Bill in vain for the trace of a guarantee that gs, will ever be established as the minimum wage of miners. On the contrary, so hollow are the prospects that it was felt the danger might indeed be the other way. Under the scheme of district boards it was apprehended that an "independent (meaning a member of the employing classes) instead of raising wages might conceivably reduce them; and to avoid this catastrophe the Government did consent to guarantee that, as a result of the strike, wages should not at least be reduced. But beyond that single guarantee that the miners should not lose more than they have already lost by the strike, the Bill contains nothing that is of the slightest value to them. Mr. Brace, we are sorry to say, writing in the current number of "Rhythm," and dating his article during only the third week of the strike and while the issue was doubtful, states it as his opinion that the best way to settle wages is precisely the scheme which Mr. Asquith has since adopted. But, as we have pointed out many times before, district committees, even though equally divided between masters and men, have no real control over wages so long as the men have no control over management. The railwaymen discovered last August that the Conciliation Boards instituted in 1907 by Mr. Lloyd George, to the accompaniment of the trumpets of Mr. Sidney Webb, were able to fix the figures of wages easily enough, but failed utterly to compel the companies to pay them. Nothing in the scheme could prevent the companies from juggling with grades and classes of workers so as to take back with one hand what they appeared to be giving with the other; and the net result was seen in the returns of the years following the great and victorious settlement: the sum total paid in wages was considerably reduced, while the receipts for traffic had considerably increased. There is every probability that the present scheme as applied to the mining industry will work out in exactly the same way.

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To analyse in detail the causes of the miners' failure would require a volume, and well the subject would be worth it; but at the present moment we must confine ourselves to three points, bearing respectively on the miners' leaders, Parliament, and Mr. MacDonald and the Labour Party. It is clear at the outset that the miners' leaders had only the vaguest notion, when the strike began, of what should be their real objective. The terms of the original ballot as submitted to the men referred merely to the "principle of the Minimum Wage"; and it was only some days after the ballot had been declared that the men's leaders realised the meaninglessness of a principle without figures. Then came, as our readers will remember, the famous schedule of February 2, containing the minimum minima of the various districts below which under no circumstances,
by even a penny, would the Federation go. Within a few days of the opening of the strike itself, Mr. Asquith on behalf of the Government invited the miners to a conference; at which, strangely enough, the principle of the Minimum was discussed without so much as a reference to the schedule. Indeed, from this time onward for at least three weeks the vital matter of the schedule remained undiscussed; nor until the matter became ripe for discussion did Mr. Asquith's opinion of a Parliamentary Bill did the schedule begin to occupy the place of importance proper to it. Even then, however, it was not discovered by the men's leaders what Mr. Asquith's real opinion was. On February 28 he presented to them in the form of four propositions his proposals for ending the strike; but as they did not contain any figures the terms were rejected by the men. Now what, after that, was the use of the Conference at all, if not simply to provide Mr. Asquith with an excuse for gaining the moral success which he had partly fallen and partly been pushed in the bill. That the miners' leaders employed to express their indignation at this black act of idiotic treachery. They preferred to save the face of Mr. MacDonald and chop in halves and one part offered to save the other, and both together were absolutely necessary to define the principle of the Minimum Wage. We may say, indeed, that had the Bill been strenuously resisted, without offers of compromise, during the Committee stage as well as on Third Reading, the miners would have declined to accept it as even a partial settlement of the strike; and the Government would have been compelled to think of something else. But, as we have seen, the evil device of bargaining entered like a maggot into the brain of Mr. MacDonald; and before the miners knew where they were, they heard their demand chopped in halves and one part offered to save the other and nothing could save them from defeat. In despair the Labour Party determined to vote against the Bill on its Second only to reject it later on in its Third Reading.

For no sooner had the men's leaders grasped the fact that Mr. Asquith would not amend his Bill than they began to regret that Mr. MacDonald had accepted its Second Reading. It was in vain that they pleaded with Mr. Asquith to accept their figures—figures that he had declared were just and fair—Mr. Asquith was immovable. Having moreover secured the Labour Party's votes for the Second Reading and saved the Government from defeat, he was certain now of carrying the Bill on its Third Reading with or without the assistance of the Labour Party. They, indeed, would certainly put themselves wrong in public eye by voting against a Bill they had in principle accepted; and, besides putting themselves in the wrong, their opposition would be useless. Mr. MacDonald, realising that he was being led into this trap, now made strenuous efforts to escape. A happy idea struck him. The miners' demands consisted at this stage of the minimum known as the five and two and of the district schedule. Suppose he should offer to do a deal with the Government and drop the schedule on condition that the five and two was accepted! For this decent suggestion of compromise Mr. MacDonald, we understand, had not the smallest authority from the miners' leaders. On the contrary, though by the Labour Party's refusal, the miners had appeared to accept the Bill, they had no intention of accepting it finally without the schedule as well as the five and two. Each of these tables of figures was as important as the other, and both together were absolutely necessary to define the principle of the Minimum Wage. We may say, indeed, that had the Bill been strenuously resisted, without offers of compromise, during the Committee stage as well as on Third Reading, the miners would have declined to accept it as even a partial settlement of the strike; and the Government would have been compelled to think of something else. But, as we have seen, the evil device of bargaining entered like a maggot into the brain of Mr. MacDonald; and before the miners knew where they were, they heard their demand chopped in halves and one part offered to save the other part. On Wednesday, we think it was, Mr. MacDonald rose in his place in the Commons to announce that if the Government would concede the five and two he thought he could persuade the miners to drop the schedule.

We cannot record the language in these columns which the miners' leaders employed to express their indignation at this black act of idiotic treachery. They were now, as completely as possible, in over-baked loaf, and nothing could save them from defeat. In giving away their Schedule in return not for a certainty but for a highly problematical acceptance by Mr. Asquith of their five and two, their original bone of contention, for which they had stood out for nearly a month, was sacrificed for a shadow. Unfortunately they had not even then the pluck to throw over the Parliamentarily Labour Party publicly and contumeliously. They preferred to save the face of Mr. MacDonald and his pack of noodles and worse by appearing to have consented to his plan. But when at last it was definitely declared that even the five and two was refused by Mr. Asquith, the situation became so tragic that in despair the Labour Party determined to vote against the Third Reading of the Bill, what time the miners' leaders began to devise speeches with which to soften their failure. Such was the situation which they had partly fallen and partly been pushed in consequence, first, of having failed at the outset to prepare a plan of campaign, and, secondly, of permitting that strike-breaker, Mr. MacDonald, to have any hand in their affairs. The consequence was that between these two divisions of the Labour forces, and in the moral success of having seen the miners withdraw their original demands, the Government carried its Bill by a large majority, the Press bands began to play "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," and the
leaders, since the latter could not be expected to see more than an inch beyond their nose. Ever since the great days of Trade Unionism, when intellectual leaders like Mr. Frederic Harrison were employed in the service of Trade Unions, the leaders of the latter have gloried in their ignorance of the process by which their demands are met. This is, according to the "Times," the "strength" of Syndicalism that this stupid proposal can dispense with "intellectuals" (meaning brains) in its accomplishment; but if the present position of Trade Unions is any criterion of what even a well-trained brain can become without brains, the future of Syndicalism is already over. The fact is that Trade Union leaders at this moment are not merely without brains themselves, but they have not even brains enough to take the brains of others in service. Routine, pig-headed, stupid, they imagine that what they do not know of the conduct of strikes is not worth knowing. Thirty years ago, perhaps, each of the present leaders successfully engineered a petty strike, with the disas-
sertion effect upon their minds of leading them to imagine themselves masters of industrial craft. But we have only to point out that the greater the strike the greater now is their failure. Against them are now arrayed the expert, trained hosts of capitalism, organised, disciplined and spirited as no Trade Union has ever yet been. To meet this modern army with the popguns of thirty years ago is infallibly to be blown to pieces; and in the Raines of Strike of 1902 we were presented with the Miners' Strike of March, we see what comes of pitting the good old maxims of a generation ago against the up-to-date brains of to-day. Knowing our Trade Union leaders are, however, we need not have any hesitation to see that nationalisation was their only remedy; nor did we even suppose that our disclosure of Mr. Asquith's second intentions would arouse them in any interest. But if we were to accept the claim of the Parliamentary Labour Party that they and not we are the brains of the working-class movement, we certainly had the right to expect that the Socialists of the party, if none others, would understand the key of the situation. In advance-
ing nationalisation of the mines as an anticipation of the mining problem, and in pressing it upon a not unwilling Government, the Labour Party would not only have been contributing to the settlement of the strike for ever, but pursuing its proper political task of supple-
menting industrial activity, differentiating itself from mere Liberalism, justifying its existence as an independ-
ent party, and proving its right to lead and govern the Labour movement. In addition it would have been ful-
filling its engagements and promises to the miners, who were promised by Mr. Keir Hardie and others with district boards and the rest of the gimmerack machinery, it was Mr. Asquith's brief to fob them off with this. And with this, as we have seen, he did fob them off with the assistance of the Labour Party. True, both the Labour Party and the miners' leaders believed that without nationalisation they could still secure a fixed and legal minimum wage; but this belief got no real support from Mr. Asquith, nor would any Socialist committee support it. As we proved at length last week, no Government that is not prepared to take over a private industry has any right to impose on that industry such conditions as the majority of its owners are demanding. So-called "nationalisation," then may argue this matter as they please, but the fact re-
mains that when society has given employers a certain patent of employment, society cannot then in justice abrogate that condition of its successful exploitation unless it is prepared to revoke the patent altogether. Nationalisation, we repeat, is the indispensable pre-
liminary to the legal fixation of wages in the mining industry; and the credit of realising this is due to Mr. Asquith, as the credit of failing to realise it is due to the Labour Party.

We say the Labour Party rather than the miners'
a fair day's work, even lawyers could not deny that the claim was just. We will do Mr. Asquith at least the justice of believing him sincere when he affirmed a fair day's work, even lawyers could not deny that quested? For the simple reason, as we have again and again said, that not only were the men entitled to their demands, but the principle or conscience prevents it from adopting a particu- lar settlement, but, if so, it must find an alternative or resign." For the Government, therefore, to have been defeated on a settlement which was no settlement and in derogation of their own stated demand was impossible. I have given our reasons for declaring that the Government would not have risked a disastrous defeat on an unsettling Bill, but let us ask, as Mr. MacDonald probably asked, what would have happened if the Government had actually been in a position to defeat the Second Reading of the Bill, if that were possible; and it was no less the busi- ness of the miners and the Labour Party to continue un- der the Bill itself, but an opportunity of threatening to defeat the Government if the Bill were not withdrawn. By diplomatic channels, the Tories notified the Labour Party that in the event of their decision to oppose the Bill on Second Reading they, the Tory Party, would give them first place—that is, vote with them against the Government. We can understand the mock indig- nation of "P. W. W." at this proposal of the Tories to turn out the Government with the help of the Labour Party; but, when our demand was unsatisfactory. Why, then, did he refuse to concede their demands in the form in which they were re- quested? For the simple reason, as we have again and again said, that not only were the men entitled to their demands, but the principle or conscience prevents it from adopting a particu- lar settlement, but, if so, it must find an alternative or resign." For the Government, therefore, to have been defeated on a settlement which was no settlement and in derogation of their own stated demand was impossible. I have given our reasons for declaring that the Government would not have risked a disastrous defeat on an unsettling Bill, but let us ask, as Mr. MacDonald probably asked, what would have happened if the Government had actually been in a position to defeat the Second Reading of the Bill, if that were possible; and it was no less the busi- ness of the miners and the Labour Party to continue un- der the Bill itself, but an opportunity of threatening to defeat the Government if the Bill were not withdrawn. By diplomatic channels, the Tories notified the Labour Party that in the event of their decision to oppose the Bill on Second Reading they, the Tory Party, would
them; and, as it now turns out, they had good reason to fear it, for they voted against its final passage when the Government had nothing to lose by it. But the alternative to the Bill, on the contrary, was full of hope. Everything, in fact, depended on forcing that alternative to appear. Either the present Government and the Labour Party for ever to be led by dolts and cowards? For, at the social deed would have been divided between the miners and the Labour Party. Is the Labour Party doomed for ever to be led by dolts and cowards? For, at the end of it all, we state our opinion that, do what it may, the Labour Party cannot be destroyed. There is a vacuum in the political world for a party of labour, and this vacuum will be filled with whatever material offers. But the spectacle of rubbish occupying what should be the throne of Labour is disgusting. Surely this strike will teach our workmen to choose better leaders!

**Foreign Affairs.**

By S. Verdad.

Mr. Harry Whitby, somewhat unkindly, accuses me of having one idea, viz., "unremitting enmity towards Germany." This is not wholly accurate. I think, as I have often said in these columns, that the British nation is, in general, superior to the German, in culture and in other respects; but this would not in itself justify "unremitting enmity." I am severe—perhaps, our Whitby may think I am over-severe—on Germany simply because Germany is the enemy in the meantime—for the same reason, indeed, as Cato was severe on Carthage. Readers of The New Age will recollect that I have often emphasised the fundamental principle of this country's foreign policy, viz., the preservation of the balance of power in Europe. Whenever it happened that any country appeared to be getting too strong, or strong enough to upset this balance, our diplomatic influence was thrown against it until the scales were once more even, and if diplomatic influence was not sufficient we went to war.

Bad tactics on the part of the Foreign Office officials allowed Germany to weaken France very considerably in 1871. This is partly accounted for by the sentimentality of Queen Victoria, who had always a "soft side" for things German, and believed, with Frau Bismarck and the Kaiser, that the nations that deserved all they got. The consequence was that the balance of power was interrupted in favour of the rising empire, and Germany had an opportunity of establishing herself in Central Europe. The conquering will it be clearly understood that France's diplomatic and military activities would have to be directed towards the establishment of a colonial empire and not influencing European affairs. Hence the origin of Anglo-French bickerings over Egypt, Siam, and so on, much to the grim delight of Bismarck, who had carefully planned all this.

It was not until early in the present century that we began to see what we had let ourselves in for by permitting Germany to expand. Bismarck had vaguely hinted that the "reckoning" with Austria and France had been a simple matter as compared with the inevitable reckoning with England. Little notice was taken of the words of a man whose forcible character was not properly understood in this country until the early 'eighties. But from about 1900 onwards we find authoritative Germans like General Bernhardi publicly writing and speaking about the inevitable struggle with England. We find, the Kaiser himself talking openly a place in the sun for his country and saying that Germany's future lies on the water. We find, too, an unprecedented campaign carried out by an influential body like the German Navy League, the establishment of a Continental Base, the publication of books, and articles in Germany in all its publications being particularly bitter.

We are slow in this country to awaken to new conditions. But the diplomatic defeat sustained by France in 1905 over the Morocco question made it clear even to the general public that we had a new and formidable competitor on the Continent. A new generation of Foreign Office officials had already realised this, however, and steps had been taken to meet the position. The very fact that the Triple Alliance was in existence made the German position clear: we had to contend against Germany, Austria, and Italy. To some extent this combination had already been balanced on the Continent by the Dual Alliance between France and Russia. But Russia was suffering from the effects of the war with Japan, and France was not sure of herself. So the Dual Alliance became, for diplomatic purposes, the Triple Entente, and was considerably strengthened by the inclusion of Great Britain.

Mr. Whitby mentions our policy towards Russia in 1907, and asks why we helped her to approach nearer to our own possessions. I have already dealt with this Russian question, but it will do no harm to sum up the arguments again. We could not stop Russia. She had determined to advance, and she had the means, in the shape of a large army, to realise her ambition. Knowing that we could not check her progress, our Foreign Office officials made the best of it and entered into an agreement whereby Russia is now confined, for some time to come, at all events, to the Northern portion of Persia, while British interests in the neutral sphere and the Southern part of Persia are respected. We could not keep Russia away, but we made the best of a bad job.

We cannot, I fear, do anything in regard to the Panama Canal. We have come to see that the United States Navy is all-powerful in American waters, and in the event of war we should have to concentrate too many of our units against it to make the game worth the candle. Our immediate danger, and a danger which is likely to last for a generation or more, lies across the North Sea, and this is a fact which the people concerned do not hesitate to let us know. It is quite useless at present, then, to talk, as Mr. Whitby does, about making friends with Germany. We are suspect there, and one particularly wants to be friends with us. Surely it is not taken for granted that when the Social Democrats speak about the establishment of friendly relations they do so out of regard for us? They are thinking rather of the high taxes they have to pay.

As for trying to divide the German forces, this will not work. So far back as the time of the last Salisbury Government it was suggested that Germany should be allowed to tag along with the Triple Alliance. The fact is, however, that Germany has taken over Morocco instead of France, the expected division of forces would not have been brought about. With the prospect of making another raid on France, or a raid on England, the Wilhelmstrasse people would not have troubled themselves much about Morocco, any more than they would have done about their possessions in the Far East.

We are ready in earnest when we say that our preparations for war are made in the interests of peace. We are simply trying to maintain the balance of power in Europe. Contingencies are likely to arise, as, for example, in the Balkans, which make it necessary, not merely for our supremacy, but for our bare safety, that no Continental Power shall be in a position to dictate to its neighbours. Germany was able to do this when Bosnia and Herzegovina were annexed, and the result was an unsettled situation which lasted for more than six months and ruffled the diplomatic world very considerably. We wish to avoid this sort of thing in future—indeed, we should never have let such a situation arise at all. When I use the word "supremacy," I do not mean, as my critic appears to think, that we should be some dictating on our own account. I simply mean that we must be able to keep our possessions intact; and, on the whole, the present policy of our Foreign Office is directed to that end.
Wages and Ownership.

The British Press has again proved how easily it can delude itself. No movement in the ranks of Labour, however innocent, however explicable, can now take place without the Press ascribing it to Syndicalism. It is a symptom of intellectual vacuity thus to raise one bogey after another. Syndicalism is merely the latest bogey. It does not exist in England. It may come; more probably it will not. It is at least desirable that when it is discussed our journalistic pastors and masters should know what they are talking about. What is the Syndicalist Aim to Nationalise the Railways? It may be pleasant to hear the verdant remarks of a French editor if one of his staff were guilty of such a béte. Nevertheless, the problem of wages has assumed an acute phase, and, if we can escape from the ignorant intrusions of the daily papers, it may be well to discuss the question in a spirit of detachment.

The underlying principle of Syndicalism is that the workers in each industry should as a body or guild own the instruments of production and distribution necessary to their craft. Thus the miners would not only own the mines but also control the distribution of their own product. If, therefore, the scamen owned the ships, the engineers the machinery, and so throughout the whole of British industry, each class would realise an organisation, and the whole system of supply and demand would be revolutionised.

The private capitalist would be eliminated, and the State as at present organised, expressing itself through Parliament, would lose its power, the real arbiter of our destinies being the inter-industrial committee or congress that met to arrange the production and distribution of the national wealth. There is one practical and one theoretical objection to this large scheme. The practical smaller objection is that the smaller miscellaneous industries would have but little influence against cotton, coal and machinery. (The ownership of transit would be sound that the wage-earner carries on his back the theoretical objection springs from this source. The man as master of his craft, who makes himself intimate with social, intellectual, and spiritual problems, has no place in the Council of Syndicalists; he must meet his fellowmen somewhere also as fellow-citizens, and bear on his shoulders those problems that belong to the non-industrial categories. It must always remain true that the community as a whole is greater than any or all of its parts or crafts. The nation does not live by bread alone.

But whilst we reject the Syndicalist theory for these and other reasons, we welcome the present Labour revolt and see in it the prospect of fairer days. In Great Britain it is foolish to apply labels to any new movement. Unlike the Latin peoples, the British nation is essentially empirical and not national. But it would be near the truth to define the present Labour movement as industrial unionism. That is to say, in an attempt by Trade Unionism to improve its position by an organised strike and without arrière pensée or the risk of becoming the proper instrument of revolution. It may be affirmed with confidence that the national attitude towards the wage system has been profoundly modified by recent events. There has been an almost miraculous revaluation of the wage-earner's one fraction of production. Beyond a few narrow and purblind habitudes of Pall Mall clubs, it is now everywhere recognised that the railwaymen, the porter, the docker, and even the miner do now receive their due share of recompense for their labour. 'They ought to get more' is an opinion universally expressed. But who is to pay it? That's the rub!

Recently, in the House of Commons, Lord Robert Cecil adumbrated a policy of co-partnership. It may be worth while to examine this solution. There are obviously two kinds of co-partnership: the one frank aims at the destruction of trade unionism by establishing a cash nexus between the employer and the individual employee. The South Metropolitan Gas Company is a case in point. Sir George Livesey evolved his system to a large series of small concerns which a company has nine directors, of whom three are the employees' representatives. Not only do the workmen as a body share in the profits, but pressure of a friendly sort is brought to bear upon the management. It is obvious that if the trade unionists permitted this system to spread, their occupation would be gone and the employee would soon be at the mercy of the capitalist. If there is to be no wage system regulated by Parliament, then it follows that the workers of all crafts, one farthing the excessive tribute paid to the capitalist by ordinary commercial standards.

The second possible type of co-partnership would be a frank alliance between the capitalist of the one part and the trade union of the other. The capitalist would say to the trade union: 'I cannot manage without your supply of labour and I recognise that the wage system is out of date, if not actually obsolete. Let us then work together. I will allow you a certain proportion of the capital by which you are supported.' The capitalist insists upon a distribution of the gross and not of the net profits. Sinking funds, reserve funds, depreciation account—all the actuarial contrivances which account for the difference between gross and net profits—are merely schemes for the protection of capital and have no kind of relation to the value of labour power, which improves and does not depreciate. A division of gross profits, therefore, would be a sine qua non.

It does not escape our attention that both these types of co-partnership predicate the continuance of private capitalism, with its inevitable exploitation of labour. The first type is frankly in antagonism to collective bargaining; the second type equally frankly seeks to mitigate the exploitation by inducing the trade unions to share in the plunder. Both types are obviously anti-Socialist. Nor does either type reduce by one farthing the excessive tribute paid to the capitalist in rent and interest.
To the I.L.P. Conference Delegates.

FELLOW DELEGATES,—Once more, with the daffodils, comes our Annual Conference. Once again some three hundred of us assemble for work and fraternisation, to greet anew in fellowship comrades whom we perchance have not met since our last merry meeting. Our merry meeting, I say, for we have ever been of those who realise that the sternest problems are more readily solved if they be faced with cheerful courage.

The question, however, arises whether there is not just a danger that this feast of fraternity, this spirit of the picnic which pervades our annual deliberations, may not be carried to too great length. Far be it from me to play the rôle of skeleton at the feast, but I should like to state that in my considered opinion the Merthyr Conference is the most important conference we have had in the last ten years or so.

Just consider for a moment what has happened since we parted at Birmingham. We have had that wondrous production of the Welsh Boanerges—the National Insurance Bill, a Bill calculated to make every Socialist seriously reconsider his position; to reflect that after all there is more than a modicum of truth in friend Belloc's assertion that the present tendency of Collectivism is towards the "Servile State." At the same time, we have had this glorious "unrest." First the Seamen, the Transport Workers, then the Railwaymen, afterwards the Cotton Lock-out, and finally this titanic struggle in the coalfields, on the chief battle-ground of which we assemble. It would almost seem that more than chance had brought us together at this juncture and made the great mining constituency our G.O.M., James Keir Hardie. Then, like the final burst of rockets at a firework display, comes all this pother about Syndicalism, the "Don't shoot!" prosecutions, and the arrest of Tom Mann.

There is no need to labour this point. Assuredly you will realise that we meet with the eye of the nation upon us, and that our proceedings must have the most far-reaching effect upon the future of our party and, what is of more importance, on the future of the workers in this country. This much, at any rate, is common ground between us.

But do you realise, my comrades, what will be the most important event of this momentous conference? I have not the slightest hesitation in affirming that it is the contest for the chairmanship of the party for the ensuing year. Because I feel that this matter is of prime importance, and because I fear some of you may have failed to perceive this, I have ventured to address you.

The long struggle between the Right and Left wings of our movement, commenced by Victor Grayson at Huddersfield, will come to a head at Merthyr. There will be no speech-making on this subject. You will just fill up your ballot-paper, the Standing Orders Committee will announce the result, and silently will have been fought and won the battle which will determine whether the I.L.P. shall lead the hosts of Labour or be forsaken by them. The battle will be silent but the Lord was not in the earthquake.

There are, as you know, three candidates for the position of chairman, all of them members of the present Council. It is making no reflection on the worth and merit of our comrades to say, in the by-elections of the Lancashire division, when I suggest that he occupies somewhat the position of the Derby dog. It is so obvious that the real protagonists in this fight are the present chairman, W. C. Anderson, and, as I hope, the future chairman, George Lansbury. I think, that I can anticipate that "Fighting Mac" will readily quit the ring on this occasion. He is too good a sportsman to be a spoil-sport. In any event, there is bound to be a contest between Lansbury and Anderson.

At this point, O Fellow Delegates, I claim your sympathy. How to write of two men only without appearing personal? There's the rub. But at however great a cost of misunderstanding, they must be contrasted, for they personify two absolutely distinct and opposite tendencies. It is for this reason that the present contest for the Chairmanship is entirely different from all previous encounters.

"I will tell you, just make one small personal point. Comrade Anderson is a Scotsman. We have had four Scotsmen occupy the presidential chair for something like twelve years. This speaks much for the brain-producing power of porridge, but it would be just as well if the rest of these islands got a look-in occasionally. Not long ago we had six members of the N.A.C. sailing from beyond the Tweed. At the Albert Hall the other day we had five speakers of that race. London delegates, don't you understand, eh?"

Now for the two men.

Anderson is a newcomer in our movement. His career has been meteoric. Lansbury has spent half a life-time in our cause. Anderson was first elected to the N.A.C. at the Huddersfield Conference. He was then considered a Left-wing man, and was returned by the same delegates as those who unsuccessfully supported Victor Grayson. Many bitterly regretted it afterwards. At the very last meeting of the N.A.C., after his election W. C. A. started apeing MacDonald's mannerisms. He has been MacDonald's Man Friday ever since. Hardie dislikes and distrusts his I.L.P. colleague of the Labour Party Executive. He will probably say a matter or two of what I know. Naturally Hardie does not care to have his outspoken utterances watered down by this young "statesman," nor to have his attacks on Churchill in the "Leader," blue pencilled, who was once at one with me on our "safe" young chairman. I speak of what I know.

By the by, that editor has gone. Did you know that? Did you know that the present sub-editor is Anderson's man, hard and soul. I wonder, will he occupy the vacant editorial chair, or, haply, will it be W. C. A.? Perhaps the latter, for the monthly special campaigns, for Peace and the like, have stopped. Do you know anything about the correlation of labour in the National Labour Press, of which W. C. A. is director? They are interesting. I assure you. Did you know that the decision to suggest for your consideration the abolition of divisional members of the N.A.C.—a most democratic device—was carried by the casting vote of the chairman, W. C. A., while two members, known to favour the retention of the divisionalists, were temporarily out of the room? I speak it with pleasure that the man who did not go to the poll at Wolverhampton—but there, that is enough. I wish to avoid all personalities and to set down naught in malice. And Lansbury, what shall we say of him? What need to repeat the lily of old? I know him. You know him. You know of his splendid, almost single-handed fight against the Insurance Act. We know his great soft heart. Foolish persons think soft-heartedness means a soft head. They are soft-headed. Women imagine that one who is a Guardian, a Councillor, a County Councillor, a member of the Commons, and a signatory to the Minority Report is a soft head. You know his worth, you do not need instruction from me. His chivalry is great, his chivalrous devotion of the women, the persecuted Syndicalists, etc., and it may lead him to disavow most strongly the sentiments of this article. Again: No matter. It is not the man but his principles I contend for.

One final word. There has grown up among us a sort of tradition that the chairman should occupy the position for the full three years he is enabled to before he is compelled by rule to retire. This feeling may operate in favour of the present chairman, for he has one more year to run. But we must remember that one of our best chairmen, Fred Jowett (who took office some twelve years ago) occupied the chair for one year. And, in any case, as above said, this is a contest for principles and not a matter of sentimentality.

Comrades, we have a great responsibility and great opportunity. Remember that, treading hard upon our
heels, comes the B.S.P. Let us look to it that the baton of leadership of the Worker's Army falls not from our nerveless fingers, to be caught up and carried forward by another and more vigorous baton.

L'AUDACE.

An Australian View of Imperial and Foreign Affairs.

By Grant Hervey.

(President of Foreign Affairs Section Young Australian Movement.)

II.

That secondary group of arguments for National reorganisation, to which an initial reference has been made, must strongly appeal, if not to Europe's heart, then at least to Europe's pocket. The growth of naval budgets within recent years has been little less than calamitous; and so long as the Powers stand apart, engaged in a rivalry as suicidal as it is hopeless, this colossal increment of expenditure, instead of slackening off, must go rolling on. How vast has been the growth of that expenditure, the recent statement in the "Deutsche Revue" by Vice-Admiral von Ahlefeldt—a distinguished German seaman—most clearly shows. In the fiscal year 1899-1900, the Naval Budget of Great Britain increased from £27,100,000 to £40,400,000, that of France from £12,300,000 to £15,850,000, and that of Germany—here the proportionate increase far exceeds that of the other Powers—from £24,650,000 to £57,000,000. The total increase for the three Powers during the term mentioned was from £46,100,000 to £80,900,000, or a net increase of £34,800,000. The other European Powers, including Italy, Austria, Russia, Spain, etc., also materially increased their budgets, and for this reason the naval expenditure of Great Britain, Germany, France, Russia, and Italy amounted to no less than £97,684,122—or, if we count in the expenditure of £35,400,000 by the United States and £27,802,823 by Japan, we get an international naval bill, and this leaves out the smaller amounts spent by Australia, Brazil, the Argentine Republic, etc., etc., of £140,886,945. Figures like these indicate that the race for naval supremacy, insofar as the European Powers are concerned, is also a race for naval expenditure, we get the staggering total of £60,000,000 per annum. With all these expenses in existence, the expenditure of Germany has swollen up to £388,900,000 in the fourteen years 1893-1906, or just three and a half times as much as the German total; and if the present insensate struggle for supremacy should go on, it is probable that the German Naval Budget—for it is of no use to do things by halves—may soar up almost to £100,000,000 per annum. But if the Naval Budget is to grow—and grow it must, except the Powers of Europe embrace the alternative—the British nation may say good-bye to social reform. Like Germany, England cannot eat her financial cake and have it. Either the "Dreadnought" building must stop, and the extension of old-age pensions and sickness and unemployment assurance be accelerated—either this must be the case, or else Great Britain, gathering her last ounce of financial and material energy for the conflict with Germany, must leave her paupers in the stews and her crowded myriads in the slums.

Professor Adolf Harnack, of the University of Berlin, submitted recently in the "Hibbert Journal" a plea for a closer understanding between Germany and Great Britain. With his central affirmation, that in the near future the relations between Germany and England will constitute the axis around which world-politics will revolve, all those who think as statesmen, and not as mere contrivers of political compromise, must agree. But there is need for much more than a mere understanding. If Britain and Germany are to ease their tenses of millions into dockyards and arsenals, if Europe is to breathe freely; if the work of real as contrasted with shoddy social reform is to proceed equally on both sides of the North Sea; if our new White Lands are to draw from Northern Europe that plenitude of immigration which they require; if civilisation is to retain its present or approximated balance—if these things are to be, there is need, not alone for Professor Harnack's closer understanding, but for a self-binding of all Europe into one synthetic whole. An agreement confined exclusively to England and Germany will not do. Its great and imperative merit, it is true, would consist in the fact that it would supply a sort of foundation on which to erect a United Europe, which has supremely necessary to keep the whole plan of International Reorganisation, and not merely a portion of it, clearly in sight. Agreements are made and understandings are arrived at, only to be departed from at will. But were Europe or the United Lands, stretched by the Bosphorus and from the Orkneys to Gibraltar—were that the scope and such the fulfilment of Old World desire, then might the work of civilisation in Australia as in England, in Canada as in France, in Germany as in South Africa be both equally and incessantly carried on.

The plea for a United States of Europe is a plea for the economical safety and material progress of the world. It is also a plea for humanity and for much more.
Hague Conferences come and go. Appeals for limitations of armaments are heard awhile, and then fall dumb. Meanwhile the Naval Budgets of the Powers, not only European but American and Asiatic, mount up and on; and we have the spectacle of "Christendom" and us at work with both hands, one turning the grindstone and the other holding the knife that is to cut Christendom's own throat.

To Europe it is imperative that the New World should speak with a strong and fearless voice. The statesmen of Great Britain, as of Germany and elsewhere, see in a false perspective the problems of the coming time. Not that the Canadian or the Australian may claim a pre-eminence over us, but that it is our fortune to perceive in advance things that a pre-coming time. Not that the Canadian or the Australian and the other holding the knife that is to cut Christendom's own throat.

The gaze of Europe is directed inwards. Old America a problem, and Europe—as Britain and German, Scandinavian and Slavonic, best suited to our need. A Dis-united Europe—a Europe such as now exists—ought to be avoided for us, is a menace to the world. The Pacific coast of North America, with that of Australia, to employ but a small portion of the human strength which now goes into forward life, and with the world-hegemony, since bickering Europe grips it not, for a glittering and ever-becoming prize.

Our place as a part of the British Empire—a part larger than twenty-four United Kingdoms—gives us a right to speak. Partnership in that Empire is well for us, but partnership of Britain in a United Europe would be better still. We know that England cannot herself supply these lands with all the living blood that is their primal need. Our wish, then, is for a Europe not disarmed but co-operative; for a Europe with one Fleet and one Army; with one common tongue, embracing Englishman and German, Frenchman and Finn; and with a power and prestige that is now split up and in danger of becoming null. What Britain cannot give us Germany and Austria, with their five hundred millions and of population, surely can. Europe, indeed, offers us a stock of nine hundred millions from whence to draw the hardest and; and since Britain's masses cannot satisfy our needs, are we to be blind to the one true solution for Europe's problems? It is the pure centralisation, and the political extension of that White race-wave from Salamis. For in distant Asia—distant to Europe, the Pacific coast of North America, with that of Australia, to employ man who stands at Vancouver, or at Sydney, is the logical extension of that White race-wave from Salamis.

The problem of the Oversea White Man is towards coherent aggregation, first with his fellow Briton and ultimately with all Europe; the tendency of the Empire-coloured millions—especially in India, where a mistaken policy has created in each educational centre a viper's nest—is away from Europe, and towards the standard of a new and vast Pan-Asiatic movement.

In all the world we perceive the outcome of the inevitable and politically inexorable, of more than two thousand years of history. The battle of Salamis was an axis of world destiny. That memorable day's work, far back in the year 480 B.C., has affected the whole course of racial migration; the White man stood West beyond Europe to the shores of the Atlantic, and beyond that to America; the Asiatic, in spite of movement and counter-movement, towards the East, there to be massed on the shores of that specific land mass. That, for the New World, is the logical extension of that White race-wave from Salamis.

The Pacific coast of North America, with that of Australia, to employ a geographical paradox, is now the real frontier of Europe. The dividing lines that separate France and Germany, Austria and Italy, Holland and England, are merely so many traditional but wholly unnecessary boundaries. It is time they were blotted out. The hardy sons of Europe, who have voyaged from the farth of the British Empire, the Dominion of Canada, a Commonwealth of Australia, have carried Europe's frontier with them—the trouble being that only Europe, with its insane annual expenditure of 300,000,000 on preparations for war, can outlive World man and White man—remains unaware of it.

**Eupecian Politicians.**

By J. M. Kennedy.

IV.—Liberalism and Labour.

In his article entitled "The Democratic Corner-Stone," in "Public Opinion" of October 6 last, as well as in his monograph on Liberalism, Professor Hobhouse seeks to show that Liberalism and Labourism are natural allies, and that in particular the Liberal and Labour parties in the present House of Commons must pull together. "United, Liberalism and Labour must command a majority which will not be seriously threatened, at least, until their opponents can pull themselves together. Divided, Labour would be reduced to a minor opposition group, and Liberalism to the lifeless condition of the 'nineties." In Chapter iv. of his "Liberalism and Labour," Professor Hobhouse shows, plausibly enough, that Individualism and Socialism can go together fairly well for some distance. In discussing monopolies, for instance, he makes it clear that Liberals and Mr. Asquith's Government generally favour the growth of such.

Monopolies in our country fall into three classes. There is, first, the monopoly of land. Urban rents, for example, represent not merely the cost of building, nor the cost of building plus the site, as it would be if sites of the kind required were unlimited in amount. They represent the cost of a site where the supply falls short of the demand—that is to say where there is an element of monopoly. . . . Directly and indirectly the community create the site value. The landlord receives it, and, receiving it, can charge anyone who wants to live or carry on industry upon the site the community which created it. In some cases, for instance, he makes it clear that Liberals and Mr. Asquith's Government generally favour the growth of such.

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into private hands, and if, on social grounds, the monopoly is maintained the taxation of licensed premises ought to be so arranged that the monopoly value returns to the community. Up to this point a thoroughly consistent Individualism can work in harmony with Socialism, and it is this partial alliance which, laid down in the last Liberal Finance. The great Budget of 1909 had behind it the united forces of Socialist and Individualist opinion.

Much of this, of course, is quite true. It has been pointed out quite shrewdly in the pugilistic papers that Individualism and Socialism, as the terms are generally understood in this country, lead in the end to the same result. In his anxiety to justify his case logically, however, Professor Hobhouse has overlooked a rather glaring fact, the human factor. Theoretically, it is no doubt admirable that while "Individualists" should be represented in the House of Commons by Liberals, Socialists should also be represented in the House of Commons by working men. One would naturally expect that in such a case the interests of Labour would be more closely studied and taken into greater consideration than heretofore, and that Labour unrest would, in consequence, be unheard of. Yet we know that this is not so. With the return of Labour members to Parliament a decade or so ago the relative value of wages proceeded to fall, and it has been falling steadily ever since. Strangely enough, the Labour M.P.'s appear to have been unable to take any steps towards countering this tendency. Certainly the subsequent measures, and those measures passed by the Liberal Government—such as the iniquitous Insurance Act and the unemployed grants—have even met with the approval of the Labour members. Of the M.P.'s for instance, not one expressed an opposition to the changes of last autumn, were not merely supported by the Labour members as projects, but were carried into effect with their active assistance. The part played last autumn by Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Henderson will not be easily forgotten by those who took more than a passing interest in it at the time. Political scientists know that Liberalism represents capitalism in politics, that modern Liberalism came into being in 1832 with the declared object of looking after the interests of manufacturers and traders, and that many proposals for improving the position of the workmen, such as the Factory Acts, were bitterly opposed by prominent Liberals on the ground that they interfered with the property or the employer to exploit his workmen to their fullest capacity. This is the extreme of Individualism; but, philosophically speaking, it is based on the same foundation as that which has long supported certain crude theories of Socialism current both in England and the Continent.

The Labour Party has been in earnest, its members would have seen that the Liberals, despite their protestations of affection for the working man at election times, were really in power by favour of a group of capitalists—the sudden volte-face on the Chinese labour question, for instance, indicated that clearly enough even to those who were unacquainted with the inner side of politics. But these things were neglected by the representatives of Labour in the House. Professor Hobhouse, if he had laid less emphasis on the development of the theoretical relationship between Liberalism and Labour attention to the mere human element in the problem, would have been able to explain this, I think, quite well. The sensation of possessing power is always agreeable. The Labour members, when they had become accustomed to their new surroundings, were not content to be Members of Parliament and nothing more. Most of us recollect the intrigues to secure the leadership of the party; for this naturally conferred more power. But there were still greater ambitions. The Government had rewards to offer to faithful supporters, and the temptation was dangled before the eyes of the new group. It might not be charitable to remind readers of this journal how it was snapped at in one or two instances, and how the Labour Party was wrecked accordingly.

This was not the worst, however. It was only natural—I wish Professor Hobhouse had emphasised this—it was only natural that the Labour members should begin to "fancy themselves." They gradually came to realise that they almost formed part of the Government, that their opinions were considered, their judgment consulted. They lost touch with their constituents. Urged on in many cases by their wives "to get a job at the Burn't or to take a seat at Shacklewell, now; why can't you do something like that?" and urged on in other cases by their own petty ambitions, they became middle class, puritanical, mild mannered. They threw over Victor Grayson, and if Mr. Lansbury were even more violent than Mr. MacDonald, Mr. George could afford to taunt Mr. MacDonald with this. It was only one who has done so since her husband "got on." It was natural that the workmen, feeling their position growing worse, should throw over their old leaders and seek to have their grievances redressed by more violent means than Parliamentary procedure.

How greatly out of touch the Labour members have been with their constituents for some time has been shown by the rapid progress of the Syndicalist movement—not of Syndicalism itself, which is a political principle as a psychologist, who would have been able to explain in a fraction of the Liberal Party, and not a particularly important fraction. They gladly supported Liberal measures, and opposed them only in rare instances when they knew they were certain to go through—Mr. Lloyd George could afford to taunt Mr. MacDonald with this. Liberalism represents capitalism pure and simple; and to take an instance of their apathy, that the unemployment grants were simply indirect subsidies for the sweaters, or that the plan underlying the Insurance Bill was one for the ultimate paralysing of the Trade Unions. They did not realise that the Liberal Acts and the Liberal tendency of the Government would not have been tolerated for a moment by their constituents. And so they ceased to represent Labour, becoming instead representatives of that large but amorphous Nonconformist class which we know as the upper-middle.

Theoretically, it is no doubt admirable that while Individualism and Socialism, as the terms are that Large but amorphous Nonconformist class which we know as the upper-middle.
Theosophy and Social Reconstruction.

By Walter Stanton.

We have much reason to be grateful to Theosophy. It has introduced us to many scriptures that we might never otherwise have read: it has married the theories of evolution and reincarnation, and has saved us from a too sentimental belief in progress by a re-statement of the doctrine of Karma. But one wonders what Divine Wisdom could know about politics. If the confusion of tongues that fell upon the people at Babel was the work of God, perhaps he knows the meaning of the present cacophony; but the only valid conclusion to be drawn from the fable is that man must not know too much of the Divine Wisdom. If we admit the dicta of Theosophy, we must admit that the Divine Wisdom may speak with many tongues; that Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour may be as Divinely inspired as Dr. Haden Guest, and each differ in toto from the other concerning the means of attaining the social welfare.

What is fundamentally certain is that no State can be founded on the principle of brotherhood, unless we are to give a cynical meaning to the word "brotherhood." The State already has to do justice between brothers even in the matter of testamentary dispositions, and enmity quite as frequently as love is the law of the family. Unless we are to take this view of brotherhood, the principle cannot be admitted in politics; not even if Theosophy offered us a guarantee of the good intentions of everybody. Universal brotherhood, which in the mouths of its advocates always means universal peace, and therefore disarmament, is so utopian a dream that any statesman who proposed a reconstruction of society according to this principle would deserve to be shot.

But if Theosophy means anything at all, it means a recognition of the value of existing institutions. There can be no constitution building à la Sieyès for a Theosophist: the State, like the individual, can only develop new organs gradually, and Briareus can only become a centipede after a long process of adaptation. So when Dr. Guest proposes the complete re-arrangement of election areas, to make them uniform in size and to group them proportionately for purposes of local, county, and Parliamentary elections, he talks not as a Theosophist but as a doctrinaire. This tinkering with electoral reform is merely the madness of a mathematician; and one wonders why Dr. Guest did not go to the extreme, and assert that proportional election was the last word of Divine Wisdom.

What is quite clear is that Dr. Guest is not concerned so much with national as with local politics. The only duty of Parliament will be to enact what has been decided upon in some new-fangled "statutory meetings." He argues that the voter must be instructed in public affairs, not by the parties, but by the Government. Unless a completely new organisation is desired, this will be an extension of the work of the evening continuation schools. Scholars between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one will be compelled to attend a minimum number of these classes, and a prospective voter will have to pass some sort of examination in public affairs before he will be put on the register. Further, he will be required to keep his knowledge up-to-date, and for this purpose regular public meetings will be held under the control of an impartial chairman, at which any elector may speak, and local Parliamentary representatives may attend to give an account of their work and to answer questions of public interest.

With the bald admission that the spirit of brotherhood (or Elder Brotherhood) is the spirit of tyranny, the whole of Dr. Guest's case for the introduction of Divine Wisdom into politics is doomed. For what guarantee can we have that the appointment of lecturers, teachers, and impartial chairmen will not be used for party purposes? The proposal is not original: Mr. Lloyd George has already appointed lecturers to explain his Insurance Act to the voters. We know what is being done in the green leaf: what will happen when this scrub solicitude for truth has been grafted on to our tree of Jdgdrasil? Dr. Guest, when one sums it all up, assumes that it is easy to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, to pupils at evening continuation schools and to electors at parish meetings. But truth cannot exist in a false relation between individuals. It is a commonplace of psychology that to compel a man to hear the truth is to make him deaf to it: the mind may be cajoled, but never compelled. The party spirit that he wishes to eliminate will be revived in other forms: believers and non-believers of the teachers will be in antagonism, and all will form a party of rebels against the teachers whom they are compelled to hear.

The difficulty that besets all political action is the multiplicity of principles that have to be simplified. Among Liberals, "Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform" is still a watchword; and most Tories would subscribe to the catalogue that, I think, Dickens made a character repeat: "Our principles are Hearths and Altars, Capital and Labour, Crown and Sceptre, Elephant and Castle." Dr. Haden Guest would probably be able to say only "Sibboleth!" to these principles; but he is not, said Staggers, by his own main principle. The State must so organise itself as to give well-being to all, he says. This assumption, I may remark, is already made: it is assumed by both parties that the well-being of all is properly obtained by the well-being of many. But Dr. Guest goes further. The State must organise the Labour market, and control wages. But the Divine Wisdom does not tell us how it is to be done. Are wages to be controlled in Mr. Lloyd George's way, by compulsory deduction; or in the Tory way, by Tariff Reform; or by the abolition of the gold standard, and the issue of paper money, as some reformers desire; or by Quarter Sessions assessment, as was done during one period of our history? Come down from these Himalayan heights, Dr. Guest, and tell us.

The fact is that Dr. Guest has mistaken Theosophy for Theocracy. One finds his type on a lower height than the Himalayas: at Geneva, in the person of John Calvin. He is a theologian and a tyrant: he is not even an elaborate theorist or an effective tyrant. The very pamphlet in which he asserts the principle of evolution has no summary of the historical growth of political institutions. To recognition of their functions, no perception of the possibilities of their adaptation. The Parish Councils Act, for example, might never have been passed for all the recognition given to it by Dr. Guest. We get nothing from him but these windy spasms of reform zeal, that recognise neither the nature of people nor of institutions, and that offer solutions without stating problems. To say that the pamphlet is unpractical is to explain why the egregious Mrs. Besant has written a foreword to it.
WHERE CAN IT BE?
The March on London.

By Ernest Hicks.

It was not in the great coal strike of 1912 that the miners of Great Britain performed their celebrated march on London, but in 1913, which is the year to which I refer. Nor am I prepared to say in what year it did take place, for such is my recollection that at this moment I misremember whether the event is past or to come.

The preparations for the march were accompanied by such a demonstration in the Press, the Pulpit, and in every guise that you would have thought an army of Martians or, at least, of Germans was about to descend on London. All the mayors met and made the usual fools of themselves by passing a resolution that the march should not take place. The bishops bished after such a demonstration in the Press, the Press had, of course, sworn that the various towns and villages would be those who stayed at home. The mayors, bishops and the Press had no effect either upon the miners. And as for the Press, the miners went mad. The "Times," true to type, published the opinions of Parish Magazines—the only journals it condescends to mention—to the effect that the miners' march would ruin the surface of the roads for motor-traffic, that they should be mulcted at a rate of a penny per man per mile, and pointing out that the real sufferers by the march would be those who stayed at home. The "Daily Mail," after denouncing the men for their abominable selfishness, announced that it would publish an edition of the "Daily Mail" at the miners' march. If the miners sell their men in route as a special inducement to front-page advertisers. The "Express," not to be outdone, offered to give a bottle of scotch to any person who could show (a) how a march could be stopped, (b) how, if it could not be stopped, it could best be utilised for advertising the "Express," (c) how the Territorials could be proven useless in this national emergency. The "Daily News" was even more inhuman; for it threatened to supply the marching miners with a cup of cocoa at first town to which they came; and, if the march still continued, to do the same by their wives and children left behind in the mining villages. But the "Pall Mail Gazette" was, of course, the most boisterous of all the Press. For this occasion only, Mr. Garvin signed an article, other than a daring representation of half a dozen royalty owners, each holding a large bag of gold. The second wagon was occupied by two or three lay figures representing mine-owners, and some hundreds of disagreeable looking dolls labelled shareholders. These figures, likewise, were represented each with a bag of gold in its hands. The third wagon contained coal. The whole of this procession was the invention of Mr. Harry Lauder, who thought thereby to illustrate the miners' view that they (the miners) had really not only to provide the public with coal, but that the owners with royalties and the shareholders with profits. An automatic machine attached to the last wagon distributed leaflets on the way containing the statistics of which the whole scene was the representation.

Dozens of similar devices were exhibited in the long snake of the procession, and each with its own peculiar magic. There were buildings between a crowd and a collection of people he was replaced by Little Tich. The final effect of the whole arrangements was, however, superbly, but I fear with no more than naming a few of the more striking items.

The procession of the Midlands—to take them only—was headed by three wagons in queue and drawn by a thousand miners. The first wagon contained a large representation of half a dozen royalty owners, each holding a large bag of gold. The second wagon was occupied by two or three lay figures representing mine-owners, and some hundreds of disagreeable looking dolls labelled shareholders. These figures, likewise, were represented each with a bag of gold in its hands. The third wagon contained coal. The whole of this procession was the invention of Mr. Harry Lauder, who thought thereby to illustrate the miners' view that they (the miners) had really not only to provide the public with coal, but that the owners with royalties and the shareholders with profits. An automatic machine attached to the last wagon distributed leaflets on the way containing the statistics of which the whole scene was the representation.

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But I must hasten over the details and come to the events of the procession itself. For a good week the men were marching, and at each town to which they came the inhabitants turned out to give them a welcome. There was no mistake about the welcome either. The Press had, of course, sworn that the various towns would refuse to receive the black army of red ruin, but nothing of the kind. The very mayors who had resolved that the march should not take place, and the bishops who had prayed for a murrain on the miners, were first in the field to welcome the miners when they did come. And thus it was all the way to London.

But I have now a surprise to relate. Not a miner reached London! Why, you ask? Well, it so happened that on the Saturday before the appointed Sunday of the meeting in Hyde Park, Mr. Asquith heard by chance of what was taking place. Running as hard as he could to King George, whom he found decorating a dustman for gallantry, Mr. Asquith announced the news and asked the King what should be done. King George, being most excited and not knowing what to do, suggested a telephone message to The New Age. In a moment the answer came: Proclaim the nationalisation of the mines and the institution of a Minimum Wage. Put a receiver into each mine, and a manager. Couple with this manager a manager appointed by the men.
The processions will then evaporate. As fast as the proclamations could be written out, they were dispatched to each contingent of the marching army. As fast as they could be got into a book, that magnetism cannot be exchanged.

Present-Day Criticism.

What is wrong with the modern novel? The impulse of nearly all the world to read novels may suggest a clue. Even the greatest minds have, on confession, occasionally turned and lived with the novelists: on confession, too, almost always for one reason—to get away for awhile from ordinary existence, to be moved in a different direction from the routine direction. And ordinary existence is, in fact, not enough for the meanest any more than the greatest soul. The mistake of the modern novelist is that he works as though ordinary existence were so dear to the world that it wants nothing so much as more of it. He aims at making people realise all the facts of that existence.

But people would not go on living if they could somehow be made to realise these facts. Life keeps people alive in spite of these facts. The most miserable man will not kill himself until Life has done with him—has gone so low in him as to let him realise some killing fact. People also keep each other alive by magnetism. Life keeps people alive in spite of these facts. The most miserable man will not kill himself until Life has done with him—has gone so low in him as to let him realise some killing fact. People also keep each other alive by magnetism. Life keeps people alive in spite of these facts. The most miserable man will not kill himself until Life has done with him—has gone so low in him as to let him realise some killing fact. People also keep each other alive by magnetism.

How the feeling of Life may be conveyed—there is no teaching that is so purely ethical as the object-lesson that the best prevails. In the best, though few, survive. The literature that we have preserved from the past is full of this illusion. No one has troubled to save the realists, though we know from passages in books of Gissing. They dabble in strange and morbid psychologies, ridiculously false to nature; they decorate some common character with most uncommon qualities, or they place him—rather, her, so much easier to stuff—amid uncommon circumstances. In the days of Gissing, and even of Arthur Morrison, they would have been laughed at by the ordinary reader who had the model before him. Too often we recognise that such art is to desert what is becoming an unmarketable form. Confronted with the need to sell against, for instance, the Bodley Head literary menagerie of snake-women, Oriental goddesses and obsessed monkeys, writers who once swore by realism trifle with pseudo-romantic plots and unblushingly tuck up an incredible bigamy or another blue patch, with characters everyone feels were thoroughly, respectably and ignobly decent. Grotesque as appearing in the skin from reptiles, they testify to the craving of the modern public for something that may increase Life's illusion.

The literature that we have preserved from the past is full of this illusion. No one has troubled to save the realists, though we know from passages in books of various periods that realists were ever ready to try their hands against art. But where are they? They had no portion in the mysteries of art. They knew not the spell of Life; and the world had no more than a stale hour's knowledge of them. They are all gone, and only to be guessed at as ever having written a word by some stray anathema of a contemporary artist.

How the feeling of Life may be conveyed—there is no teaching that it is the prerogative of genius alone. But the public may be taught where to look for it, and this is the present business of critics. Not enough use is made of quotation and comparison in current criticism. Yet only by judicious comparison can we convey our sense that certain books fortify us while others leave us a little less fit, a little less sure of our independence amid a badly-governed world, where politics and religion, politics and art, are affected beyond themselves. But the present business of critics. Not enough use is made of quotation and comparison in current criticism. Yet only by judicious comparison can we convey our sense that certain books fortify us while others leave us a little less fit, a little less sure of our independence amid a badly-governed world, where politics and religion, politics and art, are affected beyond themselves.
in this day! Against the whole influence of the Harnsworth period, this issue of the best has prevailed. One vital blow to that influence, and daily it lays itself more and more unawares on the public, and its Dent in millions. (But may Messrs. Dent beware of lowering the standard! The inclusion of such rubbish as "The Muses' Pageant" is calculated to enervate, not strengthen, good taste. This volume is very vulgar, and none but a woman could have compiled it. There is no style in it, but a jumble of mannerisms imitatively Olympian, Arthurian, and Scriptural, strung together in flat journalese. We could name in a few minutes at least fifty books yet awaiting attention. Messrs. Dent need be at no loss for matter.)

Views and Reviews.*

It may seem unnecessary to criticise this book: the author is already dead, and beyond the reach of justice. But as the Press will praise, not only in accordance with the maxim: "Death nullifies all sin," but in some subtle agreement with its advertisement columns, I may not follow its example. Unlike Lucian, I do pray to be exempted from the liberty of lying; because I am not writing "A True History," but a criticism of a sentimentalist one.

We have, as a nation, been suffering badly from sentimentalism during the last two years. The Poetry Recital feasted the descendants of famous poets: the Dickens Fellowship passed round the hat on behalf of the fashion, and written about the disciples of Baudelaire, the imitations of the tracts of the second generation of Romanticism, the collection of the porcupine, the gathering of the birds in the Lake district. But if the children were of any value to Coleridge that he dowered his wife with money given him by a benefactor, as Mrs. Wordsworth secretly hoarded and replenished his wardrobe, she made a biography. But it cannot be too often said that not all facts are not equally interesting or valuable; nor are all lives equally worthy of record. Hartley and Sara Coleridge are, to the author, both blameless persons; because he did not succeed, and because she did not fail, were both children of their father. I am not sure that I am not improving the book by this summary of facts; and had Mrs. Towle (God rest her soul!) tried to answer some of them, her book might have had some value, although not as artistic biography. Some inking of this aspect of life she has had, for she quotes quite one or three quotations from Carpenter's "Mental Physiology"; and she talks much of the hereditary weakness of Hartley. But as Carpenter used the case to illustrate a thesaurus, Mrs. Towle's book will merely illustrate, no more than a biographical interest in psychology can be credited to her.

Only from the Emersonian point of view is this book valuable. If the use of great men is that they save us from hero-worship, if, as Emerson said, "every hero becomes a monument at last," must we not make a纪念碑 for them? But if we take Carlyle's view (and it is the only view for a reader of biographies) that "great men, taken up in any way, are profitable company; we cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man without gaining something by him," the book must follow its author. For Carlyle on Sara Letitia it is of less account than his father; and his only contribution to our knowledge is a sense of loss. He won a Fellowship at Oxford, and lost it at the end of the probationary year through drunkenness. He tried journalism and teaching, and failed at both. The shrewd comment on his character is: "Thus was the best has prevailed. One}

--A. E. R.
Recent Verse.

By J. C. Squire.

"Fires—Book I." By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. (Elkin Mathews.)

"Six Lyrics is from the Ruthenian of Shevchenko." By E. L. Voinych. (Elkin Mathews.)

"Forty-two Poems," By J. E. Flecker. (J. M. Dent.)

"Poems." By Marna Pease. (Elkin Mathews.)

"First Love." By Amada Untermeyer. (Sherman, French.)

"Coronation Ode." By Amada O'Donnell. (David Nutt.)

Mr. Wilfrid Gibson has had a varied poetical career. He started from scenes, castles, minstrels and thralls, and now he has got to coalminers and lady bookkeepers. In his more recent books, according to many critics, he has found his métier. The most polysyllabic eulogies have been written on his "Daily Bread" series and on this volume of "Fires." We are informed that though people have frequently asserted that there was poetry in the lives of the "common people," nobody until Mr. Gibson had really brought it out. Here, we are told, in simple language, all the more moving for being so artless, Mr. Gibson reveals all the beauty and splendour and sorrow in the life of the labouring poor man. Mr. Gibson had really brought it out. Here, we are told, in "Forty-two Poems." By Marna Pease. (Elkin Mathews.)

There is evidently some haziness here. One may well be pleased in a variation of the sort of characters with which dramatic poets deal. If Mrs. Voynich will publish further English versions from Shevchenko. We could do, especially, with some of his earlier poems.

Mr. Flecker has a habit of republishing his old poems with a few added, and "Forty-two Poems" are "Thirty-one Poems" with an increment of six new ones. Mr. Flecker has considerable metrical gifts, a fastidious but not eccentric choice of words, and a natural command over fluent and lucid phraseology. The bulk of his poems are of this kind. If they were very much less good than they are, they would still have been worth making, as few of us are ever likely to read Shevchenko in the original Ruthenian, and both the terrible story of his persecuted life and the poignant beauty of his verse must make him exceedingly interesting in translation. Perhaps none of the translations from the Gerser are as good as the appended rendering of Lermontov's famous and magnificent "Song of the Merchant Kalashnikov"; but one may express a hope that Mrs. Voynich will publish further English versions from Shevchenko. We could do, especially, with some of his earlier poems.

Mrs. Voynich's translations from Shevchenko are not poetry of a very high order; but they are straightforward, free from glaring faults and often dignified or graceful. Had they been very much less good than they are, they would still have been worth making, as few of us are ever likely to read Shevchenko in the original Ruthenian, and both the terrible story of his persecuted life and the poignant beauty of his verse must make him exceedingly interesting in translation. Perhaps none of the translations from the Gerser are as good as the appended rendering of Lermontov's famous and magnificent "Song of the Merchant Kalashnikov"; but one may express a hope that Mrs. Voynich will publish further English versions from Shevchenko. We could do, especially, with some of his earlier poems.

A good many of Mrs. Pease's quiet verses have appeared in the "Spectator." They are neat, pretty and fanciful, and do not pretend to be anything else. The poem on the Loom is an average specimen:-

In the dark, high-raftered room
Sits the weaver at his loom,
Now to right and now to left
Speeds the shuttle through the web;
Like a bird across the sky
Back and forth he makes it fly;
Or like mouse, when all are sleeping,
See it through the threads come creeping.
Then, as though affrighted, dive
Till you think the thing alive!

Lyrical sequences are rarely uniformly good thoroughout, though they are often uniformly bad throughout. Mr. Untermeyer's sequence, which has for theme the dawning passion and disillusionment of first love, has a good many dull passages and some shocking ones. His propensity to devise devastating rhymes is what oftentimes brings him a cropper. This is an example:-

Oh, she is proud as the virtuous goddess
Flashing a fate that is sterner than death;
Oh, she is calm, and her blossoming bodice
Never is swayed with a passionate breath.

This is another:-

To-morrow—to-morrow—to-morrow,
And every hour is a year.
Tis night, and the daylight is far—oh,
That morning were here.

This is another:-

And when 'twas done, and parcelled up for her,
And she had gone, he turned to me and said
He thought that folks might cut their samplers themselves;
'Twas nothing much, but a little thing any little thing
At such a time . . . and having little doubt
The boy was not nice, I did not like to ask.

Now I saw the father busy there
Behind the counter, cutting with a string
A bar up for a customer.
With weary eyes, and jerky, harassed air,
As if his mind were hardly on the task.

And when 'twas done, and parcelled up for her,
And she had gone, he turned to me and said
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Even to rhyme "heroes" with "tea-rose" is, to say the least, adventurous. Elsewhere—as in "Who Has Heard the Night?" and in the airy and charmingly finished "Green is the Blooming Thicket"—Mr. Undermeyer writes so well that it is hard to believe the author to be the man who committed the abominations above quoted. Taken as a whole the book is not of the author's best.

I have a very insufficient acquaintance with Spanish, and cannot judge the Spanish version of Mr. O'Donnell's "Ode on the Coronation of Our Sailor King." But if it is as entertaining as the English version which is printed on alternative pages, it should give a great fillip to the literary renascence in the Iberian Peninsula. "Interpreting," he cries:—

The thought and sentiment of many English I have seen and known, Men learned, yet in wisdom humble, and Uniting with their strength and energy My own ideas of Britannia's realm: I judge that our United Kingdom will Impenetrably be conserved for ever.

He proceeds to a sternly argued defence of Divine Right:—

How, then, could one destroy or bury in Oblivion the persons of our kings, So mighty in legitimate tradition, Embalmed in epics of heroic deed? What magic can transform the basely born Into a noble hero, boasting sires Whose triumphs he inherits and transmits From generation unto generation?

But Mr. O'Donnell is far from ruling the basely born entirely out of his scheme of existence:—

Within their varied spheres the populace Have also their inherited traditions. They also pass them on from sire to son, From generation unto generation.

So that the general theory of heredity in evolution stands (for the nonce) where it did. The price of this stimulating brochure is sixpence. Messrs. Stanley Paul send us a huge and ugly "Garland of Verse for Young People," edited by Alfred H. Miles. It is, as has been suggested, not a beryl or a chrysoprase to look upon; but it is very comprehensive; and, although there is a good deal of dingy rubbish in it, there is also some admirable verse. Most of the classic poets are drawn upon and there are lavish contributions by Anna M. Pratt, Emma C. Dowd, and Mr. Miles himself, who, for the most part, modestly half-conceals himself under the qualified anonymity of initials.

**REVIEWS.**

The Labyrinth of Life. By E. Valentine. (Dent. 6s.)

American society characters, one with a criminal grandmother and married to a man who writes a depressing book called "The Labyrinth of Life," accuses her wife of attempting to murder him, discovers that it is wrong to write depressing books, unwinds the Labyrinth and ends it up happily, after which the wife forgives him and returns to his arms.

The Revolt. By Putnam Weale. (Methuen. 6s.)

Man has "the misfortune to hate his brother and love and be loved by his brother's wife." Kills the brother and commits suicide, scribbling his impressions to the end. "Manuscript ends abruptly: If I could only clasp her...!"

Twinkle. By Arthur H. Holmes. (Duckworth. 6s.)

Mr. Twinkle adores his irrelevant wife and craves soul-children. He has two ordinary ones. Maude marries beneath her, but Mr. Twinkle still hopes in James. James dies of complicated heart and lungs. Mrs. Twinkle, in the death-chamber, hears in fancy her husband's impassioned love-calls, is partly shocked by such notions at that moment, but decides not to lose her husband-lover and son as well; offers to give him another child. Mr. Twinkle says "Remember the risk," and somehow does not catch on. But it is all too dirily Bedlamitish. Old Twinkle and Mrs. Twinkle and Mr. Holmes should all be conducted to the frontiers of England and dropped off.

The Woman-Hunter. By Arabella Keneally. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

Herissa, Sir Jacob's daughter, craves to escape her own circle, and runs away with a curate who reads theology on the wedding journey. Arriving at the East End they have shrimps for tea, and he is "over-mastered by passion" to the extent of a kiss. Then he smokes, as a treat to celebrate the event, and talks about renouncing this life to win the next. She says, "Let's be happy here below instead of being 'there where we're dead.'" The charwoman brings in supper of fish and chips, and the curate is summoned to christen a dying twin. Herissa reminds him of an arrangement they had to read "Maud" together after the fish. He nearly leaves "the babe's soul fluttering on the brink of damnation," but goes by accident, and returns vowing the "first week of marriage to God." In vain she invites him to the mountain tops. He leaves her altogether and she goes to the country and, after long grief and pain, the curate dead, and all clear, she marries Bellairs.

Wings of Desire. By M. P. Willecocks. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

Chapter I. Ulysses: in this the reader is introduced to a man with sea-weary eyes. He opened the door with a crash, lurched shock to shock on the broken-brick-flooring of the place and finally came to anchor on a cane-bottom chair. "What confounded impertinence in that chapter heading! Listen to this: "And Odysseus entered the house in the guise of a beggar, a wretched man and an old, leaning on his staff and clothed on with sorry raiment. And he sat down on the ashen threshold within the doorway, against a pillar of cypress wood, which the carpenter on a time had deftly planned and thereon made straight the line." On page 163, Miss Willecoks makes someone say: "I wouldn't ruin a beautiful thing by laying rough hands on it," so presumably she does not consider the "Odyssey" a beautiful thing, for her hand on it is rough enough. Perhaps, as beauty, it burned her desecrating fingers, for she turns to flies on wheels and sibyls of the slums and sleeping ladies and Mrs. Ulysses' rhihtumatism, and as many other scraps as three hundred and sixty pages will hold.

An Excellent Mystery. By Countess Russell. (Stephen Swift. 6s.)

Will-o'-the-Wisp "has to face at a tender age the most serious and difficult problems of sex, motherhood and marriage," driven into the bonds by "a poor mother and a selfish elder sister." By the aid of the divorce law she escapes and marries again. "I loved Alec with all my being. I was thrilled with a fierce, passionate feeling of possession. But I waited for him to act." He acted of course.

Lady Ernyntrude and the Plumber. By Percy Fendall. (Stephen Swift. 6s.)

In 1920, a Radical-Socialist Act of Parliament required everyone to earn his or her own living. Enormously humorous situations are created naturally around persons who use an aspirate and those who do not. Screaming wit passes between duchesses and draymen, but the dénouement excels all, where Lady Ernyntrude goes off for her honeymoon with a plumber. They are married: "I wonder if you know what true love is, Lady Ernyntrude?" He drew her towards...

Between Two Stools. By Rhoda Broughton. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

"What! Tell that noble, virginal creature, in whose guileless eyes he had read such leaping joy, whose lips had met his in such palpating adoration, that it was a mistake—a practical joke! No, God forbid! He had
sunk low enough; but he had not yet come to that!”

But someone gives the game away, and the solicitating virgin says: “You poor soul, how you have suffered. Suffer no more.” Her hand was in his now; and Elizabeth, the other stool, being disposed of, he settles on this one.

**Beggars and Sorrows.** By Allan McAslan. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

“Short, broad, robust, the figure of Frow Julia Six expressed the qualities which had made her the mother of strong men, of men who were the bankers of princes and the financiers of enterprises all over the world.” When knights were bold Mr. McAslan would have had to find some epithet than “strong” for bankers and financiers. After the above sentence of such jargonistical syntax, the author tells us: “Her skin was wrinkled with a thousand wrinkles which had not yet withered the face of her great-grandson.” That seems very probable, though, so flatly said, it arouses in us the old Adam of defiance. A thousand tags of antique Dutch and Scotch detail fail to produce any atmosphere but of Wardour Street. The conversation flags. Not true. The author tells us: “The respective merits of English and Scotch cooking really works us up, despite the vocabulary—necks of mutton, steaming platefuls of broth, excellent smell, effluvia of Scots beef and cabbage, unrivalled sweetness in the Scots meat, keen appetite. We do not truly feel stronger for it. A lot of obscure persons pretend to be mixed up in the Stuart Cause, but they leave one suspicious that the whole business is to no end but making Helen, who does not think English food has any great favour, appear somewhat important. She escapes being put to death, and marries one of Frow Six’s bold bankers, adopting a stray child that rounds up the extraordinary muddle: “The little boy hid his face in her neck. Emilus Six spoke to them both, felt that his new life had begun.” Mr. Huenef himself could scarcely produce such a maddeningly ill-selected novel full of archaic and unattractive syntax, the author tells us: “The chosen of Kali—the chosen of Kali Mai! The world sunk low enough; but he had not yet come to that!”

**The Unholy Estate.** By Douglas Sladen. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

There is a photograph on the cover of Mr. Sladen’s “rook-garden at Kensington,” but this is not the unholy estate! The novel is about matrimony, and we cannot be very enthusiastic in the cause of any “unhappily married female whatsoever—that is because we consider that the pure women who live year in, year out, with unfaithful husbands prefer to, and that they would never quit except with another man in view. Mr. Sladen’s heroine belongs to this well-known unholy order. The author is much more sound in his delineation of life in a rigid Low Church atmosphere.

**The Snake.** By F. Inglis Powell. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

“I am writing this explanation in self-defence of my action in having burnt the snake.” It seemed only an ordinary dead one, but in its lifetime had killed a man whose wife died of heart-failure, and being preserved and handed on, sent ever so many people daft, and turned out to have been inhabited by a woman’s soul and used in murders galore. Jai Kali Mai! Jai Kali Mai! “I am the snake! the chosen of Kali—the Strong—the Powerful—the Destroyer!” The world seems filling with crackpots.

**Joseph in Jeopardy.** By Frank Danby. (Methuen. 6s.)

Mabel, “veiled in Brussels lace, her downcast head crowned in orange blossoms,” lean, dun, and her back a little rounded, first entered in the list, but the curé of her father “was worth a million if a penny.” Mabel is not even so intelligent as she might be, but Diana was beautiful, “there was no denying it,” young, smart and desirous, and complicates matters. Mabel’s Joseph, however, is to keep faith with the lady, and, oh, so lovable creature, and we presume to satisfy her longing for soft sucking lips—“a little daughter to teach to sew and make mulberry preserves and enter that woman’s kingdom which . . . . the Woman’s Suffrage Leagues are trying so hard to destroy.”

**In the World of Bewildrement.** By John Travers. (Duckworth. 6s.)

“India—was she for or against the wife?” But not only India was against the wife, but Vere Stevenson. “I despair of making you see how beautiful she was,” wails the author. “Hundreds of novels and all of them peopled to ghastly boredom with lovely women.” He asks the true, and here’s another of ’em! However, Mrs. Grant wins on her figure. Luckily her stepmother had ceaselessly admonished her to “hold up straight for goodness’ sake; there is nothing men admire so much as a nice figure.” With the help of camisoles and little Tommy the wife pulls through the rows, and “the victory lay with marriage,” though at one time Mrs. G. feared “she hadn’t a dog’s chance.”

**The Guests of Hercules.** By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (Methuen. 6s.)

Four hundred and sixty-one pages! Last page: “When Mary was well again, the curé married her to her Prince, and the two went together into the desert.”

**The Matador of the Five Towns.** By Arnold Bennett. (Methuen. 6s.)

There is really no reason why Mr. Bennett, who has apparently found the public, should cease to be read. Yet Mr. McCarthy in the “Eye-Witness,” curiously warns the world that he “must be read now or in thirty years’ time”—when we should all be preparing for the life to come. Can Mr. McCarthy mean that he himself has had enough of Mr. Bennett for awhile, and wants to lure everybody along with him? But we cannot do without Mr. Bennett. Suppose we banished him from the bookshelf and found ourselves wanting an inventory of some sort—the things in a Five Town parlour, or pub, or pawnbroker’s shop? Catalogues of these objects are not to be picked up everywhere. In this very volume under review are described crowds of these things we might need at any moment—grand stands, hats, hoardings, spectacles, pens, psychic attractions, corpses, teeth, past lives, doors, comely dames and potatoes.

Mr. Bennett finds all this mob of affairs “tremendously inexplicable,” but they are simple enough taken one by one. He rushes round too fast, perhaps. Yet how enjoyable it all is. He goes with a doctor through some squalid little district and waits downstairs while a woman dies above of twins. But he would not have altered a thing. “All this seemed to me to be fine, seemed to throw off the true, fine, romantic savour of life.” He is “intoxicated” with the organised vitality of the street. Even if it had been triplexes and the wretched woman had—but, you see, one must stop somewhere even in sniffing up the fine romantic savour, etc. It seems neither fine nor romantic. It is bookish, and reeks not of life, but of the modern realistic novelist who mistakes his personal enthusiasm in filling a page with odd facts for the spirit of these facts.

**Almayne of Mainfort.** By R. H. Gretton. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

A novel dealing with the social and political rivalries of the Almaynes and the Bletsoes all dissolved at last when Constance is about to become a mother. The opening chapter describes a raid made by six gentle- men in evening dress upon the castle of a political rival. It is rather amusing, but the rest is dull.

**The Chink in the Armour.** By Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes. (Methuen. 6s.)

Mrs. Lowndes has written a tale of a pearl necklace worth a thousand pounds; of a lovely young English widow fair and fresh, and of a dark, mysterious Polish lady; of a shadowy British solicitor and a beautiful blonde French girl. The story opens with a scene in a sibyl’s cave, a stuffy room on that Montmartre Hill sunk low enough; but he had not yet come to that! The disease de la bonne aventure was herself terrorised by her own magic and saw awful things in the cards—"the famous Tarō
cards"—so that Sylvia Bailey and her friend, Madame Wolsky were quite frightened. Now, the Polish lady was mad for le jeu, and so she carries off Sylvia to a gambling hell within half an hour of Paris. Henceforward all is bad. Sir Cedric, that French policeman, sinister married adventurers, a murder, an escape from a horrible death, and various other thrillers. Mrs. Belloch-Lowndes knows all about the Parisians, and the French atmosphere is well suggested. The author, like the Irish hunting-car Jehu, keeps a trot for the drive, and lands her inevitable "happy ending" after a fair fight for it. The whole is heated and sentimentalised to taste.

Fire in Stubbble. By Baronne Orczy. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

It is possible that dialogues conducted in would-be seventeen century English are necessary to preserve the illusion in a certain class of story, and we will not presume to teach the author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel" her business, which is here to obtain the suffrage of that large mass of readers whose taste is for "historical" tales, and whose delight it is to hear the personages exclaim, "Odd's fish!" and "By the mass!" all down the page—though this pasteiche of pseudo-archaism may become tiresome. The heroine is Rose May daylight; the hero of the story is that Prince of Lovers at the Court of Louis XIV. The "wench" is "girlish," "pure" and beautiful. The story soon takes her and her affairs to England, where the reader meets Charles II, Rochester, and Titus Oates, among many others. It is not Dumas, but it is quite good.

The Drama of Love and Death. By Edward Carpenter. (George Allen. 6s. net.)

One does not expect anything startling from Mr. Carpenter, but in this book he has made a legitimate use of analogy. The old dogma of the alchemists: "As above, so below," has only to be reversed to become capable of proof. Mr. Carpenter seeks not the planets but the protozoa for the evidence of the relation existing between the known and the unknown; and from the hunger of the germ he derives the whole process of generation and regeneration. Indeed, he shows that regeneration precedes generation, a statement which, if it be not a paradox, means generation in the victory of the one over the two: they are bad stories, but because he does not know how to tell them. Whether he writes of a fight in a lodging-house, of an attempt to murder him in a brothel, of his begging a shirt and getting a chemise from a lady, his style does not lose its uniform purity and simplicity. Much as he, a composer represents his wife who is wearing three common, dirty sacks, one wrapped and tied around each foot, and the other used as a shawl around his neck," he never writes as such a man would talk. He cannot tell us what So-and-So said, but he asks us to believe what So-and-So did. If he had Falstaff to describe, he would make a W. H. Davies of him, and one shudders to think what he would have made of Benvenuto Cellini's adventures. For to the mere recital of facts Mr. Davies adds nothing. Not one flash of psychological insight, not one picturesque phrase to make a character real, does he offer us. The prostitute who had read his poems talks with the same purity and simplicity of style as the one who threatened to shoot him. The true traveller he describes as one who has nothing to sell; he is simply a beggar. And the book can be recommended only to those charitably inclined people who have not accepted the teaching of the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission. Please give Davies something to keep him quiet, for he is a very dull dog.

The Book of Simple Delights. By Walter Raymond. (Dent. 3s. 6d.)

This book of simple delights is also a book of simple wights. It is, beyond all, a fourpenny book, representing the man who is wearing three common, dirty sacks, one wrapped and tied around each foot, and the other used as a shawl around his neck, as a shawl around his neck, he never writes as such a man would talk. He cannot tell us what So-and-So said, but he asks us to believe what So-and-So did. If he had Falstaff to describe, he would make a W. H. Davies of him, and one shudders to think what he would have made of Benvenuto Cellini's adventures. For to the mere recital of facts Mr. Davies adds nothing. Not one flash of psychological insight, not one picturesque phrase to make a character real, does he offer us. The prostitute who had read his poems talks with the same purity and simplicity of style as the one who threatened to shoot him. The true traveller he describes as one who has nothing to sell; he is simply a beggar. And the book can be recommended only to those charitably inclined people who have not accepted the teaching of the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission. Please give Davies something to keep him quiet, for he is a very dull dog.

India. By Sir T. W. Holderness. (Home University Library. 1s. net.)

India has many peoples and many problems, and in a small volume like this no more than an introduction to them can be made. That it is, on the whole, a substantial defence of the British occupation of India was only to be expected; if we had done no more than minimise the woes of plague and famine, our presence there would be justified. But it is precisely those other developments that the author seems to approve, the
spread of Western education, the growth of industrialism, the breaking up of tradition, that we must deplore. True, he utters a caveat. He warns us that the country is poor, and that enthusiastic reform is undesirable. True, he utters a caveat. He warns us that

regard India from the English point of view. One sees at least, as characteristic of Korean society; and it is continual change of Indian life until it approximates to the Western. We do not want to transport Manchester to

ideas.


THE MODEL TO-DAY’S DIARY.

2.30.—Thirty-eight probable Syndicalists and Mr. Huntly Carter arrested for blasphemy.

2.45.—The King attends Bermondsey Cattle Show.

3.—Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton opens his skunk farm and introduces his staff of superannuated Boy Scouts to their duties.

3.15.—The members of the staff change their name to “Boy Skunks.”

3.30.—The King watches a football match at Blackheath.

4.—Lord Alverstone condemns twelve men to death on breach of promise.

5.—Mr. Cosmo Hamilton gives a lecture at the Little Theatricals, of which he is vice-president, and rejects in tears the applications for membership of the Eugenics Society, of which he himself said, from being an employee in a brewery had by his own unaided efforts climbed up the social ladder, bung by bung, it is all the more noteworthy that he should have fitted himself for the responsible post he occupied. His career would have been yet more remarkable had the plausible rumour of a few years ago been true, that for his services to his party in and out of Parliament he was to be appointed to the next Judgeship that fell vacant. It has been suggested that only the fact of his being an undischarged bankrupt who had served a sentence in gaol for fraud prevented him from getting the post.

His natural disappointment, however, was overcome three months later by the gift of a knighthood from Queen Victoria on the occasion of her birthday. Many were the expressions of public Press as to which of his innumerable publicities had gained him this reward. The secret was well kept. It was not until fifteen years afterwards that the truth was known. It appeared that Mr. Bert Harris (as he was then) chanced to be crossing Parliament Square beside the leader of his party, Lord Edingow, and when they were accosted by a little fair-haired bootless child, which, with tears in its eyes, entreated alms.

When the eighth Home Rule Bill was brought in, feeling ran very high. For every hour that passed the tension increased. At last, at ten minutes past eleven, the time came for it to be put to the vote. “Ayes, eight hands were raised. The Speaker raised the hammer. “No, Sir Albert Harris (as he then was), turning to the public Press as to which of his innumerable publicities had gained him this reward. The secret was well kept. It was not until fifteen years afterwards that the truth was known. It appeared that Mr. Bert Harris (as he was then) chanced to be crossing Parliament Square beside the leader of his party, Lord Edingow, and when they were accosted by a little fair-haired bootless child, which, with tears in its eyes, entreated alms. Mr. Harris looked it up and down, then, turning to the

hands

 again precisely thirty-eight hands were raised. The Speaker raised the hammer. “Going,” he announced. A cry burst from Sir Albert Harris (as he then was). All the packed House turned to look, and it was seen that an Irish member, seated behind him, had taken an opportunity of binding his arms to his sides. His neighbours stared at him aghast. The rules of the House forbade them to interfere. “Going!” cried the Speaker for the second time. Sir Albert’s emotion increased tenfold. At last he succeeded in freeing his dexter. He raised it triumphantly amid the cheers of his party, just as the Speaker cried, “Done! . . . The negatives have it."

Horreur. Il y a un rat ! Il tremble ! Hélas ! Qu’est-ce qu’il a ?

Malheureusement un chat !

Bawdien.

No. XXV.

THE MODEL SO-CALLED OBITUARY NOTICE.


Etat 59; née June 1, 1853; opit March 3, 1912.

It is with the deepest dismay and regret that we announce the death of the Minister of Animal Education and Bulb-culture, which took place late yesterday night at his country seat in Carmarthenshire. Himself a self-educated man, who, as he himself said, from being an employee in a brewery had by his own unaided efforts climbed up the social ladder, bung by bung, it is all the more noteworthy that he should have fitted himself for the responsible post he occupied. His career would have been yet more remarkable had the plausible rumour of a few years ago been true, that for his services to his party in and out of Parliament he was to be appointed to the next Judgeship that fell vacant. It has been suggested that only the fact of his being an undischarged bankrupt who had served a sentence in gaol for fraud prevented him from getting the post. His natural disappointment, however, was overcome three months later by the gift of a knighthood from Queen Victoria on the occasion of her birthday. Many were the expressions of public Press as to which of his innumerable publicities had gained him this reward. The secret was well kept. It was not until fifteen years afterwards that the truth was known. It appeared that Mr. Bert Harris (as he was then) chanced to be crossing Parliament Square beside the leader of his party, Lord Edingow, and when they were accosted by a little fair-haired bootless child, which, with tears in its eyes, entreated alms. Mr. Harris looked it up and down, then, turning to the

then Lord Edingow, he said, “Although, it is true, I am no believer in indiscriminate charity, yet I think this is a case in which an exception might be made. Give the child a halfpenny.” This, said Lord Edingow, as he was in those days, who told the story, “showed me the good heart of the man, whom, in later days, I was proud to welcome as my colleague.” The services that he rendered to the country in the Commons are too well known to require mention here. We will content ourselves with recalling to our readers one of the most stirring incidents in which he was the central figure. When the eighth Home Rule Bill was brought in, feeling ran very high. For every hour that passed the tension increased. At last, at ten minutes past eleven, the time came for it to be put to the vote. “Ayes, hold up your hands!” commanded the Speaker. Thirty-eight hands were raised. Nose, hold up your

hands!” Again precisely thirty-eight hands were raised. The Speaker raised the hammer. “Going,” he announced. A cry burst from Sir Albert Harris (as he then was). All the packed House turned to look, and it was seen that an Irish member, seated behind him, had taken an opportunity of binding his arms to his sides. His neighbours stared at him aghast. The rules of the House forbade them to interfere. “Going!” cried the Speaker for the second time. Sir Albert’s emotion increased tenfold. At last he succeeded in freeing his dexter. He raised it triumphantly amid the cheers of his party, just as the Speaker cried, “Done! . . . The negatives have it."

Of his private life little is known. He married the thirty-second daughter of the late Lord Chancellor; strangely enough, just before he was raised to the peerage. It is also recorded among his intimates that, in his last years, to see him sneeze was one of the seven wonders of the world.
SONNET.
When the best word is spoken without strain,
Warm from the most central of the heart,
It is an echo, a poor bloodless part,
A deeper word unuttered doth remain.
Words are as weak as all man's work is vain,
Verse may not paint what sorrow would impart,
Emotion these Arts Art.
And thoughts are born what words can ne'er contain.
Who shall expound the stillness of the vale?
Or write the mountain music it receives?
Who shall rehearse the man of the stary tale?
Or sing the rare repose of moonlit eves?
'Tis well words fail our full souls to express,
And leave Life linked to Everlastingsness.

DAVID LOWE.

THE IDEAL CONFERENCE.
Asquith: Why have you miners struck?
Miners: To secure a minimum wage.
Asquith: Let us have your case in detail and I will talk it
over with my colleagues and the coal-owners, and you can call to-morrow.

The Second Day.
Asquith: I have considered your case; it is moderate and fair.
As you own right to the demand voluntarily I propose to bring in a Bill establishing the principle of the Minimum Wage.
Miners: Containing the schedule of rates, we suppose?
Asquith: Oh, no; that is impossible.
Miners: Containing the schedule of rates, we suppose?
Asquith: Very well, what do you suggest?
Miners: We demand the principle of the Minimum Wage.
Asquith: The soldiers will be called out.

Miners: Even though you admit our case to be just?
Asquith: Meet me to-morrow; I will see what can be done.

The Third Day.
Asquith: I have given the owners twenty-four hours in which to choose between conceding your demands and transferring their mines to the State. Your schedule will be in force to-morrow.
Miners: Thank you.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE VALIDITY OF AGREEMENTS.
Sir,—In your Notes of the Week 5 1 of the 21st inst, you make a statement very pertinent to the argument of all ethical law that I am bound to ask the courtesy of your columns for a most definite protest. With reference to the present dispute between the miners and owners you write the following:—

"Long-term agreements are in the nature of things more advantageous to the stronger party than to the weaker party. Agreements are only morally valid when they are between equals. As nobody can pretend that the men are equal to the monopolists, any agreement between them is necessarily temporary and provisional...."

It is the sentence beginning "Agreements are only morally valid..." to which I object in the very strongest way.

The truth of the matter is, of course, this: Agreements are nothing other than moral obligations, and the two parties are ever equal until one, by breaking his word, declares himself the stronger, truly, agreements are only effectual between equals. It is also quite true that nobody can pretend that the men are equal to the monopolists. Pretext is unnecessary, for they surely are equal in them in all that matters.

But your notion of the equality of men is evidently one of the equality of possessions, declining in something entirely outside the man himself. For you that wonderful lyric, the inspiration of all that is good in democracy—Burns’s "Is there for the poor man’s poverty—is out of date. Listen! "The honest man, though e’er so poor, is king o’ men for a’ that.” And again, "The pith o’ sense and pride o’ worth Are higher ranks for a’ that.” And again, "The rank is but the guinea stamp. The man’s the gowd for a’ that.” The man, mark you—not his strength or possessions.

You write of the stronger and the weaker parties. If contracts are agreed upon commit to whom is to adjudicate? Surely the stronger by virtue of his strength. Again, if weakness proved non-feasibility, a repented agreement would produce a game of mèsière indeed. We should have the world in tears, and debts going by the board in millions.

I say that a man, in whatever circumstances, who freely passes his word with even a thought of the possibility of breaking it is a coward, and deserves the treatment of such a man. The soldiers will be called out.

Then consider the "prostitution of... soul" of the breaker of agreements—to use the expression you or your employers so feelingly gave it. Plutus for to-morrow is to be the bond, to which I strongly refer readers of this letter. Why, sir, should your paper be so tender of the honour of the journalist, and yet, in the same issue, counsel the man of coal straightforward to do what you utterly condemn in the man of ink—to sell his honour for material gain? Has the miner no manliness, no lamp of truth to keep trimmed?

No; sir; such a statement will not do. The New Age.

There is a belief, far too general even now, that Socialism means a Jesuitical avoidance of the claims of duty and honour, and of all that makes life fine and possible—though perhaps a little weakly to the weak-kneed—for such words as yours to be treated lightly.

Democracy will only win by courageous and honest means. We know the miners to be brave enough physically; but any counsel that suggests them to be lacking in moral competence and manliness we would join with the British workman will do much to check the flow of that wholesale public support so necessary to their cause.

J. O. PAKEMAN.

THE "DON’T SHOOT" PROSECUTIONS.
Sir,—The prosecutions under the Incitement to Mutiny Act originally passed in 1797 throw us back into the atmosphere of the Revolutionary War, the period into which Fitzgerald and Wolfe Tone’s negotiations with the French Directory to arrange the French Invasions of Ireland, and the Irish Rebellion of 1798.

It was in 1797 that Sir Ralph Abercromby refused to continue in command of the troops in Ireland. According to Gonne, “the panic broke in 1796 by an attempted French invasion under Hoche woke passions of cruelty and tyranny which turned Ireland into a hell. Soldiers and yeomany marched over the country torturing and scourging the ‘Croppies’... robbing, ravishing, murdering.”

The Incitement to Mutiny Act was born of the terrible outrages in Ireland. It was aimed at men who, under the dreadful circumstances of the times, were likely to tamper with the fidelity of the very large number of Irish troops employed against England’s armed foes at that critical time in our history. It was a temporary Act aimed at a particular danger.

Waterloo brought peace in 1815, and at the same time put an end to the particular fears which gave birth to the Act of 1797. It was re-enacted in 1817, not to punish men seeking to induce armed men to pass over to the enemy, but as one of the numerous weapons forged by Lord Castlereagh and his friends to repress Englishmen struggling for a radical reform in their country’s institutions.

The Hebray Commotions of 1806, and ultimately the notorious six Acts—“the gagging Bills”—aimed at the then scanty rights of free speech, public meeting, liberty of the Press, and personal freedoms.

Above five hundred writers and publishers were imprisoned within six years at this period. Cobbett, the greatest figure amongst the “reformers,” had been sentenced to two years’ imprisonment and a fine of £1,000 for commenting on the flogging of some local Militiamen at Ely (500 lashes each was the sentence), the town and the Militia being overawed the while by four legions of German cavalry.

The legislation of this year 1817 drove Cobbett out of the country.

Of all this repressive legislation of Castlereagh directed against the Radicals nothing appears to be left save this long dormant Act. Why, if the Irish Penal Laws were abolishing a Radical Government against three obscure individuals who are humanitarians enough to deprecate the employment of armed men against an unarmed and helpless populace, these unfortunate men were not, in the while, doing anything to which I strongly refer readers of this letter. Why, sir, should your paper be so tender of the honour of the journalist, and yet, in the same issue, counsel the man of coal straightforward to do what you utterly condemn in the man of ink—to sell his honour for material gain? Has the miner no manliness, no lamp of truth to keep trimmed?

No; sir; such a statement will not do. THE NEW AGE.

Are these prosecutions a preliminary to the use of force once again? Can any fair-minded man think that these..."
Oxford and Labour Problems.

Sir,—You have met the man who is convinced that he could save England in twenty-four hours if you gave him the chance, haven't you? Of course, there are dozens of them, but, if you want to see them fairly jostle each other, Oxford is the place. The cranks here are more brazen and unashamed than anywhere else, especially the politico-social variety. As soon as anything goes wrong in the whole wide world they take it up and clamor, "Belloul at the union a month ago, and within about ten years, when some of us get into the House, the party system is positively doomed. Just lately, of course, we have been rather busy with the universities, but the old days came again, i.e., the days when the intellectuals got into the papers; we were all itching to do something.

Now, half a dozen years ago the Socialist creed was at its zenith here, because we had been made to believe in Man and Grayson at their best. But the popular brand of politics changes, like socks and hats. The new clubs that are being founded are the Tory, the New Socialist, the Ex-mine owner, and really, they are all very dull. We think ourselves sufficiently advanced if we are Tory Democrats. One college even had a Glassbrook menu on the day after the great victory. The only people, perhaps, who were anything but profane were the rejuvenating the Unionist Party with a most refreshing exhortation to prove ourselves valiant and honest citizens and to set up a new club in which no one would have to be ashamed of his politics. But as, for instance, the admirable old graduate Mr. B. Oxon, said to be in existence, though we had not heard much about it, of course, was right, the real objection offered to it. It may be logical, it may be profitable in research; but, at bottom, the human race does not like it and has an ineradicable prejudice against it which nothing, not even W. BROOKES BALL, can make off. "M. B. Oxon" argues as if, in an enlightened age, every avenue of knowledge must be regarded as legitimate, and vivisection among them. In opposing our prejudice to the means of knowledge, that vivisection is as valuable as any other, he is truly putting a limit to knowledge itself. But I deny entirely that every avenue of real human knowledge is in any way legitimate. I imagine that, with the progress of delicacy, many old avenues will be positively and peremptorily closed—vivisection among them. At this very moment, indeed, one form of vivisection—and that the most promising from the vivisector's standpoint—is actually closed. The conscience or taste of our generation does allow animals to be vivisected; but it does not and, I imagine, will not allow even the most worthless human beings to be vivisected. Why not, if we are to be led by pure reason and not merely by prejudice? Every argument for animal vivisection is obviously strengthened in the case for human vivisection. The results of animal vivisection, I understand, are always vitiated in their validity as applied to human beings by the simple fact that what may be true of animals is not necessarily true of man. In other words, vivisection at this moment is limited by prejudice; and "M. B. Oxon," I imagine, would be willing to extend that this embargo on knowledge should be removed.

But as mere prejudice—or, as I prefer to call it, taste or human conscience—has definitely declined to permit human vivisection, we are forced to the measure recommended by Sir John Lubbock, that we can make out for it, so mere prejudice, expressing itself in tones of disgust, insubordination, and, if you like, in terms of abuse, will, in no time, completely stamp out animal vivisection. As human vivisectors would to-day be ostracised by public opinion as well as by the law, so to-morrow, I trust; true, animal vivisectors will be similarly ostracised. We have only to continue and multiply our expressions of indignation to bring this result about; and my use of the word "fiendish" was my mite to the increasing public stock.

I referred in my "Notes," however, to the "better way" that research might discover. "M. B. Oxon," I am sure, as the writer of the word "Better Way" must be familiar with the word "Better Way," will not deny that, theoretically, at any rate, many "better avenues" exist, awaiting their pioneers. It is all very well to talk that, as the first path is easier, it can be made profitable in research; but, at bottom, the human race does not like it and has an ineradicable prejudice against it which nothing, not even W. BROOKES BALL, can make off. "M. B. Oxon," I imagine, would be willing to extend that this embargo on knowledge should be removed.

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**Rhythm**

Siri,—I hope you will grant me the opportunity of replying to your long criticism of the current number of *Rhythm*.

With your critic and your criticism as such I am not concerned. "In the volume there is not a single page that is not stupid or crazed or vulgar—and most are all three." You are of an admirable frankness, although your adoption of the Ars Poetica as your critical touchstone is a little disconcerting to one who has long been endeavouring, in *The New Day Critic*, to disprove to the *Presbyterian* that "day" had any basis at all. It is, indeed, fortunate that "your business is not art criticism." You would undoubtedly hurt Sir William Russell and me at our libel trial.

But it is against the wholly unfounded suggestions of plagiarism in your opening paragraph that I would protest. "The new features" which *Rhythm* is to introduce are new for "Rhythm," not new in the history of the universe.

Again, the idea of age, an occurrence which I marked at the time as a hollow-eyed, throwing themselves, in a fit of agonised weeping, I am doubts if there is one woman in a thousand so lacking in all sexual knowledge and all sexual desire. And a far more lasting experience, too.

Mr. Sharp'sness as an argument for the sex education of children a statement that many grown women are, or appear to be, ignorant of detailed sexual knowledge. Since it is only actual experience which gives adequate idea of such a lack of detailed knowledge amongst virgins is not to be wondered at, nor, as far as I can see, deplored; nor does it by any means imply that their instincts would permit of their doing less than they are, indeed, the truth is that they have become acclimatised to sex contact, that children are not similarly blunt and desensitized. I would ask those whose fathers, the directors of such are obsessed by sex, and openly proclaim that sex is the most important matter above all others. Some, at least, in the parallel will talk about their brothel talons makes his heroine do and say. Further, we all know that large class of women who luxuriate in posturing as the once innocent, young, beautiful, mannerly, knobly, by a worldly husband to the deprivation of her virility. The rôle is one they never tire of.

As for the really existing school of sex co-educational does to which Mr. Sharp refers, the directors of such are captivated by sex, and openly proclaim that sex is the most important matter above all others. Some, at least, in the parallel will talk about their brothel talons makes his heroine do and say. Further, we all know that large class of women who luxuriate in posturing as the once innocent, young, beautiful, mannerly, knobly, by a worldly husband to the deprivation of her virility. The rôle is one they never tire of.

When I wish to make my daughter squirm, and to introduce into an easy friendship an element of self-consciousness and discomfort, I shall have a tender, intimate talk with her on sex matters. I should not be, by a long way, the first parent who had in this way destroyed a delightful, frank relationship.

VIOLET MAYNE.

**A CORRECTION.**

Siri,—May I make a correction to your review of "The Woman Without Sin," which, on a dull dog of a day, gave at least one reader a palpitation of the heart? That is not right. The book is a play, which confirms your reviewer's judgment on that, as I think the world does too, and because of it I advanced certain ideas, objections to "original sin," etc., to the famous Vedrenne-Barker combination in Sloane Square. Further, a fact I would stress, in a letter written me Mr. Shaw uses these explicit words: "Call no man man master; all masters are humbugs." But I hold my own view on that, as I think the world does too, and because it I have put that view into effect at the hands of my book.

PHARALL-SMITH.

**THE WORKS OF WHISTLER.**

Siri,—Mrs. Pennell calls her "Life of Whistler" authorised. When did Whistler authorise her to share the responsibility of attributing a work of his (The portrait of Baldwin, p. 419) to another hand?

W. SICKERT.
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RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast & after Dinner.

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—Guy's Hospital Gazette.

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SELF-CULTURE. To the Rev. S. C. Tickle, Myddlydon House, Saffron Walden.—Send me (for 6d. enclosed) your "CLASSIFICATION OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE" Chart 10.


The Simple Life in the City

Even if you cannot get a sun-bath in Cleopatra you can get a simple-life, pure-food, non-tox or luncheon at the Home Restaurant—a luncheon balanced in food-value, appealing to eye and palate, attractively served in tasteful surroundings. Come, see, taste, enjoy and give thanks—at the cash-desk.

The Home Restaurant
31, Friday Street, E.C.
(Between Casino Street and Queen Victoria Street)
Sensible Meals for Brainy Men

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