whom the Judge, and all that gifted circle, praised for her remarkable mind and endearing qualities, it should be someone’s business to recall her case to the public mind on behalf of persons who are poor and friendless, who are tormented when they must need rest and cure.

Expropriation and Taxation.

By Charles Manson.

With two such all-potent instruments in its hands as the Vote and the Strike, it is impossible not to regard the results attained by Labour, after nearly a half-century of effort, as disappointing. Surely there has been something wrong in the way of working-class aims and methods. True, it has created an organisation of a sort; but that scarcely justifies the enormous damage inflicted upon itself and the public in the process. The working-classes seem to be in search of a fisherman who will take all night and caught nothing. And yet the waters now, as then, are teeming with fish. Is it not that they have been too exclusively engaged on the Sisyphus task of raising wages above their economic level—as futile an object, with economic conditions as they are now, as an attempt to dam the ocean waters—instead of devoting more energy to means of supplementing wages? Is it not in that direction that the workman will attain that material well-being without which life cannot give him what his position in the social web justifies?

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I Gather the Limbs of Osiris.

By Ezra Pound.

ON MUSIC.

The reasons why good description makes bad poetry, and why painters who insist on painting ideas instead of pictures offend so many, are not far to seek.

I am in sympathy equally with those who insist that there is one art and many media, and with those who cry out against the describing of work in any particular art by a terminology borrowed from all the others. This manner of description is objectionable, because it is, in most cases, a make-shift, a laziness. We talk of the odour of music and the timbre of a painting because we think that this suggests what is too hard to undertake the analysis necessary to find out exactly what we do mean. There is, perhaps, one art, but any given subject belongs to the artist, who must know that subject most intimately before he can express it through his particular medium.

Thus, it is bad poetry to talk much of the colours of the sunrise, though one may speak of our lady of rosy fingers or "in russet clad," invoking an image not present to the uninitiated; and if it should surpass, but in the matter of the actual colour he is a bungler. The painter sees, or should see, half a hundred hues and varieties, where we see ten; or, granting we are ourselves skilled with the brush, how many hundred colours are there, where language artful and coarse names? Even if the poet understands the subtleties of gradation and juxtaposition, his medium refuses to convey them. He can say all his say while he is ignorant of the reality, and knowledge of the reality will not help him to say it better.

I express myself clumsily, but this much remains with me as certain: that any given work of art is bad when its content could have found more explicit and precise expression through some other medium, which the artist was, perhaps, too slothful to master.

This test should set to rest the vain disputes about "psychological," and "poetic" painting. If "Beata Beatrix," which is more poetic than all Rossetti’s poetry, could have occurred in any other medium but paint, then it was bad art to paint her, and the painters should stick to chromatic harmonies and proportional composition.

This principle of the profundity of apprehension is the only one which can guide us through mixed or compound media; and by it we must form our judgments as to the "limitations of an art."

II.

After squandering a good deal of time and concentration on the question of the relation of poetry and music, it seems to me that only futile, but very nearly impossible, to lay down any principles whatever for the regulation of their conjunctions.

To join these two arts is in itself an art, and is no more capable of being reduced to formula than the others. It is all very well for Plato to tell us that μῦθος is the accord of rhythm and words and music (i.e., varied pitch). We find ourselves in the same case as Aristotle when he set out to define poetics—and in view of the fact that "The Statute," for example, is by some of his admirers, become a Shavian holiday, let us observe that he—Aristotle—never attempts to restrict the working artist; he, and Dante after him, merely enumerate the means by which former artists have been successful.

Let us if possible, the impulse is given, the simplest and briefest set of rules on which we may assume that intelligent musicians and poets are alike agreed:

First, that the words of a song sung should be intelligible;

Second, that words should not be unreasonably distorted;

Third, that the rhythm of poetry should not be unreasonably ruined by the musician setting it to music.

I say "unreasonably" because it is quite certain that, however much this distortion may horrify the poet who,
having built his words into a perfect rhythm and speech-melody, bears them sung with regard to neither and with outrage to one or both; still we do derive pleasure from songs which disturb words more ominously. And we do this in obedience to aesthetic laws; do it because the sense of musical period is innate in us. And because of this instinct there is deadly strife between musicians, who are usually, in the poet's sense, fools, and poets who are usually, in the musician's sense, unmusical.

When, if ever it was so, the lyre was played before the poet began his rhapsody, quantity had some vital meaning in the work. The quantity of later Greek poetry had a conventional quality, not an interpretation of speech. If certain of the troubadours did attend to the strict relation of word and tune—*nota el son*—it was because of the strict relation between poet and composer, when they were not one and the same person. And in many an envoy we find such boast as So-and-so "made it, song and the words."

It is my personal belief that the true economy lies in making all of us compose verse to some sort of a tune, and if the "song" is to be sung we may as well compose to a "musician’s" tune straight away. Yet no musician comes to one with a melody, but rather he comes wishing to set our words to music. And this may be done by the suitable means of *nota el son* or even to a tune one has but to let the musical accents fall upon words strong enough to bear them, to refrain from putting an over-long syllable under an over-short note, and to leave the word literally rather loose; the singer does the rest quite well. One is spared all the finer workmanship which is requisite for good spoken verse. The stuff may not make good reading, but it is still finished art, suited to its purpose.

If, however, the work is made to speak, it may have in it that sort of rhythm which not only makes music unnecessary, but which is repulsive to it; or it may have a rhythm which can, by some further mastery, be translated into a music subtler than either poetry or music would have separately attained. Or the poet may have felt a plucking of strings or a flurry of instrumental sound accompanying his words and been unable to record them, and be totally dependent on the musician for a completion of his work. And there may linger in his words some sign and trace of a hunger for this completion.

The musician working from here is apt to find barriers in the uncalled "laws" of music and verse. The obvious answer is that none of these laws are yet absolutely discerned. We do not know whether the first neumes indicated a rise or fall of voice by definite gradations of pitch, or whether they indicate simply rise or fall. The music of the troubadour period is without bars in the modern sense. There are little lines like them, but they mean simply a pause, a rest; the notes do not register differences of duration—i.e., halves, wholes, quarters are written alike. One reads the words on which the notes indubitably depended; a rhythm comes to life—a rhythm which seems to explain the music and which is not a "musician’s" rhythm. Yet it is possible to set this rhythm in a musician’s rhythm without, however, feeling in the music, having it or even "altering it," which means altering the part of it to which he is sensitive; which means, again, that both poet and musician "feel around" the movement, "feel around the different angles of the people's see colour" and some "line"; very few are in any way conscious of just what it is they do see. I have no desire to set up a babel of "post-impressionists in rhythm" by suggesting a kindred searching of hearts with regard to the conception or execution.

Yet it is quite certain that some people can hear and scan by "quantity," and more can do so "by stress," and fewer still feel rhythm by what I would call the inner form of the line. And it is this "inner form," I think, which is preserved in music. And it is only the mastery of this inner form that the great masters of rhythm—Milton, Yeats, whoever you like—are masters of it.
Two pages further, Mr. Dawbarn deals with the "thorny" question of socialism. "The May-Day demonstrations, which bring about such vast assemblages of troops, all point the same way: that there is a sullen creature waiting to strike at the root of wealth the moment it no longer fears the policeman. When, for any reason, there is an absence of protective measures, this dangerous residue comes to the surface. I have seen it many times revealed in strange outbursts of violence; sudden attacks upon property and persons; the revolt of the disinherited against the oppressors." (What does he mean? The revolt of pickpockets?) Part of the Apache difficulty is attached to this very problem—to the omnipresent and subterranean sea of class hatred, of jealousy, of a desire to obtain the good things of the world without the sustained struggle of the labourer." This all sounds very wise, but why write Apache with a capital A? Because he is the last Aristocrat? The social question may be "thorny" enough, but why attribute the existence of apaches to the socialist or even a revolutionary spirit? Paris and London were far fuller of hooligans (or apaches) long before there was any revolutionary spirit, and if certain parts of Paris are still infested with them, it is because the streets are insufficiently lighted, under-policed, and because there is still in all big towns a scum consisting of good-for-nothings, bullies, foot-pads, and sometimes, yes, sometimes, modern descendants of the ancient highwayman.

"There are causes that breed this spirit of discontent in the town itself," so Mr. Dawbarn continues to philosophise. "Often the baron and the banker and the professional man occupy the lower floors of the house whilst upon the sixth lives, in a squalid chamber, the little midinette or humble workman." This is utter nonsense. Workmen and midinettes are not accepted as lodgers in houses occupied by barons and bankers. The sixth floor is usually occupied exclusively by their servants, and there is no room for anyone else. Besides, in this democratic country the spy called concierge keeps a careful watch on all who are not, or cannot be mistaken for bankers and barons, to make them go up the escalier de service. Therefore, even if artisans did live in the same houses with barons, etc., which they do not, they would have no occasion to "rub shoulders with each other on the staircase," and thereby of alimenting the fund of envy of the former, as Mr. Dawbarn would have us believe. (He must have spent ten years dreaming rather than observing—but journalists are often imaginative, while poets are often journalistic.) Of course, if envy there were, it would have plenty of opportunity for being roused in the street, but the matter is fast vanishing. The midinette of Mr. Dawbarn's spends very little thought on the baronet, nor does the humble workman trouble much about the banker's fur collar, for in a prosperous country of this sort, where wealth is so evenly distributed, envy takes a very small part in life. The Frenchman is too philosophical and too much given to blague to cultivate envy. And the socialist movement in France has very little to do with it. There are some people who want to be deputies, of course, and these, also of course, pander to any weakness of the multitude to gain parliamentary seats. It is they who are, perhaps, a little envious, or at least ambitious; the multitude is not. There is probably more individual envy in England where wealth is more evenly distributed, envy takes a very long time to explode, and was soon over, so it cannot be considered particularly significant.

The political and social position of France dismissed, the second chapter, his life and career, is tackles.

"France and the French—Only." By an Exile.

There are two kinds of writing-journalist. The one is the slipshod type; the worst he does is to slip, and thereby he may succeed in amusing certain readers. The other is the ponderous, painstaking type, and while his short-sighted eyes grope about for details he often "puts his foot into it" up to the knees. He amuses no one and misleads a great many.

The first class, when they get smitten with the book-producing fever, throw out picture-books supported by text on "Turkey as I saw it"—as if anyone in the world cared a scrap how they saw it or a Fortnight in Spain," as if anyone cared how long they had stayed there, or elsewhere.

The second class go in for studious investigations and well-matured deductions, and having strained their conscience to the uttermost, proudly and momentously bring forth impressive volumes scantily illustrated—"France and the French," and look round for applause. They usually get it too, for such books being at once opposed in the critic's mind to the last record of three weeks' adventure in Russia, the balance is naturally in favour of the plodding author who was able to restrain his writing fit for so long a space as ten years, for instance. This is the period during which Mr. Charles Dawbarn admits to have been gathering moss among "all classes of French people," his "professional spectaculatope" having taken him "everwhere" (what ten-day tourist has not seen everything?), and given him the "entrée to the most varied society." (Mr. Dawbarn's profession must be that of the popular journalist.) He considers that his sojourn has just been short enough to leave a little morning dew on his experiences and to prevent their narrating being "monumental or dull," and just long enough to prevent its being frivolous.

Mr. Dawbarn is too modest to assume that insight—attributed to him by his publisher—into the "soul" as well as into the character of the French people and he himself believes the statement that he deals with "every aspect of French life" with his own admission in the first page, where he claims that a French home is always closed to foreigners. Therefore, at the outset, one important phase is excluded from Mr. Dawbarn's experience of a nation whose intent it is, in Mr. Dawbarn's words, "to utilise every moment as opportunity for being roused in the town itself," so Mr. Dawbarn continues to philosophise. (He must have spent ten years dreaming rather than observing—but journalists are often imaginative, while poets are often journalistic.) Of course, if envy there were, it would have plenty of opportunity for being roused in the street, but the matter is fast vanishing. The midinette of Mr. Dawbarn's spends very little thought on the baronet, nor does the humble workman trouble much about the banker's fur collar, for in a prosperous country of this sort, where wealth is so evenly distributed, envy takes a very small part in life. The Frenchman is too philosophical and too much given to blague to cultivate envy. And the socialist movement in France has very little to do with it. There are some people who want to be deputies, of course, and these, also of course, pander to any weakness of the multitude to gain parliamentary seats. It is they who are, perhaps, a little envious, or at least ambitious; the multitude is not. There is probably more individual envy in England where wealth is more evenly distributed, envy takes a very long time to explode, and was soon over, so it cannot be considered particularly significant.

"France and the French—Only." By Charles Dawbarn. (Methuen. 10s. 6d.)
or delicate to discuss than morality. What is morality? he queries. Is it or is it not the "Geisha"? Is it or is it not the provocative exhibition of linen? We are not frivolous, you see, and are discussing the question of underpants, who purely technical stuff it is. So the chapter announces itself tediously. Like the conscientious journalist Mr. Dawbarn is, he is well acquainted with what he calls the "fiéux de plaisir" of Paris, and it is from experience that he can tell you that there is no nicer way of reaching any gallery than to say to the girl if there would have been no reason for him to go, would there? The lieu de plaisir leads him to the marriage problem, though the reverse course is more usual, and thence to the conclusion that the Frenchman is probably no worse a man than the citizen of any other country. Though he deplores the number of French publications whose coarseness and obscenity are "matter for wonderment in "so cultivated a community" and "complicated a civilisation," he admits that there are periodicals such as "Les Annales Littéraires et Politiques," which have a "high literary and moral tone." Ye gods and little fishes! It is exactly as though a Frenchman, wanting to prove to Trouvain and there is still another people who live decently and read intelligently, quoted the "thriving" "Queen," the Lady's Newspaper and Court Chronicle," and the comparison would be distinctly in favour of England. Hence and through more shockingly, his book reaches the impression of a social passion of women deploring their wages, which he con-
tinctly in favour of England. Hence and through more
moral	
tion of women deploring their wages, which he con-
consider.

In his chapter on "Tendencies in Art and Literature" (we have divined his own in reference to the schoolroom "Annales") he holds with the hare and runs with the hounds. He has to consider that his readers will be of all sorts, and he would not be too far behind the times and Mr. Lewis Hind, and admits to a timid fascination for Henri Matisse,
he is not the only one, be it said in
numerous galleries of Paris which he plods through, he admires. He has to consider
and runs with the hounds. He has to consider
them, his admiration. He has to consider

Youth and courage and high endeavour, etc." Isn't
the honour

must be somewhere just off the boulevards, in a back street) "are certain modern efforts to instil interest in the novel. "Great books are dead," he momentously

"en masse, Love, Jealousy, Passion, etc." Balzac bowls him over, and to replace him—thine—he finds René Bazin ("Annales" again), Paul Bourget, boubour-Pré-
irst; but he is disappointed not to find in France a Henry James, a Joseph Conrad, a Kipling, or
or "even" a Granville Barker. He knows only
Romantics and Realists. Parrasniens, Vers Libristes, neo-classics, he does not think worth alluding to, since that arch-creator of first-rate kitchen rommanc
Balzac, is lacking. He proposes to fill the gap with a single name. Here, to oblige you, Mr. Dawbarn, are a few plums which you have forgotten: Émile Bourgeois, François de Curel, Henri de Régnier, Paul Fort, André Gide, Édmond Rostand, Stuart Merrill, Léon Dierx, the quite recently deceased Jean Moréas, Rachilde, Colette Willy, Aurel, etc., etc. But he is so blinded by the pyrotechnics of Edmond Rostand, that perhaps "there is a touch of the Greek satirists of the Golden Age in Greece" ; one "who startled and amazes by the brilliance of verbal power; by his astounding command of language, the thunder of his periods, his cascades of falling stars." What on earth were you complaining of, Mr. Dawbarn? Surely, even Balzac cannot come up to the standard of yourvacuous juggler, your drawing-room and upper-
gallery quack? He is so deep in his worship of him

änder derartiges, Liebes, Grausamkeit, Leid, etc., kon-siders too low to ensure morality. Now, here his
information is quite wrong, and this English Taine
retained but one other name worth mentioning in the
numerous galleries of Paris which he plods through with more method than inspiration or understanding.

The French artist, so politics writes such stuff as this: "British art grows old, very old; it crumbles and mumbles in its mute expression of to Mr. Dawbarn; but we deny the representative value of the three names he submits when we have around us a dozen ladies who, if they are not a progress on Mme. de Sévigné, etc., are at least a progress on those whom he admires.

Shall I turn another page? Do you want to know
whether Mr. Dawbarn can foretell what the future will have to say as to M. Debussy, and that he considers "l'Après-midi d'un Faune" a remarkable piece of
work, "as poetic in treatment as it is in title"? For
other composers he says not a word, and a good thing too. "Happily," this man of many parts (if not arts) concludes, "signs exist that youth is not ex-
hausted" (really!), and there is still stimulus to artis-
tic exertion in the great white plain stretched out before every earnest student of the arts, literary, pictorial, or plastic (I wonder he does not say sculptic, since he talks of women who sculp)—opportunities for earnest students like himself!

But why continue to pick holes in a book necessarily made up of rags and patches? The list of illustrations suffices to enlighten you on its character; let us go through it, so that there can be no mistake: The Quai des Grands Augustins; Working from Model in a Latin
Quarter Studio; Interpellation Day in the Chamber of Deputies; Old Houses, Rouen; A French Stag-hunting Scene; Tlemcen Cascades; Palms at Ounef, Algeria; Joan of Arc at Châlons; The Quai de Seine; A Granville Barker. He knows only three who represent a progress on Mme. de Sévigné, Mme. de Lafayette, George Sand and Mme. Desbordes-Valmore. We do not believe in pro-
gress in literature, for we do not follow the middle-path—I nearly wrote middle-class—point of view natural to Mr. Dawbarn; but we deny the representative value of the three names he submits when we have around us a dozen ladies who, if they are not a progress on Mme. de Sévigné, etc., are at least a progress on those whom he admires.

And in despair this aspiring cobbler writes: "The day of great emotions is past; we are getting almost tired of our tears and touches of sympathy. We refuse to be shocked; we refuse to take things 'au grand sérieux' " (Mr. Dawbarn thinks Gallicisms give local colour). Nothing matters; that is the prevail-
ing tone. He could have added -" but there is literature in modern France" (indeed it would); "but it is no exaggeration to say that the literature of the last half of the nineteenth century will not for a moment compare with the literature of a bygone age, with the literature of a Balzac. Neither will the "immoral to an intense degree, dealing with perver-
sion." (what on earth does he read? his lending library

February 8, 1912.
Unedited. Opinions.

On Humanitarianism.

And the Father of all these lies was Rousseau, one of the black magicians of human corruption, himself corrupted as his own doctrines, a monster; a creature of the false light, as the mystics call it, the antipodes of Plato. To him let all humanitarians, sentimentalists and such like canaille address their paternosters: "Our Father which art in Hel—"

But you will have to be very explicit in your demonstrations to carry me with you in this denunciation. What was Rousseau's fallacy? For you will admit that he was well intentioned.

That is just what I will not admit. In fact, his assumption and the common assumption that Rousseau and his school were well-intentioned is precisely the fallacy of humanitarianism; it is the fallacy of humanitarianism as distinct from the true doctrine of humanism. Sentimentalists are emphatically not well-intentioned; they only think they are.

How comes it that they should deceive themselves so flagrantly as you say?

Nothing simpler. Supposing you start by hating and despising man, the next step is to mitigate the effect of this hatred by concealing it. Nothing is more painful to endure than the spectacle of man as he is. But since the nature of man is changing and unalterable, the defence of the weak is to pretend that actually man is loveable and deserving love; of nature of man and of vincible yourself that you do love man is a short one. But it makes no difference to your real attitude and conduct.

I feel disposed to maintain the contrary. Surely conduct is affected by aspiration after an ideal. Slowly it may be, but certainly in the long run conduct is modified by idea. Sentimentalists who, as you say, begin by merely assuming their love of man, will end by actually loving man. It will agree with you.

That is to imagine that the heart follows the head. It would be truer to say that the head follows the heart. As the source of activity, the heart certainly wins in the long run; it is a question low soon the head is cleared of its illusions.

Strangely enough, Rousseau taught exactly that doctrine. As you know, he was all for the heart. Is not that why they call him a sentimentalist—because by this doctrine he makes the mind the slave of the heart? But I suppose that you will say that this is the fallacy of humanism. Then it is the fallacy of our philosophy to have no more than a sense of direction in this matter.

But you are contending that there is a real centre of identity somewhere in man's nature. It is the source of his being, his essence, spring, and ultimate reality. Without some centre of this kind a man would cease to be an entity and lapse into an anarchic congeries of self-motived parts. Since he does not, for the most part, do this, we are right to assume the existence of this relatively omnipotent centre, which I call the centre of identity.

And which others call the soul?

If you like. Now the real aspiration of man is to maintain that centre and to live more and more in its light. If we call this aspiration the desire of self-realisation, we shall define it sufficiently for the present. But as all the humanists agree, self-realisation is the most difficult thing in the world; literally it is the most difficult. I must emphasise this even at the risk of pedantry. The only way to discover the centre of one's own identity and to live always from that centre are achievements which, perhaps, no man has ever accomplished. The best of men have no more than a sense of direction in this matter. Though still far from home, their merit is to be always going towards home. You and Rousseau, on the other hand fancy they have reached home long before they actually have. That is why I say he has mistaken his centre of identity.

Yes, but why should great minds like Rousseau be misled?

Well, in one sense, because mind itself is a deceiver. The mind is a magic mirror in which it is true that the soul may be reflected, but also mirrors can be formed. The vision of home which the mind reveals, the man may therefore go completely astray. The criticism of the mind is the first necessity. Be sure to follow the best light you have, said Bishop Wilton, but be sure that your light is not darkness or the false light.

But how can the true image cast by the soul be distinguished from the false image formed by the mind itself?

Ah, now we come to the question of the criteria of true self-identity. By what test shall we know whether our centre of identity is true or falsely placed? Shall we take the test of feeling or the test of thinking?

Rousseau undoubtedly took the test of feeling, did he not?

Have I, then, reasoned in vain? Rousseau did not take the test of feeling; he took the test of thinking—that is, the mind's own image. What he thought he was he was; and he taught us that we are what we think we are. This is the fallacy of sentimentalists.

But is not feeling quite as misleading? Would you say that we are not what we think we are, but what we feel we are?

Well, I would not say that feeling is infallible, but I submit it is nearer to reality than thinking; in other words, it is a relatively safe guide.

But what evidence is there that it is nearer reality?

Amongst other signs, the fact that feeling is relatively more spontaneous, natural, and necessary than thinking. I can change my thoughts, but I cannot change my feelings, impressions, reactions are less under my control. Consequently they are nearer my centre.

It is on this ground that Rousseau should be regarded as the man of feeling, since, as you say, he was really a man of thought.
Is it odd to describe a mirage as real? Rousseau's vocabulary, as I say, is right if you invert it. Like all sentimentalists, he stood on his head and called it his heart.

Art and Drama.

By Huxley Carter.

Re-theatralise the theatre is the cry in Germany to-day. One might add re-dramatise the drama. But is not the drama already beginning to be re-dramatised? What is the significance of the two tendencies that are now making their appearance in the theatre? What is the meaning of the new classicism—but dimly shadowed, it is true, in the rush of Greek revivals)—aiming to express the spirit of the times, the problems of life and the will which are stirring men to-day in a healthier, more exalted, poetical yet joyous way?

* * *

What is the meaning of the spirit of artistic fantasy which is also invading the theatre, and is so strongly manifested in the growth of the Christmas fairy play, in the representation of modern drama, in the introduction of the elements of mystery, fantasy, poetry and joy in other productions? Is it not that we are growing sick of the grey sordidness of the didactic and controversial dramas of realism, and the soul of romance within us is asking to be set free once more to the spirit of fantasy?

* * *

The children's fairy play might have developed from the vastly overgrown Drury Lane Pantomime, if that strangely incoherent entertainment had not lost its way in a riotous realm of current events and topical allusions, and become in consequence little more than a summary of the music hall empire, a phantasmatologia of variety turns poured out of a mould but faintly resembling a fairy tale. The progress of this tale and the antics of its weird characters the child strives to follow in vain. It can make nothing of the distorted remains of a mythical pageant which once was devoted to the exposition of a time-hallowed myth, but which fell into commercial hands, became broken up with comic interpolations, lost its original form and degenerated into British pantomime. British syndicates for the amusement of British grown-ups, who are known to all men by their love of Lord Mayors' Shows and other Maffykins.

* * *

Neither can the intelligent child make anything of the fat, vulgar female person in tights who represents the dirty bone of a sweated myth and offering a debauch of music-hall meat and beer to the bar loafer. Mr. J. Barrie was one of the first to make the attempt to re-dramatise the drama. But is it odd to describe a mirage as real? Rousseau's vocabulary, as I say, is right if you invert it. Like all sentimentalists, he stood on his head and called it his heart.

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If Mr. Barrie had established the innovation, perhaps there would not be so much to complain of in other child's plays now running. "The Golden Land of Fairy Tales" at the Aldwych Theatre, for instance, would have had less excuse for a deplorable neglect of appropriate setting. Its framework of five or six fairy-tales would have been handed over by Sir Joseph Beecham to an efficient decorator who would have built thereon a stage which shall envelop the action and be widely expressed in the "scene." The coloured atmosphere is, however, not in the "scene," simply because the "scene" is built upon the foundations which realist-dramatists of recent years have planned and which producers have thoroughly laid down. So, instead of the "Peter Pan" scene being orchestrated in mass, everything in it is copied with painful minuteness. This might not be so offensive if once there was beautiful colour. But even this consolation is denied the spectator. Take the forest scene. How beautiful this might have been, treated flatly, made much more decorative with big, simple shapes of crude, bright colour, and held together by a broad, rhythmical design such as the child-mind grasps and appreciates. When I saw this scene at the Duke of York's Theatre it was ugly in design and colour, and positively harmful to children. The same may be said of the "Maid of Lagoon" scene, which was much too grey and needed strong touches of colour to relieve it, and the elimination of the bad realistic moon effects. In short, the play needed an artist to mass it. "Peter Pan" has had an influence upon the Christmas fairy-play which might have been had but for the "Blue Bird" made a trip to London from Moscow, and with it came the beginning of a more imaginative and artistic tradition in the stage-setting of the child-play. In this connection it served to balance the bad feature of "Peter Pan." One hoped, indeed, that it would remove it altogether. Might not Mr. Barrie be tempted to do even better by diverting some of his unlimited means to the service of his own creation? Might he not free himself from the repertory theatre net and spend his thousands not on worthless sex plays, but on the artistic salvation of Peter? There are artists waiting and willing to co-operate if only he would take the trouble to search for them. There are capable decorators who would undertake to introduce Peter in a new and inspiring artistic incarnation. But, apparently, Mr. Barrie is not anxious to remove the blot from his fantasy and pioneer a movement which, first affecting the child-mind, must gradually affect the mind of the whole nation.

* * *

The new fairy play is in the nature of a revolt against the attempt to rob the child of its heritage. It appears as though one or two authors have felt the iniquity of the pantomime procedure of throwing the poor child the dirty bone of a sweated myth and offering a debauch of music-hall meat and beer to the bar loafer. Mr. J. M. Barrie was one of the first to make the attempt to provide a form of entertainment which is designed from beginning to end to please the child and the grown-up who has not lost the free and exuberant spirit of childhood. For the mammoth clownish pantomime he substituted a real fairy-tale told with simplicity and imagination and, moreover, constructed organically. In "Peter Pan" he put the nursery on the stage and initiated the feature (new to this country) of setting the stage child free to wander through its own Wonderland.

* * *

But, unfortunately, Mr. Barrie did not go far enough. Though he re-created the child's golden world of imagination, he neglected to employ means of bringing the spectator into that world. He took no pains to promote intimacy. He painted a fantasy, elaborating it with his broad brush of humour, and then he permitted it to be overlaid with a setting of realistic absurdities under cover of which the fantasy makes its exit by the stage door as soon as the "curtain" goes down. We do not pretend to do the impossible and imitate Nature; it seeks rather to suggest and satirise human nature, and this in a simple, interesting and whimsical way. It aims, indeed, to create a charming coloured atmosphere which shall envelop the action and be widely expressed in the "scene." The coloured atmosphere is, however, not in the "scene," simply because the "scene" is built upon the foundations which realist-dramatists of recent years have planned and which producers have thoroughly laid down. So, instead of the "Peter Pan" scene being orchestrated in mass, everything in it is copied with painful minuteness. This might not be so offensive if once there was beautiful colour. But even this consolation is denied the spectator. Take the forest scene. How beautiful this might have been, treated flatly, made much more decorative with big, simple shapes of crude, bright colour, and held together by a broad, rhythmical design such as the child-mind grasps and appreciates. When I saw this scene at the Duke of York's Theatre it was ugly in design and colour, and positively harmful to children. The same may be said of the "Maid of Lagoon" scene, which was much too grey and needed strong touches of colour to relieve it, and the elimination of the bad realistic moon effects. In short, the play needed an artist to mass it. "Peter Pan" has had an influence upon the Christmas fairy-play which might have been had but for the "Blue Bird" made a trip to London from Moscow, and with it came the beginning of a more imaginative and artistic tradition in the stage-setting of the child-play. In this connection it served to balance the bad feature of "Peter Pan." One hoped, indeed, that it would remove it altogether. Might not Mr. Barrie be tempted to do even better by diverting some of his unlimited means to the service of his own creation? Might he not free himself from the repertory theatre net and spend his thousands not on worthless sex plays, but on the artistic salvation of Peter? There are artists waiting and willing to co-operate if only he would take the trouble to search for them. There are capable decorators who would undertake to introduce Peter in a new and inspiring artistic incarnation. But, apparently, Mr. Barrie is not anxious to remove the blot from his fantasy and pioneer a movement which, first affecting the child-mind, must gradually affect the mind of the whole nation.

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If Mr. Barrie had established the innovation, perhaps there would not be so much to complain of in other child's plays now running. "The Golden Land of Fairy Tales" at the Aldwych Theatre, for instance, would have had less excuse for a deplorable neglect of appropriate setting. Its framework of five or six fairy-tales would doubtless have been handed over by Sir Joseph Beecham to an efficient decorator who would have built thereon a golden land out of colour, line, and suggestion, and not used it for a dull, incongruous mass of the usual badly-lighted stage lumen. Look what he might have made of the "Sleeping Beauty" scene! Everything would be asleep—charms, flowers, fairies, foliages, flowers, and uniform grey tone. Then would come the awakening kiss, and out of the greyness would spring a scene massed out in simple loveliness. There would be big masses everywhere, with the sleeper as a mass and a part of the general mass. The flowers would open into big colour shapes, the trees likewise into nothing but shapes. Then the big shapes of colour would unite and go swinging across the footlights to their destined end—the child-mind. The child loves mass-expressionism.
Present-Day Criticism.

PREPARATIONS, offensive and defensive, suggest that the news of an adventuring literary movement has been caught up. On the one hand is arising a horde of little men who most amazingly misinterpret the dictum: Back to the classics. The publication of the former now seem to be born (and to die) almost weekly; these give no concern; sooner or later Sim ‘Tappertit is compelled by necessity caught up. On the one hand is arising a horde of little men who most amazingly misinterpret the dictum news of an advancing literary movement has been almost weekly; these give no concern; pedants, they are mistaken pedants; but they endure; they are in the least about satisfying a real need of their nature. Usually silent and absorptive, they become articulate and forcible in times like these whenever an artistic renascence is looked for; and, as has happened before this day, the prime movers of a renascence may long work neglected if these numerous and powerful people happen to have their eyes turned in some other direction than that taken by the new movement. There is danger that a new movement may fail if it cannot utilise, and the department, the department, the department, the department, and the department does not know its' most familiar to contemporary pedants. The “Divine Comedy” lay neglected for years owing to the accident that Dante’s contemporaries were absorbed by the study of Latin and Greek manuscripts. The cry was then for the classics, and even Dante could not persuade the self-lovers of learning that mere imitation of the classics is unclassical. People went so far as to plagiarise whole sections from the ancient authors, and men specially skilful in translation were declared worthy of the laurel which belonged to their originals.

It was still to be the glory of Dante that he inspired a few to continue the true classical line; men who, indeed, returned to the classical sources, but who plundered, as it were, struck out to discover the continuous relation between the classical sources and the current of their own times. Not imitating Dante, but following only his artistic conscientiousness, the men who carried forward the Italian renascence brought with them from the classics knowledge of the eternal elements of art. In literary art pure language is an element. Italy at this time was writing a most corrupt language, but the successors of Dante achieved what he had been born too soon to do; they converted the schools to the use of pure Italian, and the schools set about glorifying that Dante whose work was so lately despised and slighted.

In prose such as these are, professedly no more than suggestive and preliminary, the brief examination of the evidence of comparisions rests with those interested. But we may, without too much elaboration, point to the very sectarian literary struggles of our time and conclude that that way many of the most interesting departments of knowledge now under patronage is undoubtedly the Elizabethan era—so tempting with turbid glory that even Sim Tappertit has, as we hear, notions of claiming to be in cipher, and as the author of the “Anatomy of Absurdity” would believe he had written to no purpose. Already, too, we see the fate of such as try to seize the laurels of a former age; they appear, by contrast with the laurelled brows, more literary spin perhaps is their condition. In effect, they cannot seize the laurels, but only such unmeaning decorations as time has withered and detached. It needs a robust genius to conquer the false ideals of a former age, and in a theatrical work this much is not conceivable. (Edipus is now as dead as a stageful of actors can lay it. From the Elizabethans our age can take nothing but musings, unless we go for inspiration where those masters went, and then after all we are only our own times as they struck towards theirs: we should surpass them. There is no possibility for an artist to step into the stream midway and advance. Whatever his natural strength, he will vanish like a bubble. Nor will he advance in the true current, even though he seek the source, if, like Euripides he be laden with the others of his nature. He may struggle back to his own times, but he will bring nothing save that which he took away, and his work will seem common.

It is not hopeful for our times that Euripides should be in vogue. It is hopeful, however, that the most frivolous translator of that poet should be unanimously rejected as a translator of Sophocles. Sophocles, next to Pindar, is our clearnest witness as to the source of inspiration. But it is not to Pindar we say: He was not of our earth, but the Muses sent him to us creatures of a day as a much-desired gift. With Homer we are at the source of inspiration. Sophocles, tempted for a moment to try to start where Aeschylus finished, became aware of his peril, and still carrying forward the best influence of his master, sought further back for the fountain whence he drew the purest intelligence of human nature. The issue was an art of such ideal beauty as men realise must evade the grasp of materiality, of vanity, of femininity, of unreserve.

In a short letter to the “Times” on the “Edipus,” on which Mr. Huntly Carter commenced last week, Professor Gilbert Murray betrays many of the faults from which the fitting translator of Sophocles would be free. The atmosphere of the episode is curiously feminine. Is not the typical Professor's notion of scholarship? “I do not know whether Professor Reinhardt's minds being told that his work is 'not Greek,' I do not think it means it to be. (Though if he did, it would not profit him much. I remember once working steadily for five weeks at the rehearsal of a certain Greek play, only to be told by the ‘Morning Post’ that if the actors had had in the theatre any single person who knew the elements of Greek, they could never have made such mess of it! But that is for the moment irrelevant.)”

One's reflections are that the Greek spirit is not to be compassed by a knowledge of the Greek grammar, that the “Morning Post” was at public advantage in not knowing of the Professor’s steady work, and lastly, wending back across the irrelevancy, that Professor Reinhardt, producing a play of Sophocles, would have behaved outrageously had he “not minded” whether his work was in the Greek spirit. The evidence is that he minded very much. Murray soon convicts himself of idle gossip, since he proceeds: “Professor Reinhardt could not have behaved so outrageously had he ‘not minded’ whether his work was in the Greek spirit. The evidence is that he minded very much. Murray soon convicts himself of idle gossip, since he proceeds: “Professor Reinhardt was frankly pre-Hellenic, partly Cretan and Mycenaean, partly Oriental, predominantly savage. The half-naked torch-beerers with linotheta and leng black hair made my heart leap with joy. Gushbong soul. Mrs. Nesbit never made much more than that of the raw Sicilians. Again, for Professor Murray’s notion of the ‘stage-craft.’ He notes the use of the gong. “I think the result very effective: some people hate it. There is nothing inherently sinful, nor yet admirable, in beating a gong. And in general what is the result? I do not think there is the slightest doubt that it is—to use the bluntest and simplest word—successful.” Positives, comparatives, and three superlatives to tell us that that wondrous device of modern stage-craft, a gong, captured in modern audience. No other device is mentioned. What an idea of a successful reproduction of Sophocles. But, of course, the idea goes further: “Vast audiences,” etc., etc., “at any rate larger than Mr. Granville Barker and I ever.” Then a reflection on the stage itself: “Enthralled—sheer tragedy—superb performance of Mr. Harvey—a revelation.” The Professor, however, is not content—not content after all that “Content? Of course not. I am immensely enthusiastic and naturally I should have my own ideas. But . . . after all, Professor Reinhardt knows ten times as much about the theatre as I do. His production has proved itself: it stands on its own feet, vital, magnificent, unforgettable.” Professor Murray very far about stages the “Edipus.” Professor Murray is careful to say that he had a com-
paratively small hand in it. So perhaps he may be excused from defending the production otherwise than by nauseating everyone by shrieks of admiration. We will restrain a too direct reply to the inviting question with which it concludes the paragraph. "Vital, magnificent, unforgettable. And who knows," he asks, "if the more Hellenic production I dream of would be any of these?" We could, perhaps, just permit ourselves a guess.

But for what, it may be demanded, are we concerned so straitly about works of art? Well, artists can support the fear of physical death easier than the fear of artistic death.

**Views and Reviews.**

Good biographies are scarce, and it is a pleasure to welcome one which is not only well written, but has for its subject one of the world's memorable men. However we value the results of his discovery, the mere name of Columbus stimulates our interest. His work is historic, and we have offered to his memory a hecatomb of historians. Mr. Young handsomely acknowledges his indebtedness to his predecessors; eras, perhaps, on the side of modesty in presenting his book. It is true, of course, that this book is a result of the work of previous historians; but it is also true, as M. Henry Vignaud says in an introduction, that it marks an epoch in Columbian literature. For Mr. Young has succeeded in showing forth the man, and from the welter of documents and debate has extracted an impartial record of his life. Mr. Young has spared no pains to make his work valuable, and to help the general reader to a complete understanding of Columbus and his work.

Whether America should have been discovered is a question that has only a speculative interest. We may think, in our leisure moments, that Dr. Pangloss and Dr. Young have been equally wise. To the man who has sacrificed to be converted into slaves and Christians. America heathen; and the crew contained the inevitable Irishman. But for what, it may be demanded, are we concerned? Whether America should have been discovered is a question that has only a speculative interest. We may think, in our leisure moments, that Dr. Pangloss and Dr. Young have been equally wise.

Evidently, he was a man who was hungry for gold and that without security. As an emissary of the State, the Crown could reward him suitably and dignify him. Viceroy and Governor-General over all the lands and continents he might discover, and he or his lieutenants were to accrue to him and his heirs for ever. He was to have the right to contribute the stones, metals, spices, and other merchandise, however acquired. He was to have the right to contribute the eighth part of the cost of fitting out expeditions, and to receive an eighth share of the profits. And these profits were to appertain to him and his heirs for ever. His rights of government lapsed; and no more ironical comment on his importance need be made than to state that, when he was shipwrecked in Jamaica, he was paid. In later years, he became querulous with complaint of neglect, and that without security. As an emissary of the State, the Crown could reward him suitably and dignify him.

So he trafficked in his Idea. America meant to him a string of new-coined names and an inexhaustible revenue. He was to have one-tenth of all the precious stones, metals, spices, and other merchandise whatever acquired. He was to have the right to contribute the eighth part of the cost of fitting out expeditions, and to receive an eighth share of the profits. And these profits were to accrue to him and his heirs for ever. He was to have similar honours and privileges and emoluments enjoyed by the High Admiral of Castile. He should be Viceroy and Governor-General over all the lands and continents he might discover, and he or his lieutenants should be so lodged in all the chief cities of the world as to be paid a Fabian frantic. He had no standing army, no standing navy, no political board, no one to put about. His governing of the West Indies would be without honour save in his own adopted country.

If America had to be discovered, Columbus was the man to discover it. He was no University man; Mr. Young makes it clear that he was never in the University of Pavia in his life. A wool-weaver from the age of ten, a sailor from the age of fourteen, he was no student of the classics or the Fathers. An expert navigator, he cared only for applied science; and his impulse is powerful yet in America. What he knew, he taught himself; which probably explains his quotation to King John of the prophet Esdras as a cosmographical authority. In one respect only has America differed from Columbus. As a politician, he failed; but in addition to exporting cochineal, America has invented the Caucus. His governing of the Western Indies would have made a Fabian frantic. He had no standing army, no political board, no one to put about. His governing of the West Indies would be without honour save in his own adopted country.

A. E. R.
A Third Tale for Men Only.
By R. H. Congreve.

I.

Forester had been in our group only about a month, and therefore not long enough to enable all of us to comprehend him completely. As far as he had revealed himself or we had discovered him he appeared to us—and to me most clearly, who am in some ways the primus inter pares of the group—a new faculty of our collective mind. For I would have my readers know that the final purpose of our group and the seal of its triumphant completion is the creation of a single group-mind, as I may call it, which should be the common possession of each of us. True friends, we believe, are predestined by their nature as well as drawn by their inclinations to form by association a collective mind generically different from the personal mind of any one of us—larger, more varied, and indefinitely more capable. As Plato referred to Aristotle as the mind of his school, and might possibly have referred to himself as its imaginative insight, and as, further, friends are said to have all things (and not some only) in common, so our group is of the opinion—conviction, rather—that with due care there may be formed among us a new order of being, a sort of living genius from which each one goes to his mind and of which each of us forms, as it were, a limb or power.

Forester's special and unique gift was undoubtedly his sense of form and rhythm of words. Poetry or prose, no matter what it was, he instantly diagnosed both as regards its rank in the order of verbal creation and in spiritual content by means of its rhythm alone. As the Impressionists in painting, so I understand, see and paint only the modifications of light, leaving objects to define themselves as best they can, Forester's mind instinctively confined its attention in literature to the rhythm in which it was expressed. He would open any book one chose to offer him, and after reading a sentence or two to himself in an interior fashion he would deliver judgment on the whole work with a precision, insight and illumination that were pontifically magical. This writer, he would sometimes say, belongs to the order of minor devils. His rhythms are without exception destructive, disintegrating. They are, however, very weak, and only powerful when assembled in large numbers. It should call them the rhythm of local texts. When the rest of us came to examine the book critically and dialectically we rarely found that Forester's judgment was not confirmed. Where by divination from rhythm he had apprehended the presence of a ravening, malevolent swarm of petty pests, we by logical reasoning discovered therein ideas and truths at once healing, sustaining, and strengthening.

It was no small acquisition, therefore, to our circle when Forester first took his place among us. In our explorations in the world of literature he was like indeed to become our guide. With those delicate antennae of his, sensitive to vibrations of rhythm only infinitesimally distinguishable, he could, we thought, be trusted one of these days to lead us over the unsquared wastes of words into the land of perfect art, and by his exquisite sense to maintain us there for ever.

To this lively anticipation of the place he would ultimately fill in our group must be attributed, I suppose, my own personal suppression of sundry small doubts that had once or twice flown up in my mind while he was talking. To begin with, doubts themselves are the signs of an incomplete or of a dissolving friendship. They obviously can only lodge themselves in the cracks of a cemented relationship, where they may be the token of an edifice in building or with falling foundations. Again, it is difficult to discriminate when doubts of one's friend arise, whether they spring natural and inevitably from his conduct or are merely weeds wind-sown by evil chance in one's own mind. To learn to distinguish truly between the origin of doubt as between oneself and one's friend is one of the elementary lessons in the art of friendship. Finally, in Forester's case, I confess that I was swept off my feet for some time both by his extraordinary penetration and brilliancy and by our common instant conclusion that here at last was a man and a mind we had long sought. The poetry of Milton it was, if I remember, in which for the first time I caught in his phrase or intonation a slight suggestion of a sentimental quality that gently jarred on me. He had been visualising for us from his psychometry of Milton's rhythm a picture of such a world as Milton would create by sound alone. Milton's subject-matter, I need not say, had little or no relation with this world. Forester used to insist that subject-matter is no more than the shadow cast by flying rhythm, as they speed, light-winged or heavy-winged creatures of paradise or of hell, over the reflecting surface of material images. Recall, he said, John of the Bridges; that at any certain degree of lyric mysticism in Plato you lose sight of his earthly meaning and hear only the beating of his wings. All writers to my mind can be listened to in the same way. Close the ears and eyes of your earthly sense, listen with your mind to the rhythm of their words, and you are then in contact with their essence and spirit. Milton, he continued, was pre-eminently a creative poet. All his rhythms build. As they move in the ether, great stroke after great stroke, huge cedars with wings and roots arise. He is our cyclopean architect and mason. I should not be surprised to discover in paradise that Milton's verse has been one of the chief builders of the city of God.

Have you, I asked Forester somewhere about this point of his discourse, have you remarked any quality in Milton's rhythm that militates against your para-disaical view? For I was vaguely aware myself of some great defect in Milton the name of which, however, I had never hit upon. It seemed extravagant and, in fact, to me, untrue, that Milton's rhythm should build the New Jerusalem. Cyclopean in dimensions his architecture might very well be, but I missed something in it graceful and gracious as we must needs suppose heavenly mansions to be.

Forester, to my pleasure, instantly grasped my meaning and gave to it the words I could not find. Yes, he said, the defect in Milton is darkness. There is no light in his cities; all the air about them is black and heavy. Neither the sun shines there nor the moon nor the stars. It is a city of gloomy night.

Hardly paradise, then, I commented. You can scarcely imagine the children of light dwelling in a city of darkness. Besides, your cyclopean architecture is too heavy altogether for creatures of radiant mind. It appears to me to belong, if not to devils, at least to the more primitive gods, senseless titans, lumbering passions, Samson Agonistes. The darkness, in fact, in which Milton's rhythms are enwrapped has its counterpart in the architecture of his creatively imagined world. Both are profound, impressive, and repellent.

Do you know, he said, that I do not find it repellent? In my Father's house are many mansions. I withdraw my phrase. Milton may have built the city of paradise, but I would substitute one of the cities. It may be one of the pleasures of heaven to visit occasionally a city of Milton's monumental gloom.

What it was in Forester's tone or phrase that gave me on the instant a little shock of doubt I did not immediately discover, nor was it until after a subsequent conversation on the subject of Wordsworth that I even recalled it. Repeated, however, as it then was, I set about examining its cause.
Wordsworth, Forester had been saying, was a bungler through his own enough to be fully, even up a single stone. On many occasions the only effect of his metrical magic was to produce a great heap of materials thrown without order upon the ground. He was not, in fact, a builder on the grand scale at all. The most he could accomplish was a hut among the hills, where he could live with his sister and family. For the rest, his genius was of the natural order. I mean that his contribution to paradise was flowers and all simple pastoral delights.

His genius being this, I said, what a pity Wordsworth did not define himself to it and perfect it. A severe and imperious critic would probably have compelled him to keep his art pure. No poet should travel outside his genius. But what, may I ask, do you think misled Wordsworth?

The same thing, Forester replied, that misled Shelley, nearly missed Keats, ruined Euripides, diminished Plato, and has been the means of confusing out hundreds of artists—preoccupation with man instead of with perfection.

The whole group of us assented with delight to this remark, since it was almost the password of our order. But Forester again struck for me a discordant note by adding, though very casually: This pre-occupation appears to be a human responsibility, since no man has hitherto escaped it. Reflecting on what this might connote of weakness in Forester's mind (for an admittedly inevitable obligation to man would make such a friendly creation as our group aspired towards impossible), I remembered not only his disquieting remark on Milton, but also his strangely passive phrase concerning Wordsworth's hut and sister and family. The apparition of an artist or philosopher living with his family in a private house was one for satire only. I suddenly saw a tame but goathurst patriarch singing to build a house for himself and his mere blood-kin. He was the fool of the family, it seemed, who went out beggaring for a living, a damned hugger-mugger citizen of the world of men and women and sisters and babies and the Lord knows what vulgar things. He may have been able to create a flower or a lake or a mountain now and then, but for the most part he despised this gift and preferred to stew with his kith and kin. I suddenly saw a captive whose perils Forester should have passed this humiliating and shameful picture of Wordsworth as paterfamilias by without a sniff. Milton, too, he seemed to think necessary to delight in heaven. As if heaven needed contrasts from his own luminous light loveliness in light by again touching the glum gloomy grandeur of Milton's demoniacal world! Heaven—that is, in Forester's eyes—would pull but for her opposite and contrast. God is only desirable by reaction from the devil! In his pursuit of perfection man must pause to consider man!

My somewhat purple indignation running on in my mind like this finally subsided in a resolution: I would find out what secret human responsibility weighed upon Forester. It was clear to me that somewhere in the background of his brilliant figure there were persons not of his own bright world but nevertheless with some hold upon him. None of our group had been curious enough to inquire into Forester's family or personal circumstances. If a man could not grow his flowers and family, apparently free from attachments of any kind, parentless, womanless, friendless and gaily alone, we accept him as he offers himself. Only when subsequent incidents induce him to refer to his former acquaintances or when, as now, he should set an example—it is disgusting to think of necessity of discovering who or what it was.

As he was leaving us that evening I asked casually: You live in chambers, Forester? Yes, he replied, with my sister.

(The to be concluded.)

**REVIEWS.**

**Legal Position of Trade Unions.** By Henry H. Schlosser and W. Smith Clark. (King. 7s. 6d.)

There is a passage in an early speech of Mr. Gladstone which reveals to us the distance both he and the nation travelled from the subject of Trade Unions in the comparatively short space of half a century. Speaking in the Commons on the abolition of the police duty, which Cobden regarded as a "tax on knowledge," and Disraeli as a "necessary evil," Mr. Gladstone maintained that a "government of the people" was better than the police duty than they ought to be, the blame was not so much with fiscal requirements as with the trade unionism which wickedly raised the wages of compositors and others to a level far above their deserts." While his view of trade unionism then, and our view of the same, as a "necessary evil," is little modified, yet theADOWS
instance of the dubiety in regard to the intentions and means of education that still prevails even among experts. Impressed, no doubt, by the practical necessity for education that still prevails even among ex-agreed,” he says, “that the curriculum of the elementary school is too limited. It is too exclusively literary. We want more manual training.” To prove, however, how little we are really agreed on this point, Mr. Whitehouse himself a few pages later states as the aim of education, “to turn out noble men and women with the power of admiration, hope, love and reverence.” How this is to be done by more manual training and less literature we do not know. What we think we know is, that there is next to no “literature” in our elementary schools at this moment. In the course of many years’ experience of them the present writer remembers to have seen little trace of it at any rate; and Matthew Arnold, whose authority for us is certainly not less than that of Mr. Whitehouse, was of the same opinion.

However, this question is not one of the “problems” of the volume under review which is concerned, and very earnestly, with the economics and physiology of boys at school and immediately afterwards. As such it is a useful compendium of the drift of experiment and experience in these matters.

We cannot conclude without expressing our surprise at both the title and tone of Mr. J. L. Paton’s contribution. Surely a more fitting image to express the exchange of ideas between teachers and schools could be found than “Cross-Fertilisation”; and we wonder what his Majesty’s Inspectors will think when they find themselves compared to “fertilising bees.”

Shop Slavery and Emancipation. By William Paine. With an Introduction by H. G. Wells. (King’s. net.)

Lift the lid off any one of our social institutions and the sight is hell. Mr. Paine’s presentation of the plight of the shop assistants is calculated to rouse the public, if only momentarily, to a disgust with shopping, and, we should pray, the assistants themselves to disgust with their own conditions. In his introduction Mr. Wells expresses his doubts about the efficacy of the remedies proposed by the author, the abolition of the living-in system for example. He is for rebellion—“rather die” than endure the ignominy. But he has lingering hopes of a revolution. “The judgment may be sound, but the mode of expressing it almost makes it unsound.” “Bursting,” too, is a word Mr. Strachey is fond of using to express exuberance; but in no careful work on French Literature would such a word be used more than once. Mr. Strachey’s advocacy, however, has its value in the case of Racine—that so incomprehensible genius to English critics. Almost he persuades us to revise the verdict of Matthew Arnold.

The School. By Prof. J. J. Findlay. Home University Library. (Williams and Norgate. 15. and 2s. 6d. net.)

Educational theory is not susceptible at the present time of summary presentation. The attrition of Spencer’s system is still in progress, but nothing new has arisen to take its place. A theory is called scientific when the hero of it is untroubling to the learnt; the hero of any other system is a non-hero. Wells’ assistance one such shop could be discovered by Mr. Paine.

Thoughts on Education. From Matthew Arnold. Edited by Leonard Huxley. (Smith, Elder. 5s. net.)

The present writer has long cherished a large notebook in which he copied down the Thoughts of Education scattered through the writings of Matthew Arnold. But Mr. Leonard Huxley’s volume, printed and edited with taste, and almost exhaustive in its selection, makes the former store superfluous; it is destroyed. At a time like the present, when educational theory is in the melting pot, the thoughts of our greatest national educationist are particularly valuable. In his own day Arnold felt himself a voice crying in the wilderness. His situation was worse, for from the current of national desire had set definitely against him. It was all Huxley and Spencer, all science and materialism. Letters and culture, the knowing the best the world has said and thought and done, were destined to be neglected. When the moment comes perhaps the moment is soon coming when these things will again be realised as a necessity, when that “other bread” of which the raw disciples of progress have no knowledge, will be known as indispensable. And as a guide in this direction, Mr. Fowler’s summary is invaluable. The selection made from his pensées on these subjects by Mr. Leonard Huxley (how significant and fitting!) is admirable. Our own readers can scarcely fail to find the volume both pleasurable and profitable.

Landmarks in French Literature. By G. L. Strachey. Home University Library. (Williams and Norgate. 15. and 2s. 6d. net.)

As an introductory survey of French Literature this volume has many merits. Its author is evidently an enthusiast, and his enthusiasm is infectious. We ourselves were compelled more than once to turn to our French authors and to dispute or to confirm Mr. Strachey’s encomiums or criticisms. It would be easy to quarrel with Mr. Strachey in regard to several of his major judgments, and this we should do more readily if he somewhat journalistic style pleased us on our guard against accepting his verdicts with confidence. How, for example, could we feel quite safe with a critic who writes thus of Pascal: “In sheer genius Pascal ranks among the very greatest men who have ever lived upon this earth”? The judgment may be sound, but the mode of expressing it almost makes it unsound. “Bursting,” too, is a word Mr. Strachey is fond of using to express exuberance; but in no careful work on French Literature would such a word be used more than once. Mr. Strachey’s advocacy, however, has its value in the case of Racine—that so incomprehensible genius to English critics. Almost he persuades us to revise the verdict of Matthew Arnold.

Rome. By W. Warde Fowler. Home University Library. (Williams and Norgate. 15. and 2s. 6d. net.)

If there is rather more atmosphere of home than of the university in Mr. Fowler’s summary of the history of Rome, the faults of Education scattered through the writings of Matthew Arnold. But Mr. Leonard Huxley’s volume, printed and edited with taste, and almost exhaustive in its selection, makes the former store superfluous; it is destroyed. At a time like the present, when educational theory is in the melting pot, the thoughts of our greatest national educationist are particularly valuable. In his own day Arnold felt himself a voice crying in the wilderness. His situation was worse, for from the current of national desire had set definitely against him. It was all Huxley and Spencer, all science and materialism. Letters and culture, the knowing the best the world has said and thought and done, were destined to be neglected. When the moment comes perhaps the moment is soon coming when these things will again

be realised as a necessity, when that “other bread” of which the raw disciples of progress have no knowledge, will be known as indispensable. And as a guide in this direction, Mr. Fowler’s summary is invaluable. The selection made from his pensées on these subjects by Mr. Leonard Huxley (how significant and fitting!) is admirable. Our own readers can scarcely fail to find the volume both pleasurable and profitable.

Landmarks in French Literature. By G. L. Strachey. Home University Library. (Williams and Norgate. 15. and 2s. 6d. net.)

As an introductory survey of French Literature this volume has many merits. Its author is evidently an enthusiast, and his enthusiasm is infectious. We ourselves were compelled more than once to turn to our French authors and to dispute or to confirm Mr. Strachey’s encomiums or criticisms. It would be easy to quarrel with Mr. Strachey in regard to several of his major judgments, and this we should do more readily if he somewhat journalistic style pleased us on our guard against accepting his verdicts with confidence. How, for example, could we feel quite safe with a critic who writes thus of Pascal: “In sheer genius Pascal ranks among the very greatest men who have ever lived upon this earth”? The judgment may be sound, but the mode of expressing it almost makes it unsound. “Bursting,” too, is a word Mr. Strachey is fond of using to express exuberance; but in no careful work on French Literature would such a word be used more than once. Mr. Strachey’s advocacy, however, has its value in the case of Racine—that so incomprehensible genius to English critics. Almost he persuades us to revise the verdict of Matthew Arnold.

The School. By Prof. J. J. Findlay. Home University Library. (Williams and Norgate. 15. and 2s. 6d. net.)

Educational theory is not susceptible at the present time of summary presentation. The attrition of Spencer’s system is still in progress, but nothing new has arisen to take its place. A theory is called scientific when the hero of it is untroubling to the learnt; the hero of any other system is a non-hero. Wells’ assistance one such shop could be discovered by Mr. Paine.

Thoughts on Education. From Matthew Arnold. Edited by Leonard Huxley. (Smith, Elder. 5s. net.)

The present writer has long cherished a large notebook in which he copied down the Thoughts of Education scattered through the writings of Matthew Arnold. But Mr. Leonard Huxley’s volume, printed and edited with taste, and almost exhaustive in its selection, makes the former store superfluous; it is destroyed. At a time like the present, when educational theory is in the melting pot, the thoughts of our greatest national educationist are particularly valuable. In his own day Arnold felt himself a voice crying in the wilderness. His situation was worse, for from the current of national desire had set definitely against him. It was all Huxley and Spencer, all science and materialism. Letters and culture, the knowing the best the world has said and thought and done, were destined to be neglected. When the moment comes perhaps the moment is soon coming when these things will again
The Practical Journalist.

A Vade-Mecum for Aspirants.

Continued by C. E. Bechofer.

No. IX.

THE MODEL SPORTING NOTES.

(by remulus.)

All friends of British sport will be interested to hear that Mr. Thomas ("Tomy") Bodgers, until recently chief program-boy at the Bloomsbury Vikings' football ground, is engaged to be married. The name of the bride-elect is unfortunately not to hand. We wish the popular young Benedict all happiness, and hope that Hymen will gain what Sport will lose. Photo on page 8.

I was rather amused on opening my correspondence to-day to find a letter from "Troubled" (Tooting), complaining that I have not given a winner among my daily selections since he has taken in this paper. Does "Troubled" (Tooting) expect winners every day? He must be a comparatively new reader or he would know that to-day is the anniversary of my most recent success. I predicted Matthew Arnold, who achieved a memorable victory in the Electro Plate Cup over a field composed of Sweet Anised and Mr. Sally Jodel's "Scots wha' Hae", romping home at 8 to 1 on, as certain for a place. "Troubled" (Tooting) still unsatisfied?

* * * *

On behalf of the proprietors and directors of The Daily Depress, many of whom have given me in broken English personal tokens of their sorrow, I beg to here-with tender a formal apology to Messrs. Lopear and Swindler, of Lucerne, Switzerland (Continental postage rates), the world-famous commission agents, for having taken the word of honor of "Defrauded" (Bournemouth), "Done Brown" (Newcastle), "Fool'd Again" (Fulham), and several others against their own. I can only express my deep regret and the hope that this very deserving firm will not withdraw its esteemed advertisement from this journal.

* * * *

QUINLEY V. CROSSTON COUNTY.

SMITH PROMINENT IN WELL-FOUGHT GAME.

The climatic conditions were not of the best yesterday, but the approach leading to the Blasphemy Square enclosure, where Crosston were due to visit Quinley for the replay of Saturday's drawn "Coop"-tie, presented the customary animated scenes. Half an hour before the kick-off several policemen were in attendance, and shortly before the whistle began the turnstile was clicking merrily. As the Quinley officials neglected to provide me with a program, I naturally disdained from purchasing one, having not the wherewithal thereto, and after therefore unable to state whether the teams lined up as follows:

The Coons won the toss and Smith kicked off for the Squints amid a hurricane of cheers, who were immediately conspicuous by a very promising effort which was spoiled at the crucial crux by offside against the home goalie, who, securing possession, cleared his lines with a fast low drive, beating his own custodian to the goal. However, he kicked over. At this juncture a short stoppage was necessitated by the referee, after a sparkling run the whole length of the field of play, having the misfortune to strike his head against the cross-bar, sustaining a slight concussion of the brain. This caused considerable fun among the crowd, who were in true holiday humour.

The Squints Equalised. It was a ding-dong struggle now, and signs were not lacking that Smith, though inclined to hang on to the leather too long, was in a scoring mood. The Squints were rarely in the picture. At the other end Smith, after a race for possession, pounced on it and sped for the objective. When, however, within shooting distance he found, to his obvious disgust, that he had forgotten to bring the desideratum with him. He was therefore ordered off the field, and the Squints settled down to artistic football, though some of the foils were in bad taste and quite unnecessary. After a save of the sensational order, Smith relieved the pressure on the home custodian, belting the ball from wing to wing. However, he kicked over. At this juncture a short stoppage was necessitated by the referee, after a sparking run the whole length of the field of play, having the misfortune to strike his head against the cross-bar, sustaining a slight concussion of the brain. This caused considerable fun among the crowd, who were in true holiday humour.

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TOM-JOHNSON writes on: "What I Like in the National Academy," and "How I Cultivate Roses."
Pastiche.

MEDITATIONS. By Alfred P. Beegz.

I.—Thoughts of an elector in West Marylebone on the L.C.C. by-election.

Good Heavons! Who is Miss Jevons? And who the devil is Lord Greville?

II.—Thoughts and atavistic aspirations of a British schoolboy after reading the Contes Drolatiques.

O I wish I were a page in that good age
When they had whatever they wished for,
And the things they did because they were bid
Were the things that we get swished for.

III.—Thoughts of Lloyd-George.

There once was a man who did good deeds
And ministered to others' needs
Because he felt he ought.

For several years he played this part,
But there came the natural end;
They found him dead with a dagger in his heart,
Inserted by a friend.

IV.—Thoughts of a native of Bechuanaland, with a taste for botany, who had been sent off at an early age to St. Kilda, where he had ever since resided with a respectable and kindly but very sedentary family of that island.

I am only a poor negro.
But I should like to see a tree grow.

WE COME DOWN TO A HALFPENNY.

(With apologies to the "English Review," "C.E.B.," and "The New Aok.")

He flung his pipe under a bench in the four-ale bar of the "Royal George," burst into popular song, dug his short, thickset companion in the ribs, did a double-shuffle in the sawdust, then danced up to the counter in a manner peculiar to the British natty for "two o' four-arf, and don't blow the froth orf." Having settled themselves comfortably upon the corner bench they drained their cans with a tidy bit better nor the "Shepherd's Bush." They found him dead with a dagger in his heart, Inserted by a friend. 'ot; that's wot I calls politics, that is.

A childlike smile lighted Bill's countenance. "It's a noo piper," he explained, taking it from his pocket and spread- ing it out upon the bench. "A tidy bit better nor the 'Star,' an' it don't arf do it dahn on Lloyd Gorge, it don't. Just cast yer peepers on this." He stuck his finger upon a paragraph. His friend read it laboriously, then slapped his word. Don't say 'He killed her and he was sane at the time.' Say 'Guilty.' D'ye hear?"

The foreman of the jury was understood to mention the word "psychology."" Mr. Justice Dedley: Nonsense, it couldn't have been his blood.

The foreman then said that one of prisoner's aunts had been just like him, and that it must be something in his blood.

Mr. Justice Dedley: In his blood; in his blood? Well, we'll see. Go on, get out!"

The jury retired, and without waiting for their return, the judge adjusted the black cap, and said: "Shorthorn Bull, I condemn you to climb up on to a scaffold and to be dropped into death, one of these fine mornings early, after a nice hot cup of tea. But first you're to sit all alone after a nice hot cup of tea. But first you're to sit all alone in a cell a score of days—and one more for fun—that you may have time to repent and prepare to leave life with a jerk. Then your guilty soul will go to everlasting hell. Think about it. Blood upon it! God have mercy on your blood." Amen." C. E. B.

MORE DIPLOMACY.

Said Bonar Law to his radiant self, "I'm going strong at last; I've passed the Bill, I've damned the Bill, I've made a glorious maiden speech, So now it seems it's up to me to say that he meant to have her blood? It is no answer to say he was pushed. Retire and shorten your verdict to one word. Don't say, 'He killed her and he was sane at the time.' Say 'Guilty.' D'ye hear?"

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A FABLE.

"From the way you talk," said the Anti-Socialist, "any- one would think that Socialism was a thing that an ordinary citizen could talk about sensibly, like the police, or the Post Office, or telephones, or tramways, or the railways. But it isn't. It doesn't exist. It's nothing but a base, materialistic cult of the Devil, a chimerical labyrinth, a Utopian leviathan, a beautiful dream."
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE INSURANCE BILL.

Sir,—While agreeing heartily, as one breathing glads arms to a dawn of reason, with the writer of "Notes of the Week" in his splendid diatribe against the iniquities of the Insurance Bill, I cannot recall any criticism on his part of the purely external aspect of the measure, how to become law. Obviously—at least, it so appears to me—perhaps not fully-enlightened mind—i and my fellow-workers will have to pay 9d. per week for a 10s. per week sick benefit and a few plausible but practically useless oddments thrown in; which, compared with the terms of our existing provident institutions, to say the least of it, is damned bad business.

I have said I shall have to pay 9d. per week for such benefits as are extended by the present State Insurance impost—we pay it. And then the State's share is again our indirect responsibility. So we practically pay the lot; and again we say, "Damned bad biz."

I feel I am perhaps talking in the dark; some wise contributor to "Pall Mall Gazette," the gentleman who is so excessively down trodden minorities an equal voice with themselves. On the Parliamentary Committee of the Congress only one member is allowed for any union, however large. What proportion than representation in the proposals of the P.R.

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

Sir,—Mr. Topley's treatises on this subject are as superfluous as the system he is advocating. It does not appear to be known to him, but proportional representation is an instrument of democracy has been tried, not merely in Tasmania and Belgium, but in England, and not politically, but industrially. I refer to the case of the Trades Union Congress and its earlier executive committee, on which in those days the various unions were represented in strict proportion to their numbers. Nothing,鲜明, Mr. Topley's view, could be more perfect until the P.R. put them into practice. Not only was the representation proportional, but the constituency was single. What more could the heart of democracy ask to their numbers. Nothing, from Mr. Topley's position... What Ireland wants above all is not twenty years of firm and resolute government against which for ninety years already she has carried on a wasting if necessary struggle, but twenty years of may be wide enough to afford a peaceful outlet for all the energies of the Irish people. If a Home Rule Parliament finds within a few weeks or a few months after the opening of its first session, that it has to go to the Imperial Parliament for further powers to deal with important questions, we shall be all returning in the same old circle of endless agitation again. If Ireland is to have only a big Board of Beadles, liable to be hauled over the coals every day on every little point, and the Imperial Parliament, the last state of that country would be worse than the first.

Upon that point there is absolutely no difference of opinion amongst Irishmen. There could be no difference amongst them. Others may profess to be perfectly in accord with me regarding this happy conclusion of reasonable finality as indispensable to any Home Rule Bill, in the interest of England and Ireland alike. But it is Irishmen alone who know the exigencies of Ireland and what extent of legislative authority will be sufficient to cover the exigencies, and Irishmen are agreed that a Home Rule Bill without the control of the hand and police will settle nothing.

There is no security that with a Tory Government in power in an Imperial Parliament the Royal Irish Constabulary might not become a death-dealing all as an insult to a so-called self-governed Ireland.

With his change of colour from Green to Orange Mr. Garvin has committed himself to the great "Pall of '98" to "Croppies Lie Down." Still it is not hard to detect the source of its origin: his present antics are so unordinary, that even an unenlightened Orangeman must be able to follow, by his present antics are so unordinary, that even an unenlightened Orangeman must smell that least desirable of all persons—a convert. When Garvin was an "Hillsider" he used to advise us to "watch for the whites of our enemies' eyes and blaze away." But since he became a "Last Ditcher," and took service under Carson and the lambs of Sandy Row, he can raise nothing but twenty years of such government as may be.

When Garvin was an "Hillsider" he used to advise us to "watch for the whites of our enemies' eyes and blaze away." But since he became a "Last Ditcher," and took service under Carson and the lambs of Sandy Row, he can raise nothing more terrible than the blast of the ball. Mr. Garvin has committed himself to the great "Pall of '98" to "Croppies Lie Down." Still it is not hard to detect the source of its origin: his present antics are so unordinary, that even an unenlightened Orangeman must smell that least desirable of all persons—a convert.
the platform there is something in his character and per-
some England to partake in the progress of an ancient nation. He
is winning votes every day just because he is there. You
cannot quite tell how he does it. He just does it."
Mr. Garvin eventually sells his pen to another party he will
speak of. Mr. Law had been contemptuously as he
spoke of Unionism and the leaders whose place Mr. Law
now occupies.—

J. L. GARVIN, ANTI-UNIONIST.

Newcastle, October 1, 1891.

"Mr. Balfour has no new cant, and he has
really failed as completely as his great predecessor,
though his insincerity and dialectical dexterity enabled
him to carry his ball before he was off. But if we
not dispute the irrelevant contention that he has not facilitated
the collection of rent, but nobody else can dispute the
very relevant contention that coercion has not won
popular support for the Unionist cause, and that five
years of its operation leaves the National sentiment of
Ireland unchanged and unchangeable. The Unionist
game is up, and it is only slaying the slender for Ireland
themselves to waste their energies further in denouncing a party
which can do no more than criticise the next Home Rule
Bill."

Carson and Co. are welcome to take their ideas from
the author of that last sentence.

* * *

PETER FANNING.

MODERN EUROPEAN HISTORY IN ASIA.

Sir,—When I observe the events of the present day in the
awakening and growth of the National sentiment of
European nations in that continent. Asia still has life, and,
unlike Africa, has its future. When I behold the foreign
invasion and the pillage of our ancient cities, I am not entirely satisfied with the conduct of
European country to interfere, either externally or inter-
inside, with the administration of any Asiatic country to
which it has not the least natural claim. Much more do I
protest against England's conduct in Persia and China.
Readers know what the foreign policy of England with
Persia has resulted in; observers know the prominent actor
in that deplorable and heart-rending tragedy. When the
Persians have been forced to the front. Even in countries like Turkey
and China a new spirit of rebellion has awakened among
women. In some countries the women are going far beyond
their English examples. The first use Norwegian women
made of the franchise was to pass the easiest divorce law
in the world. If Mrs. Pankhurst could hear such discus-
sions as I have heard in American suffrage households, it
would be almost enough to bring her to her grave. How-
ever, English women, although perhaps the stupidest in
the world, are also the bravest; and there can be no doubt
that their rowdiness has done infinitely more to awaken the women of the whole world than any amount of logical
reasoning could have done.

I may say that Mrs. Humphry Ward is completely mis-
taken in her contention that the spirit of rebellion of American
women is getting less than the municipal suffrage.
Every woman who has been enfranchised in America has a
vote for the President of the United States more than a recent
measure of the United States House of Representatives. Each State
is allowed so many Presidential electors and so many Repre-
sentatives in the House, and can choose those representatives
by any franchise it likes.

* * *

PETER FANNING.

CREDIT.

Sir,—Why will not our cutting-reformers build upward
from the ground instead of downward from the clouds? In
reasoning with us non-bankers, let them proceed from the
knowledge that they have no bank-notes, and that their
banks, foreign exchanges, nor yet of discount and gilt-edged
securities.

But we do know the meaning of Barter, of Money, and
of Credit. By barter we mean a complete transaction,
in which one thing is exchanged for another. Thus I give
a horse in exchange for a violin, and the transaction is
over. Or I give a horse in exchange for thirty pieces of
gold or of silver or of pig-iron. The transaction is over.
This also is barter; though for some occult reason, some
people seem to believe that if, instead of giving a horse,
hides, I receive pieces of certain metals stamped by the
State, this is not barter, but sale and purchase. This is a
great mistake. For if the barter is only half-completed
concerned the deal is over and complete. There is no element of
credit. But if the pieces of gold or silver are not really
what they profess to be—if they are merely State promises
to pay, written or stamped on metal of no value or of
little value compared with their face-value (i.e., what they
represent), then it is a case of credit between me and the
State.

Nor is a transaction removed from the class Barter to the
class Credit by the mere fact that one of the things exchanged is a promise. If the promise is in such a form
so that the transaction is complete and done with, we have
a case of simple barter. Otherwise there could be no such
thing as a loan, or exchange by debt. But all forms of
defaulter have necessarily a mere babblement—a form of words uttered in
the presence of witnesses.

No line can be drawn between a conveyance by word of
mouth and a promise to pay or to render a service at some
future date. (Spare me, O lawyers!) The element of credit does not enter until the promise is
sanctioned by the State. If I give you a horse in January
on condition that you will cut my 20-acre field of hay next
June, the transaction is complete only when we call the
witness, to give the State, and to enforce the fulfilment of your promise.
A promise so sanctioned is called a contract. If when June
is over, you have not cut my hay, there is an end of
the matter: I cannot compel you. But if the State has sanc-
tioned the promise (raised it to the level of a contract),
then we are in the presence of a law enforceable by

* * *

SUNDARA RAJA.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

Sir,—Several times recently, and particularly in its issue of November 2nd, the New Age has been
most in the case of suffragettes. You have, however, discussed only a very
small part of the subject, viz., the influence of the suf-
fragettes within the British Isles. That influence very little
one way or another. The great fact about the suffragettes is that in all parts of every continent in the world they have
given a great stimulus to the woman suffrage move-
ment and to feminism in general.

Take the United States, for example. When the
suffragettes began their disturbances, they were outnumbered quite
dead. No State had passed a suffrage amendment
since 1866. Now it is the great movement of the day. Last
year Washington, the first woman suffrage by a vote of
$7,500 to 29,000, and this year it went through in California,
a very large and influential State. It is universally conceded that in a very few years every State in Missis-
issippi will enfranchise its women. It is also conceded
by everybody that the English suffragettes have been the
cause of many votes. I am well acquainted with a number of
women who led the successful movements in California and Washington, and every one of them has a boundless admira-
tion for the suffragettes, and admits that the American
suffragettes owe everything to them.

The same thing may be said of every other country.
Norway and Sweden, and perhaps Denmark and Sweden and
Denmark and Sweden are on the eve of doing so.
Everywhere else the movement is growing enormously, and in
every case the stimulus has come from the English
suffragettes. Moreover, the whole subject of feminism has been forced to the front. Even in countries like Turkey
and China a new spirit of rebellion has awakened among
women. In some countries the women are going far beyond
their English examples. The first use Norwegian women
made of the franchise was to pass the easiest divorce law
in the world. If Mrs. Pankhurst could hear such discus-
sions as I have heard in American suffrage households, it
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is allowed so many Presidential electors and so many Repre-
sentatives in the House, and can choose those representatives
by any franchise it likes.

* * *

R. B. KERR.
passes to me at once, and the promise is an actual conveyance of the sheep, equal to a delivery. In such a case there is no question of credit, and if the promise is not on your part, but on the promise of the State to compel you to fulfil your promise—a far more negotiable asset!

Note well that the distinction between Barter and sale is not based on whether one of the articles exchanged is Money or not, but whether there is an element of credit in the transaction.

Money is the most common, usual, popular, customary, universal, general and acceptable Barter-commodity. The value of money over and above its intrinsic value as demonetised metal is due to the fact that it is so readily accepted in exchange for anything whatever. And the several reasons why it so readily accepted are pretty obvious and easily stated. So long as any substance, such as platinum, gold or tin is so used, circulated and demanded for this purpose, it is clearly a trade. It falls into the class of accidentally-consumed as opposed to essentially-consumed; for the less it is consumed in the process, the better. The less it is consumed the greater the value, as in the case of wheelbarrows.

He who can trade on credit will do so, unless he can trade more cheaply by using money. In that case he will use money, and willingly pay for its use—because it will cost him less than credit.

Currency is a cloud-word which should only be used colloquially. It is a quality of degree. Goods are of every degree of currency from an English half-sovereign to the patent-right of an untried invention.

A note simmering away at a future date named may or may not be currency; that is to say, it may or may not be freely current in the open market. An IOU may be freely current in a certain club. A cheque may or might be current in a certain village or neighbourhood. A bill of exchange may circulate readily within a given business area such as London, and a cheque of England is so current that it is frequently preferred to the gold it represents, because of its portability.

Personality, in the term "currency", as a technical term are to be shunned in argument, as dealers in quack nomenclature like astrologers and alchemists. They do not even believe that they understand their own language. A man may be a clever bankrupt or a smart stockbroker without understanding half the words he uses or the principles upon which he works. If writers on banking reform will use the words Barter and Sale, Money and Credit, Promissory Note and Contract, and also Currency in the sense defined above, it will be possible to discuss the question with them.

Otherwise it seems to me that they will have to call us all that we don't know, and we're expected to take

Sir,—I have recently been perusing "The Tao-Teh King," or "Prophet written about two thousand five hundred years ago by Lao-tsz, at the request of the officer in charge of the pass, in the then western frontier of China," by J. H. Perring. I cannot but admire the thoroughness with which the text is rendered from the original Chinese. The text is of the highest fidelity, and is done without the least of the common errors which often mar an admirable translation.

What do magistrates know about the law? They know that sentences they can give, and how much they can fine ee, and that's about all.

Of benevolence: "And I've just gived 'em sixpence for a couple of quarts of cider," he says. "Tell 'ee, sure; you ain't fit for to be a master if you slats about your hard-earned profits in that way."

I've seen many a case 'specially where people took a child for pay, and then when the pay com'd to an end, like it does often, they kept the child for nort or half, because they had got quite too big to do it if they've got to be registered and inspected. "They don't give tawny entertainments to children unless they want something out of them, religion, or teetotal, or summum, if it's not money."

Of learning: "'Tis how to make use of what you learn is the thing. There's sort of people knows that well enough, but the likes of they there educated people they won't listen to us. They spoils our children; aye, and at our expense—I don't know we lets in the long run."

Of the manufactured articles: "They says they's gentlemen afo're they'm men, and wear starch collars and haec the likes of us touch our caps to 'em and call 'em sir. And they isn't no happier after that. They'm neither men nor gentlemen, they sort; and it is this here education that's all along? Thee's talking like one of they there gentlemen."

"Let 'em gie us a chance, and leave us to fight it out for ourselves."

"What's the matter wi'em is that there ain't no slaves nowadays."

Of the corruption of law: "'Tis the rivets [money] at the bottom o' it. 'Tis we keeps you lot going in the end."

Of legal documents: "Out with the shackles! We wants more money and they gives us more laws. They'm always passing summat that don't make things no better, but in the long run, an' only bad for us."

Of the meddlesomeness of those above: "Chill'rn's Charter do 'em call it? Mischief-maker's opportunity, I say."

"Inspect you! Aye, that's all their minds. Pretty turn out of it to have 'spections always buzzing round thee. They spectators always makes more mischief than they spect."

"Have 'em?—do 'em? How about going into people's houses who hasn't called in, an' didn't got no warrant? And they inspectors and such like is every bit as bad."

"The union of heaven and earth: 'You take notice that's all Revolutions is made. 'Twould be best in the end for the likes of you to give us the help we wants for to put things right. Cause we'm all depending on each other."'

The above is the translation by Mr. Stephen Reynolds from the veracious Mr. Dave Perring, in his book "Seems So."

Sir,—In THE NEW AGE for December 21 appears a translation of a chapter of a book by an anonymous German author which deals with the very open question, "Should Artists Marry?" The author asks the question, and regards as one point the author most objectionably carries forward the malicious inventions of Frau von Stein. This lady was thirty-three and the mother of seven children when Goethe first knew her. She never forgave Christiane—a young, charming woman—for supplanted her in Goethe's
heart. She constantly belittled Christiane with every opportunity, simply taking malign advantage of the fact that Christiane was Goethe's only child; as dear and satisfying a companion, and thus tender, as unselfish and sweet as ever man had. Incidentally, Goethe answered the foregoing question, "Should artists marry?" in the affirmative.

He did marry Christiane, and would have done so, practically, at once, but that the social disparity was too great. She would do no sort of harm to the man who had become her devoted lover; the great poet, the State minister. Six years after her death Goethe, whose father was an inebriate and at all times looked upon their association as a marriage. Karl August himself was godfather to the boy.

Christiane was not a blue-stocking, but neither was she uneducated. For she was written the "Roman Élegies" and the "Metamorphoses of Plants." Goethe followed his optical and botanical researches in her company. He says: "Wird doch nicht immer geküsst, es wird vernünftig gesprochen" ("Thus 'twas not always kissing, but sensible converse was ours.") It is the writer's belief that Goethe got much that he makes Magarete ("Faust") from Christiane. The simple, intense, untranslatable words which close Magarete's soliloquy at the well after Lichtenau deserts mar sufficiently enough, have been caught straight from Christiane's lips:--

"Doch--alles, was mich dazu trieb,
Gott, war so gut! ach, war so lieb!

For twelve weeks, whether unlawfully or lawfully, Christiane was Goethe's sweetheart, wife, and mother of his only child; as dear and satisfying a companion, as true and tender, as unselfish and sweet as ever man had.

So I withdrew the word, observing that if the picture did not contain emotion then it was logical. But that as I considered "logical art" an incompatible association of words in the present connection (being in fact almost a synonym for science), it did not seem to me a true answer to the riddle, and I invited Mr. Carter to supply a word (from the dictionary) which would meet the case. To this his reply is that there "is only one art." This seems to me what is commonly called "beauty in art." Goethe will now answer shortly: Is the essence of art that it should be Jovian or Dionysiac, or both, or neither? And if neither, then what?

LETTERS OF JUNIUS.

Sir,—Some few weeks ago there was an allusion in your paper to the candidature of Gibbon as the author of the Letters of Junius. The reading of this brought to my mind an article in maintenance of the Francis theory which I had once read in an old number of the "Cornhill Magazine." During the Christmas holidays I was able to obtain access to the volume in question. The article is called "A Few Words on Junius and Macaulay," and appeared in Volume I, page 257, 1860. The substance of it is as follows:

"In a letter in Woodfall's collection signed Bifrons which appeared in April 23, 1768, the writer accuses the Duke of Grafton of being a quack, and says he does not deeply read in authors of that professed title, but that he has seen Busenbaum Suares Molina and a score of other Jesuitical books burnt in Paris for their sound casuistry by the hands of the common hangman."

Now, assuming Bifrons to be Junius, when did the burning of these books take place? On August 7, in the court of the Queen's Royal; Let us consider the claims of the other candidates: Where was Lord Lyttleton on August 7, 1763?—An Eton boy enjoying his holidays.

Mr. Graham asks if I am dead. Though the publication of my "Complete Poetical Works" might lend some colour to his supposition, I hasten to assure him that I am not. I have as a matter of fact been occupied for some weeks with the publication of a small book of Bergson's, but I shall resume my "Notes" next week.

Mr. Graham's letter manages to raise most of the questions to which the whole of my "Notes," past and future, are confined, and I obviously cannot reply to it adequately here. There is, however, one quite simple misconception that can be dealt with at once. This misconception, stated in his own words, is: "M. Bergson has refuted mechanical determinism, but he leaves us with psychological determinism." Now the plain statement that Bergson had not succeeded in refuting psychological determinism could be quite legitimately maintained, but the statement contains in this quotation could not, for he has refuted anything at all it is certainly psychological determinism. In "Time and Free Will" Bergson outlines the course of argument he intends to pursue points out that the more obvious forms of determinism, the mechanistic, in reality rests on the psychological, and announces that the rest of the book will be an attempt to refute this psychological determinism. "There are two kinds of determinism, and two apparently different empirical proofs of universal necessity. We shall show that the second of these two forms is reducible to the first. Mechanical determinism or physical determinism, involves the psychological hypothesis."

NOTE ON BERGSON.

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