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All communications relative to The New Age should be addressed to The New Age, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It will need a little care not to be rushed to the conclusion unanimously arrived at by the Press on Saturday that the miners have made a mistake in sticking to their schedule. On Thursday the "Daily Mail" announced that the miners had won a great moral victory, and on Saturday the "Daily News" somewhat tardily followed suit with the announcement of a "Swift Victory for the Miners." Both these announcements, together with the proclamations of the rest of the Press, were, of course, due to Mr. Asquith's speech to the miners in which he accepted on behalf of the Government the principle of the Minimum Wage and promised to enforce it, if necessary, by legislation on the dwindling minority of recalcitrant coal-owners. But in return for this concession of principle Mr. Asquith demanded of the men the abandonment of the schedule of minimum rates drawn up by them on February 2. The principle having been guaranteed, the exact details of the future rates might, he thought, be left to local agreements, superintended where necessary by Government arbitrators. To the same machinery might also be left the provision of safeguards (for the coalowners) against malingering and against future breaches of collective contracts. The refusal by the men of these terms of settlement threw Churchill could not see on Friday evening a single break in the black clouds. The ex-"Daily News" journalist who now writes "Daily Telegraph" leaders expressed his disgust in language unfit to be reproduced in these columns. Even the "Daily News" itself, after having fairly consistently supported the men, was constrained on Saturday morning to appeal to the miners to be reasonable and to be satisfied with the principle and the Government's promise. As for the Government, they peremptorily closed the discussion, and by deeds if not by words threw down the reins and invited the strike to continue. In face of this sudden deadlock it will be difficult, as we say, for any but the coolest brains to examine the position of the men fairly. We do not hope to be able to convince everybody that the men are perfectly right, but we shall be satisfied if we succeed in convincing our readers and the leaders of the men themselves. These latter are now in such a situation that a single step in retreat from their position will be fatal. So far their conduct of the strike has been exemplary, contrasting admirably with the conduct of the late Railway Strike. Unless, like their railway colleagues, they intend to be beaten on the point, they will need not only to maintain their present attitude but to remain convinced that their present attitude is thoroughly justified and, if need should arise, to proceed to strengthen rather than to weaken it.

There are several presumptions in favour of the men which the concession of the principle of the Minimum Wage has confirmed. At the outset it might have been supposed that the demands of the miners were ill-considered and preposterous. Only three weeks ago, during the debate on the address, the Government, speaking through Mr. J. M. Robertson, had declared that a legal Minimum Wage was impracticable. To this pre-supposition was, therefore, established that the planks of the miners' programme would prove on examination to be chimerical, revolutionist, and impossible. Yet within a few days of beginning his investigation into the claims of the miners Mr. Asquith was driven to the conclusion that their demand for a fixed Minimum was not only practicable, but just and even generous. In words which he repeated more than once, Mr. Asquith...
paid the miners the compliment of having struck, not so much in the interests of their own majority, who already earn more than the minimum wage, but in the interests of their unfortunate minority, numbering some 25 or 30 per cent. of the whole, for whom a minimum wage is at present unattainable. Far, therefore, from having discovered that the first of the miners’ claims was ill-considered or revolutionary, as their alleged origin would suggest, the Government on consideration found it to be moderate and just. This alone, we contend, gives to the rest of the miners’ claims a presump-

tive right to be considered in the same light. If the first of their demands has proved, contrary to general expectation, to be fair and practicable, the presumption is that the second and third claims are of a piece with it and equally well considered and moderate.

Before examining the schedule itself, we may remark on the deplorable habit of bad faith which so much of the current discussion of the question proves to have become ingrained in our public life. It is assumed amongst both politicians and the public that whenever any body of men, however numerous, formulate their grievances they will as a matter of course put forward their claims considerably beyond their actual expectations, in the hope that by subsequent compromise they may obtain exactly what they want. In negotiations for sale and purchase, in various disputes between sections of the public, we are told that the parties deliberately asking more than they expect to receive that an example of the contrary is almost incredible. At the back of the disgust with the miners for refusing to accept their demands at the outset, we are told that the miners naturally added by the miners at the outset. On this, however, it must be said that whatever may be the practice of the commercial classes (and a very bad practice it is) the habit of Trade Unionists is not yet to ask for more than they actually want. The political Labour Party may occasionally adopt the methods of the Oriental bazaar, and fix their demands higher than their hopes; with the intention of chaffering, but we know of no instance of any considerable body of Trade Unionists descending to this childish chicanery. In the present case it is obvious, from the care, the exactitude and the variety of the district rates as formulated in the schedule, that there was no margin forward no marginal demands in the belief that they can be whittled down to their requirements. On the contrary, they have stated, like the typical truthful Englishmen they are, decisions are for the men and the fraction of a penny, and they expect to get it. We appeal to our readers not to be misled by the bad tradi-

tions of commerce into debiting the miners with any dirty slinnness.

The careful exactitude of the February schedule being established, only a false pride on the part of the Govern-

ment will prevent its concession. It is simply ridiculous to suppose that the Government will be demeaning itself in any way by admitting that the men have made out their case in detail as well as in principle. From a silly party, point of view, a Government that in early February scoffed the notion of a legal Minimum Wage and in late February offered to bring in a Bill to estab-

lish it has sufficiently demeaned itself in the eyes of the public that whenever it has attempted to be fair and practicable, the presumption is that the miners are right on this point as they have been proved to be right on the first; and any wound that the pride of the Government or the public could have received from being compelled to-day what they denied three weeks ago has already been inflicted. At this moment, therefore, it is the Govern-

ment that is standing out against a satisfactory settle-

ment, not the miners. If the Government would agree to the schedule, still less the men whose demands are so exact and at the same time so moderate and just. The shadow having been conceded in the form of the principle of the Minimum Wage, commonsense requires that the meager substance demanded by the men should go with it.

Apart from the circumstances of the history of the schedule, which was only formulated after weeks of inquiry and was reduced to the very minimum of what the various groups of miners would accept, there are sound reasons for supposing that the schedule as fixed by the men would prove to be acceptable by the Government. Mr. Asquith did not in so many words say that the men’s schedule could finally be established by the Government arbitrators, but he did allow it to be sup-

posed that this would be the case. The “Daily News” on Saturday drew the same inference, and, while plead-

ing with the men to withdraw their demand for the schedule, said: “The probability is that it does actually embody an actual minimum for the several districts.” “That being so,” the “Daily News” continued, “the men’s leaders ought to have acted on the assurance that the schedule would have justified itself to the district boards.” If, however, the men’s schedule appears to be so reasonable as to allow the Government to anticipate its complete acceptance by the arbitrators, Mr. Asquith and his colleagues ought to have acted on the assurance and taken the schedule as a basis forthwith. The further implication, however, of the Government’s dem-

and is that the men should trust the Government. The Government having accepted the principle of the Minimum Wage, the men, it is urged, should trust the Government and Press alike, the swallowing of the gnat with its treacherous nature. They simply took out the schedule to show to the public that whenever it has attempted to be fair and practicable, the presumption is that the miners are right on this point as they have been proved to be right on the first; and any wound that the pride of the Government or the public could have received from being compelled to-day what they denied three weeks ago has already been inflicted. At this moment, therefore, it is the Govern-

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But even admitting that a Government negotiating through Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Lloyd George may for once be sincere in the matters. But even admitting that a Government negotiating through Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Lloyd George may for once be sincere in the matters. But even admitting that a Government negotiating through Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Lloyd George may for once be sincere in the matters.
of betterment has any other intention with regard to themselves. Once allow their forces to be scattered and the miners quite naturally believe that they will be defeated in detail exactly as the railwaymen were; presenting by which experience they propose the stand in. Why the record of the present Cabinet can possibly blame them? Returned in 1906 with a mandate, if ever Government had mandate, to overhaul our economic system, the Cabinet passed the Trades Disputes Act in response to the demand of miners having delivered the first blow by coming out on strike after due and solemn warning must be prepared, if the first blow is not effective, to deliver the second before the enemy has had time to recover. We are extremely sorry to have to use the vocabulary of war to express our meaning during a civil dispute; but the circumstances are such and the issues are such that unless the whole episode is treated in the spirit of war, the chances are that sentiment will prevail over reason.

We say again that the men have a just case and have defined their demands with exactitude, justice and generosity. We say again that in their battle they have the free intelligence of the country with them, the whole of their class numbers, however small, of the nation, and the sympathy of the entire world of labour. Under these circumstances, it is their duty at all costs to follow up their first blow by a second, and if necessary, by a third and a fourth. We are sure and doubly sure that their moderate and just demands shall not be denied or frustrated. And the means, you ask? Again we will content ourselves with giving no more than a hint. Let there be no disorder, no rowdysim, no rioting—but let thousands and thousands march peacefully on London. Before they have started they can dictate terms.

It may be said, of course, that the men's schedule, however moderate, is nevertheless too high for a fixed minimum wage. Against this the facts to which we have already referred, facts which the miners, in fixing the varying rates, bore in mind, but facts of which they were only vaguely aware. Both the "Times" and the "Daily Mail" have done very good service by revealing, on the authority of their independent financial experts, the enormous profits actually made by coalowners. Ten per cent., it seems, is a modest estimate of the average profits in such parts of the mining industry as are in the hands of joint stock companies; and this average is admittedly kept low for public consumption by the devices of watering, bonuses and reserves, described in detail in the "Times" and the "Daily Mail". If we add to this the fact that joint stock companies actually, and not merely nominally, earn less than family groups of proprietors who own a considerable part of the mines, the rent exacted of the miners and the consumers for permission to get and use coal will appear colossal.

For it must be admitted that there is danger in delay. Time is on the side of the masters, as they cynically understand. With every day that passes the reserves of the men will diminish, their spirit will be weakened, the irritated pressure of the public will increase and the temptation to procure peace at any price, even that of complete defeat, will grow stronger. There is nothing in war like taking the offensive and keeping it. If miners having delivered the first blow by coming out on strike after due and solemn warning must be prepared, if the first blow is not effective, to deliver the second before the enemy has had time to recover. We are extremely sorry to have to use the vocabulary of war to express our meaning during a civil dispute; but the circumstances are such and the issues are such that unless the whole episode is treated in the spirit of war, the chances are that sentiment will prevail over reason.
alternative to the Minimum Wage, though appearing in
the "Westminster Gazette," originated with Mr. Asquith.
We are not able to state definitely that the article in question was actually drafted by the Prime
Minister himself; but it is important in any discussion of
the future to know that Mr. Asquith approved, and
probably even initiated, the use of the word "profit-
sharing." Lord Robert Cecil, Mr. Sidney Brooks, Mr. Duguid, and scores of namable and un-
namable writers immediately rushed into print with
their proposals for a co-partnership in profits between
masters and men. Not one of these writers, to our
knowledge, has hitherto distinguished himself by any
industrial vision or even by any manifest public interest
in the problems of labour. Weeks ago we ourselves
pointed out that the fatal objection to profit-sharing, as
advocated by these tyros in labour affairs, was the fact,
so completely demonstrated in the American Steel Cor-
poration if not in England, that profit-sharing destroys
trade unionism—in other words, destroys the collective
force of the men. To put forward a proposal for secur-
ing peace which would infallibly destroy one of the
chief parties can scarcely, therefore, be regarded as
politics; and before writing again on this subject, Lord
Robert Cecil and his amateur friends must ask them-

selves, is it their syndicalisation. The

State under its destructive
influence would be intended
to bring about the same results. For this reason, profit-
sharing of this kind may be dismissed as impracticable;
we may be quite certain that profit-sharing, if it were
conceded, is subversive not of modern society only, but
more seriously

Syndicalism. And Syndicalism will not come, as
Socialists like ourselves come, with reason, with a
patrician theory of the State, with a respect for order
and a reliance for interest in the good order which can
come as a principle of purely materialistic and single-
class disorganisation. The State under its destructive
impulse may be visualised and will perhaps be realised
as a group of trades and industries, each warring on
the others equally preposterous have a right to be heard.
Politicians and publicists refused to listen to us when we prophesied a series of
gigantic strikes to recover the lost level of wages, and we declared that they would be compelled to listen to
the men themselves. They are listening now. Simi-
larly we say at this moment that the Syndicalists will
shortly be at our door. And when the Syndicalists have
their arrival, it will be too late to discuss
Socialism.

We return, however, to the immediate problem be-
fore us of handling the mining dispute with skill enough
to ensure that the future of industry shall be orderly and
not anarchic. To do this it is absolutely essential, in
our opinion, that the moderate, calculative demands of
the miners should be conceded, and conceded ungrudg-
ingly. It is not without excellent reason that a million
men have really arrived, it will be too late to discuss
Socialism.

No sooner, however, had Mr. Asquith's suggestion
leaked out among the friends of the capitalists than they
instantly renewed their campaign in favour of what they
call profit-sharing. Lord Robert Cecil, Mr. Sidney
Brooks, Mr. Duguid, and names of namable and un-
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Socialism.
It is impossible as yet to say to what extent the rioting in Pekin is due to the natural propensities of the troops and how far it has been influenced by the Manchu Government. The Republican administration is not recognised generally; it is not even recognised in the neighbourhood of Nankin. The Manchus, on the other hand, have not quite saved their faces. Mongolia, again, prefers to regard itself as being under Russian protection.

At the outbreak of the rebellion it was maintained by Yuan-Shi-Kai's supporters that he could rely upon the loyalty of the Northern Chinese, who would in any circumstances prove faithful to the Manchu dynasty. It then appeared to occur to the Court that Southern China might well be abandoned to the revolutionaries, a grip being still kept on the north by the loyal troops. The progress made by the revolutionary party, however, showed that this hope was slender, to say the least; but foreign intervention had not been tried. The Legations had, it is true, made "suggestions" which neither the revolutionaries nor the Manchus could afford to ignore; but foreign armies and navies had not been brought into requisition. This was what the Emir of Afghanistan had in mind when he regretted that British prestige in the Far East, and that the people did not suffer from it. I have received from an authoritative source in Berlin a circumstantial account of Lord Haldane's visit. One of the topics discussed was the Bagdad Railway and the question of British influence in the Persian Gulf. As I have often mentioned, the point at issue between the two countries is the control of the last two hundred miles or so of this railway. It was held for some time in British diplomatic circles, and it is still held by many competent statesmen, that British interests in the Persian Gulf would suffer unless the completion of the line were under British control. It is now urged, on the other hand, that the virtual British occupation of Southern Persia is sufficient to protect any interests we have in that part of the world. It should be recollected that the paramountcy of Great Britain in the Persian Gulf has never been disputed.

In the course of Lord Haldane's "conversations" with Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg and Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter, however, this paramountcy of Great Britain was delicately questioned for the first time. It was not insinuated that Great Britain had no rights in the Persian Gulf, but the proposal was that Germany should officially recognise them in return for the cession of Walfish Bay and Zanzibar. This, it was pointed out, would remove all Downing Street's scruples about the Union Government which the Home Government had recently made itself very clear on this point. Neither Boers nor Britons care to have Germans on both flanks—German South-West Africa and German East Africa. But in addition to these two colonies, Germany bought from France, including the valuable possession of Delagoa Bay, a protest would be sent in by the Union Government which the Home Government could not afford to overlook. It may be said, generally speaking, that the British and the Boers in South Africa are united on the point that Germany, and in the event of war it is difficult to say what the fate of German South-West Africa would be. Cynic that I am, therefore, I suggest that the colonists in German South-West Africa should be encouraged, for they will at all events serve the purpose of preventing Boers and Britons from flying at one another's throats again.

Attempts are being made to patch up a peace between Turkey and Italy; but so far no one has been able to find a "formula." The Turkish authorities maintain that if they agree to peace on the basis of Italy's supremacy in Tripoli a revolution throughout the length and breadth of the Ottoman Empire is unavoidable. If, on the other hand, Italy agreed to anything less than complete surrender there would be a tremendous outcry from the Alps to Sicily. It does not follow, of course, that the Powers are making efforts for peace because they feel a Christian spirit rising within them. The fact is, this war in the Near East is beginning to have a disturbing effect upon the Balkans, and in the event of war it is difficult to say what the fate of German South-West Africa would be. It is the feeling in Albania and Servia that the Balkans would be undermined and that the Balkan and the Eastern European powers would suffer from the standpoints of diplomacy. This is the first speech of any importance that M. Venizelos has made for several months, and it is noteworthy that he should have felt it necessary to refer in it to the possibility of war. Not, of course, that he said that the fighting men referred to in it could do much. Greek soldiers are no longer Ajaxes and Hectors, and the well-trained Turks would soon mop up their Greek opponents. But Turkey herself is in no very flourishing condition; and if Bulgaria's war preparations continue as they are now doing, Mahmoud Shlefket Pasha will have to look to the north for his country's foes rather than the south. Ever watchful, Russia can spare a few regiments from Persia and Mongolia if she sees a chance of plundering in some other direction. Foreign affairs, dull for some weeks, are at last beginning to look up again. Good!
The Apotheosis of Waste.

By Charles Mannon.

The fable of the boys and frogs in print again! In its issue of February 29 the "Daily Mail," in reporting a meeting, having for its object the advertising of Swanage as a summer resort, publishes—as far as one can see without a blush—the fact that use of a whole page, for advertisement purposes, can be obtained at a figure ranging from £350 to £500. This is fun, great fun, no doubt, for the "Daily Mail"; but what of the poor consumer? For we suppose it will be apparent, even to the densest amongst a long-suffering British public, that this £350 a page has to be paid for, in one way or another, by the visitors to Swanage; that, if some other method, less costly than £350 a page, could be found for bringing the merits—real or imaginary—of Swanage to the recreation-seeking section of the community, those enjoying its hospitality could be accommodated at a less price corresponding to the saving on this advertisement bill of £350 a page.

There is one thing, however, to be said for the "Daily Mail," that, whoever pays the piper, the music draws a good audience. But that cannot be turned into a general proposition. On the contrary, historians might justly chronicle our times as the period in which was attained the waste that occurs between production and consumption. There is no adequate competition resulting from the savings piled up by these Societies. If one takes the Blue-book recording their position it is found that (excluding the Incorporated Companies, working for a profit; but including the Mutual Societies) the amassed funds run between 300 and 400 millions, all of which have, within a short period, been extracted from the pockets of the insured. To whose good? Do the poor, under this system, obtain on an average even 1d. for 9d.? And yet the system is being petted, perpetuated, and encouraged.

Compare this pitifully wasteful organisation—wasteful to the extent of millions a year—with the scheme of "Assisted Investment." outlined briefly in this review on January 25. Under every contingency of life, evil or otherwise, there would be an almost costless solution. Temporary loss of work, death, sickness, marriages of children, apprenticeship, and many other forms of necessary expenditure, if not otherwise provided for, could be met by resort to the man's investment; upon which he could be permitted to re-borrow, for such purposes, at the nominal rate of 4d. for 9d. Yet and the system is being petted, perpetuated, and encouraged.

But the scheme is not the only alternative. Why should there not be a graduated Burial Fund, established by the State? A sickness fund has already been established, in spite of the recognised risk of abuse. Yet about Death there could be no malingerer. "Why, then, has this need been overlooked? The drafts upon the Treasury could be met by taxes, of which all the man's investment would be saved a hundredfold, and the story of the "Golden Fleece" would become a tradition instead of a constantly re-enacted tragedy. There would, of to thousands, the Tono-Bungay rubbish being eliminated altogether.

But not only are prices unnecessarily inflated. The wages of the poor, already weighed out in grudging scales, are also sweated between their receipt and their disbursement on the necessities of life. How little measure do the working classes, in their ignorance of food values or, indeed, of values generally, get for their shillings! Are they not, too, the prey of hosts of rapacious agents, collectors and sharks of endless species, who collect their pence and give them but half-pence, if anything, in return? Does the State guide or protect them? Are there any institutions that do? The State even takes the trouble for examine and suppress the fraudulent nostrums hawked about amongst the poor as aids to thrift? Let us look, for example, at the least objectionable of all—Life Assurance. Take the great industrial and mutual insurance societies, especially those known as Collecting Societies. It is notorious that, with the latter, the working management expenses are enormous—in some cases hovering about the 50 per cent. line. Not only this. Look at the savings piled up by these Societies. If one takes the Blue-book recording their position it is found that (excluding the Incorporated Companies, working for a profit; but including the Mutual Societies) the amassed funds run between 300 and 400 millions, all of which have, within a short period, been extracted from the pockets of the insured. To whose good? Do the poor, under this system, obtain on an average even 1d. for 9d.? And yet the system is being petted, perpetuated, and encouraged.

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But not only are prices unnecessarily inflated. The wages of the poor, already weighed out in grudging scales, are also sweated between their receipt and their disbursement on the necessities of life. How little measure do the working classes, in their ignorance of food values or, indeed, of values generally, get for their shillings! Are they not, too, the prey of hosts of rapacious agents, collectors and sharks of endless species, who collect their pence and give them but half-pence, if anything, in return? Does the State guide or protect them? Are there any institutions that do? The State even takes the trouble for examine and suppress the fraudulent nostrums hawked about amongst the poor as aids to thrift? Let us look, for example, at the least objectionable of all—Life Assurance. Take the great industrial and mutual insurance societies, especially those known as Collecting Societies. It is notorious that, with the latter, the working management expenses are enormous—in some cases hovering about the 50 per cent. line. Not only this. Look at the savings piled up by these Societies. If one takes the Blue-book recording their position it is found that (excluding the Incorporated Companies, working for a profit; but including the Mutual Societies) the amassed funds run between 300 and 400 millions, all of which have, within a short period, been extracted from the pockets of the insured. To whose good? Do the poor, under this system, obtain on an average even 1d. for 9d.? And yet the system is being petted, perpetuated, and encouraged.

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But the scheme is not the only alternative. Why should there not be a graduated Burial Fund, established by the State? A sickness fund has already been established, in spite of the recognised risk of abuse. Yet about Death there could be no malingerer. "Why, then, has this need been overlooked? The drafts upon the Treasury could be met by taxes, of which all the man's investment would be saved a hundredfold, and the story of the "Golden Fleece" would become a tradition instead of a constantly re-enacted tragedy. There would, of
course, be disputes between aggressive promoters and the Department, but these could be settled by a recourse to the Court. It would gradually grow up a useful body of law setting fixed boundaries to the exploiting imagination of the modern Jason.

But political parties have no time for useful reforms of this kind. Let us hope, however, that, ere long, some man of the best political type will attempt to reform these inefficient institutions and suppress this awful waste—a combination which will influence some yeasty working into the stodgy dough of politics.

Finance and the People.

By Lieut.-Colonel Alsager Pollock.

Discontent among the working classes is no new thing in the history of the world, nor has there ever been a scarcity of agitators to trade upon the credulity of misguided men. At present the populace is being led to believe that it can eat its cake and have it, and so long as highly-placed persons, including Cabinet Ministers, are found to ally themselves for their own party purposes with the street-corner demagogues, the falacies proposed are likely to continue to exercise an evil influence to the detriment of the State as a whole. The theory of the "broadest back" being the most suitable to bear the burdens of taxation is as fallacious in sound in itself, but the fact remains that the more the rich man has to pay to the tax-collector the less will he have to spend, and consequently the less of his income will fall into the pockets of those who have to work for their living. The working-man cannot have it both ways, and the more he is relieved of indirect taxation, by means of impost laid directly on the rich, the more must the latter deny themselves of so-called "luxuries," to the detriment of employment. I defy any man to name a luxury of the rich that does not by the indulgence of it furnish wages for the poor.

The plain fact is that under whatever system of taxation the working-man is the ultimate sufferer, and the rich man merely the medium through which the taxes are collected. Suppose, for example, the entire abolition of indirect taxation, and the substitution of a fifty per cent. tax on all income in excess of, say, £200 a year. The inevitable result would not only be to reduce proportionally the spending power of those who have taxable incomes, but to reduce the incomes themselves, by depreciating the property and securities from which they are derived, so that the yield would be very disappointingly small; and while the rich have been impoverished the poor would have been reduced to a condition of beggary. It is probably an evil that the bulk of the national wealth should be possessed by a few very rich men, because the power to give employment to the people by general indulgence in "luxuries" is correspondingly limited. For example: Ten men, each of them spending £10,000 a year, do more good to the people, because more rapidly and generally causing money to circulate, than one man spending ten times that income. But "the best is always the enemy of the good," and any striving after ideal adjustments of wealth can only tend to reduce that wealth and consequently to increase the difficulty of the working classes to earn their daily bread. Concentration of wealth is probably an evil, as already said, but reduction of wealth is an unspeakable calamity, upon account of the people thereby thrown out of employment.

The death of a man who has been in the enjoyment of an income of, say, £20,000 a year involves payments to the Chancellor of the Exchequer amounting in all to about £100,000, a capital sum representing income of some £3,000 a year. The successor of the dead man will, in order to set out the impost laid upon him, he determines to live, let us say, on half his income for ten years. His father had admitted that he had loafed and drunk the day away. In the evening he went to a music-hall, and, being what he called "merry," he persisted in singing and malting to the Exchequer? Is it devoted to paying off the National Debt, or in any other way carried to the mass of the people the result, less the economy of it to spend not £20,000 a year, but £100,000; in eight years he would be bankrupt. The capital of the State is the sum total of the wealth possessed by all of its individual citizens, and as the State is spending now its capital for purposes of income, it must yearly be reducing that capital; and the fortunes that are being made from time to time do not alter this fact, because instead of adding to the national wealth they serve merely as a set-off against the expenditure of it, when indeed they do not represent a mere transfer of money from the pockets of one or many persons to those of others more fortunate.

To me it seems that sound finance demands that the burden of taxation shall be laid, directly or indirectly, exclusively on income. It is convenient for purposes of collection that the richer the man should pay, because it is easier and also cheaper to collect from comparatively few than from very many. Therefore by all means let the rich man pay. Yet for the mass of the people the result, has the economy in collection, is that the actual burden nevertheless falls upon them; for by as much as the rich are mulct by taxes, by so much must their personal power of spending money, and thereby giving employment, be reduced. Were the rate fixed one per cent., the principal consequence would be universal unemployment and universal starvation. Taxes less confiscatory have the same tendency, in proportion to their extent. The prevalence of unemployment at the present time among those willing and able to work is due to the excessive rates of direct taxation already applied, but more especially to the improvident system of taking for the purposes of annual national expenditure the capital of individuals. It cannot be gainsaid that when capital is expended on income account it is by so much reduced, and that the income of future years is also reduced in accordance with the amount of capital thus squandered. You cannot "eat your cake and have it," whether that cake be one made of sugar or of gold. You cannot represent a capital sum of money or money's worth. Therefore as the national wealth decreases so must the working classes receive a lesser total sum in the form of wages. The wages of surviving industries may, of course, remain normal; but those of others will by degrees be extinguisheagh. The rich cannot economise except at the expense of the poor; yet economise they must, whether willingly or not, in proportion as their incomes are reduced.

Our Young Criminals.

By Josiah Oldfield.

He was a sharp-faced, intelligent lad—really not more than a lad—and yet he stood for a short half hour as the central figure in a crowded court of justice.

It was one of the usual sort of sordid little stories that are happening daily in civilised England. It had happened the day after Coronation Day, and the lad admitted that he had looted and pocketed £100. In the evening he went to a music-hall, and, being what he called "merry," he persisted in singing and making himself a nuisance.

The attendant ordered him out, and on the way down the street he suddenly became obstinate and determined to go up again. A scuffle followed, and as he had his knife in his hand, that he had been
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March 7, 1912.

Rural Notes.

By Avalon.

"The Village Labourer," by Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, is the first modern work to describe in detail the process by which the rural economy of the first two-thirds of the eighteenth century was broken up by the enclosure of the commons, both waste and common, and the deplorable effects of that policy. It explains how, deprived of his stake in the village, the landless labourer was merged in a pauperised rural proletariat, and tells the dismal story of his degradation. This was not effected without a struggle, but the valuable account of the peasant revolt during 1830, now set forth for the first time from contemporary documents, shows how his last hopes were crushed and his spirit not relieved until the agitation of Joseph Arch in the 'seventies, and the grant of the franchise in 1887. This is a book to be carefully studied by every land reformer, for he has to reverse the effects of a long history of oppression under which a whole civilization has been destroyed. This has reacted unfavourably on the character of landowners, farmers, and labourers. The task is difficult, for the material is mostly bad. Public spirit and the ideal of good citizenship is scanty in many counties, and the main impetus for reform must come from the towns. Being for the most part Liberal in origin, its effects have been more noticeable in the political than in the social or industrial field.

A few clear ideas on policy and principles are needed. Too few Liberals have any. They are also apt to fall in practice, because too much is expected from mere clever political manoeuvres while local administration has been neglected. Except the grants for education research the Development Act has remained a mere piece of window-dressing. The Labour Party expresses a purely urban movement. It differs from the Radicals only by a greater practical ignorance of rural affairs, and counts for little. Tories as such have been mere anti-Radicals, though they might do something with co-partnership, which has been tried successfully on

*Longmans, Green and Co., 1911.
Lord Rayleigh's farms in Essex. Fortunately many are taking an active part in the co-operative movement outside party lines.

The Fabian Society knows little about land and nothing of banking. Since one of the main problems is to give the villager access to capital as well as land, it can have no opinion of any value, and its few tracts are already out of date. The error of the Land Valuers and Taxers is to mistake a principle of limited for one of universal application. A policy based on a single inaccurate premise soon leads to absurdities and a complex situation is not so easily resolved. The Agricultural Organisation Society is a semi-official body with all its powers and disabilities. It is doing excellent service in its over-hypothesis and groundless assumptions but not conquer it. Such pioneer work is for the National Home and Land and Rural Development Leagues. They are young yet, and it is too soon to judge whether they will rise to the level of their opportunities.

They have plenty to do in helping those classes for whom the Small Holdings and Housing Acts were designed. It is to be hoped they will be well supported and escape the danger of falling into the hands of a few wirepullers, thus unfitting them to promote a popular movement.

Now the evils so well described by Mr. and Mrs. Hammond are due to the destruction of popular rights and a land policy based on too much individualism. The country wants, and is entitled to have, a more collectivist policy, and the generous grant of concessions on a legal basis to replace the lost rights. So far every step in that direction must be opposed. The purchase of land by county councils, and the endowment of farm institutes is a move in the right direction. Not until it has gone much farther need the limits of public or private ownership and enterprise be considered. Applicants for land and houses should be given a definite legal status, of which the germ is seen in the latest Housing Act, where four ratepayers can demand an inquiry. An extension of this principle would help to revive the guild spirit.

Only the other day Mr. Sidney Webb condemned the Chinese for the lack of an efficient administration and dismissed the guilds contemptuously as the only organised bodies dealing with public business, elsewhere in the hands of officials. He forgot to notice that there is not a single lawyer among the whole four hundred million of these people. In matters we could well take a lesson from China. There is far greater worry and trouble in getting a house built in England under a most elaborate contract protected by the law than in the East, by a Chinese contractor, a member of a guild and bound by tradition. Again, most Socialists are hopelessly old-fashioned in approving co-operative distribution and in condemning co-operative production. They forget that the latter not only serve the common good but will be appreciated. Mr. Hilaire Belloc is often tiresome with his appreciation of the advantages of small production, especially in the hands of French peasants, but the small owners of Denmark, organised into their wonderful co-operative societies, realise the ideals of a collectivist State far better than we. They are not too often isolated and ignorant of their own interests, or of what is going on in the world. In Denmark, however, few Englishmen are fit to be landlords, so that a policy of peasant proprietorship, quite apart from theory, is bound to fail.

The Small Holdings and Housings Acts are so complicated and cumbrous, while the capacity of the councilors (not being lawyers or company promoters) who have to work them is so inadequate, that their administration is falling into anarchy. It varies from county to county, and hardly anyone really understands the finance. The Board of Agriculture's great principle is to have none, which it calls treating each case on its merits, and thus merely adds to the confusion. Now there is a mass of detailed administration that can be done much better by a co-operative building society than by the perfunctory agent of an official committee, whose members are divided on policy and methods. Such societies, if financially sound, should be given far greater powers and privileges than they can claim at present. When work has to be done, and not talked or written about, guild is better than bureaucratic management, because there is a greater measure of common interest. Business is less contentious and is conducted with less mincing words, not for the definite purpose of getting things done. The local bureaucracy yields the net result of conflicting aims and methods, often a very small one, and is usually satisfied if official procedure is duly observed, as if that were an end in itself. Let us have the work done as much as possible by those who want to do it and not by those who are merely earning their salaries or trying to please their constituents. It is well for the Agricultural Organisation Society that it works through local committees composed of allied interests, and not under the direction of the county councils. This, then, is a second principle which should be widely extended in the case of other Public Utility Societies, especially those on a democratic basis. It is a pity that the town planning and garden city movement has switched off on to ordinary company promoting lines, and is now the medium for grinding too many private axes.

The finance of the Small Holdings Acts is confused and few principles have been definitely established, except that applicants prefer tenancy to purchase. If this is so, it is clearly unjust that the tenant should pay the sinking fund and present the land free to the county council after a lapse of sixty or eighty years. At the same time he often has to pay heavy charges for acquisition, compensation, conveyance fees, and management, most of which, except those for adaptation, are of no value to him. Again, it is difficult as yet to say from the experience gained on well-considered and well-managed schemes what these charges ought to be. Information is rarely published and practice is not compared and co-ordinated. Unless Mr. Runciman can get his officials to clear the matter up and formulate a satisfactory and uniform financial policy, at least a Departmental committee should be appointed to deal with it. The report and evidence should be published. Meanwhile the sinking fund and balance of other charges should be placed to a suspense account to be ear-marked for the benefit of particular schemes or groups of schemes, so that the money can be utilised for developments or for an eventual reduction of charges to the tenants.

Mr. Chiuzza Money has been showing how badly the real wealth of the country compares with its nominal riches. The value of agricultural produce per acre in this country is very low compared to that of Belgium or Denmark, while the natural advantages are perhaps better. To produce more wealth requires the employment of more labour, which means higher costs and smaller profit. The small holder looks to a high return on his capital than to more efficient conditions of work and better payment for his labour. It would be better for the country if the capital employed per acre were trebled, even if the produce were only doubled, and the rate of interest and profits were halved, though this does not necessarily follow. Much of the extra capital will be provided by the savings of the smaller holder, only if they can own houses, or rent under reasonable rents and fixity of tenure. This is why the finance of the Small Holdings Acts and the recent Departmental inquiry on the sale of estates are so important. The land of a country is not to be looked on as a mere profit-making machine, but as the rate of profits and neither the total output of wealth or the number of families living under civilised conditions is considered.
Unedited Opinions.
A New View of Marriage.

I really do not know whether I ought to spoil a possibly true idea by prematurely attempting to express it.

The subject, however, is so perennial in its interest; novel, not to say new or true ideas on it are so few, that with myself as your sole auditor you may surely venture. Already you alarm me by your phrase "perennial in its interest." Do you mean to say that any discussion of marriage is of interest?

Not any. The conventional view, for example, does not interest me at the least. On the contrary, the conventional view alone interests me, for the simple reason that it is the only view of marriage I do not thoroughly understand.

How strange that you should say that. I should have thought it was the most simple of all. Tell me then what it is. I am anxious to learn. The conventional view of marriage is simply that two people agree to live together for the satisfaction of their mutual sexual needs, and for children. And these sexual needs, what do you take them to be— the usual?

Certainly, why not? Marriage, then, is mating, with the anticipated or, at least, possible consequence in children? But if either by design or accident there are no children, would you still call the union a marriage? You would! Conventionally you would! Very well then, we can eliminate the children and confine the meaning of marriage to licensed co-habitation. Licensed cohabitation, you say, is marriage as conventionally regarded. Yes? But now tell me why such an importation conventionally should be placed on marriage.

Because of its possible consequences in children mainly, but other considerations enter. The licence, for example, is rightly insisted on by society not only as an earnest of responsible parenthood, but also as an inducement to settled citizenship. Licence to marry involves, from society's standpoint, the undertaking of two citizens to confine their sexual affairs within specified and legal limits. Free sexual desires are as dangerous to settled society as anarchists. One never knows what mischief they may not produce. Marriage regularises and thereby, in the conventional view, civilises them. By means of marriage sexual desires are made socially calculable.

That is very well explained. But is it your view that society is so concerned with its own peace and quiet that calculability of sex desires is a predominant motive to the institution of marriage?

Calcubility connotes a confined and regularised desire, does it not? And this again is favourable to racial reproduction. The regularisation of desire is therefore not merely a present good in itself in the eyes of society, but it has the further advantage of providing the best conditions for society's future. Which consideration, if either, enters predominantly into the institution of marriage it is unnecessary to consider.

Well, I realise now why in your opinion society puts such a premium upon marriage; and I will examine it critically in a minute or two. But turn to the other aspect of marriage as it appeals to the individual. Admitted that marriage is in society's interest, is it also in the interest of the persons concerned?

The two can scarcely be separated. After all, an institution of society is founded on the wishes or consent of the vast majority of its members. Having proved that marriage is in the interest of society, the interest of the vast majority of the persons forming that society is involved. As society they maintain marriage because they want to marry. The vast majority of people, that is, want to regulate and civilise their own sexual desires?

Certainly.

In the interests of themselves, or of their neighbours? It is to their mutual interest. They thereby secure peace and quiet as well as children.

Peace and quiet as regards their neighbour or as regards themselves? I warn you that we are approaching difficult ground.

Both, I should say at a venture. You are cautious. But are you clear what advantage the individual himself derives from this regularisation of his sex-desires—beyond, that is, the freedom from interference from his equally regularised neighbours? From your account it appears that he prudently purchases immunity (or comparative immunity) from the free sexual desires of his neighbours by the sacrifice of his own sexual freedom. He forswears his own freedom in order that nobody may be free.

Yes, that is how I regard it. But a moment ago you ventured on saying that this forswearing of personal freedom procured peace and quiet not only as regards his neighbours but as regards himself. Apart from ceasing to fear his neighbours, what advantage does he derive from this?

Why, he satisfies his sexual desires and, like society, he can renew his generation. But he can do both without either marriage or the regularisation of his desires.

Not with the same ease and certainty. Marriage provides for the individual the line of least resistance in pursuit both of sexual satisfaction and propagation.

Very well, you have now completed your analysis of conventional marriage. By the institution of licensed co-habitation, not only society in general procures peace and quiet and secures its own continuance, but the individual benefits in the same way. Both society and the individual desire the maximum of advantage. Is there anything you wish to add? Not? Then let me ask now if in my opinion the analysis you have just made is also the conventional analysis?

If you mean are the vast majority of people aware of it, of course I must say no. They accept the institution without examining its rationale.

Would you say that they are entirely or partially ignorant of its rationale, or that they have totally different ideas of the meaning of marriage from the one you have described?

Some are totally ignorant, having never given a thought to such matters; some are partially ignorant, having only guessed or been told its meaning; others, again, have different ideas—mainly sentimental, I imagine.

They interest me, nevertheless, since we are inquiring into the conventional view of marriage. You have analysed the utilitarian aspect of conventional marriage very well; but in the conventional view you admit that this utilitarian aspect does not bulk large. Since some repudiate it, others only partially accept it, and the vast mass of people are unaware of it, what view of marriage really prevails? You realise the distinction between explaining marriage as a utilitarian device and explaining the conventional view of it. I am anxious to discover wherein your utilitarian view and the conventional view differ, why they differ, and whether your view or the conventional view is the more inclusive of facts.

Well, putting it in that way, there is no single conventional view to set against my utilitarian view. My view is held by many who have considered the subject. Another view is held by others; and still others hold still other views. The sum or common factor or average (I don't know which) of all these varying views composes the conventional view. All I can say is that my view wears best. It is the view that gains ground. When everybody comes to understand marriage it will be my view that will prevail.

Perhaps; perhaps not. There are other views contained within the conventional view which personally I think have more of immortality in them. I had prepared to disclose to you my guess at one of them. But, believe me, I am very grateful that you drew me into a more lucid way.
Art and Drama in Paris.

By Huntly Carter.

The Futurists and Mr. Bernard Shaw are just now competing for favour in Paris. At first sight it looks as though the antithetical have come into conflict. Art and didacticism, the Future and the Past, mobility and immobility, and a thousand other extremes. But it is not so. Then it seems as though two anarchoists are contending for public attention. And we have visions of steady and deadly assaults, the smashing up of conventions, the crumbling of old art and moral creeds, the decay of dogmas, and the rise of new conceptions of art and the social universe. We see the artist in the fiery furnace of change and the reformer aglow with the transmutations of debate, figuratively speaking. But still it is not so. The Futurists and Mr. Shaw are neither futurists nor anarchists. They are ephemeralists.

The Futurists are about as much ahead as Giotto, but, of course, they are not to be blamed for calling themselves Futurists. There are no futurists in art. Every creative artist has a right to call himself a futurist. But if he is a creative artist his form of art is dead as soon as it is born. This means that if he is a genuine creative artist he creates his own form which no one may recreate, and if he is vital he creates not one but a thousand forms. As he looks at the crumbling form to which he has just given birth, he builds it again in imagination and makes it fresher and finer, as he believes, than before. This is equal to saying that every creative artist is a futurist. Apparently the Futurists have not grasped this point. For they have, through the poet Marinetti, flooded Paris with literature aiming to prove that they are the people, they are the Futurists. I have not read this literature, preferring instead to see the result of their work. Clearly it was disappointing.

I found it stimulating to me to ask and answer certain questions. Is this so-called futurism new? It is as new as that of Monet, Manet, and the impressionists of the late 'eighties may be said to be new. It is an advance in the translation of dynamic emotions. The Futurists are doing in the minute analysis of psychological elements what their predecessors did in that of chemical elements. The former gave mind to atmosphere, the latter has restored mind to man. The one set man in the atmosphere of a café, street or forest; the other have set the café, street, or forest in the atmosphere of man.

Is it true? It is as true as the translation of a dynamic sensation reduced to a scientific formula can be true. Apparently futurism is a systematic attempt to establish a definite scientific connection between painting and dynamic sensation, similar to that of establishing a definite connection between music and colour. Roughly, the scientific formula is: An emotion, say, delirium sets up so many atmospheric vibrations per second. The same number of vibrations of light produces a colour sensation, say, bright yellow. Therefore bright yellow expresses a number of the vibrations equivalent to the emotion of delirium. It is the same with line. Curves and angles are also made equivalent to the number of vibrations to be conveyed. In short, it is the application in art of the new psychology which has been coming to us from America for some time, especially from Professor Ross's theories of pure design and harmonies of colour. The theories of Chevreux and Helmholtz have been superseded by the revised theories of Chared and the Salpetrière, balanced by Ross.

Is it beautiful? The Futurists are not concerned with beauty, harmony or taste in the old sense. Neither are they, so far as I can judge, concerned with what I may term a new conception of beauty, that is, the beauty of purity of mind, or mind translated in terms of vitality with its opposite in impurity or anti-vitality and death. They are realists. Like Mr. Shaw they are at the surface. They see excrescences not essences. They are up to tricks to evade the soul. These painters, then, are not creative artists. They are well-informed analysts who are thoroughly acquainted with the means through which a tremendous dynamic sensation is conveyed. They take ready-made subjects. Revolutions, café-life, separation, travel, current events of all kinds serve them for treatment. They do not treat themselves psychically—afford the lofty sensation of a mind creating in space. Their aim is to fill in a space with as much visualised action—swift, dramatic, sometimes violent, electric, noisey—as possible. They attempt to realise. The vital element of space is almost entirely absorbed. Their pictures are solid barriers of whirling action. Roughly speaking, ninety-nine per cent. of pictures, like the same percentage of plays, are composed of excrescences—that is everything that is obvious, positive, photographic—while one per cent. is composed of essences and excrescences, that is vital or external elements, outlined by the obvious. The essence of life, or, to use a common term, the life force flowing and ebbing through space, needs certain excrescences to indicate its course. In a picture, for instance, it requires a few simple curves or angles to bend it. This life force is expressed by fluid space. Picasso's later work is of this sort. So is the work of the Futurists, pictures, like Mr. Shaw's plays, are full of nothing but solids. In fact, in both cases we are unable to see the river for its banks. The psychic vision is absent.

If anyone doubts what I say concerning the Futurists let them go to the Sackville Gallery, where the pictures will be seen after March 1, and track down the obvious. Each picture will be found to be charged with the negation of spiritual suggestion. Take the "Les Adieux," the finest thing by Boccioni (the biggest Futurist), and note how full it is of the obvious things of separation, from the two little red spots like danger signals down in the right-hand corner to the distributed reds and greens and other colours denoting elements of danger, and the obvious, positive, photographic—while one per cent. is composed of essences and excrescences, that is vital or external elements, outlined by the obvious. The essence of life, or, to use a common term, the life force flowing and ebbing through space, needs certain excrescences to indicate its course. In a picture, for instance, it requires a few simple curves or angles to bend it. This life force is expressed by fluid space. Picasso's later work is of this sort. So is the work of the Futurists, pictures, like Mr. Shaw's plays, are full of nothing but solids. In fact, in both cases we are unable to see the river for its banks. The psychic vision is absent.

If the work of the Futurists has not got any of those attributes which are claimed nowadays for things of the future, it at least reveals many remarkable qualities. It is the product of men who are painters, brilliant colourist and tremendously well-informed persons on all technical points of view. They possess talent rather than genius, the talent to make the most of every scientific attainment. They have strength and determination which will go a great way towards breaking down opposition, and will make it possible for the new men to go forward toward that psychic ideal which we are a little weary in waiting for. Painting, like drama, has fallen among realists. The Good Samaritan is a long time coming. Still, intellect and the ordinary spectator is something. Art has been divorced from intelligence for a very long time. The Futurists are the triumph of intelligence. I must reserve the consideration of the production of Mr. Shaw's play for next week.
AMANTIUM IÆE.
Euphenic Politicians.*

1.—The Distinction.

By J. M. Kennedy.

For the adequate discussion of historical and political questions it is perhaps unfortunate that the terms optimism and pessimism should have become so closely associated to such an extent with the names of Nietzsche and Schopenhauer. There is surely some distinction to be drawn between what Nietzsche has called a positive attitude towards life and the unabashed idealism which is now so often confused with optimism. Even Schopenhauer is not always, properly speaking, the pessimist he is generally assumed to be. His diatribes against the world are not the outbursts of a peevish or despondent man, but the faint echo of the stretch of language or confusion of thought can Nietzsche's doctrine of the Eternal Recurrence be called an optimistic one, in the customary sense of the word pessimistic, as he has set it forth.

Let us consider two pronouncements. The following words were spoken by the Rev. Principal W. Edwards at the opening of the spring assembly of the Baptist Union on April 24, 1917. They form part of the President's address:

So our plea is for a great united forward movement. The millennium is to come; but, remember, we have to fix the date. The Golden Age, after all, is not in the past but in the future—the future that God's dial will not move backward. Christ is at our head, and victory must wait upon our banner. Above the smoke of the battlefield, in the calm silence between heaven and earth, I perceive the form of One watching the conflict. At the back of the forces of eternal truth I see the Captain of the Lord's Hosts directing and encouraging all. Above the clash and din of the mighty combatants I hear the voice of the prophet-king, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon (of his people) has triumphed." Then, as of old, shall the morning stars sing together and the sons of God shout aloud for joy. The angels shall come and sing again over a peaceful, happy, prosperous land, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace among men of goodwill," and God shall look down on the moral world as he did of old on the material and pronounce "all things good."

More than four centuries before the birth of that Teacher who was indirectly responsible for this theological lyric, Thucydidæ wrote:

The absence of romance in my history will, I fear, detract somewhat from its interest; but if it be judged useful by those inquiring minds, who desire to know the past as an aid to the interpretation of the future, which in the course of human things must resemble if it does not reflect it, I shall be satisfied. In short, I have written my work not as an essay which aims at securing temporary applause, but as a possession for all time.

This is not the only passage in which Thucydides indicates his belief in a contrary principle to that expounded by his teacher, the classicist. He has written the history of the Peloponnesians, that no millennium need be looked for, that the future will resemble and reflect the past, that, in fine, man's essential nature does not change.

Of these two quotations, the first will hesitatingly be called optimistic, and the second pessimistic, by the great majority of people. The modern clergymen let us see that man is not in a perfect state, that he can be considerably improved from a moral standpoint, that the date of the millennium is in the future, and, what is more, that no millennium need be looked for, that the future will resemble and reflect the past, that, in fine, man's essential nature does not change.

But the second quotation would, as I have said, be called pessimistic by most people, especially when taken in conjunction with the rest of what Thucydides wrote. For as we read his history it is borne in upon us that men are not nearly so perfect as our Baptist friend would like them to be, that they are often cynical, revengeful, tigerish, liable to give way to outbursts of passion. We do not find them ruled by reason; and not only is it not likely to come again in the future—and, what is more, we find the historian continually emphasising, directly and indirectly, the unchanged nature of man, and his conviction that when he has described the characteristics of the present he has described for all practical purposes the characteristics of the future also.

And has he not done so? Do the struggles between the factions at Athens differ to any appreciable extent from analogous conversations made public by Busch? Was not the Peacemaker's hope of a more or less remorseless than the Melian commissioners? Read in Book IV about the ingenious attempts made by the Helots to supply the Lacedaemonians with provisions ("in reply to an advertisement," as the historian tells us, striking a very modern note), and ask yourself how contraband traffic in the year 425 B.C. differed from the gun-running in the Persian Gulf about which we hear so much last year. Indeed, we have not changed from petty; sometimes thoughtful, sometimes unreasonable; usually unprincipled and often dishonest; such was man when Thucydides wrote about him, and such he expects him to remain for an indefinite period. There could be few greater contrasts: the Pagan and the Baptist are diametrically opposed. And yet I maintain that the spirit of the Baptist is essentially pessimistic and that the spirit of the Pagan is essentially optimistic. The distinction between the classicist and the Pagan is that the former, as we can judge from the typical language in these two quotations, is restrained, continent, calm; the latter is incontinent, romantic, untrue. The classicist Thucydidæ is a realist, like Thucydides, in the best sense of the word. He has studied man and knows his limitations and powers. He is strong enough to support reality; he can hear the burden of the world as he sees it. To use Nietzsche's expression, he says Yea to life. But the idealist cannot face reality. He has discovered it with a romantic halo and endeavour to conceal and forget it by looking toward an imaginary millennium—a millennium so far lost in the clouds of idealism that he cannot even describe it. The classicist, on the other hand, is a realist in the deepest sense of the word. He has studied man and knows his limitations and powers. He is strong enough to support reality; he can hear the burden of the world as he sees it.

*Social Evolution and Political Theory." By Leonard T. Hobhouse. (New York: Columbia University Press. $1.50 net. London: Frowde. 6s. 6d. net.)


"Liberalism," By Prof. L. T. Hobhouse. (Williams and Norgate's Home University Library. 1s. net.)

"The Metaphysical Rudiments of Liberalism." By David Irvine. (Watts. 5s. net.)

"The Government, the Crown, and the Will of the People": a speech delivered by the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P., in the House of Commons on August 7, 1911. (Liberal Publication Department. rp.)


*(To be continued.)*
Present-Day Criticism.

The real case against the censorship is in danger of being lost amidst discussions upon the merits of particular rejected plays. The real argument is not aesthetical or moral, but political. An official censor is as dangerous as King Bricarius. At present the censor reaches out only one of his official hands, but he possesses a hundred; and any day, circumstances favouring him, we may feel the clutch of the censorship in some new department: it is a danger to the whole nation. For this reason the private-minded procedure of most of the active opponents of the censorship is to be deplored. The attacks on "Dear Old Charlie" have probably strengthened the censorship. Mr. E. F. Benson believes that a Gilbertian situation has been realised by the production on one day of this play and "The Secret Woman," the first licensed, the second censored. There is nothing Gilbertian about it. The situation is not funny. Comparison of the two plays is not to the point. Mr. Benson's claim for "The Secret Woman" as a "moral" play because lust is treated "seriously"—that is, to the point of bloodshed and penal servitude—is bunkum. The censor need only reply that a mere mess of lust is, was, and always will be less immoral than a bloody mess of lust, and seat himself righteously upon "Dear Old Charlie." The danger of the censorship is to be fought, not fooled with by a parcel of shallow futility. Looking upon the work of young artists we cannot comprehend that the new generation is likely to become as averse from hateful sights theatrically represented as from public executions.

There is a would-be affecting paragraph in the "Times"—a sort of "Gentlemen, we are not upon the same plane. If you who sign this letter," it runs, "may be otherwise engaged, may be old and done and [may?] no longer matter, our chance has gone by, but there are the men and women who are coming—are they also to be warned off? Can we strike no blow for Flattery, no; they cannot. The young are warning them off. The young are beginning to be troubled about their own salvation, and are applying the touchstone of satire to the old jossers of the last double decade. They are not to be moved to tears by the thought that they may be prevented from publishing murderous sex dramas; they have no intention of writing such: they estimate sex at its utilitarian value and no more; to kill oneself or the "false one" for love or even to be put off more than two meals would be unworthy. The "Philanderer" is considered nowadays, even by young women, to be farcical all through, and the male characters absurd. The young have something better to do than become the "Shavian boys and girls" of the "Philanderer" period, which produced the horrible crop of semi-intellectual, very "experienced" heroines and other creations of the world who still lie about in some clubs and garden cities. The young vote "Mrs. Warren" futile, "Monna Vanna" puerile, "Waste" waste of the good idea of not wasting a public man for a perverted one and so persuading them otherwise. This will certainly be a more serious literary generation than the last—but then it knows that its business is to restore comedy.

It is not the affair of this column to review Mr. Phillpotts' play, but some remarks may be made on the novel from which the play is adapted. We remember that it was made up of lust, murder, and remorse, the scene being, of course, idyllic Devonshire, where murders are so common. (Mr. Phillpotts has just published another Dartmoor novel describing another murder.) The style of the novel was avid and hot-breathed, the characters, if copied from life, must have been copied from creatures of insane egotism, live puppets of lust, blood-thirst and religious mania—the sort of semi-spook character commonly selected by writers in "that spirit." The "secret woman" was nothing mysterious at all, only a village wench who made love with an elderly man on the moors. The Man Found Out should correctly be the title, since the denouement concerns his being shoved down a well for his sins by his loving elderly wife. Pangs of conscience, confession and penal servitude conclude the effort of "a conscientious artist." We cannot pretend that we would wearest we would prefer a hundred "Charleys" to this spectacle of an old woman wallowing through the ruts of a crime passionate and emerging redeemed for encouragement les autres. Persons who commit such crimes should, perhaps, never be released from medical control; but beyond that we are not prepared to be interested in them. As for art, such subjects have passed as definitely from the modern scope of art as incest, blood-sacrifice or witchcraft, which demand the atmosphere of fable to make them affecting. The artificiality and restraint that genius alone can employ may yet produce a new "Iphigenia," a new "Medea," a new "Agamemnon" which shall charm our minds; but Mrs. Maybrick and Dr. Crippen will have come as myths before we exalt them as artistic subjects; and then we shall, if we are wise, do as the Greeks always did—emphasise that humanity which arouses pity of evil, as Shakespeare sometimes did, pointing a warning moral against the hasty exercise of our little brief authority.

We are not willing nowadays to see people in their madness positively dished-up raw, and we need no censor to stop such banquets. Accept the censorship, the criticisms of Mr. Phillpotts' disgusting play would certainly have been severer: and though the temporary effect of such criticism might have been to fill the theatre with all the enraptured minds in London, theatrical managers cannot live on that fickle audience.


A Marriage of Passion.

By Katherine Mansfield.

On the stroke of nine o’clock Mr. and Mrs. De Voted took their places on either side of the drawing-room fire, in attitudes of gracefully combined hospitality and unconcern, Vivian De Voted wearing a black bearded and black velvet jacket buttoned over his Bohemian bosom, his lady in a flowing purple gown embroidered in divers appropriate places with pomegranates and their leaves. The long room was decorated in that shade of blue known and loved by our youngest poet blood as ineffable; the ceiling was black, having a gold crescent over the grand piano, and the gold-plush curtains shrouding three windows were meant to convey—I quote Vivian De V.—something of the desert’s dusty glare and the somewhat somnolent richness of eastern light-langour!

“Doesn’t the room look beautiful,” sighed Mrs. De Voted, caressing the little tables and chairs and couches as though she loved them and would fain take them all to her vast expanse of pink bosom. “While I remember, do be careful, dear, not to let anybody sit at the table while I’m searching for it for the girls. Mirabelle sent me a card this morning saying their colour scheme was to be violet.” Mr. De Voted took a black silk handkerchief from his pocket, shook it, blew his nose upon it, and replaced it. “By the way,” said he, “you might ask me to sing ‘Loosen Your Girdles, Ye Rosebuds’; my voice is very good—I tried it in my bath this evening.” There was a ring at the front door bell, followed almost immediately by a little fluttering rush, and Miss Mirabelle, the oldest sister of Mrs. De Voted, laughing and upbraiding each other with the delicious innocence of Herrick virgins.

“We haven’t taken off our outside ta-tas yet,” cried Mirabelle. “But we just ran in to kiss Sister and Big Brother and say we were the first.” “How heavenly you look, Angel,” cooed Ambergris. “Did Vivian design it?” “Well, it’s partly Vivian and partly some fifteen century South Kensington Museum tapestry.” “I got the inspiration from that line: it is full summer now,” said Vivian, and he smiled and laid his hand a moment on the back of his wife’s neck. “It suits her ample beauty.” “Oh,” said Mirabelle clapping her hands, “have the babies gone to sleep-sum-bye yet? Don’t say they haven’t, have they? I’ve been asleep for hours; and Rose Mary and Madeleine are both in the Land of Nod, but Vivian is going to bring down Cedric first for a moment when everybody’s arrived—just out of the room on his shoulder.” I adore babies.” Ambergris the innocent becoming warm—“Best of all to bat them and feel the little things squiggling about on my lap: they’re nicer than pusses.”

Another ring at the door-bell and the prettiest dismay on the part of the girls. “Fly!” cried Mrs. De Voted; “slip through Vivian’s study and leave your things in our room. Look, that’s where you’re to sit—by the crystalised violets.” They flew, and a maid announced “Mr. Carrington Faber.” He was tall and lean, with a habit of caressing his chin as though to make certain he had one. Greetings over—“Do you know,” he cried, “the shadow cast by the tree to the left of the street-lamp upon the blind of your kitchen window?” They did not know. “It’s quite wonderful. Japanese, you know, with a touch of Sime and just a suggestion of Aubrey Beardsley in the tassel. I’ve been watching it for ages. In fact, I knocked off a little thing to it, he shrugged the shoulders. He had used a pencil from a policeman and wrote it on my cuff—nothing else with me.” He dreamed over to an electric light and cryed, “the shadow cast by the tree to the left of the street-lamp upon the blind of your kitchen window?” Mr. Vivian De V. in lighter vein—“on the wax with no freedom but truths of speech—our maids were out of the room last Friday, Catchpole.” Viviani De Voted shook his head; the least of them was, of course, it’s the rarest thing for them to go out in the evenings, but Mr. Carving and my husband are so intimate—really, like two boys together—and Vivian is writing a series of articles for Mr. Carving’s latest venture on ‘The First Met and the Second Rate.’”

The girls made their reappearance in violet dresses with their arms and a silver scarf entwining. They sat on a little couch and fed each other with violet petals, the which artless game so ensnared Mr. Carrington Faber that he hung over the back of their couch and cried them pre-Raphaelite, to be rewarded by Mirabelle with a sweetie—she called him “my big white pony,” and let him eat the morsel from the palm of her hand. Madame Seduction and Mr. Hering Bohn were announced. “You darling, darling Pet,” gurgled Madame Seduction, turning first one powdered cheek and then the other to be kissed. “And how’s your beautiful big husband? I’m going to sing you the loveliest song to-night—all about the passions of two married lovers. No, but tell me truly—do you still adore each other?” Mrs. De Voted caught the lapels of Vivian’s coat. “Are you tired of your wife?” she asked, gazing at him with a touch of the tension of the moment—was silent—thrifted. It is not every day that one can witness a passion which had endured for nine full years, and was still—again I quote Mr. Vivian De V. in lighter vein—“on the wax with no hint of waning.” He caught her face in his hand: “I am still thy worshipper,” he boomed.

“Mr. and Mrs. Fford Carving.” “How do you do, Mrs. De Voted?” “Well, I’m so pleased. Mr. Carving—Glad to see you, Carving”—“Well, De Voted! I’m afraid we’re a little late; the fact is—if I may pledge not only freedom but truths of speech—our maids were out to-night, and I had to fasten my wife’s books between the paragraphs of to-morrow’s leader.” Appreciative laughter. “Oh, Fford, darling, how can you?” from her. “Well, you’d better retort by telling them I’ve never knotted my own ties for the last—let me see, dare I say how long we’ve been married? No,” she cried, “certainly not”—and she said to Mrs. De Voted: “Come away from these men—I want to tell you something. I’ve entirely given up heating soup for Fford in the evenings. Horlick’s Malted Milk, my dear, after he’s in bed.” But Vivian pursued them and, apologising, went to a little thing to it, he shrugged the shoulders. He had used a pencil from a policeman and wrote it on my cuff—nothing else with me.” He dreamed over to an electric light and shot out his tablets. “Oh, yes, it’s here right enough.” “Do read it,” said Mrs. De Voted. “Fancy! the kitchen window!”

Carrington Faber looked up gravely. “It’s quite short, you know, Japanese style. I think I’ll call it ‘Autumn’—”

“A wild goose honked. My soul flew into the ashy bosom Of the furthest star—"
lamb; all right, my pet. I'll have to take him away, mother," shouted Mr. De Voted above the storm. "Yes, darling, please!"—and when the door was shut—"Cedric worships his father; it really is quite extraordinary. He won't look at other people or go near them, but he responds to his father's touch like a little—at a little—"sensitive plant," suggested Carrington Faber.

"The mentality of young children is as significant to me as the mentality of young gods," said De Voted, reappearing with his beard freshly brushed. "What about some music? I say, Bohn, will you accompany Madame Seduction?"

"Delighted!" The gentleman bowed and unfastened the lady's music-case which lay beside him, standing behind him and breathing faintly down his neck. "Whatever you like—"and he whispered: "You look adorable to-night." "Do I?" she murmured. "Are the red gloves a success?"

"Irresistibly evil. You are like a poison-dart frog grown in some stagnant jungle!"

"Ah, you dear man, thank you for that," and swaying forward she leaned her bosom against his shoulder. "If these horrid people were away I think I could sing to-night, but I'm in the mood for such passion—and they don't understand it, you know." "I can feel it: you're all woman, to-night—half cat, half snake, wholly Tigress. Be careful, I'm intoxicated!"

She had a triumph: she sang the room into such a state of inflamed beauty that Carrington Faber reeled over to the piano, and drooping against it like a long yellow and black Iceland poppy, recited his latest poem to Mirabelle:

Breath and bosom aflame
At a name:
Mirabelle, Mirabelle.

Mouth and eyes agape
At a shape,
Hands of me body-warm
At a form:
Mirabelle, Mirabelle,

On the shores of my heart
The pink feet dancing,
From the sea of Desire
The mad waves glancing
At spoof so entrancing,
Froth in their smell
Mirabelle, Mirabelle, Mirabelle.

The emotion was too profound for applause, and Mrs. De Voted informed Mrs. Fforsk Carving that "they met at our house, you know, and I have been watching them for months. He says that he is sure the symptoms are genuine and serious. We are so longing for the final understanding of true love and passion—and they don't understand it, you know." "I can feel it: you're all woman, to-night—half cat, half snake, wholly Tigress. Be careful, I'm intoxicated!"

"Certainly, pet—"and he stood in the moody mood for such passion—and his eyes glowed in the bedroom and the big pink velvet bed was unfolded like a "great rose," said childlike Ambergiris.

A fire burned on the hearth—and there was even a suspicion of pink silk and ribbons. Carrington Faber! Mirabelle shook Carrington Faber's arm in the hall, of her own accord, and pressed it—the little dear!

The De Voteds watched the departing party from their door-step—he with his arm about her, she leaning upon him—the light from the hall strong on their loving forms, and above, through closed curtains, the pink light of their sacred shrine.

Mrs. De Voted, as the door closed, gave a little yawn. Vivian helped her up the stairs.

**Views and Reviews.**

Here are three books that add point to the remarks in my last article. Certainly, not one of them is prosaically a biography; but two of them must be regarded as sins against knowledge. Cardinal de Retz, for example, is so intimate to its author, that the description of the character and life of the Cardinal de Retz has no counterpart in history." Mr. Ogg's is, I think, the first attempt in English to make the man familiar to us; and it is a failure. It is admittedly a reprint of a university essay, and we must regret that Mr. Ogg handled the evidence only to prove his acquaintance with it. It may be, as a French historian said, that to write the history of de Retz would require the life of a Benedictine; it is a reprint of a university essay. What we are longing for is a treatment of the theory of the cardinal's necessity and man's love for the cardinal, and of the many tales of his life, and of the influence of the French on Garrick, and of Garrick on the French, and of the French, and of Sainte-Beuve's essay, practically nothing is known of Mr. Ogg's. Mr. Ogg has treated de Retz as hundreds of other characters have been treated. He has examined and criticized documents, he has stated facts; but of the man whom 'one could neither love nor hate by halves,' as Bossuet said, we have no sight. As the Preacher truly said, "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."

A similar motive inspired Dr. Hedgcock's book. It is a reprint and amplification of the thesis he presented for his Doctorate of Letters at Paris. It is reprinted with: letters from Garrick and to Garrick; dates and misquotations are corrected, Boaden and Fitzgerald are properly chastised; the Shakespearean controversy in France is detailed; a short review of the French books on Garrick; the influence of the French on Garrick, and of Garrick on the French, are estimated. The Shakespearean controversy in France is detailed; a short review of the visits of French actors to England before Garrick visited France, and a description of the mode Parissienne in England up till 1760, are given. Everything that would prove that Dr. Hedgcock is thoroughly acquainted with his subject has a place in this book; but Garrick was dead before Dr. Hedgcock touched him.

Mr. Ogg's book suffers from too much summary, and Dr. Hedgcock's from too much citation. A man who could write the memoirs of de Retz was worth quoting at length, and most of the letters of Garrick and his correspondents could have been suppressed or curtailed without any injury being done to anybody. It may be necessary for us to know that Jean Monnet acted as Garrick's universal provider in France, but why should we have to read his and Mrs. Garrick's

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letters about the price of lace cuffs, silk petticoats, and the whole heaven of haberdashery? We can judge are valuable. Mr. Ogg's thesis and value to some student of ancient manners and customs. A little interest as literature or biography, may be of message from a man. We want to know the answer to know why he lived, and only so far as his actions to the question that, at some time, we all ask; we want to the story of Mrs. Hamilton's relations with Mazzini. All things are possible to her of Browning's make the necessary application.

Of these three books, not one is satisfactory to a reader. The subjects are obscured either by the method or the purpose of the biographer. They deal with facts not important in a manner that elucidates without enlightening. In Mrs. King's case we have a complete modern biographer. She tells us why she hated a lady decorated with red quilts: "Oh, they're much worse abroad." Tense companion: "Are they?" "My dear, you can't go and live in your hotel as if you were in any place where. And the eyes! There is really only one word to describe them." "But," leaning forward, "I suppose they never made any definite quarrel with your eyes." "Of course they do. I was walking underneath a railway bridge..."—followed a whisper proper, on receipt of which the tense companion fell back into her chair. "No!" "Perfectly true, my dear; you can imagine my horror." She took up a cigarette and smiled at it. "He was frightfully good at recitations. A very fine type of the tense companion, feeing indiffherence. Oh, dark—you know—awfully passionate! Foreigners are good-reading; I rather like the way Russians have of parting their beards down the middle, don't you? A lady friend, just up from Italy, and Mazzini lived to see his country in possession of it; but Mrs. Hamilton King throws no light could fulfil." For this reason she claims to speak as his a Catholic after reading "The Disciples." We enter and leave her to the Disciples, and the grandiose air of a proclamation of Louis Napoleon, she placed her services, her life, etc., at his disposal. "The slaw ministers to his master so must Mazzini, at least, have something to live for. "Italy one, Italy free," was Machiavelli's legacy to his country, and Mazzini lived to see his country in possession of it; but Mrs. Hamilton King throws no light on his actions. Who is interested in knowing that Mrs. King knew Mazzini? at least, and why Mazzini corresponded with her? True, she is a poet; she says so herself. She wrote "The Disciples": "I was," she says, "reserved by Providence to render service of another sort [to fighting] in writing "The Disciples." What was fitted for, and what could fulfill? "For this reason she claims to speak as his representative. She tells us that she is married; that she is, and has been, a chronic invalid; that she is a poet; that Cardinal Manning successfully claimed her as a Catholic. Mazzini read "The Disciples." We enter very fully into the details of Mrs. Hamilton's life: we are told, for example, that when Garibaldi went to the London Opera, "my husband purchased tickets for the stalls for himself, Miss King, and myself." Such recollections of Mazzini are priceless.

What does she remember of Mazzini? When she was a minor she wrote to him (I will deal with the letter in a moment); when she was married she went to see him, and he went once or twice to see her. "I do not remember anything special being said, but he was always delightful," she writes of one meeting; and, with one exception, the report is repeated. She remembers that Mazzini never smoked in her presence, that he was always courteous and gentle and humble, that he took a tender interest in her children. She remembers that "first and last, and all through, Mazzini read my soul with an unerring intuition which was reached by no one else." He certainly did. In her first letter, that has the barcolamancy of Louis Napoleon, she placed her services, her life, etc., at his disposal. "Test my fidelity as you will," she wrote; "only I pray you, of your generosity, not to impose upon me anything repugnant to my conscience, nor that would cut me off from my present sphere of life without ensuring to me a new one," Mazzini replied, telling her to reconsider her decision; and in an illuminating phrase he wrote: "Your face, your poetry, and your letter make me see through you as if I had known you for years." Of course she never went to the wars. Her parents brought pressure to bear upon her, and she was compelled to cease her correspondence with Mazzini. Within a few months she was married; and free to resume correspondence. "My marriage," she says, "created a new relationship, which in a manner placed a barrier between Mazzini and myself, only removed by his death." But she wrote to Mazzini: she saw an occasion to donate his book fund; she made and sent him a cushion, and sent him copies of her books; and he was grateful for everything. In a good cause, Mazzini suffered all things.

Whenever the history of Messrs. H. S. King and Co., of 65, Cornhill (Mrs. King gives the address), is written the story of Mrs. King's relations with Mazzini may occupy an irrelevant chapter. All things are possible to a modern biographer. As she is a poet, I may remind her of Browning's "Memorabilia"; and leave her to make the necessary application.
we make man minister to our needs. I'm all against this suppression of the subject. The pangs of sex are as natural and as inevitable as the pangs of hunger." Oh, but Mrs. Cartwright," said a Bright Creature, "that almost reminds me of the Oriental standpoint. We can't lie about on Persian pillows nowadays and kiss our loves between mouthfuls of Turkish delight. Men can choose to realise it or not, but we're on the battlefield as surely as they are—all of us—here, for instance!" she waved her glove, embracing by gesture the entire room. "Why," cried a Laughing Voice, "just imagine if we sat here in chintz-covered chairs and talked about nothing but men all the afternoon. Pooh, they're not worth it!" Preposterous ideas.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

A CORRECTION.

Dear Sir,—

Ad hoc and et

Meant quite the same thing;

And si for me

Does seem to me

A downright blame thing.

I fear John Johnson will be moved to cry

Ta-ra-ra! like the blackbird in the pie

When he beholds that ad hoc genus omnit!

MARCH.

The month when wild winds leave

The night as full as it can hold

Of clouds; yet blue gulfs cleave

Where the moon is dim in a ring of gold.

The glimmers like the face of friend

Of wishes is—Would were no need to part!

ENCHANTED CIGARETTES.

A NOVEL.

If Mr. Shaw’s play, "Man and Superman," had done no more than endow a timid type of Diana with the impudence of her desires, the suburb of Eddington, bored almost to the suppression of the subject. The pangs of sex are as natural and as inevitable as the pangs of hunger."

I quote the concluding couplets of three of the stanzas:—

"I saw the King at the Durbar,
And the King saw me."

"They say I tickled the Rajahs,
But they all tickled me."

"I bowed to that Mr. Baroda,
But the snob cut me."

"There is not much fun in those lines, but the artist made them seem miracles-of-wit. Personally, I would pay for a stall to see Miss Ediss alone."—E. A. BAUGHAN, in the "Daily News."

The Practical Journalist.

A Vade-Mecum for Aspirants.

Continued by C. E. Bechhofer.

The Wiggly-woos.

Once upon a time, dear children, there was a little man, oh! such a little man, who lived all alone in his own house. And he had a wife and child. And all they could say was "Wiggly-woo." And one day the little man went out hunting and left his wife and child in the house, which, I think, was in the country, and at last he came to a big river. And he sat down beside it, waiting for a trout to come along. Now, trout, dear" Wiggly-woo," said the little man. Now the trout saw him and said "I suppose you want to tickle me, eh? Well, I'm not ticklish on the outside, not anywhere, but inside—well, I'm all tickles."

Then the little man said "Wiggly-woo," meaning, of course, to come inside? "Certainly," said the trout, opening his mouth. Then the little man pulled himself together and sprang down the trout's throat. And the trout found him delicious and an excellent tickler. And they lived happy ever after.

A CLEVER GIRL.

I knew a little girl named Sam

Who ate a lot of funny cake,

As well as lots of beef and jam,

But never had a stomach-ache

She used to ratiocinate

About a caduimeter,

And offered to patrocinate

A worldly-wise geometer.

THE PLAIN'T OF A MATHEMATICAL STUDENT.

These horrible A.B.'s

And their beastly babies,

The alphas and betas,

With grams, decimetres,

Tons, hectares, and litres,

Will give me the rables! I—?

"Her 'Brighton,' where, she tells us,

"You never meet with names like Moses,

But you should see the Scotchmen's noses!"

is immense, but this song is quite eclipsed by 'I've been to the Durbar.' As a tribute to this great artist's comic powers

"Wiggly-woo." And one day the little man went out hunting and left his wife and child in the house, which, I think, was in the country, and at last he came to a big river. And he sat down beside it, waiting for a trout to come along. Now, trout, dear

"I saw the King at the Durbar,

And the King saw me."

"They say I tickled the Rajahs,

But they all tickled me."

"I bowed to that Mr. Baroda,

But the snob cut me."

"There is not much fun in those lines, but the artist made them seem miracles-of-wit. Personally, I would pay for a stall to see Miss Ediss alone."—E. A. BAUGHAN, in the "Daily News."

The Practical Journalist.

A Vade-Mecum for Aspirants.

Continued by C. E. Bechhofer.

No. XX.

THE MODEL CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE WIGGLY-WOOS.

Once upon a time, dear children, there was a little man, oh! such a little man, who lived all alone in his own house. And he had a wife and child. And all they could say was "Wiggly-woo." And one day the little man went out hunting and left his wife and child in the house, which, I think, was in the country, and at last he came to a big river. And he sat down beside it, waiting for a trout to come along. Now, trout, dear

"I saw the King at the Durbar,

And the King saw me."

"They say I tickled the Rajahs,

But they all tickled me."

"I bowed to that Mr. Baroda,

But the snob cut me."

"There is not much fun in those lines, but the artist made them seem miracles-of-wit. Personally, I would pay for a stall to see Miss Ediss alone."—E. A. BAUGHAN, in the "Daily News."

A CLEVER GIRL.

I knew a little girl named Sam

Who ate a lot of funny cake,

As well as lots of beef and jam,

But never had a stomach-ache

She used to ratiocinate

About a caduimeter,

And offered to patrocinate

A worldly-wise geometer.

No. XXI.

THE MODEL NATURE NOTES.

The recent unsettled weather with its bewildering succession of sunshine and rain has been as trying to the farmers as a continued drought or downpour would have been. But farmers are notorious grumblers. They are, however, not the only sufferers. The hazes, consequent upon the sun’s heat sucking up the rain, have been responsible for several untoward accidents, many sportsmen missing their rightful prey and wounding innocent beaters. "Rheumatiz," too, has been very prevalent in the less cultivated rural districts.

Now is the season for sewing annuals, particularly the
the enraptured audience. Her little childish lisp enhanced the daintiness of her enunciation. It need hardly be long white beard, holding in his own the tiny, lily-white wiping her nose, hobbled slowly back to his place, the been arranged. The oldest old-age pensioner in the tear on his eye-brow as he looked down at her smiling frame battered by the storms of lire (though with a pink bow in her hair. A delightful incident had platform. She was dressed in a touching sight to see this old man, his tall spare with a short but brilliant and dignified working-men ever had, an honest, sober, God-fearing Miss George rose from her chair at the back of the proceedings with a short but brilliant and dignified

A hush of expectation took hold on the audience as Miss George rose from her chair at the back of the platform. She was dressed in a clean white "pinny," with a pink bow in her hair. A delightful incident had been arranged. The oldest old-age pensioner in the district, Mr. Joe Jollies, led her slowly forward. It was a touching sight to see this old man, his tall spare frame battered by the storms of life (though a non-smoker and a total abstainer). There was no sign of long white beard, holding in his own the tiny, lily-white hand of the little maid. There was a suspicion of a tear on his eye-brow as he looked down at her smiling up at him. However, he conquered his emotion, and, wiping her nose, hobbled slowly back to his place, the sinecure of every eye. There was a roar of applause as the little lecturer was seen to be waving a leek in her left hand. Her delivery was admirable, every syllable being distinctly understood and readily appreciated by the enraptured audience. Her little childish lisp enhanced the daintiness of her enunciation. It need hardly be said that every sentence was punctuated with cheers.

"Ladith and gentleman," she said, "I have come here this afternoon to explain to you the twin-birth of daddith Bill—my daddith Bill. He ith my daddy, my dear daddy. But he ith not only my daddy, he ith the peopleth daddy. You, too, may call him 'daddy,' daddy short-legs, kee-kee. It ith not only hith Bill, it ith the peopleth Bill. I am proud of my daddy, of our daddy. Look how good he ith to everyonebody. Look at Waleth, look at my brother, look at me. I do not propose to go over the argument for and against the Bill. Suffice it to say that there ith many of the Bill, but there is none other. And the Lecturer: "Doth youth?" Loud laughter. "Ninepenth for fourpenth! Ninepenth for fourpenth! Weally, now, ithn't that lovely! No matter wot ith the matter with you, if you're ill—and I do tho hope you won't be, whether it ith meatleth or toothey-peg painth—there will be nithe warm bedth and nithe warm ninepentheth for all. Ithin't that nithe? O, I do love my daddy. (Another Voice: "O, chuck it! You are a measly kid you are.") The Lecturer: "Tho are you." Laughter and applause, lasting several minutes.)

Continuing, the lecturer said that if the county did not accept the Insurance Bill as it stood, her daddy would not help the people any more. He would lead the seventeen unappointed Welsh members back to Wales, he would even take her (the speaker) with him. (Sympathetic cheers.) The Bill was right, her dad would fight. "Ladith and gentleman," she con

As soon as she intoned the last syllable, the lecturer struck up in a sweet little voice, "The Men of Harlech in the original tongue, and gave a small exhibition of trampling both items by the enthusiastic audience. After the third repetition, the lecturer held up her hand for silence. Then, putting it to her mouth, she announced whimsically in a stage-whisper, Bed-time," and hopped gaily off to her motor. She was escorted to the station by the expectating mob, and her autograph was much in request. A few arrests were made. To all detractors from the fair fame of British politics we state emphatically, and we mean it earnestly, that the country is safe from ruin with rulers like Mr. Lloyd George and his phenomenon charming daughter to guide it. Would we could always say this!

At the Cross Roads.

Here at the cross-roads in a pit
They flung me for example's sake,
And then, perchance to comfort it,
Through my dead heart they drove a stake.

A stake to hold me fast and firm—
I want to walk the earth again!

"Twixt Neighbour Man and Neighbour Worm
My choice was made—their fears were vain.

For with deliberate hands, when grief,
Unheeded by them, too heavy grew,
I did that night to gain relief
What they not one had dared to do.

In darkness past the stalls I crept
And heard deep breathings warm and soft;
My grey mare started as she slept
Close by the ladder to the loft.

And as I fumbled in the dark
To find what best would soothe my pain,
I heard old Ship come out and bark,
Whimper, and then turn in again.

But all those two I should have laughed
When the dregs of straw I stooped down
And found from living hate and craft
Last help in lifeless hemp and wood!
Three days I swung there shadowy vague
And breathless as the gloom around me:
In truth, it might have been the plague
Dan Mogggridge fled from when he found me!

Next night at twelve my corpse was flung
Into a cart—a cheerful load!
While from my neck the rope still hung
And trailed along the muddy road.

Old friends came to my burying, these
Together crowded when the wind
Rattled the boughs of leafless trees,
And dared not cast a glance behind.

Ah, what a world of grief was theirs
Who shovelled my sharrowe corpse from sight!
Their sweat fell on my grave for tears.
For prayers they cursed me in their fright.

Wherefore I, moved to bitter wrath,
Accepted at their hands my fate,
And with dead things in deathless earth
Am so by choice incorporated.

That when the great trump angel-blow'n
Shall summon all, as has been said,
To stand before His dreadful Throne
Who comes to judge the Quick and Dead,

Thus will I cry: "Lord God, no part
I have with men—Thou knowest why:
Besides not Thou forth from my heart
That stake may draw—so here I lie."

W. G. HOLE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

PROFITEERING.

Sir,—Recently a large shipbuilding firm decided to absorb a similar company on the Clyde, and for this purpose proposed to pay £9 5s. for each £5 share in the latter concern, though their market value was about £8. It is a little difficult to understand why the extra £3 was to be paid, unless it was to secure the support of three-fourths of the shareholders, whose consent was necessary for the adoption of the scheme. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that, when next the question of profits and wages is discussed, the extra sums will no doubt be quoted as part of the expendi-
ture which has to be met before wages can be raised or as extra sums will no doubt be quoted which repayment the taxpayer would be made responsible.

In the case under consideration, the high reputation for

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

Sir,—If my letter puzzled Mr. Topley, his reply has puzzled me. At least, I made it clear that representation of one or a thousand votes; his powers of representation were instinctive, not elective. That is still my opinion. I cannot see how the qualities and characters of candidates are to be altered by changing the methods of election. Mr. Topley's reply, if it means anything at all, means that he knows how change will be effected than only ask him to enlighten me.

I take it, even in a system of election by the single transferable vote, candidates will still have to be nominated and will have to pay their election expenses. The same necessity of giving pledges and uttering shibboleths will exist; in fact, if proportional election will make it easier for minorities to be elected, it must necessarily make party pledges more stringent and party shibboleths more distinct-
ive. Individuality is only possible by definition; able to

to suspicion, but the matter, nevertheless, provides another
of the heads of the larger firm renders their motives superior
when next the question of profits and wages is discussed, the

FREE BANKING.

Sir,—I have just received what purports to be a revised statement of the aims of the Banking and Currency Reform League.

The League seeks to show that certain of the evils affecting our industrial world are chiefly or shall we say partly due to the laws which bind our exchange system to a scarce metal—namely, gold—the available quantity of which is subject to serious fluctuations. Good!

The League then proceeds to make a statement which, so far as I know, may not be true or not—namely, that "most economists agree that the function of an exchange medium is to serve as an evidential of debt, or as a representative of wealth." If so, I am sorry for most economists. But I do object to bind myself that it

H. R. GLEEDSTONE.

* * *
prohibition the monarch empowered himself to levy tribute or usury—in other words, to charge what he liked for his use. The best exchange medium for barter has been none: and, as a rule, he made it just worth their while to use his.

England does more business on credit than any other country; but, will be, a ruin of transactions which must be conducted on a cash basis—that is, by barter. The best exchange medium for barter has been found to be some metal—for obvious reasons. Money measures man's disho...est.

THE NEW CHINA.

Sir,—Colonel G. W. Simpson's appreciation of China certainly strikes a distinct note. His observations are that of a smiling face and extended arms. The unspeakable smile of his judgment is well pronounced. His view of the world may be found in his own words: "Their influence on the world is not unlikely to be better than that of many other peoples who are in possession of the temporary catchwords of progress.

One thing the writer seems to have dogmatized. With regard to "spiritual solace" among the Chinese, the writer, in a most daring way, advocated "God-intoxication." Does he suggest that the Chinese should wear uniforms and beat drums in a street corner, whilst the girls all become "Major Barbara"? Or does he propose to impugn mysticism or spiritualism to the land of their origin? Or does he wish to see the optimistic Chinese turn into the Russian Government now stands cut in Europe as the only defender of the principle of the despotic power of the Government over the individual—the East has already recognized the destructiveness of that principle.

Sir,--Will you allow me to quote in your pages the following remarks of L. K. Tao, a Chinese student, whom I met during her heroic work for prison reform, with the hope that they may be a little help towards strengthening the conviction of the vast importance of capital punishment?

"To casually pick up one's paper and read that some man or woman that day is to be hanged because in their ignorance, they have erred more than oneself who is at that moment full of life and glorying in being alive, is haunting but to look upon the faces and listen to the words that come from the soul of these people condemned by their own erring fellow-creatures how much more so!

"Just returned from a most melancholy visit to Newgate to see by her own request Elizabeth Fricker previous to her execution to-morrow at eight o'clock. I found her much hurried, distressed, and demented in mind; her hands cold and covered with something like the perspiration preceding death, and in a universal tremor. They said she had been outrageous before our going and they thought they must have sent for a man to manage her. However, after her serious time with her her troubled soul became calmed. But is it for man thus to take the prerogative of the Almighty into his own hands? Is it not his place rather to endeavour to reform such or restrain them from the commission of further evil? At least to afford poor erring fellow-mortals, whatever may be their offenses, the privilege of sympathy by amendment of life. Besides this poor young woman there are also six men—one of whom has a wife near her confinement, also condemned, and seven young children. Since the awful report came down he has been quite mad from horror of mind. A straight waistcoat could not keep him within bounds; he had just bitten the turnkey, and I saw the man come out with his hand bleeding as I passed the cell."
THE MYSTERY OF HAMLET.

Sir,—I am sure that I ought to reply to Mr. Edgar's amiable letter. He does not refute my explanation: he only tries to throw doubt upon me, without having the slightest doubt whether there is a mystery, and concludes that any explanation is therefore superfluous; but he must have forgotten the express language of Mr. Bax: "But I must enounce it as a fact that my mystery," says Hamlet to Guildenstern, and what Shakespeare asserts I have no shame in explaining.

Mr. Bax's explanation will not bear a moment's consideration. If one takes his first place, it damns Shakespeare as an artist; for it says that Shakespeare paded a one-act play to make a five-act tragedy and with what shifty devices! The man who could do such a thing must have known anything of psycho-analysis. I am not persuaded that he knew anything of psycho-analysis or any other scientific psychology, in this case, to drama, for he made the whole play turn on the internal conflict of Hamlet. I do not say that I know of no more complete explanation of the mystery and in his influence upon men, I think, of no one degree realize him—in himself and in his influence upon men.

In spite of all that has been written in recent years regarding the non-historicity of Jesus, the hypothesis or alleged discovery of Prof. W. F. Smith of Jesus as a pre-Christian deity, as set forth in his works "Der vorchristliche Jesus" and "Erre Deus," seems to be far less supported by reliable evidence, critical evidence, than any other hypothesis than the hypothesis of the actual existence of the Jesus of the Synoptic Gospels. One of the most radical of the N.T. critics, Professor Schmiedel, both in his preface to the English translation of Arno Neumann's "Jesus" (A. and C. Black, 1906) and in his lecture, "Jesus in Modern Criticism" (Black's Sixpenny Series, 1907), stands by the historicity of Jesus, even though, so far as personal religion is concerned, he says: "My inmost religious convictions would suffer no harm even if I felt obliged to renounce the historic Jesus, to regard him as a literary, or mythic, character existing only in the minds of the men who composed the gospels after the death of Jesus, and who, in the first place, were all Jews and Jews only. The historicity of Jesus is not a question of faith, but of history, and I am satisfied that the historicity of Jesus is a fact which is attested by the gospels and by the Jewish and Roman sources which are, on the whole, more reliable than the Jewish gospels."

There is another passage in Scene VII, Act 4, which states even more emphatically the feather-light allegorical character of the play. It says, "Yet, although Christianity in a sense only formulated the ideas which belonged to the common mental atmosphere of the time, nevertheless won over them all, because it succeeded in finding the suitable formula and the suitable policy in and by which these ideas were to become the official expression of the conscience and belief of mankind for ages to come. . . . It was only the Christian sects that took the new doctrine of equality seriously, and accordingly made it their life-work to go forth into the highways and hedges and preach to all and cause among them all. Thus Christianity created the social organisation which was to be for ages the rival of the secular power."

Randall.

MR. BAX ON CHRISTIANITY.

Sir,—In his paper on "Early Christianity and Modern Socialism" in "Essays in Socialism" (revised edition, 1907), Mr. Bax gives a more balanced and discriminating estimate of Christian doctrine (January 1) on which I commented (February 1). In dealing with Mr. Bax's views on Christianity I prefer to take him at his best, not at his worst. I therefore quote from "Essays in Socialism" the following passage: "The theory that Christianity was a doctrine that burst upon the world with a new light is quite obviously a phantasy which dismisses it as simply the popular and democratic formulation of tendencies and dogmas already present in the Paganism and Judaism of the time" (page 388). In my comment on this statement, Mr. Bax is sceptical as to our being able to learn anything authentic regarding the earliest beginnings of Christianity (page 25). Yet if he wishes to give the "first undeniably authentic glimpse we get of Christianity" (page 27), he must begin with the historical Jesus. Consequently, he must be remembered, was at first no more than a Jewish sect which believed in a special Jewish teacher as the promised Messiah. He goes on to say that "the first undeniably authentic glimpse we get of Christianity is in the second half of the first century, when it was already an established sect, and had undergone its first serious persecution by Nero" (64 A.D.). "In the second generation of the Church the Pauline, or anti-Jewish party, began to acquire strength, partly through the example of the Christian sects, partly through the more or less complete subjection of the Jewish people to the rule of the Roman Empire. But the most important result of the persecution of Christianity was the definiteness of enshrinement of the individual conscience, the persecution as a public act was turned for ages to come into a private one, and the real persecution of Christianity as mortality after death as the central pivot on which all turned. This, as the logical consequence and complement of this was the definite abandonment of all Jewish law, whether derived from the old racial, tribal, or civic clannishness, whether Jewish or otherwise, or from distinction of outward circumstance, as well as the proclamation of the guiltlessness and forgiveness of all men, 'barbarian, Scythian, bond, or free,' before God. These were the two points which constituted Christianity a revolutionary creed." (page 39).

Mr. Bax's own showing, Christianity is not a "fraudulent amalgam of debased Judaic-Pagan dogma and cult." Further, he goes on to show that "Shakespeare in his argument of Christianity to the philosophic peoples. But just as the other religions are witting that he knew anything of psycho-analysis or any other scientific psychology, in this case, to drama, for he made the whole play turn on the internal conflict of Hamlet. I do not say that I know of no more complete explanation of the mystery and in his influence upon men, I think, of no one degree realize him—in himself and in his influence upon men.

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Randall.
than the relation between the individual and God, and really sets forth the ideal of a regenerated society on earth.

Dr. Jas. Bonar, in the chapter on Christianity in his "Philosophy and Political Economy" (1893), points out that "what Stoicism began for the individual Christianity accomplished for the many. It broke down the exclusive regard for State and citizenship. . . . As far as existing States were concerned it was adopted by their own choice, and a law that was supposed to derive no support from the traditional morality or the old political institutions of Greece or Rome. . . . It interfered with the earthly citizenship mainly by destroying its old identity with religion. Religion was no longer part and parcel of political citizenship. But it was not long before the invisible city—a State which was spiritual and owed nothing to the control of armies and magistrates—was established.

The Church was a community of all ranks and nationalities. It imposed on its members a law adopted by their own choice, and a law that was supposed to derive no support from the traditional morality or the old political institutions of Greece or Rome. . . . It interfered with the earthly citizenship mainly by destroying its old identity with religion. Religion was no longer part and parcel of political citizenship. But it was not long before the visible Church became a strongly organised body, claiming for itself all the claims of the invisible Church in Augustine's City of God. "This new organisation was conceived by the theologians under the same figure as the Greek State was conceived by the Greek philosophers; it had, like the human body, one spirit and many members. . . . The Church soon took to itself the external forms of a government, and its officers were not unlike the Guardians of Plato's Republic. . . . The society so ruled was not a large number of the more individual students at the Munich Akademie, who are already acquainted with the work of E1 Mejr and whose emotions "of the Timeless Modes," he is certainly as impressive a master as his older pupil. But as Mr. Carter has rightly said, "We must expect so much." And as Mr. Carter has rightly said, "We must expect so much."

The democratic and communistic element in Christianity is reasserting itself. More than fifty years ago Mazzini, in "The Duties of Man," reminded the struggling democracy of Europe that the right of association is as sacred as the right of property, and that the word 'communion' was taught us in the universal priesthood of believers and the sickle in the Wheat. The universal priesthood of believers and the spirit of self-sacrifice for the good of all express the mind of Christ. The late Principal A. M. Fairbairn's "Religion in History and in the Life of To-day," Richard Heath's "The Captive City of God," with its fine chapter on "Early Christianity and the Democratic Ideal," S. K. Hocking's "Chapters in Democratic Christianity"—to name only three cheap popular books—are signs of the revival of the true spirit of Christianity, and in the light of its ideal the Churches and society are to be judged.

WILLIAM MARWICK.

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PACERTBEIN.

Sir,—Although I observe that the stream of controversy, which had its spring in an article by Mr. H. d'Entremont which has now dried, has its principal channel in the journals, I have just enough in the way of a private interest to ask you of your courtesy to permit that I should cut a tributary stream from the river's source.

As a rule Mr. Carter shows himself to be so admirably in the fore of every progressive movement in art or drama that it is with some surprise that I find myself about to reproach him.

Mr. Carter has rightly scoffed at the silly remarks made by those who are glamourised by mere antiquity. It seems that in Brixton and Hampstead there are still individuals who can find aesthetic sustenance in the laborious puérilities of Burne-Jones or the hardly more inspired timidities of that half-way house, Whistler. To such (and especially to the egregious Mr. Victorian Cook) I would recommend the substitution of Mr. Carter's articles for the morning prayers which doubtless whet their appetites for a breakfast of steak and kidney. But what, in all seriousness, is Mr. Carter doing that the gods cannot command him to do? Is it possible that he is unacquainted with the work of those Italian painters who surpass Picasso in subtlety as much as Picasso surpasses, say, Watts or Blair Leighton? I do not see how else to explain his strange silence about such giants as Antonio Ciarla, Giuseppe del Enfiagione, or that modern master from Constantinople, Hassim el Mejr. Picasso, as Mr. Carter has rightly said, "has not the genius for drawing to set the world on edge."

In that portrait, exhibited in the Italian room at the recent Esposizione at Rome, Ciarla has represented, with a truly awful magnificence, the mere foolish physical appearance of the German thinker (and we are all Sancho Panzas as far as our bodies are concerned), and the dazzling splendour of Hegel's mind when poised, eagle-like, at its dizziest height of thought. I can attest personally to the revolutionary effect which this grand work has had upon a large number of the more individual students at the Munich Akademie. Ciarla (with whom I have the great pleasure of personal acquaintance) is not so obscure, and is therefore more suited for study where modern movements are breaking virgin ground, as Enfiagione. But as Mr. Carter has rightly said, "We must expect so much." And as Mr. Carter has rightly said, "We must expect so much."

If I have wrongly imputed to Mr. Carter an ignorance of work which is surely destined to initiate the "new age" in art, I am convinced that he will accept my apologies gladly, if only because any letter written by a journalist who is also a successful man of the world. Under his able guidance with these lecture-lessons, there should be no difficulty whatever in rapidly making your readers the names of artists from whom both he and I must expect so much.

DAVID P. LEGGE.

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THE WORKS OF WHISTLER.

Sir,—In writing to you I have neither the desire nor the intention to enter into a correspondence with Mr. Walter Sickert. But I am the "craven letter writer" whom Mr. Carter has asked you to feel out a matter that he fancies is in need of rectification, so I crave it this week to make the explanation that my husband, Joseph Pennell, and I, after travelling where it is impossible for letters and papers to reach him for some weeks, I myself do not know anything of Mr. Hesselius and his pictures. If Mr. Sickert will doubt answer me, Sickert—if he thinks it worth while—should your issue of February 29 eventually come into his hands. In the meanwhile, Mr. Sickert has been fortunate in choosing the moment to display his conscientious concern for the public interest.

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

A SELF-MADE MAN'S CONFESSION.

A SUCCESSFUL business man recently made this startling confession to me in the midst of a party at his hotel. "I am not enjoying it a bit. I am the host, and yet I feel out of it. I would give anything to be able to take my name in a circle of decent society." His case is typical of many who have been debared by the pursuit of money or a life of "make-believe" from acquiring the conversational ability and knowledge of what to say and do (and even what to read) which is so necessary nowadays in business and social life.

"I have just not the right mental and physical qualities to enter into the" world of lecture-studies on "Self-Culture," which are published by the Practical Correspondence College. All the difficulties which are apt to arise in the course of one's day's work (either in society or business) are dealt with in a delightfully chatty and informative manner by a journalist who is also a successful man of the world. Under his able guidance with these lecture-lessons, there should be no difficulty whatever in rapidly making good the early defects of the self-made man. If Mr. Sickert will doubt answer me, Sickert—if he thinks it worth while—should your issue of February 29 eventually come into his hands. In the meanwhile, Mr. Sickert has been fortunate in choosing the moment to display his conscientious concern for the public interest.
MR. J. M. KENNEDY.

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