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

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The columns of the daily Press continue to be filled with discussions of the Industrial Unrest, and doubtless many people will conclude that the solution of the problem must be becoming clear. But, as we said last week, both the setting and the motive of the discussion are unfriendly to light; and, as we now add, the discussion is really no discussion at all but a disorderly symposium. We have only to imagine the whole affair to be conducted at a public meeting to realise the bewildering effect of the babel of tongues on the minds of the readers. One by one, and sometimes two by two, speakers arise, fire off their carelessly prepared speeches, draw their fee, and then retire. No speaker pays the smallest attention either to his predecessors or to his successors; he makes no attempt to prove either that the prescriptions of the other speakers are incorrect or that his own diagnosis is actually based on facts; and, for the most part, each speaker comes to no conclusion at all or to a conclusion that is obviously only partial or, like Mr. Wells, to every conclusion simultaneously. This kind of preaching is bound to result in nothing, for the simple reason that nothing in particular is preached. It is, as we say, not discussion nor is it even a useful form of the symposium. It is simply a Hyde Park rout in which there is no debate, no controversy, no argument, but only jaw.

It may be that we ourselves are pugnaciously dialectical, but we appeal to history to decide whether great causes have ever been won by cowards in controversy, by a refusal of debate and real discussion, by ignoring critics, by simple repetition. Yet these are the methods practically solely employed by the men now engaged in "discussing" Industrial Unrest. The brothers Cecil, for example, relive each other in their self-imposed gramophone task of recommending Co-partnership, with never a single hint in their words that they have ever heard that trade unions will make their form of Co-partnership impossible. Why are they permitted to continue their mechanical bray and to treat intelligent readers and students with such boorish disrespect? Mr. Wells, again, recommends Proportional Representation as the first step towards the cure of our political ills. But is Mr. Wells so ignorant that he does not know that Proportional Representation has been criticised not merely by Conservatives but by better democrats than himself? We hesitate to challenge Mr. Wells to debate the subject with The New Age; but at least he must have the intellectual honesty to acknowledge the existence of another side to his wretched nostrum. Of the Labour Party and, of course, of the Fleet Street hacks proper, we have long ceased to expect any attempt to reason; but the Cecilis and the Wells and the Ashleys and the Drages have been far too long telling the bushes that they looked for controversial wars that their adoption of the methods of the quack advertiser, who ignores criticism and simply continues piling the name of his pill or soap into our ears, is morally revolting. Such methods alone, and apart from any analysis of the wares offered, are enough to arouse suspicion in the minds of plain people.

Inincerity, we should say, is the chief defect of public men to-day, and inincerity will certainly ruin us if anything can. This symptom of decadence marks not only the discussion to which we are now referring, but it is rotting public life and public movements generally. Some weeks ago, when praising Mr. Burns for his administration of public health, we remarked that Mr. Burns was lacking in moral courage; but how lacking we confess we had not then an exact idea. The measure of his defect, however, may now be taken from his recent public recommendation to all of us "to make the Insurance Act work." As everybody knows, Mr. Burns did not once during the passage of the Bill lift a finger to support it. His silence was everywhere observed, and from it was naturally drawn the conclusion that Mr. Burns did not approve of the Bill. Whether that conclusion was right or wrong, the implication is equally unfavourable to Mr. Burns's sincerity. If he approved of the Bill he acted badly in refusing his support of it when Mr. Lloyd George needed every ounce of assistance. If he disapproved of the Bill, he should not now be advising us "to work it." A still more glaring instance of insincerity, however, was displayed at the National Peace Conference, held in the Caxton Hall on Thursday last. We have always had our doubts of the bona fides of pacifists; they have protested too much for mere flesh and blood; and their action last week confirms our worst opinion of them; they are capitalist sheep-dogs. Voting on a resolution moved by Mr. Anderson advocating an international strike in the event of the outbreak of European war, these humbugs, by a majority of two to one, announced that they would refuse to fight as pacifists. It was not, be it noted, a question of whether a joint resolution moved by a majority of two to one, announced that they would refuse to fight as pacifists. It was not, be it noted, a question of whether a joint strike could be arranged, but of whether it might be arranged for the purpose of stopping a war; and, by the majority we have named, war was preferred. We have only to add that the minority consisted mainly of Labour
men and Socialists to prove that the division of opinion was thoroughly capitalist. Labour men naturally, being somewhat more sincere and less sophisticated than the rest of the pacifists, concluded that peace would be purchased by a few days' strike; but the bulk of the pacifists, being profiteers or profiteers' poodles to a man, as naturally preferred war to the loss of the rents of their masters—the faithful little Fidos. A third and, let us hope, the last instance of insincerity occurred in the law courts during the trial of Malatesta. The courts of law, we know, are bad, but the Common Serjeant, in passing sentence on Malatesta, made them stink. In passing sentence he said, The court takes no account of the fact that you are a Serjeant. On a charge of espionage, you will be sentenced to three months' imprisonment and recommended on your release for deportation as an undesirable alien. The Common Serjeant is a common liar.

Resuming our own contribution to the discussion of the Industrial Unrest, we have first to remark that the diagnoses of most of the soliloquists are defective in at least one vital particular. It is true that the recent rise in prices coupled with the fall in real wages has been the chief cause of the existing trouble; but this phenomenon is by no means the sole, still less the fundamental, cause. As Mr. Lloyd George declared the other day, England has always had labour troubles, some of them less, but others greater, than those we are experiencing today. When the depression was not a relative rise in prices, it was an economic trouble of another kind; and when it was not an economic grievance it was a political grievance. It happens, as we believe, that the present real grievance is neither predominantly economic nor is it predominantly political.

Both these grievances exist, no doubt, and each requires its own particular treatment. But students of the matter will be made aware by the conduct and utterances of our English Labour Party that a great many of them do not add to the economic and the political causes of industrial unrest a third cause in the form of a moral grievance. The education of the proletariat, we may say, has passed or is passing through three stages. In the first the articulate grievances were mainly economic, in the second mainly political, but in the third they are mainly moral. And, not to confuse the subject by woolly terms, we may define the moral grievance at this moment as the feeling that the wage system is degrading to man. Unless this feeling were present in the labour movement to-day we confess that the remaining grievances appear to us more or less trumpery.

There are no real political grievances, though plenty of imagined ones. Plenty of imaginary grievances! Even as we write, the workers are being filched a vote and they know very well that, with a little effort, they can return to Parliament any men they choose. The economic grievance is no less imaginary when compared with the economic grievances of our grandfathers. On the whole, as Mr. Sidney Webb and others have proved, wages have risen enormously since the 'forties. Material conditions similarly have notoriously improved; and, save for periodic relapses, both wages and conditions tend secularly to physical betterment.

Of course this tendency to improvement is not nearly rapid enough to satisfy the Labour movement; and equally, of course, demands for its acceleration are made. But what is agitating the best minds of the Labour movement at this moment is not the pace but the direction of the improvement: is it merely a lateral expansion or is it a movement into a new order of society? In other words, is there any satisfaction in the failure of the class of rentiers to grasp its significance, the failure of the class of Wages to grasp its significance, or the failure of the class of Profits to grasp its significance? Or is it merely a question of the direction of the improvement, whether it be from a state of overproduction to a state of underproduction, or from one stage of underproduction to another? We may say that the moral issue now predominant in the minds of the Labour movement at large; and its moral character is shown by the fact that strikes now take place apparently without rhyme or reason, for no visible economic or political ends, but simply as by spontaneous whim. We certainly regard this common feature of the late and current strikes as their prime distinction. Nothing like the apparent causelessness, the spontaneity, the unanimity, and the irresponsibility of the present strikes has ever been seen before except in times of revolution. From these tokens, which not even superblind observers can miss, we conclude that the industrial movement at this moment is morally rather than rationally inspired. Our diagnosis, therefore, of the "disease" is as simple as we believe it to be correct. The "disease" is due to three sources: economic, political, and moral; and the greatest of these is the moral cause.

Leaving to our readers the interesting task of amplifying this analysis, we proceed at once to the practical question of the three sets of grievances which, if any, are to be satisfied and by what means? It is obvious that a moral remedy would involve us in revolution, a revolution of ideas it may be, or a revolution in fact. The change from chattel slavery to wage-slavery in America necessitated a civil war, and the change from wage-slavery to economic freedom may equally entail on us a civil war in England. On the other hand, revolutions by ideas alone have been many in the history of the world; and it is just possible that, given the admission into our industrial system of the revolutionary idea, its subsequent growth may be peaceful and evolutionary. To our mind the "revolutionary idea" now offered for England's acceptance is that of the co-operative ownership in management and profit between the State and the Trade Unions of all the great industries—the great industries, note well. If this idea is accepted, the prevailing system of industry will gradually be transformed. In the large organised industries first, the men will become more interested in management and consequently in public and corporate responsibility; and that example will spread, by means of adapted devices, into the smaller industries, and finally into the whole field of labour. If, however, this "revolutionary idea" is rejected, whether by the resistance of the classes of Rent, Interest, and Profits, or by the failure of the class of Wages to grasp its significance, the alternative is a continuance of the present system, progressively modified and evolved to suit the immediate needs.

Before considering this alternative, we may dwell for a moment on the relation between a revolutionary idea and the Labour Party. Years ago, Mr. Tom Mann said that the Labour movement was a revolution without a Party that was not revolutionary. From the context it was clear that Mr. Mann had in mind a precisely similar idea to the one we have named. In other words, a Labour movement which does not subscribe to a revolutionary idea is useless to Labour. But it is evident from the conduct and utterances of our English Labour Party that a revolutionary idea is the last thing in the world that occurs to them. On the contrary, they differ from the revolutionary Liberals only in being a little more Liberal. Where the Liberals mite by mite would steal a cheese, the Labour Party would take the mites two or, the bolder of them, perhaps, three at a time. We have only to compare the programme of nebulous and un-official, of the Liberal and Labour Parties to see that not one single item in Labour's programme but finds a place in the programme of one or other section of the Liberal Party. Nay, we will go farther and say that there is not a single reform advocated by the Labour Party which one or other section of employing capitalists could not support in its own economic interests. As we shall see, if space permits, every single reform advocated by the Labour Party, short of the one revolutionary reform in the abolition of the wage system in its entirety, will sooner or later, with or without the tuition and support of the Labour Party, be adopted by capitalism in the ordinary course of its progressive self-fortification. In the meantime, at the present time, we are not simply the lictors of capitalism, clearing the way for capitalist reforms, but they are positively hindrances to real economic reform. By procuring the support of the Labour movement to the conservative devices of capitalists they divert attention from the real problem, that of abolishing capitalism altogether.
We do not observe that any notion of this reactionary office of the Labour Party has yet dawned in the agenda of their present and future leaders. As Mr. Lansbury, for example, complains in the "Daily Labour Reformer," there is a mere minority of the Labour Party that is a mere wing of the Liberal Party. No one, he says, knows at present what it is that the Labour Party really does stand for. It must have, he continues, a specific point of difference from the other parties; it must put forward claims that no other party is prepared to put forward. Most unfortunately, however, Mr. Lansbury then enumerates some items items which the Labour Party should claim, every one of which any intelligent capitalist would gladly support in the interest of capitalism.

Equal pay for men and women? Nothing simpler; level down men's wages. A legal universal Minimum Wage? Certainly, on condition that the public will provide for all those who can't earn it. Land, railway, mines nationalisation? These are on the programme of the Liberal Party. It is apparent from this that Mr. Lansbury is as much in the dark as his colleagues. Like them, he is an evolutionist in a hurry; he is not a revolutionist, like ourselves, at leisure. In no sense is any one of his "claims" such as no other party in any capitalist party could put forward. On the contrary, as we are now about to see, the same and even greater claims of a similar character are already being put forward by the capitalists themselves.

Let us imagine ourselves for the moment to be capitalists, that is, people who live by employing wage-labour and by taking the difference between Wages and Rent, Interest and Profits. And let us suppose (no great difficulty) that our employees become so discontented as to imperil our position on their backs. What, under these circumstances, would be our natural procedure? To get off their backs, of course, would never occur to us as an alternative worth considering. For, of course, the admirable and willing to join hands for its cost and to pay jointly.

We have said nothing if we have not said that this philanthropic movement is quite or almost independent of the spokesmen, politicians and advocates of the Labour movement. When foot-and-mouth disease enters sheep the farmer does not need a wether to impress on him the importance of remedy. In his own interests he will force remedies on them and cure them against their will. The capitalist class, likewise, perceiving that the proletariat are suffering and, in consequence, are imperilling his own business, may safely be left to administer every remedy short of killing the lot or setting them free on the mountains of liberty. But he has the assurance in this discretionary task that his veterinary efforts will not only be applauded by humane onlookers, but in his business he will receive the greatest assistance from the sheep and their leaders as well.

As the cost of these improvements increased in their present outlay, and the returns to be expected from them were longer and longer delayed, the particular advantages to be derived by any particular employer would appear less and less immediate. Nevertheless, as for our class of capitalists in general the investment was a good one, we should be disposed to join hands for its cost and to pay jointly what we could not induce the wage-slaves to pay for themselves. Of course, the silly sheep would not see, for example, the advantage to themselves of education, national defence, the law, and so on. For these improvements, therefore, we should have to pay ourselves. And, since the most convenient as well as the cheapest method of paying for them ourselves would be by means of the State, the State and not the capitalists would undertake to provide these services for us. Other services and improvements of a more obviously particular character might be left to the wage-slaves themselves to pay for. Technical education, for example, might be paid for by them wholly, since, by its means higher wages may be obtained. Insurance, on the other hand, could be only in part paid for. The rest must be paid by the State. Similarly other farming improvements can be carried out, sometimes at
Eight Hours' Day, the Minimum Wage; and Mr. Keir Hardie may have inscribed on his tomb: He forced the Nationalisation of Railways and Mines; but in reality things would have been much the same if these particular mutinies had never been born. A matter of five minutes or so's delay might conceivably have been caused by interest in more glorious in incarnation, but, for the rest, the play would not miss them. We have even said that more measures exist up the sleeves of the capitalists than Labour has yet dared to ask for. And they do. Before half this century is out, we shall have nationalised all the big industries, provided free education up to the age of seventeen, instituted a six hours' day, established a high minimum wage, supplied free libraries, parks, pensions, meals, clothes, houses, recreations—anything else you want, Mr. Webb? Is there anything else the whole Fabian Society wants? Now that we are giving away prophecies we may as well be liberal. To put it briefly, there is not a single reform of a single party or society or social council or league or dorcas meeting that may not be conceded by the capitalists than Labour has yet dared to ask for. Co-management in industry. For Co-management is the one thing that capitalists, either private or the State, will not admit. The Trade Unions may organise, collectivise the bargain, nationalise the State to a Minimum Wage and a Maximum Day; but one thing is forbidden—to share in the real control of Industry. It is therefore a question fur the Trade Unions whether they will ask for power or for economic advantage. Economists say, they have in plenty—but real controlling power, not a foot-pound! But we still have hope that a proletariat like the English, that invented Trade Unionism, created Co-operation at Toad Street, Rochdale, made the Guild System, instituted Collective Bargaining, and formed a Political Party has still arrows in its quiver. Co-management, either with the employers or with the State—that must be its next demand. Or, after Mira-bell, the Wells and Webbs and Moneys and Ashleys and Cecils that a muddled economics ever engendered.

Our readers will see now, we hope, why, in the first place, we attach so much importance to the idea of Co-management in industry. For Co-management is the one thing that capitalists, either private or the State, will not admit. The Trade Unions may organise, collectivise the bargain, nationalise the State to a Minimum Wage and a Maximum Day; but one thing is forbidden—to share in the real control of Industry. It is therefore a question for the Trade Unions whether they will ask for power or for economic advantage. Economists say, they have in plenty—but real controlling power, not a foot-pound! But we still have hope that a proletariat like the English, that invented Trade Unionism, created Co-operation at Toad Street, Rochdale, made the Guild System, instituted Collective Bargaining, and formed a Political Party has still arrows in its quiver. Co-management, either with the employers or with the State—that must be its next demand. Or, after Mira-bell, the Wells and Webbs and Moneys and Ashleys and Cecils that a muddled economics ever engendered.

By the way of opening a comment on this I have only to refer to the passing of the new German Naval and Military Bills. Additions have been made to the German Fleet, and they are now in position that they are within easier striking distance of the English and French coasts; but above all very large additions have been made to the German Army. Publicly, of course, France has nothing to say against this, although the additions to the army were obviously directed against her; but in private, negotiations have been proceeding with Downing Street. The upshot of these negotiations, as has recently been seen by all the world, is that the British Mediterranean squadron has been reduced to a few ships, the main portion of it having been transferred to the North Sea. It is perfectly well understood now in quarters where foreign affairs are studied that France, whose political and military affairs the Mediterranean is; it is equally well understood that France cannot yet do the job properly. The Mediterranean, it must be understood, is not only of importance as being the waterway to India via the Suez Canal; it is also of importance because of Malta and because of Egypt.

Malta is a strategic post of considerable importance, but it is totally unable to defend itself. We have not treated the natives too well, and they would almost welcome an invasion, especially an invasion by Italy. This would not merely lower our prestige, particularly in Egypt, but would also make easier an attack on Egypt from within. Moreover, smoking in the Mediterranean is a, will now see, perhaps, why the Press and the government took the thing as a matter of course, while reading it in private.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

On Wednesday, May 15, there was a debate on foreign and military policy in the House of Lords, in the course of which Viscount Haldane had naturally to make a statement, and he made one, of sorts. "It was quite true"—I quote from a "Times" report—"that the policy of splendid isolation was over. The friendships which were more the order of the day than they used to be, such as those with France and Russia, had nothing to do with military matters, but were simply friendships between the two nations. The first sentence is true and the second false. Equally inaccurate was the Earl of Crewe's statement: "Lord Midleton used the word 'alliances,' but it could only have been a slip. The truth is that no such alliance with any Great Power on the Continent of Europe existed. We had no engagements of any kind involving military obligations on our part." * * *

Now, readers of this journal are aware that no one is a greater stickler for secrecy in diplomacy, when secrecy is necessary, than the humble individual who pens these lines. But the European situation has changed so quickly within the last three or four weeks that secrecy now may be to our disadvantage. One more quotation from this report. Lord Newton remarked: "The Under-Secretary for War said in the House of Commons the other day that he had only to address an envelope and the thing was done. Now he gathered that under certain circumstances that were not altogether improbable the Government were not prepared to dispatch a single man of the Expeditionary Force . . . he hoped that it would be realised what the military position actually was."

Our readers will see now, we hope, why, in the first place, we attach so much importance to the idea of Co-management in industry. For Co-management is the one thing that capitalists, either private or the State, will not admit. The Trade Unions may organise, collectivise the bargain, nationalise the State to a Minimum Wage and a Maximum Day; but one thing is forbidden—to share in the real control of Industry. It is therefore a question for the Trade Unions whether they will ask for power or for economic advantage. Economists say, they have in plenty—but real controlling power, not a foot-pound! But we still have hope that a proletariat like the English, that invented Trade Unionism, created Co-operation at Toad Street, Rochdale, made the Guild System, instituted Collective Bargaining, and formed a Political Party has still arrows in its quiver. Co-management, either with the employers or with the State—that must be its next demand. Or, after Mira-bell, the Wells and Webbs and Moneys and Ashleys and Cecils that a muddled economics ever engendered.

Malta is a strategic post of considerable importance, but it is totally unable to defend itself. We have not treated the natives too well, and they would almost welcome an invasion, especially an invasion by Italy. This would not merely lower our prestige, particularly in Egypt, but would also make easier an attack on Egypt from within. Moreover, smoking in the Mediterranean is a

This points, of course, occurred to Lord Kitchener, who protested strongly when the Mediterranean Fleet was reduced. His threat to resign is certainly, and his actual resignation possibly, already in the hands of the Government. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Churchill are journeying to the Mediterranean, not so much for the purpose of strengthening their constitutions as with the object of soothing a man who has forgotten more about the defence of the Empire than they can ever hope to know. We are still, let it be remembered, confronted by the Triple Alliance, and there is no reason, either theoretical or practical, why a joint Austro-Italian attack on Malta and Egypt should not be made in time of war. Apart from that, however, Lord Kitchener objects to the loss of prestige which we have already suffered by the cutting down of the British Fleet in the Mediterranean; for it tends to make the government of Egypt an even more difficult task than it usually is.

But this government of Egypt and the naval problem in the Mediterranean are only two factors in our defence. Defence consists as much in the ability to attack as in the ability to defend. In the event of war with Germany appearing to be really inevitable, for example, England would undoubtedly strike the first blow. Similarly, as part of plan of defence lies in defending France, the day is ever drawing nearer when the French Government is bound to ask their question which I referred to in last week’s article: How many men can you send us, and how long will it take them to get to a suitable strategic point on the Continent? To that question the debate in the House supplied an answer, but it was not an answer that satisfied the Government. The members of the Government still wish us to believe that we are under no military obligation to France, whereas we are; and Lord Haldane wishes us to believe it is only after the payment of the Expeditionary Force is in working order, whereas it is not. Some months ago both the English regular army and the French navy were in good war condition. Since then there has been a period of slackness. Discipline in the
French navy, which, as I have repeatedly pointed out, has never been too good, has become worse and worse, and although the public has probably heard the last of the powder scandals these significant symptoms of corruption are still being discussed in high quarters. In short, while I was prepared six months ago to place confidence in the French navy and in the British regular army, or such army, at all events, as we have, I am not, in common with other students of defence and strategic questions, prepared to do so at the present moment.

Now, the French Government is keeping a close watch on our army, and our Government is keeping a close watch on the French navy. Views are being exchanged with perfect frankness on the points in dispute; but one thing is clear: it will be easier to restore the French navy to its former standard of efficiency than to make the British army a thoroughly efficient fighting instrument for work on the Continent. Successive War Ministers have muddled with our army for years and years in exactly the same way as the French navy was botched. But the French people had a Delcassé and we had a Haldane, and the difference in the intelligence of the two men is marked, the French navy was botched. But the French people had a Delcassé and we had a Haldane, and the difference in the intelligence of the two men is marked, the French navy was botched. But the French people had a Delcassé and we had a Haldane, and the difference in the intelligence of the two men is marked, the French navy was botched.

Steps are now being taken to bring the Turco-Italian war to an end, and it has even been suggested that Italy should pay an annual tribute to Turkey for Tripoli and Cyrenaica. Russia will not make another open attempt at intervention, but she has already drafted an agenda, and the active co-operation of Germany and Austria is sought. The troubles usually engendered by Near Eastern unrest are not likely to come to an end with the war; they will rather begin with the conference. For at this conference France and England will be in the weaker position, and Russia will for once be able to give the casting vote. M. Iswolsky and Signor Tittoni, the Russian and Italian Ambassadors in Paris, are brilliant intriguers, and they are not now holding long "conversations" for nothing. By this time they are both no doubt aware that their close diplomatic intimacy is the task of political circles—and not only in Paris.

Unemployment and the Wage System.

In our previous article, we described the exactions of rent and interest as hemorrhage—an exhausting effusion of life-energy from Labour of which the wage system is the direct and only cause. The wage system is the fruitful parent of another evil—the septic poisoning of the body politic by human wastage—the wastage of unemployment, of poverty, of premature death and decay. The facts are only too painfully evident. It would be easy to fill whole numbers of The New Age with statistics of unemployment, poverty and disease. They need not be cited here, because they are not disputed. The most horrible aspect of these tragic elements in our midst is that they persist in times of prosperity. Take the month of April, for example. No one will deny that trade is extremely good. Yet the percentage of unemployment last month was 3.6, nearly 1 per cent. more than last year. This, however, may fairly be ascribed to the coal strike. But what does 3.6 per cent. of unemployed mean in terms of human life? This: nearly 600,000 wage-earners unemployed, or 2,400,000 men, women, and children on the verge of starvation. Yet, as we reckon human affairs to-day, this is not considered particularly serious; certainly nothing to worry about. It is, in fact, a rather convenient total. It is not so large as to cause much outward discontent and agitation; it is just large enough to keep down wages. A margin of unemployment is essential to the maintenance of the wage system. We are aware that the younger capitalist school contends that it is possible to absorb all the unemployed without dissolving the wage system, which is admittedly the basis of the capitalist's power to exploit labour. This is really the key-note of the minority report of the Poor Law Commission; it is the argument of Mr. A. J. Beveridge, the presiding genius at the Labour Department of the Board of Trade; it is the belief of that variegated school of social reformers who find their views expressed in the "Daily News" and the "Manchester Guardian." How do they propose to do it? These clever people have looked into the subject and they have discovered that there are two classes of unemployed: the competent who are temporarily out of work and the unemployables. They have made another discovery: there are two kinds of unemployment: seasonal unemployment, clearly due to the act of God, and chronic unemployment, caused by various maladjustments of industrial organisation. Having defined the subject to their complete satisfaction, they find that the solution is easy—so easy that we are surprised nobody ever thought of it before. The unemployables, of course, must have curative treatment. For them, God wot, the labour colony. Isn't that the acme of simplicity? At these labour colonies, men and women are to be trained in the technique of some trade and are to be endowed with habits of thrift and sobriety. To what end? That when they are technically and morally fit they may again assume their ordained position in the wage system, where (aided by the prayers of the Bishop of Oxford and the Rev. Sylvester Horne, M.P.) they shall again be suitable subjects for exploitation. In regard to the unemployed who are the victims of seasonal occupation, they must be taught an alternative trade. The other unhappy class of unemployed present the simplest form of the problem. Their case is met by our old friend in political economy, mobility of labour. What we must do, therefore, is to make it easy for these men and women to move from one part of the country to another. Therefore, we must have a system of labour exchanges and (with certain precautions) we may advance their railway fares. Anybody with a turn for mathematics can see at a glance that, in the unceasing general post of unemployment, every unemployed person can settle at a glance that, in the unceasing general post of unemployment, every unemployed person can settle
ment. There are, however, various public undertakings of distinct economic value—forestation, recovery of the foreshores, transforming slums into sanitary tene-

ments— and an unpleasant topic—emigration. But these undertakings demand capital.

Very good; let us borrow. The capitalist smiles. And the State is employed.

How soon it is to have a paternal government that, at one and the same stroke, offers a sound investment and perpetuates the wage system! In such circumstances, under such auspicious conditions, it is certainly worth while to spend a few thousands each year on the upkeep of Christian missions, whose function it is to train the hoi polloi in the doctrine of social discipline. Thus, Labour, acting on the advice of these remarkably earnest and enthusiastic social reformers, finds itself supporting and perpetuating the wage system.

It asks the private capitalist for more humane conditions. "Certainly," is the answer, "providing you are efficient wage servants and thereby enable me to pay rent and interest and make a decent profit." It asks the State Socialist to relieve it of its deadly disease of unemployment. "Certainly," answer the MacDonalds, the Hardies and the Snowdens, "it is the problem that called us into political life. We will, as a State, put your income capacity to economic and honourably remain wage slaves, because the wage system is the only way whereby we can pay rent and interest to the capitalists who advance the necessary money." Wherever Labour turns, it is thus caught in the trap of the wage system.

There remains yet another question to be answered: Even though it be necessary to maintain the wage system, is it not better to adopt State Socialism, so that the unemployed may be drained off the labour market and thereby enable the wage-earner to exact a higher wage? If a margin of unemployment be necessary to keep down the wage level, does it not follow that if that margin disappears wages, ipso facto, must rise? The question is better stated: For the wages cannot appreciably rise whilst the worker accepts the wage system as the basis of his bargaining; secondly, the employers, for at least another generation, can automatically create a new margin of unemployment by the introduction of labour-saving machinery.

Let us examine both these propositions a little more closely. It is clear that wages cannot rise much beyond the level of bare subsistence so long as rent, interest, and profit are drained off the labour market and thereby enable the wage-earner to exact a higher wage? If a margin of unemployment be necessary to keep down the wage level, does it not follow that if that margin disappears wages, ipso facto, must rise? The question is better stated: For the wages cannot appreciably rise whilst the worker accepts the wage system as the basis of his bargaining; secondly, the employers, for at least another generation, can automatically create a new margin of unemployment by the introduction of labour-saving machinery.

We have only to consider the economic production of labour, the fact remains that at this moment, when trade is good, we have a standing unemployed army of nearly 600,000, they and their dependents living in a hell not of their seeking. Nor can there be the slightest doubt that the employers of this country purposely maintain a margin of unemployment, and justify it on two grounds: (1) that they must have a reserve of labour to meet excessive demand; (2) that wages can only be regulated by the employer being in a position to argue-bargle, with the unemployed to fall back upon.

"But," he adds, "we must maintain a certain reserve of unemployed, or what would we poor manufacturers do?" The most that can be said for the removal of the unemployed, if the freed man is not employed, is that it may be a just war. But, if it is possible, that it would strengthen labour in a conscious onslaught on the wage system. But if labour can still be induced by private or State capitalists to continue working under the wage system, then the solution of unemployment would not materially benefit labour.

If, therefore, labour accepts this law of contract as just, it must accept the wage system and all that it implies. And it follows that, even if the margin of unemployment be removed, the continuation of the wage system absolutely precludes any appreciable increase in the standard of living. The truth of this is apparent if we examine our greatest national industry, agriculture. There is practically no margin of unemployment in our rural districts, yet wages remain disgracefully low. Why? Because the farm labourer accepts the wage system and accordingly most kindly and considerately pays his employer's rent at the cost of his own children's souls and bodies; pays the rent and the interest on the capital outlay of the farm gear and machinery by the social and economic degradation of himself and his wife. Although there are practically no agricultural unemployed, certainly not enough to constitute an effective margin of unemployment, yet the farm labourer remains in degrading bondage to the wage system.

It thus becomes evident that the profiteer's chief bulwark of defence is the wage system. Nevertheless, he holds in reserve another armour—the power to discharge labour. This power is, however, conditioned by your income capacity and interest to the capitalists who advance the necessary money. He will not, therefore, discharge labour without good cause, and unless he has a substitute for it. The good cause is mainly this: that he can no longer exploit labour to advantage. In other words, he cannot pay for the commodity labour at its wage system when its price rises, nor shut him out of action. If the price of labour fulfils this condition, he is content. But if the vendor of labour demands something in excess of its commodity price, the profiteer brings to his aid the inventor and the engineer, and in a twinkling an automatic machine is at work, and fifty men are thrown upon the scrap-heap. Fifty men? Say rather five thousand: for the competitors of the profiteer must not only follow his example but, if put the better the instruction, the political economist has his answer all pat and glib. He tells us that whilst it is very sad that these five thousand worthy men should thus be temporarily inconvenienced (we must not forget that labour has the priceless quality of mobility), nevertheless the intro-

duction of machinery is good for the engineering industry, and that what we lose on the swings we make up on the round-abouts. But even the political economist has his answer all pat and glib.

"Tut! tut!" he exclaims, "we have only to consider the economic production of wealth." We need not pursue the argument. Whatever the pedants may assert as to economic wealth production and the mobility of labour, the fact remains that at this moment, when trade is good, we have a standing unemployed army of nearly 600,000, they and their dependents living in a hell not of their seeking. Nor can there be the slightest doubt that the employers of this country purposely maintain a margin of unemployment, and justify it on two grounds: (1) that they must have a reserve of labour to meet excessive demand; (2) that wages can only be regulated by the employer being in a position to argue-bargle, with the unemployed to fall back upon.

Mr. Arthur Chamberlain is quite frank on this point. Mr. Arthur Chamberlain is quite frank on this point. Some years ago, arguing in favour of Free Trade, he pointed out that unemployment was lower in Free Trade England than in protected countries. "But," he adds, "we must maintain a certain reserve of unemployed, or what would we poor manufacturers do?" The most that can be said for the removal of the unemployed, if the freed man is not employed, is that it may be a just war. But, if it is possible, that it would strengthen labour in a conscious onslaught on the wage system. But if labour can still be induced by private or State capitalists to continue working under the wage system, then the solution of unemployment would not materially benefit labour.
A Momentous Conference.

By Peter Fanning.

A high ecclesiastical of the Established Church, feeling profoundly uneasy at the widespread unrest so evident in the religious, social, industrial, and political world, conceived the idea of inviting an eminent representative from each of these interests to meet in conference, where, pressed without restraint, they might exchange their several opinions on the prevailing discontent, discover— if possible—the causes thereof, and suggest the remedies necessary for their removal.

The conference having come into my possession, I propose to publish such portions as I consider to be of public interest.

For his laudable object his Grace invited Lord Aristocrat, Sir Plutocrat, Mr. Slim (a property-owner), Mr. Folio (a publisher), Mr. Slim (a politician), and the Rev. Father Kiddum (a priest).

Each of these gentlemen was an acknowledged authority in his particular sphere, well known to the public as a kind well qualified to uphold the interest to which he was attached.

The conference having assembled, his Grace, assuming the chair, opened the proceedings. "My Lord and Gentlemen—I have invited you to meet together at this critical juncture in our national affairs so that we might take counsel of each other as to the causes or causes of the present discontent. Look where we may—in every industry, social strata, religious communion, or political party—there are evident signs of distrust and discontent, amounting, indeed, in many instances, to ill-concealed rebellion against the present order of society, and threatening it at no distant date with utter destruction. Why is this? That is the question to which I invite you all to devote your earnest attention.

How can the present unrest be allayed? That is the end to which I implore you to direct your highest faculties. That any good could result from a conference of this nature, if conducted on established lines, I cannot believe. The times are not ordinary, so I suggest that we dispense with ordinary rules for the conduct of our discussions and express our views on men and things regardless of restraint. By this course I feel convinced that, no matter how harsh the charges we may level against each other in the heat of debate, long before the end of our conference we shall have discovered that we, at least, possess one thing in common, namely, the basis of our existence—that is, a firm determination that we and ours shall escape the degradation of manual effort, and a firm resolve that the present proletarian basis of society shall be maintained.

The moment that I desire to say, and now call on my Lord Aristocrat."-The New Age.

Lord Aristocrat: "Your Grace and Gentlemen,—when I received the invitation to attend this conference my first inclination was to decline. I could not conceive what good could emerge from such conversations. But when you, my lord, informed me whom I was likely to meet here, my hesitation vanished. For years past I have experienced an itching desire to meet the gentlemen here assembled, not in the glare of publicity, but in the privacy of the cabinet, where I might discharge upon them the accumulated wrath of my caste for the many hardships which their actions have brought upon us. You, my lord, induced me to address ourselves to the causes of the discontent so evident in the body politic. I comply, my lord. And the first and prime cause, I contend, is the failure of the Church to live up to her foundation. Originally, as you are aware, my lord, the Church has taken her foundations from the hands of laymen. It was created expressly to preserve the Articles of Religion and division of property then made. But what do we find to-day? We find that those who are living on monies drawn from the ancient endowments—declaring that the pretense of the Church to be considered a Christian institution is a farce and a fraud. Others, my lord, are carrying on practices which they know are forbidden by law, while whole hosta laugh at and deride authority.

The foundation of my family, my lord, and its possessions is contemporary with the Church. For three centuries we laymen have kept the pact and kept the sans-culottes in ignorance as to the source of our origin. But what do we find? The politician rises in Parliament and openly declares my ancestors were a pack of thieves."

Mr. Slim: "So they were."

Lord Aristocrat: "Admitting it, are you the sort of person to proclaim it? But that is not the worst, my lord. Mr. Folio, who controls a thousand papers, gives currency to the charges by scattering it broadcast throughout the kingdom."

Mr. Folio: "That's business."

Lord Aristocrat: "Aye, business—to tell the truth to the mob. It is bad business, as, for all assembled here, for knowledge in the mass means the destruction of the class, and sooner or later you will pay dearly for disseminating the truth."

Mr. Folio: "Blame the authors of the Act of 1870, not me."

Lord Aristocrat: "True. The plutocrats would have the rabble taught to read and write, and now look at the consequences."

Sir Plutocrat: "We had to consider our rivals in America and Germany."

Lord Aristocrat: "The old, paltry excuse. Are you better off to-day? Are the rabble so docile, amenable to discipline, and subject to authority as they were whilst unlettered? Is your, my lord, or an organised host to-day, conscious and clamant, questioning the foundations of faith, property, and authority? There was only one way of keeping them in subjection—that was, by keeping them in ignorance."

Father Kiddum: "That's what the Church did."

Lord Aristocrat: "Very true, reverend sir; and had she remained satisfied with her proper office of keeping the mob in ignorance subjection our state would be different to-day. But when she grew supremely arrogant, and would subject the quality to the same compulsion as servitude as the common serf, it was time to destroy her. With these remarks, my lord, for the present I am done."

His Grace: "Gentlemen, whatever we may think of and however much we may dissent from the views expressed by my Lord Aristocrat, at least, we must commend him for his candour. There are many things I should like to say, but for the present will abstain. Before I conclude, I wish to thank your Grace for the noble appeal I appeal to you sincerely, to keep your temper and avoid interruptions, which merely exasperate the speaker, without adding dignity to debate or helping the object we have so much at heart."

Sir Plutocrat: "My Lord and Gentlemen,—it has been with considerable difficulty that I restrained myself during the extraordinary harangue to which we have just listened. According to my Lord Aristocrat, all the ills from which we are admittedly suffering were brought about by everyone except the caste to which he belongs. But what are the real facts, my lord? While the aristocratic caste were the dominant power in the State, when they alone controlled both Houses of Parliament, the Army, Navy, and the Church, their sole concern was politics and profligacy, and the nation languished in wretchedness. But since we plutocrats developed our own country industrially, created cities, and got the disposal of our products by robbing and murdering the peoples of other lands, no section has contributed less to the common stock than the aristocrats, and none has drawn more from it. Further than that, my lord, we acquired their uninhabited lands at their price and converted them into mighty towns and cities. On every river, shipyards, factories, mills and workshops have arisen, bearing evidence of our enterprise. And from all these vast sources my Lord Aristocrat has drawn his rents and profits. In addition to all that, my lord, we relieved the aristocrats' countryside of the vermin, and by utilising them in our works as a commercial commodity, were enabled to make their transportation a profitable transaction to the landowner. If the proletarians have acquired knowledge, my lord, the blame..."
certainly cannot be charged against the plutocrats. To sustain the cause of ignorance in the people we have compulsorily deducted moneys from the wages of the workers and this was partly done for the sake of the country. We have patronised the bazaars of the ranters and subsidised every organisation engaged in the distribution of beer or Bibles. No effort, my lord, which would tend to keep the mob content has ever lacked support from us. And now, because all agents have failed us, Lord Aristocrat must needs come here and pour all the vials of his wrath upon our devoted heads, instead of suggesting some practical means of escaping from the present intolerable position. That, my lord, is all I desire to say."

His Grace: "I think we must admit Sir Plutocrat has made out a good case for himself, although he has not helped us much towards finding a solution for our difficulties. As to that, however, I may speak later on. I will now call upon Mr. Slum."

Mr. Slum: "Your Grace, my Lord, and Gentlemen,— Neither of the addresses to which we have listened, is my humble opinion, has been in the least degree helpful. It is all very well for Lord Aristocrat and Sir Plutocrat to indulge in recriminations we would be better employed in devoting ourselves to discover some method by which our difficulties could be removed. That, my lord, is my contribution to the debate."

His Grace: "Without more ado, I will call upon Father Kiddum."

Father Kiddum: "My lord, I feel I am under a deep obligation to your lordship for my presence here to-day. I propose, my lord, to take full advantage of the conditions laid down for the conduct of these conversations, and I hope, my lord, before resuming my seat to establish beyond question or controversy the causes of the present discontent and the means by which they can be removed. My Lord Aristocrat informed us that his family and its possessions were confided to Sir Plutocrat with the Established Church, and that while the layman had observed the conditions on which both were created, the Church had abandoned her foundation. That charge is true, my lord, and constitutes the real basis of the prevailing unrest. When Henry VIII, Cecil, and Nor- ford destroyed the superstition on which the monasteries were based, while their effectiveness as workers is pre- served, and they again are made subject to authority. It is evident that neither Lord Aristocrat or Sir Plutocrat is equal to this purpose. Instead of indulging in recriminations we would be better employed in discovering some method by which our difficulties could be removed. That, my lord, is my contribution to the debate."

Mr. Folio: "Yes; I reiterate it—the politicians. The vanities of the politician to see himself in power is directly responsible for the many ills which afflict us at the moment. When the knowledge of letters was confined to the few, they were prepared to pay for their reading materials. But when the successful plutocrats turned politicians and meddled with government, forgot their common interest and labelled themselves Liberals and Tories, they needs must possess papers in which to vent their various creeds. Unfortunately, in the muddy floods let loose from either side a few grains of truth got intermixed. And these grains, my lord, growing ever more numerous, being measured up by the plutocrats, have brought about the condition of affairs which obtain to-day. To keep the mob content, read, put halfpenny papers within their reach, concede them political power, permit them to exercise it, and still hope to keep them in subjection is ridiculous. What we have to do is to discover some means by which the present power of the proletariat can be destroyed, while their effectiveness as workers is preserved, and they again are made subject to authority."

I propose, my lord, to take full advantage of the conditions laid down for the conduct of these conversations, and I hope, my lord, before resuming my seat to establish beyond question or controversy the causes of the present discontent and the means by which they can be removed. My Lord Aristocrat informed us that his family and its possessions were confided to Sir Plutocrat with the Established Church, and that while the layman had observed the conditions on which both were created, the Church had abandoned her foundation. That charge is true, my lord, and constitutes the real basis of the prevailing unrest. When Henry VIII, Cecil, and Norfolk destroyed the superstition on which the monasteries were based, while their effectiveness as workers is preserved, and they again are made subject to authority. It is evident that neither Lord Aristocrat or Sir Plutocrat is equal to this purpose. Instead of indulging in recriminations we would be better employed in discovering some method by which our difficulties could be removed. That, my lord, is my contribution to the debate."

Mr. Folio: "Your Grace, the painful efforts of previous speakers to discover a scapegoat on whom they could lavish the blame for a condition of things for which they at least are partly responsible has provided me with much amusement. But I suppose it is quite natural, so if I am in any measure to blame, then I am willing to shoulder my share. But, speaking after due consideration, I contend that these grains of truth got intermixed. And these grains, my lord, growing ever more numerous, being measured up by the plutocrats, have brought about the condition of affairs which obtain to-day. To keep the mob content, read, put halfpenny papers within their reach, concede them political power, permit them to exercise it, and still hope to keep them in subjection is ridiculous. What we have to do is to discover some means by which the present power of the proletariat can be destroyed, while their effectiveness as workers is preserved, and they again are made subject to authority. It is evident that neither Lord Aristocrat or Sir Plutocrat is equal to this purpose. Instead of indulging in recriminations we would be better employed in discovering some method by which our difficulties could be removed. That, my lord, is my contribution to the debate.

His Grace: "As I said before, I do not wish to offer an observation during the course of the discussion, so I will now call upon Mr. Folio."

Mr. Folio: "Your Grace, the painful efforts of previous speakers to discover a scapegoat on whom they could lavish the blame for a condition of things for which they at least are partly responsible has provided..."
down to posterity as Bluff King Hal. Whilst his licentious daughter, a bastard herself and the mother of numerous illegitimate children, figures in our histories as the Virgin Queen. The founders of our old nobility were the fortunate favourites of this precious pair. These men of the day are conscious that they have been duped, fooled and plundered. The question then is: How are we to destroy such knowledge and prevent the evil effects which are likely to flow from the Act? In the first place, I still hope to buy their first fruits of the earth, although we toil not neither do we spin. I think I may close our conference by observation to show us the way to surmount the present difficulties. I am confident from the first that, only given a free hand, something would emerge from our conversation to show us the way to surmount the present difficulties. I am confident that within three years of the Act being put in force a strike of any considerable scale will be impossible. Let me explain the beauties of this measure, my lord. The Act contains the necessary provisions for bringing the manual class under it, and we and ours shall live and enjoy as hitherto the first fruits of the earth, although we toil not neither do we spin. I think I may close our conference by tendering to Mr. Slim the hearty thanks of all.

Then consider, my lord, what we accomplish by destroying the present method of collective bargaining. At present masters are compelled to deal with men in the mass; but once the Act is in operation the mass disappears, and the individual worker, that he can make himself dealing in his individual capacity with the insurance officer alone. I hear your murmurs of surprise, gentlemen. You were not aware that that was the intent of the Act. Yes, my lord, it is strictly laid down that the last resort is merely secondary to his job, and cannot leave it without the permission of the insurance officer. That in conjunction with the regulations issued to-day, that he cannot leave his home without permission of a doctor, that he should indicate the spot at which he might be found at any moment, and that he shall not change his residence without the permission of authority effectively disposes of all liberty in the manual class. Mr. Folio, for the purpose of selling his publications, has invented a series of what he was pleased to call hard facts. I don’t blame him, as he was most careful to keep clear of the hard truth. Consider the position, my lord. The terms of the Act enable us to extend it at any time to bring all manuals under Part II. Think of the domestic servant class subject to that section which states that an insured person cannot leave employment without the consent of the insurance officer. No more shortage of drudges, my lord. No worry for the master. Liby him or lump it, female will be forced to stay in their situations. There is only one spot upon my sun, my lord—that is the doctors. I never expected this of myself. I left them with nothing but kept them at bay and Inform upon the sick and injured. Why they object to the insurance officer alone. I hear your murmur of objection to the insurance officer. No more shortage of drudges, my lord. The Act contains the necessary provisions for bringing the manual class under it, and the fact that within three years of the Act being put in force a strike of any considerable scale will be impossible. Let me explain the beauties of this measure, my lord. The Act contains the necessary provisions for bringing the manual class under it, and we and ours shall live and enjoy as hitherto the first fruits of the earth, although we toil not neither do we spin. I think I may close our conference by tendering to Mr. Slim the hearty thanks of all.

His Grace: “There are many points in Father Kiddum’s address on which I may touch later, but for the present I will say nothing, but call upon Mr. Slim.”

Mr. Slim: “My lord, I have listened with commendable patience, I hope, to the various views put forth by previous speakers. But I desire to state at once, without hesitation, reservation, or equivocation, that I have of man. Superstition, and glorify damnation as the highest aim which are likely to flow from it? There is only one present state of affairs or the ghost of an idea return again to the ancient, discarded, and disreputable Kiddum’s address on which I may touch later, but for the present I will say nothing, but call upon Mr. Slim.”

His Grace: “I am exceedingly pleased that I kept my first resolution and did not intervene in the discussion. I felt confident from the first that, only given a free hand, something would emerge from our conversation to show us the way to surmount the present difficulties. I am confident that within three years of the Act being put in force a strike of any considerable scale will be impossible. Let me explain the beauties of this measure, my lord. The Act contains the necessary provisions for bringing the manual class under it, and we and ours shall live and enjoy as hitherto the first fruits of the earth, although we toil not neither do we spin. I think I may close our conference by tendering to Mr. Slim the hearty thanks of all.”
Bosanquet’s Gifford Lectures.*
By William Marwick.

Dr. Bosanquet chose as the subject of his Gifford Lectures for 1911-12 “Individuality and Destiny.” The first course of ten lectures on this subject was delivered at St. Andrew’s, Edinburgh, on November 1 and 2, 1911, and has now been published in a handsome volume. Those who had the privilege of hearing the lectures delivered, as the present writer had, will agree with the remarks made by Professor Livingstone of St. Andrews on the close of the course, that the lectures had been sin-

Bosanquet has spared no pains in putting his lectures into form as an organic whole, a combination of generalisations, considered with reference to the concrete universal.*

Dr. Bosanquet has presented his position with impressiveness and attractiveness. The lectures were delivered in restrained enthusiasm which left a definite impression on the mind of the hearer, and, as delivered, had a unity of their own which is not so quite as vivid in their printed form, though Professor Bosanquet hopes that the book, which contains much more than was actually delivered, "may appear more coherent than the lectures may perhaps have seemed to those who heard them." Dr. Bosanquet has spared no pains in putting his lectures into form as an organic whole, a combination of generalisations, considered with reference to the concrete universal.*

He is quite right not to conceal his belief into form as an organic whole, a combination of generalisations, considered with reference to the concrete universal.*

...the principle which must ultimately determine the nature of the real and its constituents, of what is complete and self-contained, and of what appertains to beings as such. I wished to investigate its positive nature, to show what it intrinsically demands, and what are mere incidents annexed to it by a mistaken tradition. I hoped that it might be the basis of the positive notion of philosophical thought from the details of critical controversy which have been necessary to secure its line of advance, and which have erroneously been held to indi-cate a mainly destructive attitude."

To come now to the subject of the lectures, Dr. Bosanquet says: "I chose Individuality as the clue to my subject, because it seemed to be the principle which must ultimately determine the nature of the real and its constituents, of what is complete and self-contained, and of what appertains to beings as such. I wished to investigate its positive nature, to show what it intrinsically demands, and what are mere incidents annexed to it by a mistaken tradition. I hoped that it might be the basis of the positive notion of philosophical thought from the details of critical controversy which have been necessary to secure its line of advance, and which have erroneously been held to indi-cate a mainly destructive attitude."

To come now to the subject of the lectures, Dr. Bosanquet says: "I chose Individuality as the clue to my subject, because it seemed to be the principle which must ultimately determine the nature of the real and its constituents, of what is complete and self-contained, and of what appertains to beings as such. I wished to investigate its positive nature, to show what it intrinsically demands, and what are mere incidents annexed to it by a mistaken tradition. I hoped that it might be the basis of the positive notion of philosophical thought from the details of critical controversy which have been necessary to secure its line of advance, and which have erroneously been held to indi-cate a mainly destructive attitude."

To come now to the subject of the lectures, Dr. Bosanquet says: "I chose Individuality as the clue to my subject, because it seemed to be the principle which must ultimately determine the nature of the real and its constituents, of what is complete and self-contained, and of what appertains to beings as such. I wished to investigate its positive nature, to show what it intrinsically demands, and what are mere incidents annexed to it by a mistaken tradition. I hoped that it might be the basis of the positive notion of philosophical thought from the details of critical controversy which have been necessary to secure its line of advance, and which have erroneously been held to indi-cate a mainly destructive attitude."

To come now to the subject of the lectures, Dr. Bosanquet says: "I chose Individuality as the clue to my subject, because it seemed to be the principle which must ultimately determine the nature of the real and its constituents, of what is complete and self-contained, and of what appertains to beings as such. I wished to investigate its positive nature, to show what it intrinsically demands, and what are mere incidents annexed to it by a mistaken tradition. I hoped that it might be the basis of the positive notion of philosophical thought from the details of critical controversy which have been necessary to secure its line of advance, and which have erroneously been held to indi-cate a mainly destructive attitude."

To come now to the subject of the lectures, Dr. Bosanquet says: "I chose Individuality as the clue to my subject, because it seemed to be the principle which must ultimately determine the nature of the real and its constituents, of what is complete and self-contained, and of what appertains to beings as such. I wished to investigate its positive nature, to show what it intrinsically demands, and what are mere incidents annexed to it by a mistaken tradition. I hoped that it might be the basis of the positive notion of philosophical thought from the details of critical controversy which have been necessary to secure its line of advance, and which have erroneously been held to indi-cate a mainly destructive attitude."

To come now to the subject of the lectures, Dr. Bosanquet says: "I chose Individuality as the clue to my subject, because it seemed to be the principle which must ultimately determine the nature of the real and its constituents, of what is complete and self-contained, and of what appertains to beings as such. I wished to investigate its positive nature, to show what it intrinsically demands, and what are mere incidents annexed to it by a mistaken tradition. I hoped that it might be the basis of the positive notion of philosophical thought from the details of critical controversy which have been necessary to secure its line of advance, and which have erroneously been held to indi-
sophy," will arouse considerable expectation as to the Gifford Lectures of Professor Bergson. It is also of interest that Mr. A. J. Balfour, who in his article in "The Hibbert Journal" of October last on "Creative Evolution and Philosophic Doubt," that appeared in the same number as Professor Bergson's "Hulsean Lecture on Life and Consciousness," expressed the opinion that "there is permanent value in his [Bergson's] theories," has been appointed Gifford lecturer at Glasgow. Meantime we may do well to study carefully the exposition of an older philosophy not yet superseded, and perhaps not likely to be.

The later lectures of the course, "Self-Consciousness as the Clue to the Typical Structure of Reality," "Ourselves and the Absolute," "Individuality as the Logical Criterion of Value," "Freedom and Initiative," "Nature, the Self, and the Absolute" (the last with two appendices; "Doctrines of the Absolute" and "The Perfecting of the Soul in Aristotle's "Ethics"), are rich in criticism and in constructive thought. The treatment of the State, on which he has previously written a valuable work, "The Philosophical Theory of the State" (1890), is analogous to his treatment of the Universe. He uses the term "State," in the full sense of what it means as a living whole, where both the legal and political are woven into one fabric, but the complex of lives and activities, considered as the body of which that is the frame work. 'Society' I take to mean the same body as the State, but minus the attributes that is in what is termed the abstract, or physical compulsion" (page 311, footnote). "The State, for us, is a phase of individuality which belongs to the process towards unity at a point far short of its completion" (page 312). "It is possible for a consciousness to have its end, in its explanation and value, in what it shares with another consciousness, and what is incompletely present in itself alone; and, ultimately, all finite consciousnesses have it so. Not only the so-called lower are dignified by their respect for a dim apprehension of the achievements of the higher. The 'higher' or so-called leading minds borrow much of their tincture of courage, and duliafulness, and self-denial from their felt unity with the lower.

"God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out.

"All this is involved in a careful reader in the class-system of Plato's "Republic"; and the foundation of it all is this, that no phase in a particular consciousness is merely a phase of the apparent subject, but it is always and essentially a member of a further whole of experience, which passes through and unites the states of many consciousnesses, but is not exhausted in any, nor in all of them, as states, taken together" (page 315). "It is the paradox of humanity that the best qualities of man himself, and the forms of experience in which he is most perfect, are not at first sight very widely distributed. Art, philosophy, religion... are not immediately concerned with the promotion of social relations, and are not specially moulded to the promotion of social ends. The sin which has been opposing is probably a reaction against the exaggerated claims of social good to be the only good, but it seems a mistake to push it so far as to deny that the State is a name for a special form of self-transcendence, in which individuality is strongly vindicated and a characteristic of its perfection" (page 316). In the "Philosophical Theory of the State" (second edition, Introduction), he has pointed out that "such supersocial activities as Art and Religion are at the quintessence of the social life, and beyond its machinery of explicit group-relations," and refers us to Appendix II to Lecture VIII, "The Perfecting of the Soul in Aristotle's "Ethics"" (page 379, note). "The Absolute," which he does not sharply distinguish from God, "is a perfect union of mind and nature, absorbing the world of Nature by and through the world of selves." "Every self is a copula, a meeting point of tension and fulfilment, a self-maintenance of the divine life through a portion of the external and the internal as centred in a case of the one life" (page 382).

The Crucified.
By Alfred Ollivant.

It was thus that I came upon Him once again.
I went out after tea to post a letter. It was a frosty November night, cloudless, but the stars were shrouded in mist.

As I turned out of the lane into the steep street of the little town upon the hill near that broad space opposite the "Tally Ho!" where the motor-buses end their journeys and swing about, I saw Him standing in the glare of a lamp outside a butcher's shop.

A crowd was gathered on the pavement watching Him with curious eyes. A group of muffled little girls huddled close upon the curb; a working-man or two, carpet-bag on back, had paused on their homeward way; and a few easy shopkeepers stood in their street doors.

All alike were silent, all alike were staring at their God in that strange disguise. And they seemed, as it were, unconsciously aware of His presence in their midst. Their silence showed it, and the awed look in the eyes of the children—they, the latest into Time; their minds as yet untaught by the world, their memories of Him, the Holy One, their Maker, and their Master, the highest absolute thought, were thrown heavenward not to forget still vividly remembered.

He stood in the glare of a lamp in the very centre of the road outside the butcher's shop. The driver who had herded Him so far balanced on the steps of the shop talking Him over with the old blue-coated, dingy-bearded butcher in his slow, drawing, nasal Sussex speech.

I did not know Whom he was discussing in matter-of-fact tones of flesh and blood, that russet-coloured old countryman. I did.

For I had recognised Him at once even in that disguise of horns and hair and tail. My heart had revealed Him to me as He stood there, buffeted, beaten, and very much alone. I, too, old as I was, had not forgotten. Like the children at my side, I remembered that His sorrows, His shame, His lonely sufferings were mine also for me.

I would have crossed the road and patted Him, whispered in His ear, reminded Him of what He was and who I was; told Him that we were One before all beginnings and would be One again after all ends; recalled to Him His calm, Amos; spoken to Him of His certain ultimate triumph and the Resurrection that lay beyond the grave; but I could see from the roll of His eyes in the lamplight that He would not recognise me, would not understand.

Here He was on the old road once more. But to-day it was not as it had been 2,000 years ago, when He laboured up this same road beneath the same Cross to the same shameful-glorious end. Then He was driven along amidst the jeers of friends turned foe, and the laughter of foreign soldiery babbling about Him in their barbarous tongue. To-day there was pity, tender mirth perhaps, but no mockery among the gathered watchers. I took comfort in the fact. We still crucify the Master, but we no longer glory in the deed.

One blatant youth jeered in subdued voice; his jeer was slain by silence.

We gazed, we others, reverently. A great awe had fallen upon us. One man tried a little joke. He was not amused. Clearly He did it because He was afraid and wished to show himself that he was not. In that little gathering all kinds of mysterious influences were at work. Memories waking, currents passing from mind to mind.

Consciously some, unconsciously most, we were all dimly aware that we were present once again in the Garden of Gethsemane, watching the Passion of the Holy One, about to redeem us with His precious blood.

And the great drama was none the less moving
because here the Crucified was dark to His own abiding glory. Little wonder we were touched to prayer. Only the old driver knew no awe, no reverence. Standing on the step in his soiled, brown, earth-stained ramage, he drewled away to the butcher in the shop, discussing in cheerful detail Him who was about to die for him and for his sins; His make, shape, weight, and breeding. Tidy bit o’ stuff,’ droned the old man. ‘I reckon you wouldn’t find a better in Lewes Ma-arket.’

He was of that great multitude who know not what they do: picturesque, prosaic, matter-of-fact—much as we may imagine were those carpenters who centuries ago handled the Cross upon which the Master was to hang upon the morrow. And the Master now!

He stood there, mute as once in Pilate’s hall; His breath spurting white about Him. His legs were wide, His red coat was rough with sweat, His nose dripped. Eyes and nostrils gaped unnaturally. Across the road, instead of a centurion, a boy stood guard over Him with a great stick; and on His head was no visible Crown of Thorns. Yet He was the same, despite His uncouth disguise as that bull; He who was scourged of old by the Roman soldiery, and enduring now the same things for the same things for the same end. And now as then He was dumb. Had it been His to speak, I knew well the words He would have spoken—immortal words about the passing of a Cup.

As of old, too, He was not alone. There was one to be crucified with Him. The two stood close, prop’ng each other, it seemed, terribly alone in that strange, starving crowd. I yearned to shout to them of the meaning of their sufferings, of the glory of their shame.

I would serve. I saw the shine of a policeman’s helmet moving slowly up the road; and to those simple folk I knew that I was as suspect as that fisherman with the country accent who sat of old without in the Palace, and was put to the question by a damsel and dared not acknowledge the Master I would serve.

‘Ya-as, I expagt they’re presdy nigh tired,” drawled the dragon in his sleepy Sussex. ‘It was nigh on fo’ur when we sta-arsed.’

I turned to him.

‘Where are you taking them to? ’

‘Slaughd’r-house, sir.’

The great motor-‘bus started with groans a few pards again upon the Christ labouring lonely up His Galvary. And the Master now stood shouldering and staring in the strange, staring crowd. ‘Must you ’ave all the road to yourself? ’ ‘Shall you lower the circulations of these modern dragons and take away their life-blood. ’

I asked in awe, ‘Shall you slaughter them to-night? ’ ‘I expagt not, sir. This gentleman’ll know,’ as the driver-barbed butcher left the shop. The policeman sauntered up.

‘Can’t you move them bullocks on, then?’ he said. ‘Must you ’ave all the road to yourself? ’

The driver went strolling up the hill, dumb and dark, the driver prodding them from behind. I watched them plunge into the night. Then I posted my letter, and turned out of the garish street into the soft, cold darkness, lit only by the misty stars. And the Sendle Vale and tender passion we pilgrims feel when we have happened once again upon the Christ labouring lonely up His Calvary.

Present-Day Criticism.

Idiom began to build the English language. Poetry established it. Journalism cannot shake it. England only knows when the first man bade ‘Good-day!’ as an appropriate way of wishing a friend health and fortune; but that ditty has more national genius in him than whoever saluted with ‘Hail, fellow, well met!’ The first is still fresh among a million dews and gillyflowers and holy-buds; the second, foreign to the spirit of the respectable nation, can now scarcely find favour in a tale of brigands. Bacon’s idiom, ‘round dealing’ (if it was his own excellent invention), was of the right kind to root in the language of a people which loves to buy and sell at a round-price, and which is, in its best business, all for no-nonsense and one’s word being one’s bond, and things of that spirit—with which our lawyer politicians are finding it so difficult to do a deal. The last phrase is inadmissible as good idiom, but the subject naturally dropped into Limbourche.

Early and mediæval English writing was idiomatic and very lively. The fifteenth century lost itself in imitation, of Chaucer mostly, but also of the ridiculous and conceited school of the rhetorical writers. The first half of the sixteenth, while the religious inquisitions—Protestant as well as Roman—were raging, saw men putting little in writing unless they were indifferent to the stake. (Dr. Levy might have opposed this fact against Mr. G. K. Chesterton’s ‘Some Brutal Truths about Journalism.’) With the abatement of religious persecution arose the poetical spirit, marshalling and selecting word and phrase and presenting the language as a harb to the Muses. Not yet perfected (we have still something to do), conceit flourished for awhile after the death of the great Elizabethan and saw the whole of one’s bond, and things of that spirit with which our lawyer politicians are finding it difficult to do a deal. The last phrase is inadmissible as good idiom, but the subject naturally dropped into Limbourche.

The first is still fresh among a million dews and gillyflowers and holy-buds; the second, foreign to the spirit of the respectable nation, can now scarcely find favour in a tale of brigands. Bacon’s idiom, ‘round dealing’ (if it was his own excellent invention), was of the right kind to root in the language of a people which loves to buy and sell at a round-price, and which is, in its best business, all for no-nonsense and one’s word being one’s bond, and things of that spirit—with which our lawyer politicians are finding it so difficult to do a deal. The last phrase is inadmissible as good idiom, but the subject naturally dropped into Limbourche.

Early and mediæval English writing was idiomatic and very lively. The fifteenth century lost itself in imitation, of Chaucer mostly, but also of the ridiculous and conceited school of the rhetorical writers. The first half of the sixteenth, while the religious inquisitions—Protestant as well as Roman—were raging, saw men putting little in writing unless they were indifferent to the stake. (Dr. Levy might have opposed this fact against Mr. G. K. Chesterton’s ‘Some Brutal Truths about Journalism.’) With the abatement of religious persecution arose the poetical spirit, marshalling and selecting word and phrase and presenting the language as a harb to the Muses. Not yet perfected (we have still something to do), conceit flourished for awhile after the death of the great Elizabethan and saw the whole of one’s bond, and things of that spirit with which our lawyer politicians are finding it difficult to do a deal. The last phrase is inadmissible as good idiom, but the subject naturally dropped into Limbourche.

The first is still fresh among a million dews and gillyflowers and holy-buds; the second, foreign to the spirit of the respectable nation, can now scarcely find favour in a tale of brigands. Bacon’s idiom, ‘round dealing’ (if it was his own excellent invention), was of the right kind to root in the language of a people which loves to buy and sell at a round-price, and which is, in its best business, all for no-nonsense and one’s word being one’s bond, and things of that spirit—with which our lawyer politicians are finding it so difficult to do a deal. The last phrase is inadmissible as good idiom, but the subject naturally dropped into Limbourche.
scarcely keep from laughing at the simple vulgarity of this article in the Daily Mail: at its scorn for the old journals, its ill-paid backs, a hand-to-mouth profession, in general; the cheap matter, the old awe of such expensive luxuries as telegraphic dispatches, the instability of their finances compared with our vastly costlier, but more numerous, and the best-paid profession of our time, the circulation of the "Daily Mirror," our millionaires proprietors! But we are really concerned here with only one sentence—that "the brains applied to modern newspapers are beyond any question infinitely more gifted and more numerous than those of the previous generation." Even here there is an extra laugh at that "more numerous," but we must pass on to those infinitely gifted brains, reflecting, with what self-possession we have left, that in previous generations men of the taste of Arnold might still without indigity contribute to journals of that time: and can anyone in the world imagine Arnold writing for—well, can anyone?

Not quite sure whether we are to understand that the "Daily Mail" costs more to produce than any other newspaper, we feel safe against an action for libel if we assume that it does, and that therefore it can secure the most eminent, though all infinite minds in its service. On the day of writing we find that it enshrines a professor upon its leading pages: a professor of commerce, Professor Ashley, an expert in figures, "whose recent articles in the London 'Evening News' attract more attention than those of any other attache." It does not instantly seem that we may gather from the writing of a great professor of this order any evidence of that journalistic corruption of English, and, of course, of idea, which we have mentioned. And, indeed, so long as Professor Ashley is busy with figures, we listen peacefully enough. But a Dean of the Faculty of Commerce, with so strange a title as that, may be excused for supposing that his office has some business with ideas and good English. And Professor Ashley evidently does suppose so. Under the sub-title, "Discontented Young Men," he discovers that—

A natural dissatisfaction with this state of things (high prices and low wages)—a dissatisfaction vague and hardly articulate—largely accounts for the recent troubles. Not that this was the primary impulse which moved the leaders. Many as are the merits of the present industrial system—and in the proper place I should be the first to emphasise them—it is bound to create a certain amount of discontent. And it seems as if every few years a number of young men come to the front determined to force the pace in the improvement of labour's condition. How far the demands will go depends on circumstances. In this last instance everything concerned to help the "agitators." Joseph Chamberlain gave them a new set of ideas; the absorption of many of the older Tariff Reformers in private duties left the field comparatively free to their eloquence; and the unimportance of the general political questions as they realised that a fall of prices had deprived them of all, and perhaps more than all, they had gained in the way of extended markets in the last decade half disposed them to follow the new guidance.

To what a number of persons will all that appear as a reasoned piece of writing: to what a number who will think it unreasonable will it yet seem a clear, legitimate statement of an opponent's view. We have become so accustomed to the rhythm of journalese that perhaps not one mind in hundreds would dream of challenging it for sense, for straightforward English, or for propriety. But let us see. We must assume that the Professor is intending to help the agitators. They have the field comparatively free to their eloquence; and the annoyance of the great mass of the working people as they realised that a fall of prices had deprived them of all, and perhaps more than all, they had gained in the way of higher wages in the last decade, half disposed them to follow the new guidance.

What a divine tongue! But we must not leave it to the Professor's mysterious case! Is that unbiased expert best informed about Free Trade or about Tariff Reform? He insinuates that the Tariff Reform leaders have some unnamed impulse which is other than the satisfaction of discontent with Free Trade. He admits that he would on another occasion be the "first to emphasise" the merits of Free Trade. He exercises the language of rebuke upon the leaders of Tariff Reform, asserting that there may be no limit to their demands: a helpful circumstance, a new idea, may concur to assist the agitators. They have the field because the older reformers are engaged in affairs that—whatever they may be, distract their minds from Tariff Reform; and the annoyance of Tariff Reformers at seeing themselves paying their left hand with their right disposing them to follow the guidance of out-and-out Tariff Reformers.

What a divine tongue! But we must not leave it to its own resources. What a divine tongue! But we must not leave it to be supposed that we accuse Professor Ashley of any deliberate abstention from round dealing. No; he knows not what he thinks. He writes for the Daily Mail as naturally as possible. By another instinct than that one he, an expert in statistics, arrives at one definite proposal of relief. He calls it a moral. "The moral of all this," he writes, finishing off the discontented young men—"the fact that you need complete and more authoritative statistics." The German, Karl Marx, said that interests work by in-
A Fourth Tale for Men Only.

By R. H. Congreve.

CALM and well upon Mrs. Foisacre's face, and calm, it may be said, suited her figure. Medium in height, slender in build, she showed best in repose; for, though not angular, her structure was far from conveying the grace of activity. In walking, for example, she moved in one piece, not without ease, but with an almost automatic swing which made you forget that and possessed limbs. A Mrs. Buddha attitude was, therefore, her natural masterpiece. Her face and its habitual expression, as might be judged from its lines, were modelling of active language, the result of her physique. Smoothness of surface, texture and colour was the predominant characteristic—a smoothness which went very well with the mirror-nature of her mind.

As she resumed her reclining position after the little disturbance at the door I weighed in my mind the merits and demerits of questioning her forthwith about Stornell. But did he know that Stornell was a friend of Mrs. Foisacre? As my question, if it was to be asked, should be asked immediately—since he had not told Tremayne whom I had seen leaving the flat, and the news might come as a shock to him. I decided not to ask it at all, relying on a single guess to justify my plan. The guess was that, in the whispered conversation at the door, Mrs. Foisacre had hastily informed Stornell that she had visitors and as she resumed her reclining position after the little disturbance at the door I weighed in my mind the merits and demerits of questioning her forthwith about Stornell. But did he know that Stornell was a friend of Mrs. Foisacre? As my question, if it was to be asked, should be asked immediately—since he had not told Tremayne whom I had seen leaving the flat, and the news might come as a shock to him. I decided not to ask it at all, relying on a single guess to justify my plan. The guess was that, in the whispered conversation at the door, Mrs. Foisacre had hastily informed Stornell that she had visitors and as hastily had made another appointment with him for an hour or so later, during which time she would dispose of us. If my surmise was correct she would shortly be hinting at our departure or making excuses for her own, and my plan was, therefore, to wait until this should happen.

For some time we conversed in a ragtime of vivacity, Mrs. Foisacre being visibly, to my eye, somewhat excited by the adventure of her recent caller. She did her best to conceal any perturbation she might have felt at narrowly escaping the slight contretemps, and, save to myself, who knew of it, appeared only as if no more important person than the grocer had been at the door. A barely perceptible impatience was in her manner as Tremayne, in his leisurely fashion, continued alternately to correct and flatter her. Like the diffident pedagogue he could not help but become under her influence, and, with the portion of educating her he had formed, he somewhat clumsily drew the conversation upon Mrs. Foisacre's work. He desired me to give her my opinion of it and to analyse with him its qualities for her benefit. I've always thought, he said, that Marcia could write a play. Her dialogue is rapid and her characterisation is most effective. But her sketches are mere vignettes on which she expends too little time to do the scenes justice. She needs a larger canvas.

I was quite willing to fill up the time even with this twaddle of Tremayne's, for, despite its obsest exaggeration, there was some truth in his remarks. I could see at a glance from Mrs. Foisacre's work that she had observed a kind and a knack of hitting off in a phrase a weakness or a defect. With the intention, therefore, of prolonging the situation, I suggested the detailed analysis of a manuscript sketch which she proposed. Fond enough as any writer is to bear his work discussed in detail by friendly critics, Mrs. Foisacre had two objections, I discerned, to hearing us discuss hers. First, the time was running away—"as I guessed; and, secondly, she was afraid of hostile criticism. It was praise she wanted, and, at this moment, time even more than praise.

She began, therefore, to deprecate the importance of her work and to ask to be spared the ordeal of hearing "Mr. Congreve" criticise it. The sketch was not finished and could not possibly be read just now. Some other day, perhaps, she would show it to me and allow me to comment on it. Tremayne eloped with that justice should be done at once; and, having no other object but to please her—as he thought—began to insist on hearing the manuscript read.

It's unkind of you, I said to Tremayne, to force Mrs. Foisacre on to the footlights if she really objects. Besides, I think Mrs. Foisacre mentioned that she had an appointment for this evening.

Did I? asked she in a small surprise. So I did! And, by Jove! it's nearly six, and I have to be there at a quarter to seven. I must be bustling up, T.T. Let the old sketch do another time. Where are you going? asked Tremayne; can we take you in a taxi?

Oh no, she said, don't you bother to wait until I'm dressed.

No trouble at all. Congreve and I will just talk here until you are ready.

Now how, I wondered, would Mrs. Foisacre get out of this hole? But I ought not to have had any anxiety on this account. She was probably as expert at getting out of holes as she was certainly expert at getting into them. She therefore did not quite take my breath away when she calmly said: Right O. I'll be ready in ten seconds, and you can then drive me to Vevers Square. I'm going to dine with my sister.

In a few minutes she was ready; but just before leaving the flat, she said: I must just leave a message for the hall-porter, in case a parcel comes for me. One moment, while I write a note. She wrote the note, and, at the bottom of the stairs she interviewed the porter in a whisper and delivered it. The next minute we were all three on our way to Vevers Square.

So far my guess appeared to be all wrong. There was absolutely nothing out of the ordinary in Mrs. Foisacre's conduct. We were on our way to her sister's, surely she was not going to the Semiramis to see the American sheep. Arrived at Vevers Square, where, it seemed, Tremayne had been once before if I elicited this to assure myself that Mrs. Foisacre's sister did really live there, Tremayne and I waited in the taxi a moment till Mrs. Foisacre had been let into the house. She knocked, however, without receiving any answer. She knocked and rung again. No answer. I believe the naughty girl has gone without me, she said. What's the time? Am I very late?

Seven, I said. She's not waiting, of waiting, and has gone by herself, said Mrs. Foisacre.

Tremayne apologised with abject sincerity, but I could scarcely conceal my gratification at this strange show of evidence in favour of my hypothesis. Let's have a snack at Powolny's, I suggested, and take a box at the Semiramis to see the American sheep. I deserve to die for having allowed you to miss your sister. Tremayne added his entreaties to mine, and, once more to my surprise, Mrs. Foisacre consented without the smallest show of diffidence. I'll run in to the post office and send an apology to my sister, she said. Family ceremony demands a sixpenny sacrifice.

How exquisitely simple it all is, I thought. What more natural than a telegraphed apology? How beautifully things are fixed! The telegraphed apology—politeness necessitating our ignorance of its contents and direction—and after our little feed we proceeded to the Semiramis. No need to recount what took place there, but I may briefly say that the American sheep
should be liable to the preventive laws. Even Tre-
mayne groaned with anguish when Mrs. Foisacre ap-
plauded them loudly. Oh, you never enjoy anything,
she said to him unguardedly. They are too ridiculously
lovely; so full of the joie de vivre; absolutely Diony-
sian. He requires the comic rather than the tragedy—Any-
can knockabouts, there's the descent from Avernus,
commented Tremayne; and we've about got to the
bottom.
We left before the entertainment ended, and on the
way to Mrs. Foisacre's flat she warned us that she
could not invite us in. We're very respectable, and we
keeps ourselves to ourselves in these flats, she mimicked.
We married ladies have to be very particular—with the
half-past-nine requirements, etc. He required the
more particularly a friend of France, Miss Freer, who
would drive you to the door and hand you over to the
porter.
We left her opening the outer door, and as we turned
away and long before she could have got upstairs,
I looked up at her window and saw it was lit.

*(To be continued.)*

**Views and Reviews.**

The invasion of literature by the monstrous regiment
of women, and the apparent conquest by them of certain
divisions of it, has not had precisely the effect that
might have been expected. Carlyle's fiery outbursts
of Dryasdust the historian led many to suppose that
dulness was a peculiar masculine vice; but it must
be supposed that Carlyle did not contemplate the possi-
ibility of epicene history. Certain it is that the narra-
tives written by men about famous and infamous women
are at least sprightly; although they do not merit the
esteem for her rebellion against Richelieu; but Miss Freer
accepts Richelieu's assumption, that he was the
only person who could save France, and is therefore
forced to accept Richelieu's judgment of the heroine.

**"The Married Life of Anne of Austria."** By M. A.
Freer. (Eveleigh Nash. 10s. 6d. net.)

It is precisely that judgment that I do not feel in-
cline to accept. For if Anne of Austria conspired
to deprive Richelieu of power, Richelieu had first conspired
to make her his puppet. If Anne found herself specu-
lat ing on the early demise of Louis XIII, and pledging
herself to support his brother, Richelieu had first deprived
her husband intolerable to her. If Anne called Spain
or England to her aid, it was always for the same pur-
pose: to remove from the Court the intolerable tyranny
of Richelieu. Marie de Medici, who raised
Richelieu to power, joined in the plots for the same
purpose; even the King, albeit that he resigned himself
to the tyranny because he thought that there was no
alternative, resented it. It is to Richelieu's credit that
he beat his enemies; it is not so much to his credit
that he made them.

History, of course, cannot be remade; but it is an
historian's duty to interpret the facts correctly, for we
cannot take even Richelieu on trust in such a matter as
this. The only question for us is the question of judg-
ment. In a duel of this nature, in which both parties
professed the same end, the exclusion of each other
from government for the benefit of France, we cannot
accept the absolute fact of success and failure as proof of
the real character of the opponents. If France would
have failed but for Richelieu, then Richelieu was
justified for all the misery he caused to France and the
French Royal Family; but if, as is more probable, France
would have survived his deposition as it did his death,
Anne of Austria is not to be regarded as a mere recreant
because she tried, by methods similar to Richelieu's
own, to regain the power he had usurped.

The issue was simply a contest between Richelieu
and the Royal Family for the reins of government one
fact will suffice to make clear. As long as Anne of
Austria remained childless, and her only stake in the
country was her own personality, so long did she con-
spire against Richelieu. Estranged from her husband,
firstly by her girlish frivolity, secondly by Richelieu,
she was denied almost everything but the title of queen;
without any hope of recovering her prerogatives save
by the downfall of the Minister. But as mother of a
Dauphin, with the end of both the Cardinal and the
King approaching, she could afford to wait until Time
put the power in her hands. That she was no enemy
of France is sufficiently suggested by the fact that she
refused to join, and probably disclosed to Richelieu,
the conspiracy of Cinq-Mars, which had for its prin-
cipal objects the invasion of France by Spanish troops
and the assassination of Richelieu, and expressly pro-
vided for the treachery of her husband, who would
be deprived of his kingdom, and her of the child. With the certainty that the power of France
would fall into her hands as Regent, there was no need
for her to invoke foreign aid. What she wanted was
what she never really obtained—the right to aid in the
government of France; and the assurance that her beauty
would be attended by the welfare of her child. She
conspired to obtain it so long as she had no other
claim to it than her own position as Queen; when it
was certain to fall to her, conspiracy even against
Richelieu became unnecessary.

The whole question, then, for us is the question of
justification. We can only blame Anne for the turmoil
she caused to Richelieu if we assume that he was the
only person capable of governing. But to prove that
assumption we should have to carry out the character of Anne and her confederates, to illustrate
their qualities by their previous or subsequent record,
and to diagnose the state of France. Miss Freer, of
course, does not indulge in the luxury of judgment; she
is content to write a dryasdust history, properly docu-
mented, and to leave the facts to speak for themselves.
But the facts cannot speak for themselves until they are
all stated; and, for this reason, the limitation of this
life is unsatisfactory. The fact that it is written, perhaps, as the history of Anne of Austria behaved during her Regency to correct the general impression given by the account of her struggle with Richelieu; more particularly as another
"friend of France," Mazarin, practically succeeded to Richelieu's position as the Bourgeois Regent, where it begins to be interesting, which is always a pity.

A. E. R.
Exactly a year before the "Titanic" met its end, Dr. Wrench's book, "The Mastery of Life," must have been going through the press. There were no great disasters at that time—as far as I can remember—to make Dr. Wrench write in this threatening and ominous fashion. No knowledge of a great and recent catastrophe drove his pen to this nervous style of grim and persuasive warning. For, as I have said, it is easy to be a wizard after the fact, and as the only department of life in which the preventive administration made me quite sick with disgust. The principal point at issue, the thing that really mattered, was, as usual, overlooked; and that was, the question whether many of our present opinions, likes and dislikes, did not lead inevitably to this disaster?

I am not going to refer to the heroism, over which there has been so much hysterical shouting, for that is a point which can be debated in a manner to produce very surprising and even distressing results. The daily Press have, however, made so much capital out of the "Titanic" disaster, and the number of modern prepossessions as the real cause of the disaster and as the only department of life in which the prevention of such disasters may be sought. I confess that all this fuss and frenzy about insufficient lifeboat accommodation, the hasty and fluster to nowhere—to nothing without either valuations that approve of the whole policy which drove the "Titanic" disaster, and the number of modern valuations that approve of the whole policy which drove the "Titanic" disaster to its fate: the love of democratic speed to no great purpose, democratic hedonism, democratic haste and fluster to nowhere—to nothing without either goal or aim; democratic lack of a sense of responsibility; and, above all, the errors of a non-ruler and incompetent plutocracy which democracy raises to power. I cannot say that I looked into every paper, whether daily or weekly, but of all those that came to my notice there was only one that even fringed the matter as I state it above, and that was the "Sunday Times" of April 21, in the leader of which a deeper question than that about the life-saving apparatus was put with earnestness and force.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

There is not one of us to-day perhaps who would be sorry if the subject of the "Titanic" were to be dropped once and for all. The daily Press has a manner of flaunting a subject like this with such persistence and with such a lavish display of large type before our eyes, that our eagerness ever so great, we very soon feel that our appetite is being cloyed with a zeal that literally disturbs the enjoyment of our repast. There are also the clerical sages who, with their insensate devotion to irritating platitudes, speak about "the mysterious workings of Providence" and the "inscrutable motives of the Divine Will," and who thus shelve the really moral and religious problem that the disaster presents. One would think that with all this in-exhaustible flow of eloquence that has poured into the Press and from the pulpit, over the great Atlantic disaster, every aspect of the question would have been touched upon. One would think that every kind of moraliser had come forward and had eagerly availed himself of his brethren's misfortune in order to show his little modicum of power as a wizard after the fact. It is so easy to be a wizard after the fact. Most of the wisdom that is shown in political and social life in England is of this kind. The presbyopic vision of the born ruler, who does not wait until his children (or his subjects) have burnt their rose-white fingers in order to preserve them from disaster, seems to be extinct nowadays.

Strange to say, however, in spite of the tons of type that must have been used over the "Titanic" disaster, there was but one paper to my knowledge which pointed severely at our values, at our public prejudices and public prepossessions as the real cause of the disaster and as the only department of life in which the prevention of such disasters may be sought. I confess that all the fuss and frenzy about insufficient lifeboat accommodation made me quite sick with disgust. The principal point at issue, the thing that really mattered, was, as usual, overlooked; and that was, the question whether many of our present opinions, likes and dislikes, did not lead inevitably to this disaster?

I am not going to refer to the heroism, over which there has been so much hysterical shouting, for that is a point which can be debated in a manner to produce very surprising and even distressing results. The daily Press have, however, made so much capital out of the superficial, sentimental and stupid side of this question, that they have spoilt it for serious discussion. But what I would like to insist upon here, is the total lack of presbyopic vision (the ruler's vision) which led to the "Titanic" disaster, and the number of modern valuations that approve of the whole policy which drove the "Titanic" to its fate: the love of democratic speed to no great purpose, democratic hedonism, democratic haste and fluster to nowhere—to nothing without either goal or aim; democratic lack of a sense of responsibility; and, above all, the errors of a non-ruler and incompetent plutocracy which democracy raises to power. I cannot say that I looked into every paper, whether daily or weekly, but of all those that came to my notice there was only one that even fringed the matter as I state it above, and that was the "Sunday Times" of April 21, in the leader of which a deeper question than that about the life-saving apparatus was put with earnestness and force.

Exactly a year before the "Titanic" met its end, Dr. Wrench's book, "The Mastery of Life," must have been going through the press. There were no great disasters at that time—as far as I can remember—to make Dr. Wrench write in this threatening and ominous fashion. No knowledge of a great and recent catastrophe drove his pen to this nervous style of grim and persuasive warning. For, as I have said, it is easy to be a wizard after the fact, and as the only department of life in which the preventive administration made me quite sick with disgust. The principal point at issue, the thing that really mattered, was, as usual, overlooked; and that was, the question whether many of our present opinions, likes and dislikes, did not lead inevitably to this disaster?

I am not going to refer to the heroism, over which there has been so much hysterical shouting, for that is a point which can be debated in a manner to produce very surprising and even distressing results. The daily Press have, however, made so much capital out of the superficial, sentimental and stupid side of this question, that they have spoilt it for serious discussion. But what I would like to insist upon here, is the total lack of presbyopic vision (the ruler's vision) which led to the "Titanic" disaster, and the number of modern valuations that approve of the whole policy which drove the "Titanic" to its fate: the love of democratic speed to no great purpose, democratic hedonism, democratic haste and fluster to nowhere—to nothing without either goal or aim; democratic lack of a sense of responsibility; and, above all, the errors of a non-ruler and incompetent plutocracy which democracy raises to power. I cannot say that I looked into every paper, whether daily or weekly, but of all those that came to my notice there was only one that even fringed the matter as I state it above, and that was the "Sunday Times" of April 21, in the leader of which a deeper question than that about the life-saving apparatus was put with earnestness and force.

The Mastery of Life.*

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

There is not one of us to-day perhaps who would be sorry if the subject of the "Titanic" were to be dropped once and for all. The daily Press has a manner of flaunting a subject like this with such persistence and with such a lavish display of large type before our eyes, that our eagerness ever so great, we very soon feel that our appetite is being cloyed with a zeal that literally disturbs the enjoyment of our repast. There are also the clerical sages who, with their insensate devotion to irritating platitudes, speak about "the mysterious workings of Providence" and the "inscrutable motives of the Divine Will," and who thus shelve the really moral and religious problem that the disaster presents. One would think that with all this in-exhaustible flow of eloquence that has poured into the Press and from the pulpit, over the great Atlantic disaster, every aspect of the question would have been touched upon. One would think that every kind of moraliser had come forward and had eagerly availed himself of his brethren's misfortune in order to show his little modicum of power as a wizard after the fact. It is so easy to be a wizard after the fact. Most of the wisdom that is shown in political and social life in England is of this kind. The presbyopic vision of the born ruler, who does not wait until his children (or his subjects) have burnt their rose-white fingers in order to preserve them from disaster, seems to be extinct nowadays.

Strange to say, however, in spite of the tons of type that must have been used over the "Titanic" disaster, there was but one paper to my knowledge which pointed severely at our values, at our public prejudices and public prepossessions as the real cause of the disaster and as the only department of life in which the prevention of such disasters may be sought. I confess that all the fuss and frenzy about insufficient lifeboat accommodation made me quite sick with disgust. The principal point at issue, the thing that really mattered, was, as usual, overlooked; and that was, the question whether many of our present opinions, likes and dislikes, did not lead inevitably to this disaster?

I am not going to refer to the heroism, over which there has been so much hysterical shouting, for that is a point which can be debated in a manner to produce very surprising and even distressing results. The daily Press have, however, made so much capital out of the superficial, sentimental and stupid side of this question, that they have spoilt it for serious discussion. But what I would like to insist upon here, is the total lack of presbyopic vision (the ruler's vision) which led to the "Titanic" disaster, and the number of modern valuations that approve of the whole policy which drove the "Titanic" to its fate: the love of democratic speed to no great purpose, democratic hedonism, democratic haste and fluster to nowhere—to nothing without either goal or aim; democratic lack of a sense of responsibility; and, above all, the errors of a non-ruler and incompetent plutocracy which democracy raises to power. I cannot say that I looked into every paper, whether daily or weekly, but of all those that came to my notice there was only one that even fringed the matter as I state it above, and that was the "Sunday Times" of April 21, in the leader of which a deeper question than that about the life-saving apparatus was put with earnestness and force.

* (Stephen Swift and Co., Ltd. 15s. net.)
ciently well equipped to inform the public concerning its general drift.

For, in my opinion, Dr. Wrench is more constructive, more helpful in the work of construction and in the hope of construction, than Nietzsche was or could have been; and it is precisely this quality which makes "The Mastery of Life" so valuable and so original. As Dr. Wrench, Nietzsche was unable to complete his message in his life-time." This is perfectly true. Apart from a small number of isolated aphorisms in which a constructive plan may be discerned, most of Nietzsche's "construction"—as I know to my cost—has to be laboriously summarised by those who seek for flashes like this, of which there are many throughout the book, that I feel grateful and even deeply indebted to Dr. Wrench.

The disease of the modern day (the author concludes) is deep and far reaching; and the solution must also be deep, far reaching, and radical.

The remedy is the re-establishment of the positive patriarchal basis of society, with all its consequences, its customs, and its values. By perpetuating the larger humanity of patriarchalism, the modern day is contrasted, and it is for flashes like this, of which there are many throughout the book, that I feel grateful and even deeply indebted to Dr. Wrench.

The two types of peoples—the orderly and artistic, and the dehumanised or mechanical—are contrasted, and it is for flashes like this, of which there are many throughout the book, that I feel grateful and even deeply indebted to Dr. Wrench.

The whole thesis is brought forward brilliantly and entertainingly. As a review of the history of civilisation alone, apart from its value as a systematic plea for a definite plan and scheme of life, and irrespective of its instructive discourses on ancient and modern art, it is a book which Scotsmen, in any case, ought to read with pleasure and understanding. Personally, I should like to quote more: I should like to be able to show how great men and the doctrine of positive patriarchalism and gives it a sound basis—not upon mere abstract reasoning, but upon examples drawn from all ages and all nations. Let it suffice, however, for me to call attention once more to the solemn note of warning that rumbles threateningly through every chapter of this book like an underground torrent, only to burst into a veritable cataclysm of grave forebodings in the wonderful pages on "Gadarene Progress" (pages 406-479), which would show us more forcibly and more convincingly than Dr. Wrench does in this section, how the instinct and the urge to the theory of milieu. It explains a thousand things which remain obscure long after the "Adaptationalists" have said their last word. It, moreover, reconciles those who believe much more in an inner power in animal life than in organic passivity to external influences à la Spencer to much in Dr. Wrench's book which would otherwise appear untenable. And it is for flashes like this, of which there are many throughout the book, that I feel grateful and even deeply indebted to Dr. Wrench.

Here we have not only an adequate but an exceedingly illuminating and, I believe, original counter-theory to the theory of milieu. It explains a thousand things which remain obscure long after the "Adaptationalists" have said their last word. It, moreover, reconciles those who believe much more in an inner power in animal life than in organic passivity to external influences à la Spencer to much in Dr. Wrench's book which would otherwise appear untenable. And it is for flashes like this, of which there are many throughout the book, that I feel grateful and even deeply indebted to Dr. Wrench.
Art and Drama.

By Hunly Carter.

Is the Stage Society ceasing to manufacture slime? The Stage Society, in its thirteenth season, has for thirteen lean years it has conveyed the empty and unimpressive "messages" of 87 plays, of which it is safe to prophesy not one will live in the theatre. During these attenuated years it has claimed advance while dallying with old fallacies; hovered between a false rationalism of Mr. Bernard Shaw, a "debashed Euripides, the misinterpretation of the Aristotelianism of Isenborn the spineless Celtic revivalism of Mr. W. Y. Yeats.

For so long it has posed among the long-headed and deep-browed as: the Society. "What a wonderful Society!" they all exclaimed. "Look at its head, all over bumps." And they actually thought these were bumps of intelligence till a wise person reminded them that bumps are only inverted hollows. Now it has turned its back on the probable and started vagabonding towards the realm of wonder and adventure. How the recent performance of "The Bias of the World" must have startled the old gang, and left it wondering whether suicide was the Society's next exit.

For here was not interpretation of megalomania, ego-mania, no braggart lying realist, no beasts of prey, no pro- and anti-social vermin, no demonstration, by dissection and by vivisection, of the minutest abnormalities of the entrails of human creatures, for the entertainment of audiences who watch such things with the zeal of savages watching the cutting off of civilised ears and noses. Someone had opened the Stage Society's doors on fantasy and charm. Who wielded the magic wand to banish toads and vipers from the Stage Society? I left the performance repeating, "What a wonderful show!" To him it appeared advisable to devise a new spirit into the Society's productions to enable it to make the most of its last gasp.

To me, then, the production of Jacinto Benevente's play really indicated that though the Society had reached a height overlooking Arcadia, it had not quitted the domain of fallacy. It was still perched on art for reason's sake and reason for illusion's sake. Puppet or Punch and Judy plays, in which all the characters are worked by strings, or supposed to be, were born centuries ago in an ancient city a short distance from Naples. They were intended for a puppet-play people. A feature of these performances was that the actor invented the dialogue according to his talent and discretion. This called forth remarkable powers of improvisation in the actors. Look what a fine thing Dog Toby made of it. He was a real supermarionette, as Mr. Craig would be, and worth a bow-wow. Apparently Benevente distracts the modern actors' power of improvisation. Perhaps he knows that if he gave them Harlequin, Punchinello, and Pantalone to dress in and once more in them in one check suits! To him it appeared advisable to devise a plot and to write the dialogue even at the risk of the latter being spoken in the worst drawing-room manner.

Strange is the mixture therefrom. The action in the scene of plot or story came forth after overmuch study of a living type. The characters to illustrate the story journeyed from Puppetania. And the colour is derived from a job-lot of poetic pigments obtained from Stratford-on-Avon. The whole house hospodage distinctly calling that of Cervantes, who sought to unite the logic of everyday fact and the logic of dreamland. Perhaps Benevente's version should be called romantic fustian in view of the enormous disproportion between the "adventure" and the emotion which is expended upon it. To be just to the author, it must be said, however, that there are abundant signs that the fantasy has lost in poetry and charm in the translation. There is a much, much richer, a deeper, a more human, a more earth at the moment the author intends us to set out for the world of adventure. The impossibility of getting into the ideal world and attaining the mood the author has created—by joining the two impostors as soon as they enter the scene, and taking part in the servant's plot to exploit the commercial world represented by the innkeeper and others, right up to the point where they are exposed and extricated by the servant forcing his master (a conscientious idealist) to marry Punchinello's rich daughter—this impossibility was strengthened still further by the fact that the ideal world at the Prince's Theatre was not peopled with ideal beings. It contained the usual Stage Society assortment of home and colonial actors, English, Welsh, Irish, and Scotch.

The interpretation was a painful affair. Most of the members of the company were supposed to suggest fantastic figures on strings, but in reality they were tom-cats, hot bricks. One character, for example, hopped about like a kangaroo. The innkeeper was made up for a mangel-wurzel that barked. It sounded as though he were improvising and imitating Dog Toby. Something as follows:—Punch: "How do you do, Mr. Innkeeper?" Innkeeper: "Bow, wow, wow, thank you." Punch: "I'm glad to hear it, Mr. Innkeeper. What a nice, good-tempered Innkeeper it is!" Innkeeper (snarls): "Are you arterious?" Mr. W. G. Fay, who played the servant, has done good work for the Irish players. But as Crispin he had no colour, no breadth, no charm. Mrs. F. R. Benson was the worst offender. Her interpretation of Dona Sirena was appalling. The representation was an improvement on the Stage Society's methods. It had simplicity and some colour. But I found it extremely difficult to enjoy these innovations with the atrocious lighting conducting a flourishing cinema business on the back-cloth.

With the importation of romantic fustian by the Stage Society, comes the re-importation of Zola's slime at the Court Theatre. Like romantic fustian, realistic slime shows an enormous disproportion between the emotion and the external object upon which it is expended. The former is an ounce of "adventure" to a ton of emotion, the latter an ounce of emotion to a ton of pseudo-science. Zola's pseudo-science has the additional fault of lending itself to unlimited emotional expansion in the hands of romantic eleutheromaniacs. In "Thérèse Raquin," Zola's "science" gets full play. Writing somewhere in his own defence, he states the problem. "Given a powerful man and an insatiable woman-seeking nothing but the animal in them, cast them in a violent drama, and scrupulously note the acts and situations of their being." The result is, in my view, a play to be taken up with a barge-pole and shot into the nearest sewer. The two principal parts in it are studies in temperament. Princess Bariatinski, an animal in them, cast them in a violent drama, and scrupulously note the acts and situations of their being. The result is, in my view, a play to be taken up with a barge-pole and shot into the nearest sewer. The two principal parts in it are studies in temperament. Princess Bariatinski, an insatiable woman, is irresistible. Prince de Tocqueville, a sexual maniac. Mrs. Vanderbilt's interpretation of "bad medicine," gets full play. Writing somewhere in his own defence, he states the problem. "Given a powerful man and an insatiable woman-seeking nothing but the animal in them, cast them in a violent drama, and scrupulously note the acts and situations of their being." The result is, in my view, a play to be taken up with a barge-pole and shot into the nearest sewer. The two principal parts in it are studies in temperament. Princess Bariatinski, an insatiable woman, is irresistible. Prince de Tocqueville, a sexual maniac.
(Methuen. 6s.)

Exactly what Mr. Urwick means by philosophy it is difficult to discover, but it is at least certain that he begins a philosophical question in his title. He assumes that progress occurs, which he admits should only be postulated and estimated in relation to a purpose. But Nietzschean as this sentiment may seem, Mr. Urwick is far from Nietzschean in his conclusions. All progress must finally be judged from the ethical standpoint—that is, the proper development of individuals is a growth of belief in the ideals of sociology. The content of the individual life must include more and more perception of its social value: individual activity must be recognised as social activity, and social activity must be recognised as individual activity. The individual being and the social being must more and more work harmoniously, the activity of neither conflicting, but each allowing the other its proper development. The bonds of authority and responsibility must not be weakened lest the whole structure of society collapse. Against all reform Mr. Urwick enters a caveat. No problem is, of course, not isolated and studied; the cause of poverty, for example, may, perhaps, be found not in the habits of the poor, but in the habits of the rich. And we cannot successfully attempt to abolish poverty until we know every reaction of it, and, or to psychological, or to spiritual laws, will be the criterion of social progress. But, as Mr. Urwick does not enounce any laws of the spirit, his criterion is rather vague. The sole end to which he looks is the development of the ethical consciousness; the perception of the fact that what is bad for the hive is bad for the bee. But this is thinking in a closed circle. From the individual to society, from society to the individual, that is all that ethical progress means. Of the necessities of the spiritual life ethics knows nothing.

For all purposes of practical guidance Mr. Urwick is useless. Some progress may be made by force: it is possible, he argues, to make people virtuous to some extent by Act of Parliament. But to a further extent it is impossible. Either the person subject to physical laws, or to psychological laws, or to spiritual laws, will revolt; and until we know which is the supreme law of evolution of all efforts to make society progressive will fail. In short, Mr. Urwick says (although Mr. Urwick does not quote him), we are advancing in all directions; and the law of progress has not yet been formulated, and Mr. Urwick argues that it can never be known.

But although he denies that the community is as highly organised as the individual, he believes that if the community is morally sound, it knows better than the individual and before for it. The reformer proposes, the community disposes: that is his creed. "As a sensible citizen, with strong views, I am quite certain that my society is making numerous mistakes. As a social philosopher, I am equally certain that I cannot improve upon them. But, as a reformer, insist upon trying to do so—only to be constantly disappointed, doomed to find most of my warnings disregarded, my schemes rejected, my policies despised. So he writes in his last chapter, and really there is no need to contradict him. Let Mr. Urwick continue to teach this philosophy to the School of Sociology; we, at least, do not want to be told that he has nothing to tell us.

Byways of Belief. By Conrad Noel. (Palmer. 5s. net.)

Catholicism is getting fat. After Matthew Arnold and George Tyrrell, and Chesterton and Noel instead of Tyrrell and Arnold, our advance in the rudiments of Christian faith will be similar to that urged upon us in the song:

Come where the house is cheaper,
Come where the potoes hold
Come where the bos is a bit of a joss.
Come to the pub next door.

For Catholicism, in the mouths of these two advocates, has a cureous faith. With all his regard to Chesterton and Noel it means drink, democracy, and dogma. If, as all of them have asserted, a return to dogma is inevitable, and that return is to be guided by Chesterton and Noel instead of Tyrrell and Arnold, our advance in the rudiments of Christian faith will be similar to that urged upon us in the song:

Come where the house is cheaper,
Come where the potoes hold
Come where the bos is a bit of a joss,
Come to the pub next door.

It is, therefore, not surprising that their only argument against modern heresies such as Spiritism, Theosophy, Christian Science, etc., is to be summed up in a phrase of Fra Lippo Lippi: "Oh! the Church knows!"

It is, of course, a valid argument against the pretensions of these heresies to protest that they have added nothing to our knowledge that is implicit in the dogma of the Church. It may also be true, as Matthew Arnold was so fond of saying, that Ephraim is a wild ass alone by himself, and suffers for it. But to assume that Catholicism is in any way superior to the sectional correctness of the heretics is to make a large concession to the conventionalists. For acceptance of dogma is not faith: the measure of certitude that accompanies experience is faith. The spiritualist who is convinced of the communion with the dead, the theosophist who knows the hierarchy of the heavens, the Christian scientist who knows the power of prayer and of the laying on of hands, although they have added nothing to our knowledge, have gained faith for themselves. Dogma is simply that which somebody else knew: faith is the certitude born of personal experience. The visible body of Christ (in other words, the Church) has lost the power of working miracles: we are no longer cured by touching it. Even Mr. Noel is constrained to admit that "nowadays the Faith is preached in so distorted a form as to drive the sheep from the fold and to leave the goats placidly browsing inside." The acceptance of dogma is, not only does not offer faith; it offers us something— to learn of truth and reason; and if they are particularly thick-headed, Mr. Noel is not too subtle. He often takes considerable trouble to prove a platitudinous assertion. The teetotallers, the Tolstoyans, the Socialists, the Salvationists, the Knessites, have all something to learn of truth and reason; and if they are particularly thick-headed, Mr. Noel is not too subtle. He often takes considerable trouble to prove a platitudinous assertion. And if he knows the conceit out of some of the sects, he has also knocked a hole in the Catholic drum, and no one will be really hurt by his writings.

(Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.)

One wonders who reads these extraordinary books about places. The tourist, of course, buys guide books, and the person who cannot afford to travel would find other uses for his half-guinea. To the historical or biographical student they are of no value, since they only give him scraps of information, and frequently prefer legend to fact, because of its picturesque ness. Nothing in these books is authoritative, not even the artistic judgments which frequently appear. Indeed, the authors avoid stating anything on their own authority, except corroborative evidence of the continued existence of a place. But whoever reads them may be recommended to read this one about Edinburgh. Mr. Watt does not communicate at all with the conversation of the chambermaid, or the
futile fancies of the hall-porter. He does his work like a workman; indeed, one could wish that he turned his attention to biographical or literary studies. He is always clear and interesting in description, but his gifts of order and sobriety are wasted on a work of mere compilation. The book suffers, as all such books do, from lack of purpose; when you have read all about Edinburgh, you still wonder why the place cumbres the ground. The book has twelve illustrations in colour.

Gem-Stones. By G. F. Herbert Smith. (Methuen. 6s. net.)

If the author of this book really believes that it "presents little difficulty to a reader previously unacquainted with these subjects," he is grievously mistaken. To the jeweller the book will probably be very valuable; for Mr. Smith not only explains what gems are (not forgetting their chemical formulae), but he tells us whence they come, how they are fashioned, and how they may be distinguished. But without a scientific training, it is almost impossible to understand him. For example, he begins a chapter on "Electrical Characters" by saying: "The definite orientation of the molecular arrangement of crystallised substances leads in many cases to attributes which vary with the direction, and are revealed by the electrical properties. Even a jeweller might sly at that: although the tables of the chemical composition, colour, refractive indices, colour dispersion, dichroism, specific gravity, etc., might console him. The book, to an ordinary reader, seems quite enough. There are chapters on the mines, on the workshops, on the manufacture of gems, and on the history of some stones; the book is profusely illustrated with drawings, and has thirty-two plates, three of which are masterpieces of colour-printing.

Taoist Teachings. Translated by Lionel Giles, M.A. (Wisdom of the East Series.) (Murray. 2s. net.)

This is the thirty-sixth volume of an excellent series designed to serve, in the words of its editors, as "the ambassadors of good-will and understanding between East and West." The present volume is devoted to translated extracts from the Book of Lih Tzu, in which the disciples of Lao Tzu collected the traditional teachings with their own additions of the master. The name Tao signifies "the Way," and is, we suggest, not dissimilar in meaning from "the Way" of Christian mysticism. But Mr. Giles is wrong to confine its significance either to metaphysics or to ethics. "The Way" of wisdom has, of course, a metaphysical and an ethical key, but it has also many other keys. In China the commonest meaning of the word "Tao" is the route, the road, whereof, of the Tao was chiefly insisted upon; and the fables, apologues and apophthegms here collected are a proof of it.

The Doctor and the People. By H. de Carle Woodcock. (Methuen. 6s. net.)

It is a pity that Dr. Woodcock is not accustomed to writing books; his work would have had so much more value had he directed his attention to one particular matter, and arranged his chapters and his evidence to give cumulative effect to his ideas. As it is, we are confronted with a mass of opinions, not one of which is satisfactorily substantiated, and their only connection is the existence of the general practitioner. In the main, it is a plea for the G. P., and an argument for the organisation of the medical profession. Against the monopoly of surgical work by the hospitals he sets his face. The book suffers deeply from the nebulous term "germinal ideas of Socialism were clearly expressed. It is careful work of historical research practically all the historical data on Socialism have been extracted from the greater part of its existence to Socialist opinions desirous to work themselves out in the form of Communism. With the event and its failure the first phase of practical Socialism may be said to have been completed. For the study of its history in detail and by the text the present volume will now be indispensable. In a comparatively short space, and with singular accuracy and impartiality, the texts of the period are summarised and analysed.

The Ox and its Kindred. By R. Lydekker. (Methuen. 6s. net.)

It is very doubtful if the existing wild cattle will be cheered by the appearance of this illustrated book. It seems that "the cattle are a group destined to disappear more or less completely from the greater part of the earth's surface in the course of time." Bovril shareholders, please note. The author makes this burning statement on the evidence of Buffalo Bill. He ought to know. He has killed 5,000 himself. With domestic cattle it is different, and breeders may learn a lot from this book about the general structure and zoological position of the species. They may, if it will help them, trace the name of the bovine ancestry to the nebulous term "Ur." This book, in fact, reduces the cosmos to cattle, domesticated, wild, and extinct, and leaves us with an uncomfortable feeling that the cattle at the Zoo and their bones at the Natural History Museum are not so simple and easily comprehended as they look.

Imaginary Speeches. By Jack Collings Squire. (Swift. 3s. 6d. net.)

Most of the parodies, satires and imitations contained in this volume have been published already for the delight of our readers in The New Age; where others, too, are now appearing. Mr. Squire is a master of his art and needs only, in our opinion, a little more savagery to become one of the three or four great English satirists.

Things that Matter. By L. G. Chiozza Money. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

We are accustomed to Mr. Chiozza Money as a statistician, and as a statistician he cannot be surpassed. He has a thousand ingenious devices by which to bring home to his myriad-minded readers the exact meaning of the figures he so ably analyses. It is all so simple, so clear, when he has done with a subject, that we wonder the wealthy, to whom he appeals, do not jump up from their seats on the necks of the poor and abolish themselves. But they do not, and we are sadly afraid that Mr. Money is not the man to make them do it. The Insurance Bill—"Things that Matter" contains some twenty-eight articles reprinted from various periodicals to which Mr. Money has contributed within the last year or so. They cover a wide field and include statistical discussions of Wages, Prices, Unemployment and, in fact, most of the subjects of Social Reform. On each of these Mr. Money throws the usual flood of light, and nobody can read his volume without desiring it to be spread broadcast. If Mr. Money has unfortunately no "idea," he is prolific in ideas.
Pastiche.

REALISM.

"Been writing?" I said to T. J. He looked sternly intellectual and expanded his chest. "I have," he answered significantly. "What sort of stuff?" I inquired idly. "Strong stuff, I fancy," says T. J., strutting. "You can read it if you like."

He tossed me a piece of paper, and sat doing careless things with his nails whilst I perused it.

THE STORY.

He tramped heavily into the small, airless room, leaving a trail of clay on the unswept brick floor. Broad streaks of sweat furrowed the never cleansed filth on his face and reddened eyelids, which rose and dropped over her sunken, colourless eyes with the automatic regularity of clockwork. A woman, seated beside the empty grates, staring dully before her. She did not stir at his approach. She might have been dead, except for the spasmodic twitching of her reddened eyelids, which rose and drifted over her sunken, corpseless eyes with the automatic regularity of clockwork. At her withered breast pulled an infant, so feebly as to be barely audible. That was the only sound which broke the unquiet quietness.

The woman dragged herself to her knees, shielding her blood-stained face with her arms. The child, unheeded, rolled over her sunken, corpseless eyes with the automatic regularity of clockwork. At her withered breast pulled an infant, so feebly as to be barely audible. That was the only sound which broke the unquiet quietness.

The woman, crouching in a corner, burst into shrill, uncontrolled sobs. There ain't none," answered the woman, still without moving. With his huge, hairy hand he seized a chair and hurled it at her. She fell heavily, and the child's crying was a mere sham acquiescence being in reality initiated by its quiescence, brutally, wildly, stupidly—beating with his clenched fists and tonelessly shouting foul oaths.

The man stood up, listening. A peal of thunder crashed immediately above the roof. The woman, crouching in a corner, burst into shrill, uncontrolled sobs. There ain't none," answered the woman, still without moving. With his huge, hairy hand he seized a chair and hurled it at her. She fell heavily, and the child's crying was a mere sham acquiescence being in reality initiated by its quiescence, brutally, wildly, stupidly—beating with his clenched fists and tonelessly shouting foul oaths.

"Get my supper, can't ye?" suddenly bellowed the man, dragging off his boots with a volley of curses. "There ain't none," answered the woman, still without moving. With his huge, hairy hand he seized a chair and hurled it at her. She fell heavily, and the child's crying was a mere sham acquiescence being in reality initiated by its quiescence, brutally, wildly, stupidly—beating with his clenched fists and tonelessly shouting foul oaths.

"'tis... it's... " I grooped shyly for a word to express myself. "I think it's most awfully modern, you know." "Mean't it to be," said T. J. with satisfaction. "My dear chap, of course you did. It's wonderful. It's so natural—everyone being killed like that, I mean." He glanced at me with suspicion. "'tis Life," he explained dully. I smiled at him rather brightly. "I suppose you think it's exaggerated?" challenged T. J. "I think you'll grow younger by-and-by," I answered evasively. "Did it never occur to you that there were pleasant things to be written about, as well as these irritable little tragedies which appear so often in our midst and are hailed as art. I may be wrong—it has happened to me. But I may be right—and that is worth remembering. Squalor and ugliness have surely had their full share of immortalisation. Will not some kind eccentric consider my pleading and lend an hour to picturing people with a sense of humour, who sometimes use soap and water?"

LORIMER ROYSTON.

VERSES.

Beauty holds all men in trance,
Poesy are they, who wake
Renders back its radiance
In forms of their own making.

Every dawn a slender maid
Scatters o'er the dewy glade
A basket filled with fluttering leaves
Fallen to earth on autumn eves,
A poet, who looks with care,
May find a golden apple there.

That a song it might inspire
For thy seven-stringed lyre
Glimmering the gods' carouse,
Nymphs this altar decked with boughs,
Sniff the scent that skyward flows,
Hermes, with propitious nose.

TRIOLETS.

I.

Pretty maid,
Good morning;
Beauty fade,
Pretty maid,

Not afraid?

II.

He laughed and jeered!
Well, I warned you.
Just as I feared,
He laughed and jeered.
He even sneered.

He laughed—and jeered—
Well, I warned you!

E. W.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

V.—THE REFEREE.

OUR HANDBOOK.

TRADE unionism is effete. Those credulous working-men who give ear to the selfish greed-inspired insinuations of professional agitators and hope by these means to get into touch with the true causes incidental and otherwise and natural remedies for ills, must be put more clearly and directed towards the welfare of the shirkers saturated with the dangerous dogmas of Socialism. The facts could not be more clearly . . . .

GOSSIP FROM THE GAY CITY.

... her bath. Perhaps, mes chers, you think this story a little too... But what would you have in a Sunday paper? Besides, mes amis, We are Such Dogs in Paree, and little Ninon wasn't in the least put out... PERCIVAL.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Loveless (Wimbledon).—(1) Miss Lottie Sampson was born on May 1, 1891. (2) About forty-seven, we should think. (3) We do not know, but she has just divorced her fifth husband.

Anxious Inquirer (Manchester).—Yes. Mr. Ernie Jaggars is performing at the Emporium this week at 10.33 nightly.

MUSTARD AND CRESS.

I have much to be thankful for. But what would you have in a Sunday paper? Besides, mes amis, We are Such Dogs in Paree, and little Ninon wasn't in the least put out... PERCIVAL.

Dagonet.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

RULED OUT.

SIR,—The New Age is doing good service by pricking, by one or, the bubbles of remedies offered by various persons for the Industrial Unrest. It would make an admirable cumbustion for Socialists, but to collect the testimonials and to learn by heart your lucid demonstrations of their inadequacy. I should like, if I may, to enumerate the quack remedies you have so far analysed, though I trust you will continue to expose them until they are universally known: the Minimum Wage, Nationalisation without Representation of the Unions, Co-partnership without Co-management, Compulsory Arbitration, National Insurance, a Universal Eight Hours Day, Single Tax, Malthusianism, Emigration, Tariff Reform, Science, Religious Instruction, Proportional Representation, Poor Law Reform, Small Holdings, Mr. Bello's Distributism, Eugenics.

* * *

WHY IS IT?

SIR,—I have noted ever since reading your paper—now two years—that your writers have been scrupulous to name their sources on every possible occasion. "Present-Day Criticism," "Foreign Affairs," "Views and Reviews," and, of course, "Notes of the Week" are usually quite sprinkled with the names of your contemporaries. Why it is, therefore, that your contemporaries cannot acknowledge their use of The New Age is, to be edited by Mr. Frank Dilnot, the present Parliamentary correspondent of the Daily Mail. I could scarcely believe my eyes when I read this announcement, made, as it was, with an air of pride by Mr. Clifford Allen. But, surely, there has been some mistake. Miracles do not happen; and a man who has been writing politics for the Daily Mail for nine years cannot suddenly become a Socialist. If Mr. Dilnot has really been a disguised Socialist all these years it is plain that his sincerity requires examination. How could a man believe one thing and write another during nine years without either losing his sense of truth or becoming what he pretended he was not? Miracles do not happen, neither can silk carpets be made out of sow's ears; and the Labour Party should be warned that, in making this absurd assertion, Mr. Allen has betrayed his wants. The Government Bill specifies the defectives dealt with; and, in my opinion, the "Daily Mail" is, in my opinion, doomed to still-birth. Are there not, sir, that THE NEW AGE has made no attempt to flatter him? Eut they profess to be public journals which, like public men, have a soul above the customs of suburban families. How is it, then, and, again, why is it?

DEAUVES.

THE DAILY CITIZEN.

SIR,—According to the "Labour Leader" of last week the forthcoming organ of the Labour Party, the Daily Citizen, is doing good service by pricking,Sir,-It is a truism that in the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed man is king. Mr. Karl Pearson, of the Galton Eugenics Laboratory, has recently had the honour of proving to us that, as he was the last man landed on this planet, he is the only man in the world who is in the right, and that the rest of us are the specially created new age is in the interest of the proper education of our youth. There is only one thing true.—the board school teacher! Though he has just stated that there is every degree of prudence and ability exhibited by different members of the community, and though the difference may exist apparently and to learn by heart your lucid demonstrations of their inadequacy. I should like, if I may, to enumerate the quack remedies you have so far analysed, though I trust you will continue to expose them until they are universally known: the Minimum Wage, Nationalisation without Representation of the Unions, Co-partnership without Co-management, Compulsory Arbitration, National Insurance, a Universal Eight Hours Day, Single Tax, Malthusianism, Emigration, Tariff Reform, Science, Religious Instruction, Proportional Representation, Poor Law Reform, Small Holdings, Mr. Bello's Distributism, Eugenics.

* * *

WHY IS IT?

SIR,—I have noted ever since reading your paper—now two years—that your writers have been scrupulous to name their sources on every possible occasion. "Present-Day Criticism," "Foreign Affairs," "Views and Reviews," and, of course, "Notes of the Week" are usually quite sprinkled with the names of your contemporaries. Why it is, therefore, that your contemporaries cannot acknowledge their use of The New Age is, to be edited by Mr. Frank Dilnot, the present Parliamentary correspondent of the Daily Mail. I could scarcely believe my eyes when I read this announcement, made, as it was, with an air of pride by Mr. Clifford Allen. But, surely, there has been some mistake. Miracles do not happen; and a man who has been writing politics for the Daily Mail for nine years cannot suddenly become a Socialist. If Mr. Dilnot has really been a disguised Socialist all these years it is plain that his sincerity requires examination. How could a man believe one thing and write another during nine years without either losing his sense of truth or becoming what he pretended he was not? Miracles do not happen, neither can silk carpets be made out of sow's ears; and the Labour Party should be warned that, in making this absurd assertion, Mr. Allen has betrayed his wants. The Government Bill specifies the defectives dealt with; and, in my opinion, the "Daily Mail" is, in my opinion, doomed to still-birth. Are there not, sir, that THE NEW AGE has made no attempt to flatter him? Eut they profess to be public journals which, like public men, have a soul above the customs of suburban families. How is it, then, and, again, why is it?

DEAUVES.

THE DAILY CITIZEN.

SIR,—According to the "Labour Leader" of last week the forthcoming organ of the Labour Party, the Daily Citizen, is doing good service by pricking,Sir,-It is a truism that in the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed man is king. Mr. Karl Pearson, of the Galton Eugenics Laboratory, has recently had the honour of proving to us that, as he was the last man landed on this planet, he is the only man in the world who is in the right, and that the rest of us are the specially created new age is in the interest of the proper education of our youth. There is only one thing true.—the board school teacher! Though he has just stated that there is every degree of prudence and ability exhibited by different members of the community, and though the difference may exist apparently and
Mr. W. B. Yeats and the Irish Nation

Sir,—I have only just seen your vigorous criticism of Mr. Yeats' poems. As an Irishman it has my hearty approval. For a good many years Ireland suffered from the figure of a man who was alleged to stand on the Continent. For English consumption Ireland was a sort of Merry Andrew, weeping with one eye and cutting a capering figure abroad. Even Young Ireland, instead of laying off the stage and replacing them by the creation of Swift (as great a man and as true an Irishman as ever lived), Mr. Yeats simply made a broadside attack on the public character of a little woman, doddering with age and imbecility, and a sort of demented goosson. This latter figure, unfortunately, has come to stay. A sort of truth—especially for Young Ireland; and lots of our hobbledsaying, storing about for general use, have hit upon this incarnate bog-light by which to set their clocks. What the result in literature is let literary critics like your contributor judge; but I cannot see it as the slightly spooky character; but in conduct the result has been equally bad. Save for one or two young men, we have scarcely in all Ireland a man between the age of twenty and thirty who does not carry straws in his hair taken from Mr. Yeats' stack. Home Rule, I am convinced, however, has been facilitated in its passage by the modern ladies' school of Irish poets. England naturally feels that a nation so lost to manliness as to idealise Mr. Yeats' attenuated spooks is incapable of doing mischief with complete liberty. But we will show you that Ireland is neither fairy-ridden nor hog-ridden. For the pet lapning of Mr. Yeats' lays you shall soon hear the surging of the sea. Ernest Roke.

Criminal Law and Lawyers.

Sir,—Mr. Pott is a professional feminist and suffragist. He believes in giving us his thoughts on that nominal (I fain would call it so) problem; but, whilst adding my vote of approbation to his clear and positive attack on the law, I do sincerely entreat him to offer us his reading of the solution. And I do so with all the more hope in view of the excellent advice he offered in his contribution of April 15. I beg him to have the many share those great feelings and impressions which he himself has tried to express so much ab one to endeavour to render them in adequate language. In either case the advice of "Presen-Day Criticism" is excellent. Let the young artist learn to stand strongly alone, "building up his power by practising in large and severe forms, fortifying his resolution by familiarity with the lives and works of great men." May we have the great and grand emotions; but we have to remain inarticulate poets, rejoicing when we come across beautiful renderings of them. Many do indeed think their feelings and their impressions ought to be converted into poetry in order to have it understood. But let them ask of you to spare the space necessary for quoting a few of the lines which then appeared: "The young artist who is virtuous will live for his art so that it may rank with the excellent. . . . One secret cause of feebleness among young artists is their neglect of solitude and meditation." The creative artist, it seems to me, is urged on by one of two motives, most often perhaps by the two intermingled. Either his feelings or impressions are so strong that they cannot remain pent up and inarticulate, but must become articulate to ease, as it were, their possessor; or a desire to have the many share those great feelings and impressions which he himself has tried to express so much ab one to. . . .

Wings of Desire.

Sir,—Circumstances really will prevent me from replying very much oftener to Miss M. P. Willcocks. However, this day, beset by a new load of fictional trash, I snatch a moment to inscribe my sublime opinion that I could never convince this lady novelist that I have really read her most flighty and boresome book but by praising it. I cannot praise it. I can only say it is the usual rubbish. So I think I had better pull my hat down higher. Your reviewer.

Circumstantial Evidence.

Sir,—A few days ago a taxicab driver was shot by his fare near Manchester. A couple of days after, when the description of the "wanted" man had been circulated, I went into a hairdressing saloon. "Aye," one assistant said to the other, "I've just met the man behind Mr. Pankhurst's terror. No one, I suppose, will class her as a criminal. She could only become tainted through herself. What do you think of such a one?" "He comes in here often; you'd know him if you was to see him; he's often knocking about." "Aye, a bit of a Gussie, I suppose. He's often knocking about." "Aye, a bit of a Gussie; likes holding his head up—with a glass in his hand; and when he's had one or two Johnny Walker's the eye seems to shine. But there's no disguising it—he is as it was."

"You don't think he thought this business was a joke?" "I wouldn't be surprised! I expect he was a bit balmier than usual; had no money to pay the fare and did it to do a gal." The shot man lies in a critical condition. It may be a murder charge yet.

Hannah Ashton.

Beatrice Hastings.
REMAINDERS.
Glaisher's May Catalogue of Selected Remainder Books,
NOW READY, POST FREE ON APPLICATION.
WILLIAM GLAISHER, Ltd., Booksellers, 265, High Holborn,
London, W.C., and at 14, George Street, Croydon.
N.B.—It is essential to send for List at once to obtain the best bargains.

THE NEW AGE.
NEW VOLUME.

Vol. X of THE NEW AGE is now ready, bound in linen with Index, and Illustrated and Literary Supplements.

It forms a contemporary history of Labour, Socialist, Social, Literary, Artistic and Dramatic movements.

A Permanent Work of Reference.

Price 8s. 6d.; post free 9s.
Abroad, post free, 10s.

THE NEW AGE PRESS, LIMITED,
38, Cursitor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements are inserted in this column at the following rates: Prepaid Rates:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Insert.</th>
<th>10s.</th>
<th>15s.</th>
<th>20s.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Inset.</td>
<td>1s.</td>
<td>1s.</td>
<td>1s.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10 words.</td>
<td>17s.</td>
<td>17s.</td>
<td>17s.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20 ins.</td>
<td>39s.</td>
<td>39s.</td>
<td>39s.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30 ins.</td>
<td>62s.</td>
<td>62s.</td>
<td>62s.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40 ins.</td>
<td>85s.</td>
<td>85s.</td>
<td>85s.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50 ins.</td>
<td>108s.</td>
<td>108s.</td>
<td>108s.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Trade advertisements are not inserted at these rates.

NEAR LONDON—Residence in Cottage offered in return for evening and week-end assistance and companionship. Season ticket 6s. per week—Embsay, 60 New Age, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.


FAIR PRICE Given for Old Gold, Silver, and Platinum, Old Coins, War Medals, Diamonds, Silver Plate, Jewellery, China, etc., AND ALL KINDS OF FOREIGN MONEYS Exchanged by MAUND & EACKERSON, 43, Lincoln Street, Liverpool.


DRAWING AND PAINTING.—SICKERT AND GOSSE, Rowland House, 140, Hampstead Road, N.W.

FREE SALVATION FOR ALL
By the Spirit of Revolution in ZION'S WORKS,
Vols. 1.—XXV. with Catalogues in Free Libraries.

OCCULTISM—Books on Higher Occultism sent free. Enquiries answered through the post.—VEGETARIAN, Warrington Hotel, Wellington College.

UNITARIANISM AND AFFIRMATIVE FAITH—"The Unitarian's Justification" (John Page Hopps); "Inexorable Punishment" (Dr. George Brockett); "Atonement" (Page Hopps); given post free.—MISS BARNES, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.