The position of the Cabinet in the matter of the coal dispute is pitiable if they are depending for advice upon either the party Press or Parliament. Neither of these great bodies of intelligence has a constructive proposal to offer, but all alike are loud in their exhortations of the Cabinet to do something or other. The "Times," the "Daily Mail," the Daily Chronicle, and the Daily News are particularly anxious for the Government to intervene at once. The "Daily Mail" counts every moment of non-intervention as lost, and issues orders as peremptorily to the unrest to cease as canute commanded the tide to ebb. But how and with what idea the Government is to intervene are patters of which in their perturbation these worthy journals do not sententiously certain that when all is over things will be as they were; but the direction in which they move will be the defeat of the public, for, by every fair line of argument, the settlement must not only be real and reasonably permanent, but it must concede the principle of the Minimum Wage. For this demand of the men it is certain that the public are more responsible than the men themselves. The men (God bless 'em!) would never have dreamed of demanding so humane and intelligent a privilege if the best minds of the public had not put it into their heads. Over a period of now, at least, twenty years the doctrine of the Minimum Wage has been preached, not merely by agitators and Socialists, but by every intelligent writer, speaker, and journalist. The doctrine appears as a dogma in the strangest places. In the House of Lords it may fairly be described as rampant. Sir Arthur Markham has preached it for years in the House of Commons and out of it. Church congresses, social welfare conferences, Nonconformist assemblies, Liberal newspapers, Unionist journals, sociologists, eugenists, atheists, tinkers, tailors, etc., etc.—they have all been at it. Except in first-class carriages after a bad day in the City you will never hear a word spoken against the principle of the Minimum Wage. If the principle alone were in dispute at this moment (and we are sadly afraid that practice is not yet in question) the decision of the Cabinet in the public has long ago been made. The defeat of the men will be the defeat of the public, for, by every fair line of thought, the men are fighting the public's battle quite as much as their own.

Principle, however, is good enough material to produce a glow at academic discussions of Social Reform and the Regeneration of the British Masses. But the wealth that puts the community in hourly jeopardy of its familiar materials of life, and nobody can be more indulgent than the vast body of private citizens over whose backs the battles of Labour and Capital are fought. Almost any means of settling these everlasting disputes would be acceptable to the public on the single condition that they were actually means of settlement. But we have had enough of the cry of peace, peace, peace, when there is no peace. The settlements recently conjured by Mr. Lloyd George in the South Wales coal-fields and on the railways, and for which the public paid him in popularity salutes of twenty or so guns (taking advantage of which Mr. Lloyd George instantly turned dictator and rammed down our throats our Insurance Act), those settlements, we say, have proved to be mere putty and paint—the first touch of nasty weather and the cracks appear. If the same kind of settlement is to be reached in the coal dispute, anxious as the public is for a settlement, the public would rather be without it. Muddle we may, and muddle shall we allow our amateur statesmen to do; but muddle through and not further in we must. A further consideration is that the settlement must not only be real and reasonable, it must concede the principle of the Minimum Wage. For this demand of the men it is certain that the public are more responsible than the men themselves. The men (God bless 'em!) would never have dreamed of demanding so humane and intelligent a privilege if the best minds of the public had not put it into their heads. Over a period of now, at least, twenty years the doctrine of the Minimum Wage has been preached, not merely by agitators and Socialists, but by every intelligent writer, speaker, and journalist. The doctrine appears as a dogma in the strangest places. In the House of Lords it may fairly be described as rampant. Sir Arthur Markham has preached it for years in the House of Commons and out of it. Church congresses, social welfare conferences, Nonconformist assemblies, Liberal newspapers, Unionist journals, sociologists, eugenists, atheists, tinkers, tailors, etc., etc.—they have all been at it. Except in first-class carriages after a bad day in the City you will never hear a word spoken against the principle of the Minimum Wage. If the principle alone were in dispute at this moment (and we are sadly afraid that practice is not yet in question) the decision of the Cabinet in the public has long ago been made. The defeat of the men will be the defeat of the public, for, by every fair line of thought, the men are fighting the public's battle quite as much as their own.
rule is in the application. How, in Queen Whim's phrase, to wash asses' ears without losing soap—that is the question. How only wages could be raised without reducing dividends, if only the poor could be made richer without the rich being made poorer, none would be more eager to put the principle of the Minimum Wage into practice than our wealthy railway directors. We believe, however, that the miracle can under certain conditions be performed. National production in this country is still miserably small. In 1907, a year of what the Spectator "would call prosperity, our total national output amounted to only about a thousand million pounds' value, a wretched twenty or so pounds per head. No probable change in wages would be likely to be of any account. The contrary, indeed, will arise from better wages and conditions of work; and, as a result, the railways, to the coal merchants who bring it to our doors. At its present yield the coal industry, if its profit is identical to the profit earned on the railways, the coal owners would be able to pay a high price for the coal, and as such would be able to purchase their own land for the use of small holders. The prospective tenant is whether the remainder is fair compensation for the whole cost is not thrown upon the industry itself. With the current conceptions of public finance, however, this fairness is the last thing to be expected. The conditions of purchase of the private telephones have been a scandal, and it is by the conditions on which such a purchase is made that the fairness of the Minimum Wage is tested. To avoid this it is necessary to realise clearly and to insist on Parliament realising that monopolies which have been merely permitted to grow up are not entitled to be bought at monopoly rates. In other words, compensation for the abandonment of a monopoly should in no case be paid by the nation. Secondly, we object entirely to the creation of a sinking-fund by means of which the men employed in any industry when it is taken over by the State pay the whole purchase price out of their wages. It is obvious that purchase by the State on these terms is merely the acquisition of property at the cost of the men. Thirdly, we are unable to find the money. Look, for example, at the proposals recently made for the municipalisation of land for the use of small holders. The prospective tenants are not only to pay an annual rent (which would be necessary even under Socialism), but in addition are to contribute to a fund which will ultimately purchase the land for the County Councils. But why should they pay for land which becomes, not their own, but public property? It is enough if they pay a fair rent calculated on the value of the land. The objection may be raised that the public authority has no other means of purchase than that the cost on the particulars whose industry is involved. From this point of view it is considered reasonable to have if the railways and mines are nationalised the purchase price should be paid by the respective industries; over a period of, say, twenty-five years, the men must be prepared to accept reduced wages in order that out of profits a sinking-fund may be provided to discharge the original loan: a preposterous proposition! What ought to be done when the State purchases any great undertaking is to raise a special tax on the wealthy for the specific purpose of purchase. Railway and mine nationalisation, for example, should be carried out by a special super-tax, which would set these industries free from debt at the very start. On no other terms is nationalisation a profitable investment for the men engaged in the nationalised industries.
the same. As a result of the enormous taxation which Mr. Lloyd George has levied the State should now be one of the wealthiest in the world. It should be able to purchase the railways from the railway companies, a good part of the land of England. On the contrary, however, Mr. Lloyd George will leave England as poor as he found it. He has compelled her to “live up” to her income, with the result that she has not a penny with which to purchase a single large monopoly. And the proposal to levy a special tax for the purchase of the railways and mines would probably fill Mr. Lloyd George with horror. Short of nationalisation, however, what is there that the State cannot do in the matter of the existing labour unrest? In the Commons on Thursday and in the House of Lords on Wednesday a good many references were made to the device of co-partnery. The labour unrest, it was said, is due to the fact that the men have no interest in the profits of their industries. A system of profit-sharing, voluntarily established by the masters, would consolidate labour and capital by appealing equally to the cupidity of both. The trouble is that it is to request, compel, or persuade the masters to take their industries. A system of profit-sharing, voluntarily established by the masters, would consolidate labour and capital by appealing equally to the cupidity of both. The trouble is that it is to request, compel, or persuade the masters to take into co-partnership and to divide the spoils in the ratio of the shares invested in the business.

We may say at once that this is a form of co-partnery with which the unions, for very good reasons, will have nothing to do. Apart from the obvious reflection that the conditions of such a co-partnery would be exclusively determined by the masters, experience has clearly proved that its effect is to break up the unions first, and afterwards to ruin the men singly. Cases were cited in the debate of successful experiments in this form of co-partnery in South London and in Lancashire; but, as Mr. Keir Hardie pointed out, the hours of labour have been increased, and the wages of the latter we know only what Mr. Taylor chooses to tell us. Mr. Pierpont Morgan’s Steel Trust, however, has sufficiently illustrated the effects of co-partnery of this kind to constitute a classic example and a standing warning. Recent disclosures have acquainted us with the fact that 65 per cent. of the men engaged in making and keeping Mr. Morgan a multi-millionaire receive less than a living wage. His own general manager, Judge Gary, admitted last week that “We men of great power, have not always done right.” He compared the existing discontent in American steel labour circles with the discontent that preceded the French Revolution, and added that “voluntarily for social gain, the form of the work of change would be carried out in America by a revolutionary mob. Yet the point to observe is that the Steel Trust is profit-sharing in the same sense in which profit-sharing would be conducted in the case of a business, a bonus is given to a selected number of workmen according to the value put upon their “loyalty” by the managers of the Trust. In Mr. Morgan’s own words, bonuses proportionate to profits are paid by the Trust “to those who show a proper interest in its welfare and progress.” We do not need to be told after this that men’s unions in the steel works are practically non-existent. But you might as well ask Germany to disband her Army or England to scrap her Navy as expect English trade unionists to abandon unionism.

Whatever system of profit sharing may be adopted in England, it is certain that it will not be Mr. Morgan’s system with the consent of English unions. A system of profit-sharing which could be devised which far from weakening the unions, will tend to strengthen them; and we suggest to Lord Furness and Lord Hugh Cecil—both of whom advocated profit-sharing—that the safe line to proceed is to associate their unions with the masters as representatives of the shareholders. After all, that is the natural development of the trade union in principle as well as in practice. Formed originally to protect and improve their wages and conditions, they have gradually by experience step by step nearer to the boards of directors. Exactly as politically the proletariat have been forced by events to make an assault on the seat of sovereign power—the Cabinet itself—industrially they are being led to aim at joint control through their representatives with their “masters” on all the great boards of industrial organisation. And when we speak of co-partnery as the next step in industrial evolution it is this form that we have in mind, not the feeble imitation of the unions, of Mr. Morgan in America or of Lord Hugh Cecil in England. We may even go further and say that, Minimum Wage or no Minimum Wage, this association on equal terms in management (which is practically profit-sharing) is invaluable. For if it is to happen, it is certain now that the trade unions will grow in strength, and their demands will be proportionate to their power. They may perhaps be defeated this year, as they were defeated in 1911; they may be defeated next year, but it is merely a question of time when they win. And what form, then, do our readers foresee that industry will take? To concede a Minimum Wage will not then be enough, even if its concession should stop the threat of the present strike; for it must be remembered that the Minimum Wage, established in principle, will need to be maintained in fact. Suppose, for example, that as a result of Government pressure the coal owners within the next few days accept universally the principle of the Minimum Wage to see that that principle is applied? The coal managers may be trusted to see that a Minimum Day’s work is done before the Minimum Day’s wage is paid; but only the association of the men themselves in the management will ensure that what is being given is what is being taken from them with the other. Horrible injustices to the young, infirm and old may be expected if the Minimum wage is established at the sole discretion of the masters. Nothing less than its administration by the men jointly with the owners will satisfy us that even the concession of the Minimum Wage is not at least a curse as well as a blessing.

This is perhaps not the time to discuss with the “Eye-Witness” and the “Syndicalist” their respective objections to our proposals; for both of them are for the moment outside the narrow limits of the urgent practical problem of dealing with the immediate labour situation. The “Eye-Witness,” we conclude, has no other theory to advance than that we have already discussed—the theory of profit-sharing. Mr. Belloc appears to be of the opinion that unless the men hold individually some actual “property” in their industries, they are and must be servile slaves. But this notion of individual property is accurately described by the editor of the “Eye-Witness.” It is impossible in large industries, depending so much upon sub-division of labour, to allocate to each employee a proportionate share in the technical proprietorship. His share of the proceeds comes to him in the form of wages, the amount and conditions of which must be determined by himself in concert with his fellows and with the employers’ managers. Management, we say is property, and once associate a gild or union of men with the actual management of their industry and they may be relied upon to utilise their generally superior technical knowledge to obtain complete control. Until nationalisation substitutes the State example and sample for the trust, this co-management is obviously the best way out of the present difficulty. The theories of the “Syndicalist,” however, lie up another street. The first issue of the new journal makes it quite clear that Continental Syndicalism is a religion which men are inclined to organise from the base of Owenism will infallibly be repeated in the fate of Owen’s Syndicalism re-imported from France with a French name. Mr. Tom Mavin’s new journal lays it down that the object of the Syndicalists is to organise the workers to take over and run their industries themselves “in the interests of the whole community.”
But what guarantee is there that a thousand men banded together in a single industry will be less competitive in character or more concerned about “the interests of the whole community” than the existing boards of directors are? A thousand workmen are not more right than the masters; despotic power corrupts all bodies of men alike. The doctrine of Syndicalism, while not inopportune during a period of fierce discussion of industrial problems, offers society at large no good job in view of his position in the Medical Association. Not only, too, was Mr. Lister Stead’s. So, too, was the unduly postponed appointment of a director of the Pearl Company. The English public with a clumsy and costly poll-tax, the only object of which appears to be to produce the maximum irritation with the minimum benefits. Whether this year or in ten years’ time, the Act will be postponed until fifteen million people have been bled to the process save the compulsory alienation of the national treasurer. Are the Welsh members so eager to see the Welsh Radical members have improved their financial position. From the public point of view corruption is equally involved in financing the public Act—all open to examination and rendered void by political pressure! How comes it, then, that before the Bill was actually passed men carried appointments in their pockets? Turning from jobs to honours, the periodical pensions list has learned to describe as stinking. A good percentage of the knight-hoods, baronetcies, and peerages conferred by the fountain of honour in this country are for services rendered against their country by the recipients. What secret services they have rendered, the Devil and the party whips alone know; but that their reward is not on public grounds nobody but a fool can believe. Referring to the most recent instance of the unauthorised offer of a knighthood to a theatre-proprietor of Belfast, Lord Selborne (who surely knows) remarked that it was probably offered by a “limb of the party system,” and is only a fresh example of “the way the party system works.” We can well believe that the funds for the lectureships of the Insurance Commissioners are not derived from public sources; but corruption is equally involved in financing a public Act by means of secret and secretly-rewarded donations. In the end, the public pays.

Mr. Bonar Law was not the only politician to commit himself last week to a “certainty.” Addressing a meeting of Women Suffragists at the Albert Hall on Tuesday, Mr. MacDonald was asked if he would turn out the Government if they refused Women’s Suffrage when the Franchise Bill is introduced. “Certainly,” said Mr. MacDonald amid cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. The impression conveyed, no doubt, is that it was probably offered by a “limb of the party system,” and is only a fresh example of “the way the party system works.” We can well believe that the funds for the lectureships of the Insurance Commissioners are not derived from public sources; but corruption is equally involved in financing a public Act by means of secret and secretly-rewarded donations. In the end, the public pays.

Equally to be deplored, though more easily to be understood, was the Unionist failure to take up Mr. Asquith’s challenge to voluntary acceptance; and Mr. Bonar Law was well inspired by the moment’s spur to answer as he did. Unfortunately for his future career and reputation he allowed himself to be badgered by those numskulls, Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Walter Long, into treating from his manly position. In a letter to the Press, steaming hot from their oven, Mr. Law explained that what he had said he had not said. His promise of repeal was conditional on finding himself in power before the Act came into operation. If the happy event should be postponed until fifteen million people had been bled for a number of months or years he would amend it only. This withdrawal can only be described as both a crime and a blunder. It is surely a crime to permit a bad Act to continue in operation merely because it is on the Statute-book. Time will not sweeten the putrefaction the Insurance Act will introduce into our social life. On the contrary, the putrefaction will contaminate all our subsequent social legislation. Once definitely committed to the mad, bad method of compelling our citizens to the most recent instance of the unauthorised offer of a knighthood to a theatre-proprietor of Belfast, Lord Selborne (who surely knows) remarked that it was probably offered by a “limb of the party system,” and is only a fresh example of “the way the party system works.” We can well believe that the funds for the lectureships of the Insurance Commissioners are not derived from public sources; but corruption is equally involved in financing a public Act by means of secret and secretly-rewarded donations. In the end, the public pays.

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years now the Labour Party has held the Government in the hollow of its hand; for three years the Government has openly as well as secretly opposed every interest the Labour Party was sent to Westminster to preserve. On no single occasion has the Labour Party attempted to drive the Government out of office on any measure affecting their purely constituents. Is it likely that for the bright eyes of winnem Mr. Mac-Donald is "going to play that game" at this time of day? Read the following sentence from the Labour chairman's recent speech at Leicester: "What an unutterable shame if in time to come our children are to read . . . . what? That the Labour Party assisted Mr. Lloyd George to stamp out trade unionism or to sneak 4d. from men's wages? Read on: "...the assisted Russia to stamp out Russian nationality." If only our wage-slaves were in Persia, what a Labour Party we should have!

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

A hundred and ten Socialist members in the Reichstag, my boy! What would you first think of doing if you were in Bethmann-Hollweg's shoes? Apply for my pension! I thought so, my dear Verdad. You would recognise the hopelessness of the situation and scoot off to Rome like Biellow. And in the circumstances I should hardly be inclined to let you. It would be unwise.

What I should first think of doing, I believe you asked? Not secondly or thirdly, or seventeenthly, but first of all. Why? My boy! What would you first think

[The text continues with a discussion about politics, government, and personal reflections, including references to historical figures, political figures, and specific events.]
Grandiose futility on the platform or the tribune is picturesquely described by the Americans as "poppycock." There are a number of professors of the art in Parliament—Masterman, Byles, Ponsonby, Wedgwood and others—who are notorious for their sweet words to the democracy. But Mr. J. R. MacDonald stands out pre-eminent as the master of poppycock. His speech on the King's Speech was an excellent example. Mr. MacDonald is chairman of the Labour Party in Parliament, and in that capacity he had to make his party's amendment, which humbly represented to the King that the industrial unrest arises from a deplorable insufficiency of wages, and that the cure was to be found for it by "legislation securing a minimum living wage and for preventing a continuance of such unequal division of the fruits of industry by the nationalisation of railways, mines, and other monopolies." How did Mr. MacDonald deal with the subject? He first was very careful to conciliate his Liberal friends by arguing that things were much worse in countries that adopt fiscal protection. He then pleased the Liberals by an attack on Mr. Bonar Law. (The plain man may want to know what Protection or Mr. Bonar Law had to do with it. We can tell him. The "Times" report shows that this part of Mr. MacDonald's speech was punctuated with "Ministerial cheers.") Then followed some sententious observations upon the evils of low wages. Porters were getting 17s. 6d. a week; there were two million families in this country with an income of £45 per annum; between 1901 and 1911 there had been a drop of £57,500 per week in wages; there had been a rise in prices, particularly in coal, "and the Government sat on supinely allowing these things to be done." (As though the Government was likely to do anything else); "there were important political questions to be dealt with this session, but the matter of labour unrest could not be elbowed out;" "the House ought to play "a manful and useful part" in the struggle. Here the flow of poppycock came to an end and the orator gracefully subsided, having deeply impressed his Liberal and Labour friends that he was a sound Parliamentarian and a safe man.

The foregoing synopsis of Mr. MacDonald's speech is not quite complete. One passage must be given in its entirety:

In 1910 the wages of transport workers, excluding railwaymen, were increased by 13s. a week, and 3,000 people were affected. In 1911, owing to strikes, the 13s. became £12,000, and the people affected rose to 77,000. They could not shut their eyes to the moral to be drawn from that. It was because these men were beginning to see better—the enormous unfilled possibility of the human mind acting in a state of freedom—that we were hearing now not the cold counsels of men who could sit and hold on, but the too hasty, angry, and enraged counsels of men who had nothing which they could keep calm about.

This revelation of Mr. MacDonald's real mind ought surely to set some of his followers furiously thinking. Here are some fighting trade-unionists, who, by taking thought and striking, have added £600,000 a year to the wages of their group. Does the Labour Party's chairman congratulate them heartily on winning wages on a falling wage-market? No; it is the result of "too hasty, angry and enraged counsels." But the suspicion arises that Mr. MacDonald was speaking satirically. He was in sober earnest; for he went on to tell the Commons that in 1906 the Labour Party went all over the country telling working men that the strike was an antiquated weapon, and asking them to trust the House of Commons and to build up political power. The workers, according to Mr. MacDonald, adopted conciliation, but conciliation and Parliamentary methods were smashed by railway directors and lawyers. This type of man "had whistled up the worst elements in the labour movement of the present time." We now have it from Mr. MacDonald that the men who are not deceived by sham conciliation and impotent parliamentarism, men who uniquely stand out as having secured higher wages for their followers, are "the worst elements in the labour movement." Now this is not the gaucherie of a maladroit politician. Mr. MacDonald, like most of his colleagues, is heavy-handed and perversely dogmatic; but in this instance he plainly points to a fundamental difference between his own school and that of the industrial unionists, who are too often confused with the Syndicalists. Mr. MacDonald believes that everybody can be made reasonable and conciliatory by parliamentary discussion. He is seriously annoyed with the extremists who rigidly believe in the rights of property and are prepared to fight for them. They are supported by the law and the lawyers. Mr. MacDonald plaintively cries that "it is the red tape of the lawyer that stands between the people and the red flag of the Syndicalist." He thinks that the authority of Parliament will prove sufficient to achieve Socialism. He is imbued with the Parliamentary tradition. Every successful strike is a blow struck at his creed and his policy. More provoking still, he sees with dismay that the economic struggle continues, completely oblivious of Parliament and its futilities. Faced with the awkward fact that he is completely out of a fight in which he is supposed to be a prominent protagonist, he is thrown back upon a feeble meliorism that vaguely seeks to assert itself by calling for the nationalisation of monopolies and for a minimum wage. But until Parliament pays the minimum wage itself, we may rest assured that the only way it can be obtained is by the workers grabbing it for themselves, incited thereto by the most mischievous elements in the Labour movement." No doubt it is very wrong of them not to wait Mr. MacDonald's parliamentary pleasure and convenience, but they are not disposed to sleep under the narcotic influence of mere words and make-believe and Liberalism. The fight is transferred to the factory and the workshop, and Mr. MacDonald and his items are left high and dry with nothing to do except talk, draw their salaries and attitudinise on popular platforms.

To do Mr. MacDonald justice, he has never obscured his position. He is a politician pure and simple, to whom the economic struggle is a disquieting and disconcerting factor. He frankly admits that the advice of the Labour Party has not benefited wages by a farthing. The one wage advance on record he de- nounces because it succeeded in defiance of Parliamentary methods. Like all his tribe, his answer is always "not thus and not now." And that is why his speeches are jewelled with Ministerial cheers. The Liberals know their man, deep calls to deep. The kindest thing we can say about him is that he sincerely believes in poppycock. And the Labour movement has to choose between the cult of Mr. MacDonald and the creed of those who declare that to the working masses the supreme question is increased wages.
Some Manifestations of Orangeism.

I.

I stepped from the Liverpool pig-boat to the quay of Dundalk at 5 a.m. on August 15, 1883, this being my first visit to Ireland.

At first I had a notion of getting out and seeing the territory. As for me, a stranger boy, I might have better taken advantage of the opportunity to see what was to be seen. Just ahead of us in the first compartment, we were going to Dromore. And every man appeared determined that his own particular instrument should produce sufficient sound to drown all others. The effect on us was evident on approaching the Station. Every man and youth was possessed of a big drum or little drum, a long short file or a short file, and everyone appeared to be one in authority. After a time he got something like order established amongst his friends and harmony amongst the instruments. And then I could make out that whilst my compartment were playing "We'll kick the Pope before," the middle compartment were busy with "Croppies Lie Down." The third compartment, some of whose members, early as it was, had evidently indulged freely in the native spirit, were devoting all their wind and energy to add whatever was required to the strains of the "Boyne Water." A most excellent company, reflects I. I wonder what they are?

Anyway, I could chant a sweet version of the "Boyne Water." That might suit their peculiar humour.

Faith, it is a blessing for me I did not try it on them, Thiggin Tue?

Instead I turned to my neighbour:

"Are you afactory party out for a holiday?" says I.

"No," says he. "We are going to Dromore."

"For a day's excursion?" says I.

"No," says he. "To knock hell out of the Papists."

"Hum, is that so?" says I. "I wish you luck, Moyart."

At that moment I noticed that he had a broad blue sash hanging from his right shoulder to his left side; and then I observed that it bore a picture worked in silk of William of Orange, on his white charger, surrounded with cock's and stars, and other things.

Why these must surely be the terrible Orangemen of whom I've read so much. God help any poor Papist so unfortunate as to be discovered in their vicinity.

But these fellows were strangers to each other.

On the Monday morning, after firing ten rounds a man, with eighty-three other young fellows, I was sent from the Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, etc., sent party of Her Majesty's troops, natives of London, going to be hunted out of the town. This was a new experience of which I was curious to see the conclusion.

III.

On a Saturday afternoon in March, 1884, with eighty-three other young fellows, I was sent from Belfast to Newtownards to go through my recruits' course of musketry.

As the party was composed of men drawn from the eight companies of the regiment, we were mostly strangers to each other.

Next morning, when the bugle sounded "fall in" for chapel, I was surprised to find that no less than seventy-four of the party were Catholics. The Catholic chapel lay at the opposite side of the town, on which the huts we occupied were situated, so that to reach it we had to traverse the whole breadth of the town. As we marched along, from every door and window half-dressed males and females popped their heads out to stare at us, and one could not but think, of course, of cursed pure curiosity. But when on our way back we had reached the Market Place and found it occupied by a hostile crowd of two thousand people, we were astounded.

They cursed us, they boozed us, they spat on the street and danced about us like maniacs. (I have since seen a Kaffir cut the same capers after getting outside a square nigger of gin.) And all for what? Sorrow the one of us knew for what or for why.

We were not left long in ignorance, however. Some five minutes after we had passed, the corporal, who had been to the railway station for the post, was captured by the mob and instructed to go to camp and inform us "That we had twenty-four hours' notice to clear out. That they were not going to allow any Papist bastards to be stationed in their town."

Of course, we thought this a grand joke. Here was a party of her Majesty's troops, natives of London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, etc., sent by the military authorities to go through a course of musketry, and because they happened to differ in religion from some of the civil inhabitants, they were going to be hunted out of the town. This was a new experience of which I was curious to see the conclusion. On the Monday morning, after firing ten rounds a man, we returned to camp and got our pay. Shortly after two fellows went into town to have a drink, but they
quickly returned. They related that whilst having a bottle of stout a civilian came forward and demanded to know "where they hung their hats up yesterday." Another civilian advised them to clear out and get out of the town quick, as they were not going to allow any sons of the Scarlet Whore to pollute their neighbourhoud.

About three o’clock, Lieutenant Mackenzie, who was in charge of our party, and Private Charles Cruise left the camp at the same time and went towards the town. They had not proceeded more than a hundred paces when a man stepped out of a house and threw a brick at the officer. The missile passed over the right shoulder of Mr. MacKenzie and struck Private Cruise in the back of the head, inflicting a terrible wound, from which he afterwards died. Poor Cruise fell back unconscious into the officer’s arms. The sentry, who had witnessed the incident, called some of us to the officer’s aid, and eight of us doubled up. The lieutenant ordered us to carry our chum to a chemist in the Market Place so that his wound might be attended to. We reached the chemist’s all right; but whilst Cruise was having his head dressed a mob collected outside and threatened us with death when we came out.

The chemist was so terrified at the prospect that he suggested to Mr. Mackenzie “that he should take his men and escape by the back door.” I am never likely to forget the manner in which the officer asked, “Sir, do you understand who you are speaking to? Lead on, there, men,” said he, “straight for camp, and remember I’m behind you and will have a file for every brick.” So, covering the rear of his men, revolver in hand, Lieutenant Mackenzie conducted us back to our huts. There were no bricks.

About five o’clock we could hear the sounds of music from the direction of the Market Place, and shortly after two drum and file bands, followed by about four thousand people, came marching towards our camp. Arrived in the very front of the guard-room, the bands played all the well-known party tunes, whilst the mob enjoyed itself throwing bricks, stones and sods of turf at the sentry. He, poor chap, turned out the guard, but as none had any ammunition, they were all forced to take shelter in the guard-room.

Lieutenant Mackenzie now came on the scene, and after confining us to our rooms, drew his revolver and informed the Orangemen that if they attempted to rush the guard-room, he would shoot the first man who passed the gate. The prospect was more than the Orangeman could stomach, so after more cursing of the Pope and Papists, they returned to the Market Place, where they imagined they were safe and could curse without fear; while they had been taking pot-shots at the sentry, we in the barrack-rooms had been sizing up the situation. And when they retired by the straight road to the Market Place, thirty-two of us were making tracks for the same point by another route. The Orangemen arrived first, as we intended they should. One of their leaders mounted a market cart and began to instruct them as to how they should treat the "Papist rats." It was at that moment we attacked them. Thirty-two of the hated Papists attacking four thousand Orangemen with belt and bayonet, in the shades of evening. What a ten minutes was that! To have lived it was worth half a lifetime. Talk about the "Battle of the Boyne," that was child’s play compared to the "Battle of Newtownards." and yet I’ve never heard that the Orangemen have enshrined it in song.

If any are curious as to details I must refer them to the Parliamentary debates as recorded in "Hansard." There they will find that Poor Lord Arthur Hill related the sad story of his brother Orangemen and pleaded most pitifully for us "to be transported to Bermuda for fifteen years," because we objected to being insulted or even murdered on account of our faith whilst doing our duty as soldiers.

Mr. Gladstone put Joe Chamberlain up to defend us, which he did very effectively. We completed that course of musketry, went back the following year and fired another one. And no Newtownards’ Orangeman, at least in our hearing, ever called us “Papist bastards" again. Thirty-two of us had cured them of the taste for pleasurabilities of that character.

Moral: To solve the Ulster problem, station a battalion of Connacht men in Belfast. Their mere presence will do the rest.

Peter Fanning.

Gather the Limbs of Osiris.

By Ezra Pound.

XII.—Three Canzoni of Arnaud Daniel.

SOLS SUI QUE SAI.

I.

Only I know what over-anguish falls
Upon the heart of love so over-borne,
My over-longing that’s so whole and strong
Turns not from her, nay, never since eyes first
Saw her has the flame upon them quailed.
And I, afoe, speak to her words like flame,
And near her, having much, there’s sought for saying.

II.

To others blind I am, deaf to their calls;
In solely her, sight, sound and wonder are born.
In all this speech I do the truth no wrong,
Yet my mouth cannot speak the heart’s device;
Hills, dales, roads, plains! O’er all these I hailed
I’d find in no one form such charms to fame
As God hath set in her for their assaying.

III.

Truth, I have stood in many princely halls;
With alone doth all praise seem but scorn.
Temper and wit are hers, to her belong
Beauty and youth, good deeds and fair emprise;
Beauty and youth, good deeds and fair emprise;
Courtesy brought her up, she is well mailed
*Gainst every sinister thing, and from her name
There’s nothing good, I think, that’s fled or straying.

IV.

Pleasure with her were never short or false.
I ask her watch what way my will is worn.
Nay! let me in song the truth no wrong,
With her alone doth all praise seem but scorn.
Nay! let me in song the truth no wrong,
By hill-torrents, knows turmoil, but the same
As she doth all praise seem but scorn.

V.

Faint lure of other fair goes stale and palls,
And those compared to her cannot but mourn,
Seeing her grace exult above their throng.
Ah, if I win not! keen my miseries!
For ne’er shall she know it from open song
Unless my heart yield up its secrets;
And never Rhone, when he is most assailed
By hill-torrents, knows turmoil, but the same
Less is than her heart’s pooled with her, and swaying.

VI.

I am grown foreign to the tilt-yard’s walls,
And all the joy of joys is from me torn
Save that one joy that’s never known among
Liar’s. And if I know her treasures . . .
Ill said! Perhaps, if with you I have failed,
For rather than speak words which draw your blame
I’d lose all words and voice and end all praying.

VII.

The song asks you to say he hath not failed.
Arnaut cares little who shall praise or blame
If only you welcome the song and saying.
RICA CONQUESTA.

THE SONG "OF HIGH ALL-ATTAINING."

I.

Did Lord Love lay upon me his wide largess
As I bear mine to her, with open heart,
He'd set no bar between me and the great,
For I'm borne up and fall as this love surges;
Yet, reckoning how she is the peak of worth,
I mount in mine own eyes by daring her
'Till heart and mind cry out that I'll attain
This rich conquest that's set for my attaining.

II.

I care not though delay delay enlarges,
For I sweep toward, and pool me in such part
That the mere words she speaks hold me elate.
I'd follow her until they sing my dirges.
Sure as I can tell gold from brassy earth
She is without alloy; without demur
My faith and I are steadfast in her train
Until her lips invest me, past all feigning.

III.

The good respite recalls me and then discharges
A sweet desire wherewith my flanks so smart,
Yet quietly I bear my beggared state
For o'er all other peaks her grace emerges;
Whoe'er is noblest seemeth of base birth
Compared to her; let him play justicer
Who 'th seen how charm, worth, wit and sense all reign,
Increase and dwell and stay where she dwells reigning.

IV.

Don't think my will will waste it o'er its marges
(She is so fair)
Ah "All-Supreme," leave me no room for charges
That you are miserly.
And my song dies unheard,
And my talk undisputed,
To spoil me of promised gifts such as could teach
Strayed in no wise,
Darkness has pressed her bosom, blinding, upon the earth,
But the almond-flower no longer flushes on the water;
I plead to share the melody of silence.

V.

A cursed flame eat through your tongues and targes
Sick slanderers until your sick eyes start
And go blind; 'till your vile jests abate
Candid, my heart cannot shake off its weight;
Nor think my heart will ever be less fain,
Nor think my will will waste it o'er its marges
That fades at dusk.
Oh, hear my song!
Mist floats o'er the mountains
There is refuge amongst leaves
Smiles the almond bloom-pink as sunrise,
There with embraces and low laughter blending
Dove's king- and Dover's might be more respected.

VI.

Mouth in what guise
Speakest thou? Art thou deputed
To spoil me of promised gifts such as could teach
Don't think my will will waste it o'er its marges
The message
Before the branch hath fruited,
Spain's king- and Dover's might be more respected.

JAPANESE EVENSONG.

DEEP in the water
Smiles the almond bloom—pink as sunrise,
Smiles the almond bloom—pink as sunrise.
Yet such depth is but the phantom
That fades at dusk.
Oh, hear my song!
Balm on the breeze
Is the message of the water-musk,
To spoil me of promised gifts such as could teach
Before the branch hath fruited,
Oh, hear my song!
Mist floats o'er the mountains
Yet 'gainst love I've no power for my defending.
Oh, hear my song!
Mist floats o'er the mountains
Rayless and blue,
Night-birds call, crying,
And by whom were commuted
And by whom were commuted
And my spirit yearns towards the trees.
And by whom were commuted
And my spirit yearns towards the trees.
And by whom were commuted
And my spirit yearns towards the trees.
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And my spirit yearns towards the trees.
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BIRD-LATIN.

I.

Clamour, sweet cries,
And melodies are bruited
About by birds who in their Sunday-speech
Pray each to each in manner even as we
To those lief ladies whom our thoughts intend;
For this cause I, as toward the noblest tending,
Should make a song beyond all competition
Wherein there's no word false, no rhyme deflected.
Views and Reviews.

Biography has fallen among novelists. In the hands of Plutarch it was an art; the writers of French memoirs made it a craft; Carlyle degraded it to an oracle, and trumpeted a melodramatic morality and vehement advice from behind his idols. Now it is a business by which no man is required to make alive again: if he were a prodigal son his resurrection is certain. For the maxim of the business it that a dead man is a dead man, and when he be "lost," "o' Grouts or Jack Ketch there is someone to "do" him. The motive that Stevenson stated for the writing of "The Merry Wives of the Bath" keeps our biographers ever on the dive; and thus we see men, resembling Falstaff in all but wit, confined in the dirty-linen basket of the merry wives of the dear departed ere they are thrown into the river. They "have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom was as deep as hell they would down." They rise with many puffs, only to "spread the compost on the weeds to make them ranker." In the hands of the novelists turned biographers, the biography of poets and literary men has degenerated into the retailing of sexual scandal by some perversion called "romance": kings and queens are used as illustrations of a morbid psychology, while genius itself has become a disease, derived from lechery and learning. It is a wicked world, and we are here because of our sins.

It is certain that the motive of the biographer will determine the character of the biography. If a man write to correct his predecessors we shall have much debating of evidence, but little biography. We shall become tolerably acquainted with the temper and mental power of the present and past commentators, but the subject himself is like to be hidden from us. There is room for only one hero in a book, and that hero is only too often the biographer. There are times when it cannot be helped; for example, when Mr. Trowbridge had to argue against all previous English biographers of Cagliostro to prove that the Grand Cophtha was not Balsamo. But biography is an art not unlike drama. Characterisation is the technical triumph of the dramatist; and the biographer is judged by the same test. No artist will make a character, as No unfortunates of Shaw's plays are aware. It may be stated as an axiom that the first condition of biography is that the facts have been ascertained and do not need to be proved.

But the facts are not everything. When Mr. Loraine Petre wrote: "After his victory, Bolivar fixed his headquarters at La Aparicion de la Corteza, sent back his spoils to San Carlos, dispatched columns to recapture Barinas, Barquisimets, and other places, and himself went to Valencia, which he reached on the evening of December 8. On the 20th he visited the besieging force in front of Puerto Cabello, returning thence to Valencia, and again reaching Caracas on the 29th to prepare his operations in the south against Boves and Monales" he stated the facts, but the art of biography was not in him. Art is selection with a view to significance: "There is but one art—to omit," cried Stevenson. And how chapters our memory omits such passages, ! The writers are not biographers: they are epiphants that are written according to this prescription. Science may claim such writers as her sons, but Art does not see great men in little facts, nor can the accumulation of them make that impression on the imagination that is her sign manual. The facts must be ascertained: they must not need to be proved; and they must not be stated as though they were of importance in themselves.

"All that is to be known of the man is the way in which much the same things, and the mere statement of them does not distinguish one man from another. It was Bolivar who went to the places named, but the fact does not distinguish him from those who went with him. There is nothing distinctive in going from place to place, just as there is nothing distinctive in being born, falling in love, getting married, or departing from this life. We are this life, not in what people do (unless it be something out of the common), but in what makes them do it and how they do it. Motive and manner is the biographer's duty to make clear to us.

The manner is usually best illustrated by the quoted phrase or the anecdote; and for this reason the biography should approximate in style to the memoir. Often a man's character and the very facts that the modern biographer tells us about him will be the butt of the phrase. Who has forgotten, for example, the passage in which Carlyle accused Cagliostro of glutony and drunkenness—at least, while he was staying with Rohan? "and Baron d'Odoire wrote cautiously of him that "he slept in an armchair and lived on cheese." This one phrase throws more light on the man during his most prosperous period than miles of mere citation; but Mr. Trowbridge omitted it from his text and quoted it only in a foot-note. The art of biography is not based on foot-notes.

The perception of motive is a natural gift, and we cannot accept as a biographer a man who lacks it. If a writer have a thesis he may be able to arrange his facts so that they prove it, and even every action may have a motive consonant with the thesis. But biography cannot recognise an invertebrate straightened in whale-bone stays; the man must stand by the strength of his own backbone. For example, it would be easy to write the life of Napoleon to prove that he was really a man of strong domestic affections, the motive for whose conquests was simply the desire to find thrones for his family. Mrs. Cuthell, in her recent biography of Marie Louise, almost forgot the soldier for the admiration for the loving husband and father. But a man is a many-sided creature, and a thesis can present only an aspect of him. Selection of facts there must be if we are to have significance; but biography must comprehend the man to make his motives clear. With an egotist such as Napoleon the task is easy. He has a centre, but no circumference. His fame may radiate over a continent, but he only exists where he is and nothing thrives where he has been. A real biography of Napoleon would be a short psychological study; but psychological studies demand insight from the biographer.

Nor is insight synonymous with sympathy. Carlyle's use of documents in his "Cromwell" is a manifestation of the insight of genius, so clearly did it present the man. But his sympathy, as expressed in his bracketed passages, made Carlyle ridiculous without enlivening or enlightening the portrait of Cromwell. Sympathy is the virtue of the parasite; the art of biography is differently derived. Yet a man must have some hold on his subject, some purpose in writing other than feeding a wife and children, if he is to minister to the art of biography. Against some background his hero must be pictured; in relation to some standard his achievement must be valued; he must find some place in some scheme of things if he is not to be a mere ghost revisiting the glimpses of the moon and dumb to all but one. In an age of science we can scarcely judge of a man's capacity to be a great man, let alone a great genius; his works are disfigured that he could not be recognised.

That is the test. Friend or enemy the biographer must be, not back-raker or impartial judge, or mere writer of a thesis. Savonarola does not live in the mid-way mind of Mr. Horsburgh, intent on minute corrections of detail, but in the intellectually passionate championship of Villari. Industry the biographer should have; insight he must have, but every action seems that passion in presentation that finis a figure clearly.

A. E. R.
Art and Drama.

By Hunley Carter.

Before examining Mr. Galsworthy's latest hatching at the Royalty Theatre I may recall his point of view as a playwright. Mr. Galsworthy belongs in general to the modern playwrights who have sprung into public view with an uncanny bundle of philosophies of life, thereby differing from the artist-dramatist who is only concerned with visions of life. He is attached in particular to the Truth-seeking Society, formed of a number of earnest but dull individuals, who, without knowing exactly what the truth is, have aimed to put the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth on the stage, with the result that no one goes to see it. In fact they have made the truth so truthful that no one believes it. Beyond this these realists have made the truth so nasty that it has been necessary to invent a few opposition truths to disinfect it. Furthermore, this society has sought to exploit the truth on the stage, so that at last the whole affair has come to bear an uncommon resemblance to Truth on a Tub.

Mr. Galsworthy has kept nicely balanced between the stage and the tub. To be precise, Mr. Galsworthy is a Socialist playwright of the narrow type evolved by the Fabian Society. Mr. Galsworthy is not far too inclined to put a childlike trust in outworn economic theories, and to neglect the recent pronouncements of biology and psychology, even allowing that he, as a dramatist, has anything to do with either. But that he is not a Sociologist was clearly proved by "Justice," wherein we saw Mr. Galsworthy setting to work to prove that the law as it stands is beautifully constructed to work along the lines of Natural Selection and to render Society an inestimable service by eliminating a type like Falder, that has neither the strength, courage, cunning, nor mental resources to evade the law.

"The Pigeon" makes it equally clear that Mr. Galsworthy's Socialism is exceedingly old-fashioned. The underlying assumption of this piece is that all men are equal in the sight of the economic man. A, B, C are men, therefore they are equal. Starting with this assumption, it proceeds to argue that it is wrong for one to expect them to work?

If he is not in sympathy with the vagrant he still has no right to produce his plays. For it means that the play itself contains no sympathy, and ought not to be permitted to grope its way on to the stage. To judge by the characters themselves, as they appear on the stage, clearly Mr. Galsworthy has no sympathy with them. Whatever sympathy he has he has carefully eliminated. In "The Pigeon," as in "Strife," he allows them to take sides and to argue out the main contention without intruding himself. In this respect he shows himself to be a far better playwright than Mr. Bernard Shaw, who has yet to learn the Ibsen secret of self-assertion in self-subjection. There is not a word in an Ibsen play that makes one conscious of Ibsen, and there is only one thing in the Galsworthy play that recalls the author—namely, that the characters are dumb; they have no eyes, no ears, no mouth, no intellect. The flowers in a plant, the leaves on a tree, the bony dullness, is conceived as a Sphinx-like figure who "withdraws into tragic abysses." And the whisky-sodden Timson answers to the same description. It is the same with Wellwyn, the central character—the Pigeon. He is the human interest; "Uman being, I call 'im," says one of the "Humble Men."
LA VECCHIA.
A Third Tale for Men Only.

By R. H. Congreve.

III.

On my way to Forester's flat I occupied myself by speculating on what the coming interview would prove. My only foreknowledge of the personality of his sister was derived from a guess—a slight premiss, it might seem, on which to construct a plan of campaign. I was certain of certain Foresterian opinions I had detected in him. They had been placed there by someone; and since, from other sources, we were convinced that there was no other person in the case, the suspicion rested on his sister.

Nevertheless, I was disinclined on intuition alone to risk a faux pas on the threshold of my exploration. I determined, therefore, to make the visit one of reconnaissance only, and to leave the conclusion in the hands of circumstances.

Arriving at the flat, Forester himself let me in and ushered me into the library, where he straightforwardly introduced me to his sister. It was immediately apparent to me that I had been well advised in leaving events to chance, for the appearance of Miss Forester was utterly unlike what I certainly should have imagined had I attempted beforehand to visualise the field of battle. To be brief, she was uncommonly prepossessing: charming in appearance, gay in manner, and with intelligence of a certain kind written all over her. There was no wonder, I thought, that Forester had fallen under her influence in some degree; the tie of blood had coincided for once with an affinity which, if it did not prove spiritual in the highest sense, was nevertheless not merely sentimental. It would take some time, I reflected, to discover and demonstrate to Forester the danger to which his sister exposed him.

Yet danger it was, as my instant qualification of her intelligence conclusively proved to me. Intelligence, yes; but only of a certain kind, and that not the highest. Where exactly did it lie, and beyond what limits did it fail to extend? The subsequent conversation was to throw light on these little problems.

Being the talk turned naturally on the subject of books. Forester had an admirable collection, and as I walked round his shelves, recognising old friends and making acquaintance with possible new friends, his sister accompanied us and took a lively interest in our perusal of his books and her own. To these in particular I listened with my inward ears acock for an indication of her native point of view.

One side of the room was entirely given over to the Greek and Latin classics, of which, it appeared, that Petronius, I said, taking down the vellum-bound text and translation so perfectly edited by Stewart. Is he a favourite of yours? I asked Forester. My first favourite, he replied, after Heraclitus. Both were so thoroughly superhuman. Inhuman, you mean, said his sister. I'm afraid Harry, she added, turning to me, has caught the tone of your group and is growing contemptuous of poor humanity. I call that inhuman, but he calls it superhuman. What is the difference? I replied. Inhuman if you do not like it, superhuman if you do. The fact remains the same. You do not like Petronius and Heraclitus, the god of excesses, or any of the moderns? I asked Miss Forester. But neither of them appears to me to be all-embracing. With all their greatness, they are really very narrow in their sympathy.

Forester, who had taken Petronius from my hands and had been turning over the leaves while his sister and I were talking, now interrupted. Listen to this, he said, and he read the famous passage on Nero. That style is not narrow in its range, he commented. True, it produces no thrill, no glow, no emotion you can name. To read Petronius is to bathe not in sunlight, but in starlight. You might almost imagine it was an artist from another planet writing. Inhuman, non-human, superhuman—what does it matter? The planets already communicate by means of art, perhaps. The vibrations of ether are accompanied by the vibrations of mind.

Miss Forester sighed cheerfully. Like Henry, you know, all moonshine! And you agree with it, of course, Mr. Congreve? Certainly, I said, the aim of art is to make this planet obsolete. Just like Henry, she judged.

I had in this conversation ample material for an illuminating article in our paper, a task which I charitably absolved from my sister. I asked her to Forester as to the subject itself. What had already passed had outlined the respective positions of Forester and his sister as clearly as if these had been mapped out in colour. Miss Forester belonged to the earth; Forester walked by a light that never was on sea or land. The question was: Would that light become ever extinguished for him? Could he as clearly see that his sister was earth-born as she had clearly realised that he was heaven-bound? A discussion with her in his presence might bring the truth home to him.

Continuing our tour of the library, I remarked a section given over to the moderns—the very moderns, I mean. There were Shaw and Chesterton, Yeats and Synge, Wells, Kipling, Bennett, Galsworthy, and how many more. What is it I should have left behind? I questioned, looking at Forester. No, mine, replied his sister. I congratulate you, madam, I said, on a consistent taste. You dislike Petronius and Heraclitus. You like Shaw and Kipling. What is it I should have left behind? I asked. I don't know, but as I walked by a light that never was on sea or land, it was as if he had said my own secret to me. It was as if he had said to me: There you are, Congreve, my friend, that is the point of view that I and you have to meet. And, further than this, I instinctively felt that he would be mightily glad if I would meet it fairly then and there. Intellectually honest, I surmised, had forbidden him to assume the human objection, as expressed by his sister, to pure art, as yet as never been completely met; and for this reason he had in his judgments on Milton and Wordsworth deliberately paid homage to its continued existence as a problem. His silence at this moment convinced me that he was awaiting my reply to Miss Forester with interest.

But charm, I said to her, comes precisely from running away. It is the perpetually elusive that alone perpétuually attracts. To deal with life directly is not to deal with life at all. You dislike them, I said, but you cannot imagine them; and you said, further than this, I instinctively felt that he would be mightily glad if I would meet it fairly then and there. Intellectually honest, I surmised, had forbidden him to assume the human objection, as expressed by his sister, to pure art, as yet as never been completely met; and for this reason he had in his judgments on Milton and Wordsworth deliberately paid homage to its continued existence as a problem. His silence at this moment convinced me that he was awaiting my reply to Miss Forester with interest.

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have already said, she replied, that they have no charm. But they have something of much greater value; they actually move real people to do real things. They into clarify the mind of her brother. It was, therefore, to herself to be unanswerable. On the contrary, it was to persue to me, she said. If you want anything done under compulsion, it is no use to charm. Had Tyrtaeus written charming songs his soldiers might have lain down and listened to him for ever, instead of marching and fighting like heroes possest.

"That is it, Miss Forester cried, we need an art that will make little mortals into creatures that one can admire. I am sure that our moderns will leave the world better than it was, but not sure that our moderns will leave the world better or worse. If the world cares to profit by our art, it is, I replied, as severe towards the world's inutility."

I felt that Forester, whatever his sister's comprehension, was drawing nearer to a realisation of her actual position. Now, in reply to the question, the artist recks nothing of it. It is, in my opinion, the miserable task of the artist to express, and thereby to sweeten and make endurable that passion and that sorrow. Whoever can do that is an artist.

"I have rather hear yours first, she said. Oh, mine, I replied, is familiar to you through Forester. But I will express it in an image when you have given me your view."

You must not laugh at me, she said, if I blunder. You and Henry are so clever; and I am only a woman. But I do think that I function? Is it not?

"When this very unpleasant story opens, Nijni Novgorod was a young curiously-haired giant of twenty and one years, charmant and proud. Honest, noble, gentlemen—human nature!—yes, what is the true bulldog breed of old England—and was not Nijni naturalised? But how came it to pass that he was whiling the time in the Great Volauvent Hotel at Felixstowe away? That is easily answered, as Aristotle said. He was the agent de the great Baedeker!"

Ah! you old crusted, grey-haired moralities who are probably reading this, who know not that life is love and lips, ruby, ruby, ruby!—you little think how these guide-books are put together, how these gentlemen, workers in a snivelling army, devote their nights and days and palates to research. Truly no jeu d'esprit! Nor is it likely that you would have found the Great Volauvent Hotel. Outside the staff and habitual visitors, the hotel was only open to members of the Royal Family and their minions that his famous caravanserai should not be free to everyone with a million or two to spend. The marquise of the Great Volauvent was discretion. At the time it was accommodating most of the crowned heads of the East, who were resting after attendance at a Race Meeting. For instance, on the second story of the rea-de-la-chassuse was the Delhi Llama, the Emu of Beluchistan, with his grand viisaks, besides the Great Clam of Tartarus and the Rock of Jerusalem, yet it had been only open for one moon, and thus it was that it stood not yet in Baedeker. And why else was Nijni there? To what good other! As follows was the question, the answer of which he had to solve:—Was the Great Volauvent worth the asterisk of merit—the patron star of maître d'hôtels?

He had been there four days already, and was beginning to vote it "rotten." But then there came into his life what was to stir his fine, lazy, curiously-haired soul to its depths. And it came as he sat drinking his after-
dinner café in the lounge, on the evening of the thirty-
first day of June, when the full moon was gibbous and
adipose.

He had had a very poor dinner, very poor dinner indeed.
The menu had been Spartan, though, of course, magnificently cooked. Only hors d'œuvres, Consomme à l'Angél Kiss, Saumon bleu with Sauce Bass, pearls in vinegar à la Cleopatre, roast phœnix with the springiest of spring onions, a few joints of Bombérus arum and desert. Some of the plates he would
just taste of, and some send away without finishing up
the parsley. His soup he had not even put knife and
fork to. He had only drunk three bottles of ginger-

He turned swiftly to behold a strange woman bending towards
him. In the soft candle-glow of the lounge, her cling-
ing purple gown displayed the sinuous supple lines of
her shapely sensuous body, and above, right in the
middle of her pale, swarthy face, were two eyes, a pair
of eyes, of all colours under the sun. An incandescent
bubble seemed to burst in his throat. He could only
stand for a moment, swaying, bending, staggering,
slowly, slowly, their two red lips melted into a long,
sweet, wet kiss. A divine, rapturous, intoxicating
melody upon it and warbled richly but not fastly:
"To-night, sweet one, thy eyes,
Shine bright as stars in sunny skies. . . ."

And then, for the first time, Nijni began to thoroughly
comprender, to properly realise the might of art and of
poetry. A day, nay, an hour before, he had surely
thought this "silly," but now, now as he lay on the
tulip couch with his sweetheart in his strong white
arms round his neck, biting the lobes of his ears, and
wriggled with feline grace round and all over the table
appearing the next instant quivering like a serpent at
the lounge door. She undulated under a chair with a
gliding movement, and then, rising to her full height,
his innocent grey eyes gleaming pink, she flung her
arms round his neck, biting the lobes of his ears, and
slowly, slowly, their two red lips melted into a long,
sweet kiss. A divine, rapturous, intoxicating
melody upon it and warbled richly but not fastly:
"To-night, sweet one, thy eyes,
Shine bright as stars in sunny skies. . . ."

All of which advice he followed, and they undulated
slowly, locked in a passionate embrace, through the
long, thickly-carpeted staircases and passages that led
to his Queen's suite. It was on the third floor. Just
as the lovers climbed the last flight of stairs, the
muffled beat of a clock reached their ears. It struck
ten. "Midnight!" gasped Nijni hoarsely. Suddenly
a clash rang down the corridor. No wonder his head
swam. Was this the end. His Dieu! He drew his
doux coeur and the two writhed on-their
mouths as they were kissing each other, with some
mystic symbol in chalk blanc. He pulled
up his doux coeur and the two writhed on—their
fear vanished by the warm feu sacrébleu of their love.
As she prepared to turn the handle of her bedroom she
snapped plainly, "Oh, I am intruded, but I fear yea.
And in truth, the first sight that met them was her faithful Coalmuck servant
locked in deadly struggle on the hearthrug, beside the bed, with an unknown person. Each had his teeth fixed
more time here in the public lounge. Come, beloved,
"Stay!" she cried imperiously. "Is my bridal
dothol of tulips prepared?" He answered in Russian.
"Jawohl, gnädige Frau," he said. "Begone!" She

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The Merciful Widow.

An Essay in Transpontine Poetry.

By Jack Collings Squire.

Inside a cottage by a common
There lived an aged widow woman,
She had twelve children (quite a lot),
And often wished that she had not.
"'S welp me," she often sighed, "I'd rather
You'd had a less prolific father;
Better than raise this surging mob
That God had bowled me for a blob.'"

Amongst her seven strapping sons
There were some interesting ones.
Even the baby James, for instance,
Had killed a man without assistance;
And several more in divers ways
Had striven to sing their Maler's praise.
Hearty, quite small, had tried to smother
His somnolent recumbent mother;
Which failing, when she holeder fearful,
He looked upon her quite untearful,
With something of Don Juan's calm,
Proceeding thus without a qualm:
"O mother in our hours of ease,
As irritating as ten fleas,
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A fatuously lethargic sow,
This time I haven't put you through it,
A mutously lethargic sow,
But really, this sororicide
I'll gi'e yer a wipe acrost the jaw!
Whereat the mother murmured "Law!
I'll gi' yer a wipe acrost the jaw!"

Another son, Ezekiel,
Was well upon the road to hell,
Once every fortnight he betrayed
An unsuspecting village maid,
By rounding off the job with murder.
Sometimes they took him to the 'sizes,
But there he told outrageous lies,
His loving family, unblushing,
Always unremorsefully rushing
To help him with false alibises.
He had striven to sing their Maker's praise.
And Hedda drops from out the story.

Four daughters, seven sons were left,
But still the widow felt bereft.
She was distressed at Hedda's loss,
And found it hard to bear her cross.
She tried to find a salve for it
By studying in Holy Writ.
She read the exciting episode
Of how good Moses made a road
Across the rubicundish ocean,
But could not stifle her emotion.
She read of Jews and Jebusites,
And Hittites and Amalekites,
And Joash, Job and Jeroboam,
And Rachel, Ruth and Rehoboam,
And Moloch, Mosh and Megiddo,
But still no respite had the widow.
Nothing could charm her grief away,
It grew more bitter every day.
Often she'd sit when evening fell,
And moan:
"Ah, Lawkamussy, well.
Edda was better than the rest,
My 'Edda allus was the best.
Nanny's the time she's washed the cocks,
And scrubbed the floors and darned the socks.
When all them selfish gals an' blokes
Was out, the selfish things they are,
A-murderin' and a-rapin' folks,
Yes 'Edda was a lovely chile,
I do remember 'er sweet smile,
'Er little 'ands wot lammed and lugged me,
An' scratched an' tore an' pinched an' tugged me.
I mind me 'ow so long ago,
I set 'er little cheeks aglow,
When I 'ad bin to Ledbury fair
'An' bought a ribbon for 'er air,
A ribbon for 'er pretty 'ead.
But now my little 'Edda's dead!
Now while spring pulses through the blood
And jonquils carpet every wood,
And God's small fowls sing in the dawn,
I wish to Gawd I'd naver bin born!
"

And so at last the widow thought
Things were not going as they ought.
She'd never grumbled in the past
Most parents would have stood aghast—
She'd seen it all without a twitch.
But really, this sororicide
Was costing it a bit too bad.
She made her mind up
"It's high time
They stopped their silly vice and crime!
"

She mustered the domestic throng
And gave it to them hot and strong.
"Look here," she said, "this flux
Ad best come to a —— crux!"
I long regarded as diversions
Your profilagacies and perversions;
I helped you while you swam in sin,
And backed you up through thick and thin;
But now you've gone a step too far;
I mean to show you I'm your ma.
Yes, it's you I'm talkin' to, Kate and John:
You'll have to stop these goings-on,
Mardens must stop from this day on!

Thus said Henry, savagely
Whetting his knife upon his knee.

Bunkered, flummuxed, moonstruck, dazed,
Grunted with appropriate swear,
"Stop the murders, stop the drink,
Stop the lechery? I don't fink"
If she's had enough of sin,
I guess we'd better do 'er in!"
Thus said Henry, savagely
Whetting his knife upon his knee.

Love is and was our king and lord,
The tongue is mightier than the sword,
Words may shine with benison
'Er the thing in a new light,
And mother'll come round all right
After all, she is our mother.

We have done to hearts' content
With others of our own invention
We, unlike our fellow men,
Things that blanks must represent.

I'll agree we've done enough
Stabbin's, drunks and such-like stuff,
Stabbin's, drunks and such-like stuff,
And to cut the matter short,
Quite enough of being bad;
Should find uprightness quite good sport.

This must aye be borne in mind,
This must never be forgotten,
But, mother, mother, strike me blind,
Mother, mother, strike me rotten,
And put our past transgressions by.
Were here involved we'd all turn pi,
And end the two-familiar scenes
Who, if we stop, will be quite undone,
If no one's interests but our own
We do evil for his good,
Which you indignantly have eyed;
Another factor intervenes.
Only, alas, our hands are tied,
Promiscuous assaults and wooings,
He inks his paper with our blood;
And were we so unkind's to stop, he
Would famish for congenial copy.

For there's a poet up in London
Who, if we stop, will be quite undone,
Do evil for his good,
Inks his paper with our blood;
Every crime that we commit
He makes a poem out of it,
And were we so unkind's to stop, he
Would famish for congenial copy,
My life begins to give my guts hell,
Though only a poor widow woman.

I'm proud to find such virtue in you,
I understand your motives quite,
And when you shed pore 'Edda's blood
Your purpose was distinctly good.
I still must make it understood
I do not like your goings-on,
Especially yours, Bill, Sam and John.
But contraventions of the laws
Committed in such worthy cause,
Habits, however atavistic
Prompted by feelings altruistic,
I can't view with disapprobation
Entirely without qualification.

Thought of your evil deeds must pain me,
Thought of your motives must restrain me,
I'm proud to find such virtue in you,
As far as I'm concerned, continue."

Notes on Bergson.
By T. E. Hulme.

A correspondent in a number of this review some weeks ago pointed out that my parable of the barber
And the fish-bone was only correct when properly interpreted.
It was necessary to notice that what happened was not that the barber's soul re-awoke on a new plane of existence, but that his body came to life again. This was precisely what I intended to convey;
but as I may not have made my meaning sufficiently clear, I had better emphasise the point in more detail here. I can at the same time use this as a pretext for an examination of the general characteristics which any refutation of mechanism must possess if we are to find it completely satisfactory. I use the word "satisfactory" with a definite intention. I carefully refrain from saying "true." I do not pretend to be discussing abstract philosophy here; I am only estimating things from a personal point of view. I want to find out what must be the characteristics of that refutation of mechanism which would, as a matter of actual fact, succeed in shifting the hold of mechanism over the emotions of a certain type of intelligence. If I am asked what kind of intelligence, I simply reply: the type of intelligence that does find mechanism a nightmare.

That answers, I think, the second point in the same correspondent's letter. He is surprised that anyone, even admitting the truth of mechanism, should find it a nightmare. I understand his point of view; I know that it is possible to look at the matter in that way. It is a possible position even for the man who at one time has felt mechanism to be a great difficulty. For some people, by a kind of slow and gradual change, and not by any definite and conscious process, the difficulty vanishes. Mechanism is never definitely dealt with and routed; it simply seems to lose its importance. In ten years' time you may find you have changed from a belief in materialism to the belief that ultimate reality is a republic of eternal souk, without knowing exactly how it has happened. There has been no definite rational act. It is like the dissolving pictures that one used to see in the pre-cinema age, where one scene melts away into the next and is not shifted to make room for its successor. In your view of the cosmos the things which at one time seemed the solid things melt away, and the flimsy, cloud-like entities gradually harden down till they become the solid bases on which the rest of our beliefs are supported. Whereas at one time you felt sure that matter was the only permanent thing; you now find that you are equally convinced, without any necessity for proof, of the permanent existence of individuals. In any argument you always rest on some base which is taken for granted, and you now find yourself in the position of taking the reality of
individuality as such a base. It does not seem necessary
to rest it on anything else. In this change mechanism has
never actually been refuted; it has just gradu-
ally faded away into insignificance, and other things
have come into the high lights. But it has not faded
away in the framework of the mind. It is, however, no
different a difficulty, because all the
emphasis and the accent are elsewhere. The best way
to put it is to say that all the "values" of the
world landscape are altered. Mechanism is still in the pic-
ture—the backbone of the high light; it no longer
disconcerted by the discrepancies between that and
the rest of his beliefs. He has never refuted mechanism;
time has simply packed the skeleton away. You bring
it out of the cupboard and you find that it no longer
has the power to startle. It is still the same skeleton,
yet it no longer disconcerts. Why?
The process by which the mind manages not to be
disconcerted forms a complicated and interesting piece
of psy-education, a sort of unconscious reasoning, which
on a different plane, is quite as complicated as the
elaborate balancing of personal motives which took place
on the lawn at Pattene Hall. I am myself in-
capable of giving anything more than a very crude out-
line of the complicated system of a restoration of
the pre-emptory position : the mechanistic theory,
while never having been refuted, has gradually come to
occupy a very subordinate place in the outlook of a cer-
tain type of intelligence. Occasionally, it may be under
pressure from outside, or of its own inner buoyancy, it
floats up to the surface of their minds; it no longer
seems to be a nightmare? Why? The first step to-
ward the solution of the problem is to recognize that
the expression "floats up to the surface of the mind" is
not an accurate description of what does happen
to these people. The idea "the world may be a mere
mechanism" does not, as a rule, float to the top, but
only to a depth where it can just be vaguely perceived
under the surface—a depth at which is not a clearly-
outlined idea, but rather a confused sentiment. In
the kind of unconscious reasoning appropriate to
this depth the man probably accounts to himself to
the momentary idea introduced and produced fairly easily in
the manner I am about to describe. It does not take the
shape of a formulated argument; if it was, he would
probably perceive its absurdity himself. It is rather an
unformulated, unfelt, and probably a doubt. This
whole thing takes place on the plane of quality and
feeling, rather than that of clear representation. I
used the word "chill" a minute ago. That is a more
accurate description of the beginning of the process
than the words "perception of the consequences of
mechanism" would be. Just below the surface of
the stream of conscious life you have a vague apprehen-
sion of a quality, a sensation which has a disagreeable feeling
in itself, which contains within it the potency and the
capacity for developing into an awkward and un-
pleasant idea—that of the truth of mechanism. At
the depth in the stream of consciousness at which you first
become aware of it, it is merely a confused idea; but
if you allowed it to come to the top it would pass from
the stage of feeling to that of representation, and would
unpack itself into a clearly-perceived contradiction and
fissure in your Weltanschaung. But you do not gene-
rally allow it to do that. When its presence becomes
felt merely as a chilling shadow thrown on the level of
your clearly-focussed conscious life, you deal with it
at once on the level at which you perceive it; you meet
one sentiment by another. For that reason the argu-
ments which I give here as those by which a man in
his own mind may seem too like caricature. It must
be remembered that they do not represent the actual
thoughts; through the mind, it is not itself; in fact the
thought-level is not involved at all. But the
manoeuvres I give here do represent what the closed
parcel of sentiment would develop into were you so
foolish as to actually unpack it into definite argument
on the level of clear ideas.
The attitude of mind by which the revival of
the mechanism nightmare is generally met consists
mainly of a felt kind of interest in the idea that
has been dealt with and finished long ago. How or by whom
is not clearly known. To persist in wanting it done in
detail before our eyes is asking too much. There are
some questions to which every person of intelligence
is expected to know the answer because they are still
live questions; but there are others to which no one
need know the answer because they are finished with.
It might reasonably be expected, for example, of every
person interested in the matter, that he should know
nicious, that they should know in detail the arguments by
which the Ptolemaic astronomy was refuted. It is
no longer necessary at the present moment to know the
arguments in detail, for there is unanimous agreement
that the refutation has been made. The people whose
mental attitude I am describing are probably of the
opinion that this is the case also with mechanism.
Fifty years ago, in that curiously barren barharic
fluxianal period, it would have been held that the thing was
unbelieving in mechanism, to be able to state defini-
ately why one did so; but that is no longer necessary.
Mech-
anism has been refuted years ago, and it is very démodé
and provincial to be ignorant of the fact, to want to see
it done over again. A person whose interest in the
details would be out of place in the atmosphere in which
you find yourself; you feel like a boor in a drawing-
room, and you finally stop wanting even to ask ques-
tions. I am speaking here as the outside
questioner, though, of course, what I really am trying
to get at is the state of doubt inside the other man
himself. What does fortify these people in dealing with
the doubt is really in the end nothing but just a kind of
"atmosphere"—an atmosphere which psycho-
atistically overpowers certain objections and makes them
seem silly. It seems to say; "We don't do these
things; we are past that stage. In a certain famous
play the nouveau riche tells everybody that he cleans
his teeth every day now, the "real gentleman" being
presumed to be a great deal more careless. The bird attained whatever grace its
body possessed not as a result of the mere desire for
flight, but by adjustment to a depth where it can just be vaguely perceived
in the air. The bird, however, has a certain kind of
"atmosphere" that is peculiarly suitable to itself, and it
is able to maintain this atmosphere against gravita-
tion and to fly effortlessly in the air. This is a
platitude to say; yet it is not intended; it is merely a plain statement of a
type of mechanism that you will arrive at anything worth having,
but by struggling with it. I know this sentence has an
uncomfortably ethical flavour, but I hasten to add that it is not intended;
but it is merely a sort of a universal law. The bird attained whatever grace its
shape possesses not as a result of the mere desire for
flight, but because it had to fly in air against gravita-

There are some happy people who can believe any theory they find interesting; others, as soon as they want to believe any theory, feel the full force of certain objections. They are in the position of a man who by jumping may leave the ground, but who is once dragged down again by his own weight. To all kinds of idealistic and materialistic interpretations of the world there are certain objections of this kind. And just as the whole group of phenomena connected with falling bodies are summed up in the law of gravitation, so all the objections that have in the course of history been urged against the various idealists seem to me to be summed up and focussed in the mechanistic theory. In it all the ragged doubts and objections seem suddenly to dovetail together and to close in like winds of destruction which rush to engulf one. It is for that reason that I regard the problem of mechanism with a certain amount of actual enthusiasm. It is not merely an annoying obstacle, but it is the characteristic convention and form which the outlines of its own position. It shrinks from consistency and refuses to go "to the end" of its belief. Its faith is anemic. Real belief in the existence of a physical object means that one acts in accordance with its perceived shape. If I am convinced that the table is square, I do not try to cut off corners when I am walking past it as I should do if it were circular. So with materialists. They must act as a materialist. Consistent materialism is to a certain extent an attractive position. But this other thing—this combination of belief in mechanism and a belief in absolute values—is just irritating sloppiness. The sloppiness is betrayed by the rhetoric in which the position is stated. In the people who take this view you find that heightening of phraseology which always accompanies unconscious untruthfulness. Rhetoric is, I suppose, always untruthful, but it is never more loathsome than when it accomplishes this glazing over of materialism. I say "loathsome" because I think the epistle accurate. I find myself extremely surprised at the adjectives that jump into my mind when I read this kind of stuff. It makes me think of some set of Adelphi phrases which before seen merely from the outside seemed so artificial. I understand now that occasions may arise when the natural expression of one's emotions can only be supplied by the incoherent effusion of such phrases as "filth," "sewage," and the rest of it. My annoyance demands physical expression. I want to do something dramatic with the printed page. I find myself muttering: "You think that, do you? You think that?"

The second method of dealing with mechanism is a little more humane.
Pastiche.

MARSHALL AND THE "MAIL."

He was one of those young men who believe, tentatively, in Social Reform, yet who would immediately turn pale and stammer if the word "Socialism" was mentioned.

With him, as with millions of others, a "Daily Mail" education had done its deadly work. He didn't altogether realize he would purchase it daily in order to learn how utterly vile and impossible Socialism was. Fluctuating like an English barometer, his spirits were alternately raised and lowered by the enthusiasm of Socialists, and the deathly Conservatism of the "Mail"--the curse of Northcliffe was upon him.

He approached me the other morning and with a pathetic smile handed me the "Mail." - "It's all up," he said; "they've knocked the bottom out of us clean; see here, State ownership exposed, telephone inefficiency, whole system disorganised, money lost, time lost, temper lost, subscribers up in arms." His voice trembled: "I always had faith in State ownership," he said; "and now they've shown what a farce it is!"

I took the "Mail" and glanced down the columns. "What's all this got to do with Socialism?" I asked. Marshall played foolishly with his watch chain. "I don't see," he replied, "they've knocked the bottom out of collective ownership!"

"Look here, Marshall," I said, "don't be a jackass; the alleged inefficiency of the telephone service under State control is no argument against collective ownership. I am inclined to think, Marshall, that one of the first instruments of commercial torture that Socialism would make almost unnecessary is the telephone. Like all misapplied inventions, the telephone has not made life easier, but has increased the speed of it. A few more inventions like the telephone, too many unnecessary things to bowl into it, too many girls wasting their womanhood in its soul-stunting service. Have you ever seen them--strapped up to it in long rows.

"No, Marshall, a sane state of society would immediately smash up two-thirds of its telephones and thereby reduce the pace of life by two thirds. Yet people are wailing because one man out of every half-million has to wait a few minutes longer to get connected. Quick, quick, the telephone is working a trifle slower, the speed of life is diminishing; what will become of us--of the world? Give us a lighter service so that we can do five times as much joylessly and unnecessary work in the same time; that is what we are born for, that is our destiny, quick, quick! And don't you see, Marshall, that although the telephone is under State control it is being used in the war of competition; that is what makes so much of it necessary; the instrument itself is Socialised, but it is not being used Socialistically. Besides--I picked up the "Mail"--this paper didn't publish complaints when subscribers up in arms. His voice trembled: "I always had faith in State ownership," he said; "and now they've shown what a farce it is!"

"Look here, Marshall," I said, "don't be a jackass; the alleged inefficiency of the telephone service under State control is no argument against collective ownership. I am inclined to think, Marshall, that one of the first instruments of commercial torture that Socialism would make almost unnecessary is the telephone. Like all misapplied inventions, the telephone has not made life easier, but has increased the speed of it. A few more inventions like the telephone would "speed up" commercial life to such a pitch that every sane office man would go out quietly and drop himself into the Thames; we've got too much telephone, too many unnecessary things to bowl into it, too many girls wasting their womanhood in its soul-stunting service. Have you ever seen them--strapped up to it in long rows.

"No, Marshall, a sane state of society would immediately smash up two-thirds of its telephones and thereby reduce the pace of life by two thirds. Yet people are wailing because one man out of every half-million has to wait a few minutes longer to get connected. Quick, quick, the telephone is working a trifle slower, the speed of life is diminishing; what will become of us--of the world? Give us a lighter service so that we can do five times as much joylessly and unnecessary work in the same time; that is what we are born for, that is our destiny, quick, quick! And don't you see, Marshall, that although the telephone is under State control it is being used in the war of competition; that is what makes so much of it necessary; the instrument itself is Socialised, but it is not being used Socialistically. Besides--I picked up the "Mail"--this paper didn't publish complaints when subscribers up in arms. His voice trembled: "I always had faith in State ownership," he said; "and now they've shown what a farce it is!"

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Arthur F. THORN.

RAIN IN MOONLIGHT.

There fell a shower when the Corybantes Came dancing down the moon's wet fingers. Cybele's wild hierophants, Who said Corybantes in rain were born, She drinks the sun through her eyes and gulps up throatfuls of the scented wind. Ah! the earth has an horizon Where dimly she sees, amid the fogs of art there smoother--a swan! The hedges flow by. Slower for gavotte-bees-waxed floor-trip, out here! Slower heart beat...
The Practical Journalist.
Continued by C. E. Bechhoefer.

No. XIV.

THE MODEL WEATHER NOTES.

Owing to the collision of a Persian trawler with a weather-soup at the Bavarian herring-fisheries in July last, there were unsettled conditions yesterday all over England. At Blackpool a house was washed away by the rain, and snow fell heavily, especially on the south coast. Under the influence of a cyclonic depression in the Dead Sea, much rain may be expected to-day.

DISTRICT FORECASTS.

Midlands.—Ditto.
England, S.W., and Wales, S.E.—Ditto.
Wales, S.W.—Ditto.

CHANNEL PASSAGES.

If fine, moderate; if very windy, rough.

LIGHTING-UP TIME.—1 hour after sunset.

Dorset, S. Nick... Vasty. Rain. Tdy Feat

Aberdeen... 19.3... Nil... Fine
Blackpool... 19.3... Nil... Fine
Brighton... 19.3... Nil... Fine
Felixstowe... 19.3... Nil... Fine
Rhy... 25.0... It... Fine
Singapore... 19.3... Nil... Fine
Yarmouth... 19.3... Nil... Fine

By the Slithery Sea.

Liverpool.—Slight rain fell yesterday, much to the satisfaction of visitors. Yesterday was also the close of the season, which re-opens the day after to-morrow.

Hotel-keepers are inundated with applications for accommodation. Red Lion Hotel: Ovlkg. frt 600d & unfd. apnts. frscp. bhm. h. & c. pcs. mod. & inc.

Everybody here uses Gottim, the new disinfectant.

No. XV.

THE MODEL NONCONFORMIST-RUB-NOSA.

STABLE-TALK.

Oh, dear! A very terrible thing has happened. All is not well with the empire! Mr. Boo has said so, and Mr. Boo is the reverend editor of the Great Yess Parish Church Magazine. "Great Yess is a little village, in the Shropshire wolds it lies," sings the poet, "and Mr. Boo is the reverend editor of the Great Yess Parish Church Magazine." "Great Yess is a little village, in the Shropshire wolds it lies," sings the poet, but make the mistake of Mr. Boo, perhaps he was before his time, or, awful thought, perhaps he did not think him important enough. This is what is agitating the breast of every Englishman:

"I do not like Mr. Lloyd George. His face is not nice."

There's a thing to say, now, with all of us waiting to hear what Mr. Boo opines after his daily round of meditation. Surely if Mr. Boo will take himself aside and reason with himself he will perceive that his senseless breach of politeness invites retort much too obvious and unpleasing to mention.

For instance, he will realise that Mr. B. Law's face is one mass of infantile stupidity, that Mr. A. Chamberlain's is like a banjo with a saucer stuck in it, and that Mr. Chaplin runs to clown like a squirrel to nuts, or, shall we say to avoid all vulgarness, like a mangy, broken-down old Tory to his whiskey-bottle. It is a pity, too, that Mr. Boo's party, besides being so very ugly, has not asked him to represent them on the Opposition front-bench. Surely such a practised politician would not have sat dum and sheepish under the blinding lash of Mr. Asquith's rhetoric. No, Mr. Boo is the Napoleon of Great Yess. He himself has said it.

No. XVI.

THE MODEL ALL-MEN-ARE-LIARS-BUT-WE-HAVE-THE-LARGEST-CIRCULATION CANARDS.

IS IT A FACT?

That Mr. Horatio Bottomley, M.P., was the man he is?

That a certain prince of a certain foreign country was once seen taking afternoon-tea with a certain young Englishswoman in a certain Paris café?

That Mr. William Archer, of the Revolting Spell Society, signs himself Vys?

That Mr. Justice Ridley is as mad as he looks?

That Mr. Winston Churchill cannot write his own reading?

That the universally acknowledged excellence of the modern British theatre is entirely due to the Censorshipwrecks?

That Mr. John Masefield is now writing his rhythminessences?

That a certain admiral cannot abide parsnips?

MEANACHOLY SERENADE.

(The Translated from the Bohemian Jarorlov Vrchlicky by P. Selver.)

Nought brings such grievous pain
As a flute with passionate strain,
When in the rosy glow of eve
The light of day doth wane.

'Mid trees the sound doth flow
In darkness lying low,
Saying, "O, ye dreams of youth,
Ye fill my soul with woe!"

And it laments and sighs
In tender, moving wise,
As my beloved, softly breathing
O'er my brow and eyes.

Hark, the rushes render
Accents dreamy, tender,
And they quiver as 'neath kisses
Thy bosom in its splendour.

They flow in sorrow bland.
Night is a flower; there went
From out its bosom, spreading languor,
A music-laden scent!

Nought brings such grievous pain
As a flute with passionate strain,
When in the rosy glow of eve
The light of day doth wane.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE MINING INDUSTRY.

Sir,—As a miner, and a reader of THE NEW AGE, I have often thought that THE NEW AGE is read chiefly by a class of people outside the mining world, many of whom may be labouring under a misapprehension as to the working conditions of the miner.

It must be understood that all miners are not contractors, but only those are contractors who take the coal-getting by the ton, there being three contractors in each stall, but only those are contractors who take the coal-getting by the ton, there being three contractors in each stall, a stall meaning a certain length of the coal face. Contractors, or as they are commonly called, "battles," have men working for them, varying in numbers according to length of wall. These men are paid by the butties, at the union rate of wages, which varies a little in each county, the rates of pay in the Notts coalfield being 7s. per day, but in some counties the rate is as low as 5s. 6d. per shift. Of course contractors have many risks to run; for instance, bad roofs, inrushes of water, the stripping of faults, which means that the coal is running out. Then some coal takes much more getting than others; where the seam is only about three feet thick much of the stone or dirt has to be taken from either top or bottom, or both, to make height enough for hauling the coal. Providing we have a wall five or six feet, with obstacles as mentioned above to contend with, they are worse off than their day wage men, and this is one of the causes of the present dispute.

At some of the largest collieries there are about 100 men employed known as datallers, their work being to all
over each particular district repairing bad roofs and protecting the airways; this is the most dangerous work about Heath conditions.

I. PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

Sir,—Why does Mr. Meville, in your issue of the 8th inst., conclude that ‘Proportional Representation as an instrument of democracy has been tried, not merely in Belgium and Tasmania, but in England, and not politically, but industrially’?

Confessing to the not very relevant fact that it was so known, the reason for not using it as an illustration is obligingly conveyed by himself in the last four words of the sentence quoted. The conditions to be met with in the case under discussion are not industrial, but political. It pains one to reflect that citizens even of a country claiming to be fit for self-government should have been “tyrannical” to minorities, but it is encouraging to learn that “they finally became a little ashamed of it,” and it is to be hoped they will do better in the House, where, N.B., members do not vote by little groups.

There is a difference between one, or even two, men or jobbing workers ranging from 40s. to 50s. per week (and there are three or four such men), and a large batch of deputies with a regular wage for all times and for this kind of work being done by compensation men who have had more or less serious accidents at the coal face or as distillers. Those who were connected with the Company of recent years (when coming into force areBossed from pillar to post from time to time to make room for those who come under the Act. I have, while writing, the case of a married man with a family, who had a serious accident just previous to the Act, which necessitated his leaving the coal face to do light work; this man is what may be termed a handyman. He sometimes is assistant timberer, another time he is horse-keeping when another is away ill or on holiday; another time he is lamp-cleaner. The very day that this particular man left the coal face his manager reduced his wages from 8s. per day to 4s. per day. I give this particular case as I could give no other. Often when these men put their grievances before the managers, the latter making them believe that none of them are chosen to meet the managers (and I am writing from personal experience), they meet with the reply that what they pay weekly out of the offices averages every man 12s. 6d. per week, and the lowest paid men are allowed the down-trodden minorities an equal voice with themselves, adding, “What does Mr. Topley think of that?” Presumably, as an argument against the adoption of P.R. for Parliamentary elections. Frankly, sir, since I am not ready to put my Q.E.D. against it—and proceed accordingly.

The example, if it were relevant, would clearly favour P.R. as compared with the present system; but as it can hardly be considered so I refrain from pressing the point. For do not let us fail to see the wood for the trees. As you, sir, have so eloquently pointed out, a new spirit is required in Parliamentary elections. The proposition is that the adoption of proportional representation is the best, but the only practicable means in sight for giving that spirit nowcribbed, cab—(no, no, too hackneyed), a freer outlet.

The fact that that conclusion is by no means obvious at first sight to anyone who has not happened to investigate the wide-spread implications of an apparently merely mechanical idea, I have one hope that even those who at first glance have not been attracted by the idea and have passed it by, will, on fully considering the case, be more than ready to put their P.Q.D. against it—and proceed accordingly.

J. W. M. TOPLEY.

THE LAW AND THE WORKERS.

Sir,—Now that I have leisure to attend to Mr. C. H. Normian again I hasten to reply to his letter in your issue of January 4, which has only just come to my hands. In fear we shall never agree as to figuregards, but, en
February 22, 1912.

THE NEW AGE.

In the earlier Victorian epoch the Middle Ages, according to the late Sir Walter Besant, still lingered on. The last private combat was fought in England early in the reign. Negroes and Indians had just been abolished in West Indies, and holy men and women rejoiced with exceeding great joy over the emancipation of the Blacks, as they were called, unaware of the hideous potteries and manufactories that flourished at their very doors.

Speaking generally, the Victorians may be described as a brave, brutal and enterprising people, dog-fights, cock-fights, horse-racing, railways, tubular bridges, mining operations and manufactures, but of mortuus they were utterly destitute.

The male exorcisers—most inarticulate appendages—like chimpheens. Hence the line in the old folk-song:

"The captain with his whiskers took a sly glance at me."

Their homes were beautiful and commodious, families from nine to thirteen being common. No race suicide for them. These ladies decorated their lower legs with white cotton stockings and added their feet in elastic boots to the invention of Mario, covering the whole with crinolines. They inhabited houses with defective sanitary arrangements, containing "parrots," the floors of which were covered with "floral carpets," wherein they sat on chairs of awesome and amorphous shapes, and "ottomans" decorated with "antimacassars"—Noren incensos and "worsted work."

The Victorians believed in "De mortuis nil passe," may I remind Mr. Norman of the good old maxim, "Ignorantia legis nemini excusat."

I still think a parent ought to be made responsible for the boy who is a monster of horribleness and ignorant he may be, and venture to think most sane people will agree with me.

The late Sir Grantham's cottages was based on Sir Norman's former letter (q.v.), which mentioned the Judge (as I thought) in this connection.

As for my correspondent of Sir William Grantham's death, the less comment from me the better. I am old-fashioned enough to believe in "De mortuis nil passe," and Mr. Norman's remarks on the deceased Judge are both unneccessary and in execrable taste.

I differ from Sir, Norman in toto as to the Ball case and the Incest Act; and believe I have public opinion on my side.

As to employers and the State, etc., I can only say I should be sorry to have to live in a community run on Norman lines. Despotism of an Oriental type would be far preferable.

My "consciousness" does not condemn me in the least—nor does my sense of humour.

M. R. K.-L.

THE MYSTERY OF HAMLET.

Sir,—I was very much interested in Mr. Randall's article on "The Heart of Hamlet's Mystery." It is true that we do not know how Shakespeare wrote his plays. But though we may not know the key of the mystery—if there is any—he is so interested in the psychology of the situation as to make his characters act and speak as if he had done so the tragedy would have come to an abrupt conclusion. "Hamlet," with the Prince, is used, as a rule, as an illustration of the impossible. "Hamlet," with the king killed in the first two or three scenes, would have been perhaps as impossible as a constrictive point of view. It is extremely doubtful whether Shakespeare approached his task self-consciously in the dialogue Hamlet carried on with the ghost speaking from below the stage. There is but little meaning in the dialogue, which begins with the ghost's word, "Swear," other than a trick of whirling words to heighten the dramatic effect.

To explain, then, would justify a longer article on psychological cogency, but it would not be so satisfactory as the realisation of the simple truth that Shakespeare was concerned with the dramatic necessities of his plot, as part of the traffic of the theatre.

GEO. EDGAR.

PRESENT DAY CRITICISM.

Sir,—I wish you would tell Master Carter not to give way to those nasty tantrums of his, but he brave and have it out like a little man. It won't hurt him much and he will feel a lot better after."

M. B. OXON.

THE VICTORIANS.

Sir,—As there seems to be some misconception abroad as to who and what the Victorians were, I, who once lived among that strange tribe of people, wish to be glad, with your permission, to offer a little information on the subject. It is a vast one, of course, and merits a treatise such as a man might write on the Asuntas of Australia or the Yorubas of Nigeria; but I think that it is possible to present a fairly accurate estimate of the period in a short examination.

When we speak of the Pacific Ocean we allude to an expanse of water, without thinking of the lovely coral islands, the blue lagoons, the fairy atolls, the brown-skined Egyptians, and amorphous shapes, and the dazzling lights of Asia poured from the Press, selling like hot cakes amidst the plaudits of the people. Evo—evol—Evolution. So nigh is his fading to our daily life, and up she went like a Rocket. Time would fail to tell of Swinburne and the Neo-Hellenic boom. Does anybody at present live who knows what the school was? No, not, any more than they know or care what the Sattanic School was. Schools break up. Poets remain. Ruskin and Kate Greenaway shared the throne of the Poets between them—until we arrive at the Por of Paint Period, and the commencement of the mission of St. Bernard to the lands of Heatheness.

Turner and the Pre-Raphaelites were not Victorians, nay, rather, they were the prophets whom the Victorians stoned. Any of the raspberry jam, "soap-suds," and "trifle" left over by the earlier critics from the besmearing of Millais and Holman Hunt to the stake.

It is easy to claim them as Victorians now; yet the provision of a picture is a picture at Rossetti's "scarcely possible," and the midst of the picture by the Inimitable Rossetti's. It is the sort of the picture by Dr. Cumming. "Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness." Yea, verily, for whenever with bare head I stand before it I am almost persuaded to become Catholic.

"Ave mater Jesu Christi!"

"Qui per aurem concepisti"

"Raspsberry jam," "soap-suds," and "trifle" left over by the earlier critics from the besmearing of Millais and Holman Hunt to the stake.

Every happy English child can now sip the story of the Pre-Raphaelites, and tell of the life-long neglect meted out to Mortimer Menpes, the subject of the present article. We know now that the death through misery and hardship of Walter Deveril, and how there were to be found in the England of that day dyes, which were so carefully left over by the earlier critics from the besmearing of Millais and Holman Hunt to the stake.

The Brahamists among them had their foreheads painted with the letters "V. R.," which means "Very Respectable.

They were the last private combats fought in England early in the reign. Negroes and Indians had just been abolished in West Indies, and holy men and women rejoiced with exceeding great joy over the emancipation of the Blacks, as they were called, unaware of the hideous potteries and manufactories that flourished at their very doors.

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