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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The late Mr. Biggar once adjured the House of Commons to remember that they were gentlemen first and patriots after. In the same strain, the still later Mr. Biggar once adjured the House that he was a citizen before a trade unionist. Last week he not only repeated his confession, in the form of urging the Trade Unions not to "override" the community (as if they showed any signs of it!), but to his genteel support there came that Triton among minnows, that other thorough little gentleman, Mr. H. G. Wells. Writing in the "Daily Mail" on Friday, Mr. Wells at last allowed us to see, as Goethe says in "Faust," the real shape of the poodle. People may be forgiven for having been in doubt concerning Mr. Wells' articles prior to the date of Computation, make-shift 'materials, inadequate accommodation and inelasticity—Trade Unions have a long history, proving that they are rooted in necessity, rest solidly in workmen's minds, and, above all, demonstrate from time to time power of expansion and power of creation. We recently enumerated some of the "ideals" which the working classes, by means of their Trade Unions, have developed—the Co-operative movement, Collective Bargaining, the Labour Party, etc., etc.; and we added that a new idea is at this moment forming within them, namely, the idea of Co-management with the State in industry, whereby the old guild feature of self-government will be restored in partnership with society at large. All these signs of vital activity, present no less than past, prove, in our opinion, that far from being temporary structures, Trade Unions are organic growths, rising naturally out of certain conditions of society and as naturally transforming themselves as conditions change. Whoever, therefore, would envisage the future of industrial organisation must take Trade Unions as an essential feature; Trade Unions modified, expanded and considerably changed, it is true, but Trade Unions nevertheless. In fact, it would be safe to say that the future of industry depends on the future of Trade Unions; and whoever can predict the future of the latter can at the same time predict the future of the former.

Nothing, certainly in current events, gives one the impression that Trade Unions are a temporary convenience and no more. So far from exhibiting the characteristics of a shelter-but on the road—hasty construction, make-shift materials, inadequate accommodation and indelicacy—Trade Unions have a long history, proving that they are rooted in necessity, rest solidly in workmen's minds, and, above all, demonstrate from time to time power of expansion and power of creation. We recently enumerated some of the "ideals" which the working classes, by means of their Trade Unions, have developed—the Co-operative movement, Collective Bargaining, the Labour Party, etc., etc.; and we added that a new idea is at this moment forming within them, namely, the idea of Co-management with the State in industry, whereby the old guild feature of self-government will be restored in partnership with society at large. All these signs of vital activity, present no less than past, prove, in our opinion, that far from being temporary structures, Trade Unions are organic growths, rising naturally out of certain conditions of society and as naturally transforming themselves as conditions change. Whoever, therefore, would envisage the future of industrial organisation must take Trade Unions as an essential feature; Trade Unions modified, expanded and considerably changed, it is true, but Trade Unions nevertheless. In fact, it would be safe to say that the future of industry depends on the future of Trade Unions; and whoever can predict the future of the latter can at the same time predict the future of the former.

It is supposed by Mr. Walsh and Mr. Wells that in some way or other Trade Unions are, or may be, inimical to citizenship. Thence comes their fear,
shared, we may say, by the "Daily Mail" and other stupid members of the employing classes, that Trade Unions are a pack of traitors to society, hold society up to ransom, and all the rest of it. But this, again, rests on the false assumption that in a capitalist State there are, or can be, any such entities as citizens. We deny that in a State constructed like ours there are any "citizens" at all. The people are no more citizens than England is a nation in the real sense of the word. Of the sum of interests held by various inhabitants of these islands, an insignificant part only is, or can be said to, be, common to us all. But it is that common part alone that makes a nation. The remaining mass of interests, being privately owned, or owned by one or other of the classes, is not national, but sectional. What, therefore, the Trade Union movement may be said to be attempting to do is to wage a class war—war, that is, on certain classes whose mere existence is evidence that as a nation England is not yet born. We regard the Labour war as of precisely the same character as a "war" carried on by chattel-slaves against their owners, or as a "war" carried on by native Indians or native Egyptians against foreign rulers. In the moral sense of the words, and in relation to industry, the English governing classes are a foreign race. They are not only a minoritv (five or forty millions), but their actual function is foreign and unfriendly to industry itself. In considering the relation to-day of the Trade Unionist to society and citizenship we must ask ourselves which of the two still contending "publics" the Trade Unionist must serve: the public consisting of the five million persons, who own everything, or the public consisting of the forty persons who own nothing. Of these two publics, undoubtedly the former is usually identified with the nation both by itself and by its own paid servants and voluntary claqueurs; and it is the "duty" of Trade Unions to this public that Mr. Wells and Mr. Walsh are preaching. "For it is as plain to us as the fall of Troy was to Cassandra that in the capitalist classes at this very moment a tremendous plot for the maintenance of the profiteering wage system is under experiment, and is in danger of succeeding. That plot necessitates for its success the satisfaction of the current ameliorative demands of the Labour Party as well as of the ameliorative demands made by Labour's superficial well-wishers; but it does not include any demand contrary to the organisation, Trade duty of abolishing this "public" altogether. It is the "public," not only of their masters, but of England's masters as well. Until this super-imposed and foreign public has been destroyed, not only will wage-earners not be free, but industry will not be free, England will not be free.

Assuming, however, that the three foreign classes of Rent, Interest and Profits have been abolished, would not Trade Unions then become superfluous in society? No longer necessitated by a class war, their existence might be presumed to be unnecessary. . . On the contrary, their existence would still be necessary in relation to the capitalist organisation of society. No one will deny that industry demands organisation of some kind; if not an organisation for the defence of its members, an organisation for the maintenance of its own standards, methods and traditions. Given even a Commonwealth of citizens, industry, however subordinate to citizenship, would, nevertheless, as industry require to be organised; and its organisation would certainly involve the organisation of those actually taking part in it. The fact that this organisation of personnel would be more concerned with preserving and extending the efficiency of the industry than with extending its personal rewards, would not alter its characteristic. A Trade Union existing as a society, hold original form as a Guild. In other words, the coming society will restore Trade Unions to their essential purpose, but it will not render them unnecessary. In no sense, therefore, either as present or as future condition of the society, can we say that Trade Unions have failed. The permanent forms of industrial organisation, now, it is true, militant and economically offensive; but under happier circumstances, industrially and nationally conservative, the membership of COLLECTIVE AGREEMENTS and the running out of the contracts, which does not take their continued existence, will not be, it cannot be true.

Our readers will find that the distinction between the two "publics" in England elucidates most of the so-called ethical problems of the Labour movement. As we have said, the two publics consist respectively of the exploiting classes, numbering some five million, and the exploited classes, numbering some forty millions. In every industrial dispute, nay, in nearly every dispute that is not academic, the parties are ranged and divided according to this classification. And in nearly every such dispute it is an industry which, and embodies an antagonism of interests. By their advantages, however, the exploiting minority have long ago seized most of the accredited organs of national expression in general; with the consequence that when the exploiting minority claim the right of nation, it is declared to be anti-national and anti-social. But the liability to be impressed and deceived by this claim on the part of the minority will disappear with the progress of political and economic power. It is rapidly being reduced at this moment, in fact; and in ten years' time will probably cease to exist effectively. Meanwhile, however, it is necessary to remember that the exploiting minority is itself internally divided; and the weakness resulting from that division cripples them for the moment. What may be their strength if and when the two sections of capitalists again unite, we can scarcely estimate; but, unless Labour becomes more intelligent as to how to organise itself, it will undoubtedly resume an unchallengable supremacy.

This is the crisis on which we have been writing during the last few months with ever-increasing anxiety. For it is as plain to us as the fall of Troy was to Cassandra that in the capitalist classes at this very moment a tremendous plot for the maintenance of the profiteering wage system is under experiment, and is in danger of succeeding. That plot necessitates for its success the satisfaction of the current ameliorative demands of the Labour Party as well as of the ameliorative demands made by Labour's superficial well-wishers; but it does not include any demand contrary to the organisation, Trade duty of abolishing this "public" altogether. It is the "public," not only of their masters, but of England's masters as well. Until this super-imposed and foreign public has been destroyed, not only will wage-earners not be free, but industry will not be free, England will not be free.

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We do not admit that these are merely speculative conclusions; they are conclusions based on actual experience. Moreover, they are conclusions on which the best minds amongst capitalists (including, of course, the Cabinet) are now engaged in planning their industrial and legislative campaign. With the exception of Mr. Hartshorn and the Eye-Witness (and the latter for objects not ours), no journal, unfortunately, has perceived the fatal drift of thought and absence of thought in the very scheme of a Servile State. The drift is there and rapidly carrying the country to spiritual catastrophe. Side by side with every new ameliorative regulation of industrial conditions, the Government produces an Act to make provision for the persons displaced by its system itself. The Poor Law system itself was the complement of the commercial system. Old Age Pensions was the complement of speeding up in industry. Factory inspection was balanced by the Employers' Liability Act. Factory sanitation is to be paid for by Compulsory Insurance. More plainly, perhaps, in education can we see the intention of the State to back up commercialism; for every educationist knows that the system of instruction in our elementary schools is more and more designed to produce efficient men and women and less and less designed to produce human and spiritual efficiency. This means no less than that capitalism has actually captured the whole machinery of public instruction and is deliberately using it for the purpose of turning out efficient wage-slaves. Again, we are not merely describing speculations, but facts known to every educationist in the land. Since Matthew Arnold tried a fall on behalf of real education with the commercialists of his day, backed by some of the educationists, as the tropical engineer, Mr. Herbert Spencer—and was defeated, practically no educationist has had the heart to attempt to stay the transformation of our elementary schools into schools of wage-labour. As schools of wage-labour they exist to-day, with scarcely a voice raised against them. And in the besotted report by Mr. Pease in Parliament last week on the work of our educational authorities during the past year, you will look in vain for one little word of protest against the villainous system now swinging merrily along. Worse even than that, the chorus of praise that followed his report was weighted by the gratitude of a member of the Labour Party, Mr. Goldstone, who himself has been an elementary teacher and presumably knows the intention of the system. When the slaves themselves consent to having their eyes put out so that they may turn the commercial mill more contentedly, what can mere observers like ourselves do? We can only repeat and repeat our warnings in the hope that sooner or later our readers will make them known.

One or two incidents connected with the Dock Strike are worth noting, if only for future reference. Speaking in the House of Commons on Wednesday, Mr. J. R. MacDonald remarked that an agreement come to between a federation of employers and a union of men must be "a business proposition" and drafted "to enable the trade union to recognize the capitalist employer." Further than this, he said that "they all wanted to see the dispute settled and with a promise of losing security." We can well understand an employers' representative making these remarks, but if we had been a labour representative we should have felt aghast at a chairman uttering this treachery we should have felt murderous. What concern is it of Mr. MacDonald's whether employers make a profit or not? Nor is it any concern of his to relieve the employing class of the inconvenience of strikes. Strikes, we do not deny, are injurious to the strikers themselves, but so are all battles in defence of rights. Mr. MacDonald, presumably, would not advise a besieged city to surrender on the grounds that the fighting citizens might catch cold;
why should he always advise strikers to surrender at the earliest possible moment? Greater things than the comfort of the present generation of working-men are at stake in the present strike campaign. It is quite possible that, before the present strike campaign, the wage-earners will have achieved nothing. Let wage-earners simply content themselves with making the present system unworkable, refuse to suggest or to approve any means of maintaining it, and throw the whole onus of its maintenance on those who profit by it. A universal call to war with capitalists, even the most friendly, should be absolutely barred.

We are informed by the "Daily News" that the King is taking a great interest in the strikes, and that the industrial unrest generally. But his interest, we are told, is still very imperial; his past attitude is not for either side, but for the restoration of industry to its normal condition. If this report of the King's attitude is correct, we can only regret it, for an impartial position in relation to the struggle between wage-slaves and wage-masters is inhuman, and, in any event, the restoration of industry to its normal is impossible. We have quite enough people in the boxes impartially watching the struggle with a view to their own personal interest, and the King to add his number to them.

As the technical Crown under oath to accept the advice of his Ministers, he is, of course, powerless; but as a man who once ventured to tell England to "wake up," his personal responsibility begins when the Crown is laid down, whether with him or without him. Industry will never again resume its old unchallenged forms. Slavery or freedom is the issue now being fought out. If capitalism wins, the wage system will be gilded. If Labour wins the wage system will be destroyed.

THE SOLICITOR.

Although the Law shall now inspire my song,
Yet Justice drives my coupled lines along,
Justice who bids me analyse that stench
Of just the most they'll give, the least they'll take.

That reeks alike to lawyer, Bar, and Bench;
No name, of course, for it is scarce the vogue
To call a spade a spade, a rogue a rogue,
That reeks alike to lawyer, Bar, and Bench.

To whom of the wage-subjects (as, indeed, upon a foreign nation also) it must manoeuvre for an initial moral advantage. We are grown so civilised nowadays that an unprovoked war or a deliberately provoked war is regarded as barbaric, and subtler methods of provocation are therefore necessary. The stupid section of the employers, however, is not civilised enough to appreciate this. More than one of the Port employers has privately done his best to stir up riots among the strikers in the hope that the Government would then be compelled to intervene with the military. But for the present the Government and the more intelligent employers are not to be drawn. For a sectional strike the game of forcible repression is not worth the candle. Mr. McKenna may, therefore, be scolded by the capitalist Press, but he will not, as the "Pall Mall Gazette" darkly hinted, be dismissed. Mr. McKenna can still be relied upon when the pinch does come.

The debate and, still more, the Press and club and country-house discussion on Mr. McKenna's refusal to police a load of blacklegs into the strike dockers reveal the expectation confidently indulged in by the employing classes that, when the pinch came, the Government would support them with all its forces. So it will, and let there be no mistake about it. But, in the opinion of the Government, the pinch has not come yet.

To convey a shipload of strike-breakers into the London docks at this moment would assuredly be to provoke publicly and wantonly the strikers' retaliation, and in the mind of the public such retaliation would be justified; in other words, it could not be fairly suppressed by the Government without raising protests. In this instance the Government has shown itself more far-sighted than the loud section of the employers. These latter are not as yet aware that before a Government can declare open war on its wage-subjects (as, indeed, upon a foreign nation also) it must manoeuvre for an initial moral advantage.

The distinction between Compulsory Arbitration and the Arbitration Scheme accepted by the dockers—of course, with Mr. MacDonald's emphatic approval—is finer than we can see. If the men's unions are prepared to give a money guarantee of keeping their props or even consent to them should be the wage-
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

All things considered, I believe the triumph of the Catholic party in the Belgian elections to be due to the revival in religion, of which we have recently seen symptoms in France. The struggle, as usual, lies between the agricultural elements on the one hand and the industrial elements on the other. In Belgium, as in so many other countries, faith and tradition last longer in the country than in the towns, the industrial classes in the towns showing an almost instinctive desire to break with tradition and a tendency to become atheistic in matters of belief and "advanced" in politics —this latter expression being applied to the people who support Radical or Socialist candidates for Parliament that in their turn support indirectly the "Liberals," who so well represent the middle-classes against which the working-classes are supposed to be protesting.

Internal bickerings over education do not concern us. Religious education, of course, always means a well-disciplined people, and to this extent it is advisable that the clericals should continue as they have begun. The point is whether they will pay proper attention to the problem of Belgium's defence, which has been neglected to a scandalous degree for years. What is to be the attitude of the new Government towards the Flushing fortifications question? What will the Cabinet decide regarding universal service? It is the Belgians themselves who must solve these problems; it is the Belgians themselves who must solve them.

The scene in the Hungarian Chamber, when Count Tisza was fired at by a Deputy, and the attempt on the life of the Ban of Croatia at Agram are two events that indicate the suffocating absence of the unsettled state of Hungary. It is urged that the methods of government have for a long time been too arbitrary. This, however, is not a fault in itself. Arbitrary methods are successful when they are accompanied with intelligence, but they are invariably unsuccessful when accompanied with stupidity. The decline of Toryism in this country, while not a perfect analogy, bears, at all events, some resemblance to the decline of authority in Hungary. It is urged that the methods of government regarding universal service; Foreign critics can do no more than point out the urgency of these problems; it is the Belgians themselves who must solve them.

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While on a German subject, I may refer, in the absence of any definite news, to what appears to have been a rather interesting lecture delivered by Professor Wilhelm Passlowski in Berlin last week. "The Sunday Times" reports it sufficiently well. The professor lectured on the character of his countrymen :-

He admits that German militarism and bureaucracy stifle independence and make the individual a machine, but at the same time he sees in the spirit of subjection to Governmental direction a superiority of the German people over others, and it is seen in the desire for great success in military affairs and in State and city administration. "In his inner life the German strives for freedom; he will not allow the worth of his person to be stunted; here he builds his own world; here he allows no encroachment and no guardianship; here he is his own master." One notices a comparatively imperceptible, fantastical, awkward and obstinate element in the German character, with its contempt for exterior form, and its bluntness and rudeness in behaviour arising from the impulse to assert its own individuality —he listens to the inner voice and forgets to think of the impression his actions may make on those who think and feel otherwise. There is no restless striving after external success, no chase for the tangible financial prizes and gains, devastating heart and spirit. The German scholar, artist, farmer and artisan have higher aims than financial reward and official preferment, . . . each labours to express an ideal.

It is quite a good touch to say that the German listens to the inner voice and forgets to think of the impression he may produce. All undeveloped characters do this, and the same result applies, for even applied linguists. Clever English talkers, for instance, or men of profound knowledge, or scholars, who have only a slight knowledge of, say, French for conversational purposes, do themselves much less justice with their capacity for speaking in a foreign language than their knowledge, however small, might lead us to expect. They cannot, it is obvious, think at once of what they are going to say and how they are going to say it. Until such people learn enough of the language to speak it, as schoolmasters say, "naturally," they will look stupid. But this scholastic use of the word "naturally" means simply "unconsciously"—nothing is done really well until it is done without a conscious effort.

Although we must go to art for perfect examples of this psychological axiom, we can, I think, apply it diplomatically also. The German diplomatist does not as a rule set about his work properly. He has not yet learnt to do it "unconsciously," and in his "Anstrengungen" or "strivings" we can generally tell beforehand what game he is thinking of playing, what move he is going to make. Not even Baron Marschall, when at Constantinople, can tell about his work with sufficient "unconsciousness," and the fact that he succeeded there so well is a testimony to the stupidity of the Ministers he had to oppose rather than to his own talents.

Now, in this respect I think that the German character is not improving. The perfect spiritual state which I have endeavoured to indicate rather than describe is brought about only by long tradition and quality-breeding rather than quantity-breeding, if these compounds will allow me to paraphrase myself. The German character was forced to break with tradition when the scattered States became an Empire. Each State had been developing its own characteristics for centuries previously; but for forty years the "Empire," having taken the place of the States fused together, has been a rather interesting point. It is a factor connected with moral values, and, therefore, difficult to judge. I will express my观点 by saying that the downfall of the German States meant the downfall of the primitive German character, and that this will at some time in the distant future mean the downfall of the German people. The German Empire is a political expression; it is not an entity.
Democracy and the Wage System.

II.

The prevailing conception of democracy suffers from a fatal defect: it assumes that the universal suffrage spells equality, admittedly the basis of democracy. Therefore, so runs the argument, if every man has the vote, every citizen, be equal with other citizens, and if the electorate chooses to maintain the existing order of society, then it follows that society is democratised. In short, that the ballot paper of the master is no different from that of the wage slave. This is so enticing that Mr. Andrew Carnegie, of Homestead near Pittsburgh, Pa., wrote "Triumphant Democracy." (Incidentally, he wrote it before the Homestead massacre.) But the argument ignores the conditions precedent to the casting of the vote—and it is those conditions that settle the question whether our democracy is social, that is real, or whether it is a political abstraction. In the course of our inquiry into the wage system we have discovered that economic power must precede political power; also, that the wage system is the negation of democracy. If, therefore, in the social structure of the nation, we find that the majority of the voters, or citizens, possess political power without any corresponding economic power, it is evident that real control must rest with those who are economically strong enough to impose their will. Ex hypothesi, it becomes evident that the struggle for social democracy must be fought out in the economic and not in the political province. But, inasmuch as the wage system nullifies social democracy, it is clear that the struggle for economic power can only be waged on equal terms after the wage system has been destroyed. The political issue from these facts is that in the abolition of the wage system, Socialists, democrats and trade unionists meet on common ground and are faced by a common enemy.

We have seen that the existence of two main divisions of society (however subdivided)—the possessing classes and the wage-earners—creates two types of citizenship, the active and the passive, which accurately respond to the power, qualities and psychology of the two economic divisions. Vote or no vote, what actually weights in society is the power to exploit. "Money talks" is the way this truth is phrased in democratic America. In that austere republic no pretense is made that the wage-earners are entitled to any consideration. The determining factor is Wall Street and not the American Federation of Labour. Indeed, Mr. Samuel Gompers, the head of that important Labour organisation, has only just escaped twelve months' imprisonment for upholding the elementary rights of trade unionism. But the passive quality of the wage-earners' citizenship is seen more clearly in New Zealand, a British Colony famous for its "Socialistic" experiments. Was not the late Richard Seddon the democrat and Socialist par excellence? Did he not receive a royal welcome by the Fabian Society when he came to London? If anywhere, then, our theory of active and passive citizenship should receive its quietus in New Zealand. The law allows it and the Court awards it. Thus, "so long as he did the counting, the employee must conform to that condition." It is as clear to the owners of land and of other forms of property, and the condition of the landless and propertyless wage-earners has not been much improved. Another writer, Mr. Clark remarks: The general welfare of the working classes in Australasia does not differ widely from that in the United States. . . . There appears to be as much poverty in the cities of New Zealand as in the cities of the same size in the United States, and as many people of large wealth. . . . In other words, democracy is as illusory in this young colony as it is in America or Great Britain. And, of course, for the same reason: the wage system is common to all. It is certainly a striking instance of active and passive citizenship co-operating in a political democracy.

We know how Labourism swept New Zealand under Seddon. We now know that Labourism, built upon the acceptance of the wage-system, produces with practicality a variation active and passive citizenship. It is the same in Australia, where a Labour Government is actually in office but not in power. Let us quote C. E. Russell:

"Hence, also, the Labour administration has been very careful not to offend interests... Indeed, it is far from controlling... The active citizens may as truly say that they care how the people voted so long as he did the counting. The active citizens may as truly say that they don't much mind if passive citizenship becomes a parliamentary majority, so long as it remains passive by entanglement in the wage system.

Politics is largely a questiion of psychology. Economic subjugation brings in its train certain definite psychological results, which, in their turn, colour and dominate politics. Now the lesson to be learnt from Australia and New Zealand is plainly this: That political power cannot be transmuted into economic power. It is as impossible a transformation as to turn a sow's ear into a silk purse. If the saw's ear none the less contains that it is actually a silk purse and "puts on airs according," it nevertheless remains a sow's ear. There is a familiar axiom in Euclid to the same effect. With the examples before us of every nation that he has been in, it is a high time that we ceased to believe in the claims of the politicians to be our economic arbiters? Is it not abundantly clear that a community, four-fifths of which is rendered servile by the wage system, cannot possibly slough off the psychology of servitude and claim to be a community of free men politically whilst remaining servile economically? Thus we discover that the distinction between active and passive citizenship is one of substantive rights against their interests? The wage system exists the same psychological phenomena appear. There is absolutely no exception to the rule.

Now the principle of activity is life; of passivity, absence of life, inertia—in the spiritual sense, death. Then, how does the wage system produce social insurrection and spiritual death? Let us remind our readers that the classical economists as well as the employers regard
labour as a commodity. Thus, if John Smith engages to work for wages for William Brown, the two parties to the contract have a totally different conception of the spiritual values of the transaction. Brown buys what he regards as a commodity; but Smith sells something that is more of a commodity—he sells his life. But just as you cannot eat your cake and have it, so you cannot sell your life and yet retain it. Brown has Smith in his pocket because Smith's life is in Smith's labour, in Smith's life, having gone into the labour, leaves Smith inert, lifeless, spiritually dead. Whatever the politicians may tell him, he is inevitably a passive citizen because, in the guise of a commodity, he has sold his life. Every week he sells it; every week he and his family must live on what he is capable of selling for his own soul, but has Smith's in addition. Smith's life enters into Brown at breakfast, lunch and dinner. The price that Labour pays for enduring the wage system is its own soul; the political sequel is passive or subdued citizenship. And even though the Smiths sit on the Treasury Bench and put on the airs of the master, they cannot escape from their economic subjugation, with Smith's life in Brown's pocket and sacri- 
ificent is the root of the matter. The present system belongs to the island, they devote many 

The Problem of Malta.

The Malta Royal Commission Report.

The Report of the Royal Commission on the Finances, Economic Position, and Judicial Procedure of Malta has just been presented to Parliament, and its issue happily synchronises with the momentous Imperial conversations which have taken place in the famous Mediterranean island. The present system belongs to the island, they devote many 

The Commissioners admit that hitherto property has escaped its fair contribution towards the cost of government. There are no rates in Malta. There is no tax on income, houses, or land. There are no legacy or succession duties, or any equivalent. It is known to have many wealthy people, and the Commissioners accept the current gossip that a Maltese banker died recently leaving an estate valued at £1,000,000. It is true that the Commissioners recommend that "statistics should be collected with a view to the imposition of house tax and succession duty," but a mere hint will not carry far. The Commissioners seem to be helpless without a sufficiency of "statistics."

In short, the report is distinctly weak. There is no attempt to deal boldly with the known difficulties, to recommend the entire abolition of the bread tax, which presses so heavily upon "our poorer subjects," to fix and equitably distribute direct taxation, and to guarantee a very possible deficit during the period of transi-

The report is more conspicuous by what it does not say rather than by what it does. Nothing is said concerning the impotence and stagnation of the Local Government. We are not told that seven of the eight elected members, recognising the helplessness of their position, have refused to take their seats. The nominated majority in the local Legislature is practically dominated by the Military and Civil Service element, and all the suggestions of the Commissioners, and many more, known as only the Maltese themselves can know them, have been proposed time after time and promptly shelved.

The problem of local government is deserving the close attention of all who wish Malta well. It is the root of the matter. The present system belongs to the Middle Ages. There is an antiquated commercial code awaiting revision. It is said that not one amendment has been made these sixty years! It is in the reform of its local government that Malta's hope of salvation lies, and the Commissioners have lost a golden opportunity of rendering effective service to the island. What Malta really wants is a local government popularly elected and entrusted with larger legislative and administrative powers. This would attract the best men representative of the commercial and other interests, encourage local pride, and provide the impetus and enthusiasm necessary for the development of Malta's still unrivalled commercial position in the Mediterranean.

The Commissioners have made one recommendation which is already well known to all the Maltese. Rumours of it have been flying among them for some time. A paragraph in their report, the Commissioners rightly declare that "the Maltese are much attached to their native islands, and seldom emigrate...." The Commissioners, it is evident, are dissatisfied with their attempt to solve the economic problems of the island, they devote many paragraphs to the consideration of California and Brazil as fields for Maltese emigration. Certainly some Maltese have gone to these lands, but not willingly, and only in special circumstances. The Maltese have
not the colonising instinct—they cling to Malta and the Mediterranean littoral. They now believe the Imperial Government desires their wholesale transportation! The suggestion is ill-timed, and a marked confession of weakness.

In spite of the Royal Commission Report, the real problem of Malta remains. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Churchill should now know something of the domestic state of Malta. The people do not want to be wholly dependent upon the ebb and flow of armaments. The Imperial Government cannot evade its responsibility, in the matter, and for the sake of a most deserving little country and people, it is much to be desired that the report of the Royal Commission will be made an opportunity for Parliament to insist that the internal affairs of Malta shall be placed upon a more enduring basis. As it stands, the report savours more of a sub-committee of the Tariff Reform League than a presentment to a Liberal and presumably progressive Government.

C. L.

Cui Bono?

By Alfred E. Randall.

The Government Bill for the segregation of the feeble-minded, unlike that promoted by the Eugenics Mission, may be paid such salaries as the Secretary of State, with the consent of the Treasury, may determine. Social reform is a dust-heap, and to get themselves into a Committee of Public Safety are necessarily dissatisfied that nothing but success under the present system is profitable experiments on a female who cannot manage her affairs with ordinary prudence.

Of such are the professional social reformers. They bring to bear on social matters neither philosophy, science, invention, nor common reason; their device is always to make a dust-heap, and to get themselves appointed as its guardians. There is not one line in this Bill that authorises the spending of one halfpenny, 

(1) of competing on equal terms with their normal fellows; or 
(2) of managing themselves and their affairs with ordinary prudence.

Of such are the professional social reformers. They bring to bear on social matters neither philosophy, science, invention, nor common reason; their device is always to make a dust-heap, and to get themselves appointed as its guardians. There is not one line in this Bill that authorises the spending of one halfpenny.

Apart from the abuse to which this definition, feeble-mindedness is peculiarly liable, not even the local education authority is bound to accept the doctor's decision. "Nothing in this section shall prevent an order being made, notwithstanding that the person to whom the petition relates does not appear to the judicial authority to belong to the class of defectives alleged to belong, if the judicial authority is satisfied that he is a defective." We are to expect not diagnosis and prescription, but prosecution and imprisonment, of even the other relieving officer, district medical officer of any Poor Law union, medical officer of health, and constable who has reason to believe that any person is a defective within the meaning of this Act to notify the case to the local authority. The procedure in most cases will be this: a constable "finds a person whom he has reasonable cause to believe to be a defective wandering about, or neglected, or cruelly treated," and he will take him to a place of safety, there to be detained until a petition can be presented. A "place of safety" means any workhouse or police station, any institution for defectives, any place of detention, any hospital, surgery, or other suitable place which will receive the person. In practice, the plan will be arrested. A petition will be presented to the magistrate, accompanied by two medical certificates; or, if the alleged defective refuses to submit to medical examination, by a statement to that effect and a statutory declaration signed by the petitioner and one other person, the case may be heard in private by the magistrate so chooses and an order made for the incarceration of the alleged defective; for, of course, although a doctor's diagnosis might be wrong, a constable cannot make a mistake.

The detective powers of this Bill are scattered broadcast. If a person is being tried for any offence, other than homicide, the case may be adjourned pending a medical report; and any order by this Court will have the same effect as one made by a judicial authority on a petition. Nor is a person safe in prison, whether under sentence or on commitment for trial, or on remand, or in a criminal lunatic asylum, or in an inebriate reformatory, or in a reformatory or an industrial school, or in a place of detention if the Secretary of State is notified by two medical practitioners that the person ought to be somewhere else. Even the local education authority is pressed into the service, and must smell out the defectives under the age of sixteen and notify them to the local authorities.

The consequences of this conversion of the nation into a Committee of Public Safety are necessarily disastrous to liberty. Anybody may be certain that another person is a defective and so that effect, but if he is equally certain that a person is sane, and assists him to escape from detention, he may be fined twenty pounds, or suffer three months' imprisonment with or without hard labour. No civil or criminal action shall lie against a person who thinks that he can discover mental deficiency; but woe betide him if he dares to discover sanity. If he dares to back his opinion to the extent of marrying the person he and all who assist him may be imprisoned for two years. He tries his utmost to segregate people than to call in the most proficient brain specialists; but the community at
large will not bear the whole cost of such action. Parliament will contribute not more than £150,000 a year; local authorities may raise a rate; but the certified defective, or any person liable to maintain him, will be compelled to contribute to the expenses of his detention such a sum as seems to be reasonable—to the judicial authorising class will be compelled to pay for the loss of its own liberty, will actually be compelled to contribute to a scheme that will provide opportunities for every petty tyrant. When we reflect that the consequences of a marriage between a specifically feeble-minded person and a healthy person can never be predicted, we see on how slight a biological foundation a new tyranny may be built. In the ideal sense of the word, no Act of Parliament can be Eugenic in its action; it can only give occasion if all sorts of officious bussybodies to play catspaw to the capitalists.

John Bull's Donkey.

J. B.: Hold, there, good folk; my ass has fallen in the ditch! Just lend me a hand to get him out. He's got all your packs on his back, and I can't hold him much longer.

H. G. WELLS: Why, I'm right here on the spot. I didn't see you, sir. Beg your pardon, I'm sure, and thanks very much for coming to help. But he's a very large ass!

J. B.: Hold on while he thinks. As if I dare let go! G. H. W.: By George, here's that tiresome chap Lord Hugh Cecil coming! He'll disturb me just when I'm in full construction.

LORD HUGH CECIL: St. Francis! an ass in the ditch. John, my friend, here's evidently a case for co-partnership, eh, what?

J. B.: Thank you, sir! If you'll just take hold here where I tell you—

LORD H. C.: Pirrom! This comes of educating the populace. John, my man, what is wanted is some sort of co-action which will not disturb the foundations of our existing positions! Confound him, here's that fellow Seebom Endersbee, the Quaker! I fear he may fill this ass with folly. ROWNTREE: Poor friend ass! In a ditch? I will send thee a stick of the chocolate thou carriest on thy back.

J. B.: Well, that's something, even if it is not what we want. Will you give me a hand, sir?

ROWNTREE: Oh, as to that, I must say dogmatically that co-partnership would never do. If thou hast any such notion, I have not. I fear thou wouldst next demand one to bear thy ass's burden, seeing his legs be stiff with kneeling so long. Thou mightest desire me to carry thy own chocolate. J. B.: I never said so. But I shall certainly have to unload him a bit and carry a pack myself.

ROWNTREE: Ah, I thought so. And perhaps later, after all the others—landlords, railway directors, mine-owners, and so on—have taken their packs off his back—and I am dead—I'll discuss the question. Meanwhile, are we as a people large-minded enough to give unselshiness a trial? Are not the Church and clergy to blame for all?

H. G. WELLS: I've got it! Heroism and a generous devotion to the common good!

ROWNTREE: Really, friend? GEOFFREY DRAKE: Where there is no vision the people perish! My word, an ass deliberately down in a ditch? Well, can't you see he's weak from underfeeding? I saw an ass in a ditch, and I said to myself, the bigger the better. The Quaker! The devil you have! I've got it! Co-partnership. Where there is no vision the people perish. John, my man, what is wanted is some sort of Co-action which will not disturb the foundations of our existing positions! Lord Hugh Cecil coming! He'll disturb me just when I'm in full construction. I'm an expert and know exactly how much food per ass is distributed. If you would only leave off jogging his head and agitating him, he'd lie perfectly quiet. And you must leave offagitating him. There's ever so much to do. At this very moment I'm working up for a Royal Commission, of which I shall be the president, to find out exactly how much food per ass is distributed. By that time—

J. B.: Come up, then! Come up, old feller. Ah, two more tries like that—if we only had someone to help us!

PROF. A.: Agitator! H. G. W.: I've got it—Co-partnership. LORD H. C.: The devil you have! BISHOP WELDON: I see Mr. Wells, do I not? Are not you he who recently discovered the new-born spirit of the world? I thought I remembered correctly. Of course, you know, your discovery is not very novel. In fact, I myself had already discovered the new spirit. But now we must all help one another—we shall have to help one another, for the new spirit is, as you say it, put it, a passion for equality. We are all in love with equality. But what have we here—an ass fallen within a ditch? How history repeats itself!

J. B. (loudly): Aren't any of you gentlemen going to give me a hand?

BISHOP W.: Dear, dear, how very peremptory! Intimidation will never do. What did I say no more
remotely than yesterday? Intimidation cannot be condoned because it may seem that it tends to bring about soon or late, soon or late, soon or late, soon or late, in the evolution of the fallen ass.

And here comes my friend, the Headmaster of Dulwich College, Mr. Gilkes. He will certainly have something opposite to remark.

Mr. Gilkes: The Government must instantly remove this ditch. If they do not, this irritated ass will kick us all to death when he gets out, and thus invert the true principle of life which ordains that ass shall not be as good as his master. Myself, as a Conservative, I would allow a proportion of—

Bishop W.: Hear, hear!

H. G. W.: I've got it! Proportional Representation!

Frederic Harrison: More than eighty years of age, I have seen many asses in ditches, and I look as keenly as ever for an entire regeneration of the ditch system.

But I am not a Socialist. A general strike is Anarchy. What we want is a new social, moral, and religious reformation. Sixty years ago I said that. My good ass, don't make such a noise. I can't hear myself speak.

Mr. Barnes: Offer him a legal minimum—

Sydney Low: Sorry, can't stop. He wants more of the good things of life. Offer him a motor-car.

J. R. MacDonald: Only an ass can help an ass. Make room, make room.

J. B.: I can't catch hold of his.

J. R. M.: Wait a moment. I'll just run and fetch forty more asses I know, and then we'll get him out, grab all the packs, share up round, and set him to work again.

Not a word! Or, if one, let it be "State."

Mr. Pemberton Reeves: Won't he come out? Then there's nothing for him but Compulsory Arbitration. I'll go and draw up a Bill.

V. R. H.: I'm going with the poor ass. He's as good as gold. All—he-wants—is—asse. He looks—eh?

Englishman: So am I. And now that you've all given us your opinions about this ass, I'm turned on to get things level again. Giving you all a poor ass. He's as good as gold. All—he-wants—is—asse. He looks—eh?

John Bull, if you imagine any good of him. Mr. space is one thing, but we don't intend to let you until we've taught him who's who.

Wells: Brilliant, important, courageous series of articles on the good things of life.

With all the good things of life.

We should all be able to pass passionately through every form of industry, we should—

We should all be able to be everybody and everywhere at will. We should all be able to work again. Or, if one, let it be paid to the moral and physical well-being of the humanitarian and cosmopolitan. Greater attention will be paid to the moral and physical well-being of the suffering masses.

Wells: The world will become increasingly humanitarian and cosmopolitan. Greater attention will be paid to the moral and physical well-being of the suffering masses. War between civilised nations will cease: we shall have "a parliament of man, a federation of the world."

Religion is dead: you can't go against the facts of science, can you? The realm of science will be the man of the future, and he will be credit to the classic more than Pagan infallibility. Art? Well, I'm afraid art will step more and more into the background. Such art as there is will continue to be a growing revolt against traditions and conventions, until it ceases to bear any relation to life, becomes the pastime of a few obscure coteries, and finally dies of inanition

Thus our Intelligent Observer—and (as regards England, at any rate) few would have dared to say him nay. Yet if Providence has spared him to this year of grace 1932, he has lived to see nearly all his predictions falsified. Liberalism, and, in fact, the whole of our party machine, with its bolstering-up of capitalism and its legal pills to stop labour earthquakes, is gradually losing ground. Aristocracy in its highest sense—the patriarchial guiding of the many by the few who are "best"—has been championed by one of the most potent intellectual forces of our time, Friedrich Nietzsche.

(Here it may be remarked that Nietzscheanism and Socialism, antagonistic as they are in method and outlook, ultimately tend towards the same goal—the removal of our present blind, wasteful struggle for existence.)

The doom of commercial profiteering is foretold, and the wage-system denounced as barbarous and unnecessary, by most of the real thinkers of the day. Armaments are increasing, and the ideal of universal peace seems as far off as ever. We have seen a startling revival of religion, even in its more medieval aspect, and an increasing tendency to question the doctrine of men of science in general, and of the theory of evolution in particular. In art alone there seems some prospect that our friend's forebodings will prove true.

Yet in that brilliant young Nietzschean, Mr. Kennedy, we have a critic who sees hope for Art, if she can turn her back on romantic traditions and revert to the classic models of Greece and Rome.

Mr. Kennedy has not attempted a complete history of the English literature of the period. He tries to follow up throughout a definite point of view, and he only chooses such authors as fit in with his scheme. That point of view, derived in its main principles from the teaching of Nietzsche, may be defined as intellectual Toryism. The Nietzschean or intellectual Tory is essentially aristocratic, Catholic and classical, and must, therefore, set his face against the three main currents of nineteenth-century English life—democracy, Puritanism and romanticism. Democracy, our intellectu-

*"English Literature, 1850-1905." J. M. Kennedy. (Stephen Swift. 7s. 6d. net.)
tual Tory would say, has merely produced the greatest unhappiness of the greatest number. The real master of the situation is a soulless bourgeois, while the hungry sheep look up to the professional politician and are not fed. Puritanism is to him the parent of restlessness and ugliness, responsible for our sects and our slums. Nietzsche's attack on Christianity was essentially an attack on Protestantism: his sympathies are all with the therapeutic, and he considers the Church of Rome, with its hierarchical system, its hostility to popular education, and many other points, presents some strikingly Nietzschean features. Romanticism has led, not to the gradual sterilisation of art, but to the present unsatisfactory status of woman, with all its evil effect upon the race. The feminist movement is the result partly of woman's being placed on a pedestal, partly of her protest against the strain of preserving that fiction.

Seeing that Mr. Kennedy starts from such premises, and that he is dealing with English literature—Nietzsche clasped Englishmen with grocers, cows and women, in his famous catalogue of democrats—it is not surprising that his introduction takes a somewhat melancholy view of the period. Its writers 'were caught in a torrent of materialism, atheism, idealism and romanticism.' The principal men of letters with whom he deals are Wilde, Syme, Gissing, Davidson, Shaw, Wells, and Yeats, and only in the first five named does he see any tendency to approach the classical ideal. What, then, is the definition of the classicist as opposed to the romanticist?

While the romanticist shrinks from reality, is afraid of reality, convicts reality with an exaggerated idealistic halo, the classicist faces reality and deals with it as the sculptor fashions his marble or the potter handles his clay—in other words, he re-creates reality.

Realism tempered by selection—that is the keynote of classicism. Hence, as Mr. Kennedy acutely points out the failure of Zola and his school. Zola cannot select "he is overpowered by reality." He adds, with equal acuteness, that Mr. Shaw "endeavours to do for the spirit what what Zola has done for the physical world." In other words, both writers are romantic realists.

All this is thoroughly sound. It is when we leave the introduction and come to the body of the book that we come to see the extreme difficulty of the task which Mr. Kennedy has set himself. If Mr. Kennedy wished to maintain a consistently Nietzschean attitude, he would have to be as one-sided a literary critic as Nietzsche was himself—a difficult task, considering his ethical and social prepossessions. His verdicts on Dante and Milton are simply criminal. Dante he calls "the hyena that writes poetry in tombs," and Milton he ranks with a third-rate German versifier, Klostock, author of an unreadable "Messias." The reason is, of course, that Nietzsche could not sympathise with an artist who was also a Christian. Mr. Kennedy knows that Dante and Milton were great artists. He knows that the appeal of poetry lies largely in its power of calling up visions of beauty, and also in its sheer word-music: and that this power is quite irrespective of the fact whether the poet professes Christianity or Mumbo-Jumbo worship. All poetry, and all the more elaborate, half-legendary literature—of which his ethical and social prepossessions are accused—appeal largely to the emotions. And when emotion comes in at the door, distinctions between romanticism and classicism are apt to fly out by the window.

Thus one cannot help but admit that Mr. Kennedy, with all his wide knowledge, his keen judgment, his persuasive force of argument, and his power of apt quotation, has to a certain extent failed. He has failed just because he is far too good a judge of literature to keep his emotions in check, and because his Nietzscheanism does not dominate his whole outlook. He realises the essentially uncritical, nay, anti-critical, tendencies of the Celtic School; yet, as a lover of poetry, he very properly cannot confine his attention to the finest works of Mr. Yeats, whose "Innisfree" is certainly one of the most beautiful lyrics in our language. He appreciates the grace of style, the descriptive ability, the revolt from Anglo-Saxon blindness to beauty, and the easy, not too insistent, humour that characterises the work of Henry Harland. Yet, as Mr. Kennedy himself hints, Harland is no romantic of the romantics: strip "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" or "The Lady Paramount" of the above qualities, and you have the feeblest of "Family Herald" novelettes. These novels are not even on distant nodding terms with reality: they are the children of the controversialist, the harassed by his Nietzscheanism strip "The New Machiavelli," and in his recent "Daily Mail" articles) he is confounding both with Nietzscheanism and Socialism. In Gissing, with his hatred of the bourgeois, his distrust of Christianity and modern "science," his intense admiration for classical culture, Mr. Kennedy sees the Nietzschean novelist. Only, as he points out, Gissing underrates the importance of the sex instinct. Davidson was directly influenced by the teaching of Nietzsche, and Mr. Kennedy gives an excellent appraisement of the art of this most "classical" poet of our time. In calling Mr. Davidson "the only honest atheist of his age," Mr. Kennedy throws a flashlight, not only on Davidson, but on the age.

There remains a more important question than any hitherto raised. Is Mr. Kennedy's scheme for the future of art feasible? Can we revert to the purely classical models? We have still many valuable lessons to learn from the classics, yet the answer to Mr. Kennedy's question is more than doubtful. We should have to recapture, not merely the form, but the spirit of an epoch widely different from ours. Even as regards the form there are many difficulties. Our modern, less inflected, less compact tongues, simply cannot attain those wonderful, clear-cut, cameo-like effects of the greatest ancient writers. Language has become widened and loosened. Nietzsche says of the Odes of Horace: "This mosaic of words, in which every unit spreads its power to the left and to the right over the whole, by the power of its place—of its essential number by its meaning, this minimum in the compass and number of signs, and the maximum of energy in the signs which is thereby achieved—all this is Roman, and, if you will believe me, noble, par excellence." ("Twilight of the Idols," p. 113, Mr. Ludovici's translation.) No better verdict on Horace was ever penned: but it is equally true that the special qualities of Latin greatly helped Horace to do what he did. The spirit of an age too, must allow his Nietzscheanism to dominate his whole outlook. You may say what you will of Christianity, democracy and romanticism, but you cannot blot them out and try to look as if you had never heard of them. Or, at any rate, if the Nietzscheans ever succeed in so doing, they will have accomplished an upheaval compared with which the French Revolution was an East-End street fight.
Villi has attempted an explanation, which occurs in a "Life of Machiavelli," is, perhaps, unduly biased by political considerations. "The Middle Ages," he says, "were ignorant of the political organisation known to us as the State, which unites and co-ordinates social forces according to precise rules; instead, society was then divided into Feuds and Sub-feuds, into great and little Communes, and the Commune was merely a truss of minor associations badly bound together. Above this vast and disordered mass stood the Papacy and the Empire and the Emperors were increasing the general confusion by their frequent wars against each other, still gave some rough unity to the civilised world. In the fifteenth century all this was entirely changed. On the one hand, great national worlds gradually coming into shape; on the other, the authority of the Empire was restricted in Germany, in Italy little more than a memory of the past. The Pontiffs, occupied in constituting an actual and personal temporal power, although still at the head of the universal Church, could no longer pretend to the political dominion of the world, but aspired to be as other sovereigns. In this state of things the Commune, which had formed the last grandeur of Italy, entered on a substantially new phase of existence to which historians have attached too little importance.

He goes on to show that the Commune could only maintain its existence by enlarging its territory and increasing its strength; and that, as it was ignorant of representative government, every device was tried to increase its dangers. Government by its free citizens was the only form known to it, and it was therefore necessary to restrict the number to avoid anarchy. In Florence, for example, the most democratic Republic in Italy, only 3,200 of its 60,000 inhabitants were citizens proper at the time of its most liberal constitution in 1494. At a time when, by the cessation of Imperial or Papal supremacy, the Commune was suddenly left to rely on its own resources, every method, however desperate, was resorted to. Betrayal, cheaper.

Morality, which had its chief basis in the closeness of family bonds and class ties, began to break down. The snapping of old ties by political reform, the increased equality, and the increased application of the Imperial Roman law rendering women less subject to the domination of their male relatives, are all attributed by Villari as the causes of this decay. Exactly as the Commune had been left to rely on its own resources, so the citizen found himself in isolated dependence on his own strength. Egotism became necessary to self-preservation, and individual names multiplied and faction leaders arose on all hands. The civil wars of the Communes became personal feuds; cities were divided by the names of their most powerful and turbulent citizens; families split asunder and tore each other to pieces; and the tyrant appeared "as a person of much political importance. But the very methods by which he obtained his power were an example even to his own followers: "It was not reformers, but men of taste and culture: the explanation is national rather than individual. I shall offer another explanation next week, when I come to deal with Caesar Borgia."
IN THE BUD.

. . . Wandering outside time, as all children do, with instinctive feet for the field where is most clever, for the wood fullest of fairy bower, for the tide lowest over the weedy rocks.

This wind blows softly across shining waters.

I came into consciousness beside the sea. It must have happened upon the dazzling shores of Algoa Bay; for I had been brought to the town of Port Elizabeth six months after my birth in London. I think I may safely say that light flamed a present going, since my family almost habitually went a-piciquicking, and that I was the Baby and aged anything under two years. I imagine that excitement and the heat had abnormally expanded my animal brain: and what happened I know. . . . I am about to describe my first glimpse of earth, my entry into the life-theatre. It was a fitting and dramatic entrance enough for any artist. And yet, somehow in the wrong, and, yet, in the right.

The sun-sparkles have gone away. The dust bothers. The wind mews. And then out comes Annie, black Annie. I'm instantly on guard. Annie always washes me. I won't go.

Before she gets near me, I say, "Nice Annie." But it isn't wash—it is to grab at my pinafore. I arouse the heavens, hang on, conquer, and am left alone. As I balance up, the pavement kicks me on the toe. It is too much. I turn on it. I seize a great stone and kill it dead.

. . . A lovely blue sash, and beads, and a white dress and socks. I am going out to a tea party, and—impossible, but true—it is to be in the tent of a merry-go-round. The caravan is on the green at the back of our house.

Suddenly we are there, among crowds of children. It is Carrie's party. Carrie is a girl bigger than me; in fact, everybody seems bigger than me. I feel very little and quiet. I move about slowly and lightly amid chaos.

Carrie's father is a big brown giant. He says grace when we find ourselves sat down to tea. There is something uncommon about this ritual:

"Little fishes—Lick the dishes—all round—Amen.

Striking, is it not?

It is said to be an extremely difficult feat to sprinkle salt on a flying bird's tail, but I imagine it scarcely more difficult and delicate than this I am attempting—to weigh the wing of a five-year-old's sensation, and trap this into thought and cage it in words.

I did not laugh at that grace, although I knew that it was stupendously funny. Something had arrested me. Perhaps it was too funny. Perhaps the laughter following was too boisterous, shocking to little nerves. I do not remember hearing the noise, but to this day, loud laughter turns me preternaturally solemn. In any case, I did not laugh, but I did behold in a pause of startled life the whole as a scene taking place outside me.

Light came in from an opening in the tent near the tea-table. I was seated about the middle and with my back to the near tent wall. The far side was in a brown darkness, but some of the painted horses gleamed out. The children were in an uproar and dancing about on their seats. The brown giant was doubled up, the tea things were reckless, and a plate of cake had toppled over and lay on the cloth.

But I, with the faintest smile—I saw exactly how I looked and the exact poise of my body, leaning a little back, and how my curls hung above the shoulders, and the breadth of my sash high to the armpits—I beheld a Picture.

It was a pageant for me. I comprehended the people's emotions while conscious of others quite different in myself. I had become aware of spectators. The dramatic sense was mine. I had mutely composed my first poem, not to be confided until now, a long quarter of a century afterwards. . . .

It is the most fascinating thing to put one's head among the grass blades and look about through them. Thereunder is a new world. There are webby things that fly up as you look: solemn ones with backs like the chair in the hall, wildly galloping ones, four old uglies carrying off a wiggly worm. You release him and he hides. . . . Anything in a state of motion—shining white camels and dogs and elephants. Anything down the hill? Far below, the sea running right into the sky. You can't get down to it, you can see that is impossible. S'pose the house, the house; how the sea goes, they keep the sea from rushing up here. S'pose the sky isn't wash—it is—ta grab at my pinafore. I arouse them, I say, "Stop!" S'pose the house does not seem to mind. You do not know that this is the Kafir location by the burying ground, and that the holes are
doors in the low, round kraals which your unaccustomed eyes do not focus.

Suddenly, you forget everything but the difficulty of climbing the wall where the roses are. The little girl offers you a tickey (threepenny bit) if you will get them. All right. Up you go. It is a difficult matter to pluck tough oleanders (Cape roses) on top of a wall, and when they do come away, you have to throw them down to the piccaninny before you can descend.

The two of you down a hill you never knew you had come up. Right high opposite is another hill, and you are looking at her and nodding, you flush suddenly. You realise that it will be of no use to wait. She will never come back. . . . Perhaps the most inevitable weed to grow in a dull London garden is a bad conscience. . . . It is very difficult now, just to wander away on expeditions. You have to escape . . . and altogether you don't enjoy yourself here. You cannot agree with the new régime you knew you would find a place somewhere. You go yourself at the gate it opens very softly. It shuts in your face. You hate being in sight. You examine the side gate; it is very interesting. Anybody looking?

You hate being in sight. You examine the side gate; it is very interesting. Anybody looking? You fling up handfuls of flowers out of your pine-atre, and a man says something and laughs like a dog.

People seem to have got angry. You are right in the centre of them now, and behold two men stripping off their shirts. They gleam out in the sunshine, and in a flash you understand that they are going to fight. Some men are shouting Bob; others, Dick. You shout Dick because your brother's name is Dick. Dick stands up taller than Bob. He smiles as though Bob were nobody. Dick says something and, horridly, and says, "It's a long way. This is Hackney Downs. Do you know your way up that road?"

You points; and you nod and run away up it. Trudge, trudge, slower and slower. The lamplighters appear, and then, with frightful meaning, the sun sinks, making the fight! Now a new shout. Police! Police! The crowd is vanishing.

Suddenly you remember that you have had no dinner. Suddenly you remember that you have had no dinner: and then, with frightening meaning, you cannot agree with the new régime. You hate being in sight. You examine the side gate; it is very interesting. Anybody looking? You fling up handfuls of flowers out of your pine-atre, and a man says something and laughs like a dog.

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You points; and you nod and run away up it. Trudge, trudge, slower and slower. The lamplighters appear, and then, with frightful meaning, the sun sinks, making the fight! Now a new shout. Police! Police! The crowd is vanishing. Everyone is hurrying over the bright field, madly shouting and waving their arms. You fling up handfuls of flowers out of your pine-atre, and a man says something and laughs like a dog.

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A Ramble Among Words.*

By J. M. Kennedy.

Readers of Nietzsche will remember the importance that, in his earlier years, he attached to "Philologie." "Philologie" correspond exactly to "philology" which is, in German, rather "Sprachwissenschaft"; but to "scholarship," the best equivalent, I think, we can get for it. In Nietzsche's time it was clear, of course, that the pedants who had secured the monopoly of education throughout Germany had changed the study of the classics from one of the most fruitful forms of spiritual development into one of the most dreary and barren tasks which their pupils were called upon to undertake; nor was the change confined to Germany. Nietzsche's view was that more could be learnt from "Philologie," if it were studied in the right way, than from any of the other subjects comprised in the curriculum.

It followed that Nietzsche's conception of "Philologie" differed very greatly from that held by the average professor. In fact, when translating this word as he used it I have generally preferred to render it by "philology" in order to indicate the wider meaning he ascribed to it. The study of Latin and Greek, in fact, in the view of all experienced scholars, means much more than the mere translation of words and phrases, with the aid of books of reference like dictionaries and grammars. Nor will the "notes" at the back of any great value. In reading through Lysias, Plato, or Demosthenes, for instance, we are bound to come across several words which will assist us in finding an English equivalent worthy of the original.

Consider, too, those delightful "pathetic half-lines" of Virgil, as Newman called them, the...

As an example of Virgil's word-twisting, which is always done so well that it never offends us, any of his readers will remember "pugnam laceso," or "pictas abiete puppes"; or, again, a word like "arena" used "par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno," or the "dis aliter visum," or the magnificent outburst in...

* "The English Language," by Logan Pearsall Smith, M.A. (Home University Library. Williams and Norgate. 18. net.)
A Note on Reviewing.

By St. John G. Ervine.

The other day, an editor sent a novel to me to review. He said: "Two hundred words will be sufficient for this. I read the novel, and when I had put it down again, I came to the conclusion that six words would convey all I read the novel, and when I had put it down again, I have tried to explain why. I hope that I had conveyed to the author my strong feeling that he should not persist in the making of books. . . . This morning, by an odd chance, I read a publisher's advertisement in a literary journal, and among the books advertised was the one of which I have written. Tagged to its title was a quotation from a review in a weekly paper of some importance. The review was not mine. I have read many books I have recently reviewed is a volume, but republisher has ever quoted me, a thing that fills me with some joy and some sorrow: sorrow because I should like to see my words printed thus: "I could not put it down until I had finished it."—St. John G. Ervine in The New Age.

The review was not mine, but I have a great longing to see the man or the woman who wrote it. Here is the quotation:

"A first novel of great promise."

Now, human nature being what it is, it is certain that the author of this book will ignore my advice and joyfully accept that of the gentleman from whom I have just quoted. He will tell himself that I, so far from being the honest man that I swear I am, am a jealous, ill-tempered, disgruntled fellow, who cannot bear to think of other men succeeding where I have failed; for assuredly he will believe that I am a critic solely because I cannot create. In a little while he will begin to pity me. "Poor devil," he will say, "it must be hard for him to see me forging ahead easily, when he, though he haunts the houses of publishers, cannot get one book published."

Well, if ruminations such as that will console the young author, I will not disturb his serenity. I will hardly of the gentleman who declared his first book to be one great promise think. He will tell himself that I, so far from being a critic solely because I cannot create, in a little while he will begin to pity me. "Poor devil," he will say, "it must be hard for him to see me forging ahead easily, when he, though he haunts the houses of publishers, cannot get one book published."

But what I cannot understand is, why did the critic who declared his first book to be one great promise think? Tastes differ! Good heavens, yes, but not to this extent among men of perception. It may be that the fault lies in me. I have, as I have already written, read many books, many of them only because I was paid to read them, and on my word as an honest reviewer, I have found few of them of much merit. Yet, these bad, bad books get published and read and, more astonishing still, get well noticed. Among the books I have recently reviewed is a volume of reminiscences, about as dull a record of a commonplace life as I have ever read; yet in a weekly review of some pretensions I saw a long notice of it which concluded: "I have read the book we have read gladly.

"I read it with growing boredom; gladness did not come to me until I had reached the last word on the last page! . . . And that fatuous book of deceitful tales! . . . "Holds you breathless until the end . . . vivid . . . full of excitement . . . . Mr. So-and-so at his best."

I wonder whether I am an extraordinarily honest or an extraordinarily dull man. These three books seemed to me to be worthless, yet reviewers write of them as if they were done in the best style. I cannot believe that I am stupid; I refuse to believe that I am lacking in perception; but I will not believe that my fellow-reviewers are stupid and without perception. I have a letter in my desk which I take out now and then and read, so that I may reassure myself of my own quality.

I received it from the literary editor of the most widely circulated journal in England. But, before I quote the letter, let me recite the facts which led to my receiving it. On a certain Monday evening, I saw an advertisement in the Saturday evening paper, or so I thought: "This very silly novel, The First Novel, has been published. . . . They were so silly beyond belief, rubbish of the most intolerable type! I could not finish two of them, although I made great efforts to do so. I rejected one, and at another time I was about to reject and temper crept into them. . . . However, they were not printed. My editor returned them to me with the letter which I have in my desk. "I do not like these reviews," he wrote, "they read as if you were trying to be smart at the author's expense. You should try to encourage them." Good heavens, I wished to discourage them! "We never print unfavourable reviews; if a book is too bad to be noticed favourably, we prefer not to notice it at all!"

I lost money over those four novels. My handwriting is fearful, and so I paid to have the notices typed, and I had them delivered by special messenger! . . . You see, I was trying to make a way for myself. I was not paid by the paper for my work; they did not use the reviews, which I could not rewrite: it was impossible to pronounce favourable judgment on the books: they were bad, bad! So my career on that journal speedily came to a close.

I had hope that I should recoup myself for the cost of typing the notices by selling the books to a second-hand bookseller. All reviewers sell their books, or most of them. I gaily gathered the four novels up and carried them to the dealers. . . . The first man would not take them at all; the second man said that he might be induced to give me a shilling for the lot; and the third man, a kindly soul, who saw that I was in despair and very tired, offered to pay sixpence each for them. I took his florin, and am persuaded that I was wise to do so. Said I, when the money was safely in my pocket, "In heaven's name, sir, who buys this trash?" "I don't know," he replied; "the libraries get most of em. Pulp the rest."

No, I am sure I am not a dull fellow without perception. Those books really were bad; they really ought not to have been published; their authors really ought not to write at all. But those critics . . . that man who wrote "A first novel of great promise," . . . what of them? I dare not think.

REVIEWS.

Modern Democracy: A Study in Tendencies. By Brougham Villiers. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

It is difficult to understand what Mr. Villiers means by democracy. Sometimes he seems to mean organised Labour, sometimes he seems to mean the whole of the working classes, and at other times he means the whole nation. To this lamentable confusion of thought must be ascribed the absolute lack of light and leading that makes this book valueless except to those who contemplate the stability of the present régime. For at one moment that I long to be Guarantist, Mr. Villiers argues that it must become increasingly Guarantist in method and aim. "What the more revolutionary section of the friends of the working classes have hardly realised," says Mr. Villiers, "is that the method of democracy is bound to be no less definite than its ultimate purpose. The method of democracy, in the things that have hitherto fallen into its hands, has been that of a steady, methodical building up, an adding piece by piece to its democratic organisation. Democracy has made few sudden and dramatic leaps ahead; it has seldom stood.
upon theory or asserted any new principle; but has dealt with every problem as it arises in a practical, rule of thumb, opportunist sort of way, just indeed as it is now doing and will doubtless continue to do in politics." It is almost impossible to criticise such a passage, as we do not know in what sense Mr. Villiers' book is really a discussion of economic slavery disguised as evolution to make it look wise. But Mr. Villiers' adoption of the evolutionary hypothesis is seen to be merely a proof of his own blindness. He does not know what democracy wants, he does not know how to get it; so he commits himself to a method that will only make it possible for democracy to advance in all directions, as Chesterton said of socialism. Mr. Villiers' book is simply a restatement of Guarantism disguised as evolution to make it look better. But Mr. Villiers' case is beggared by the fact that democracy cannot allow itself the long stretches of time that Nature had to work in. The pressure of economic circumstances, even to such a point, up to a certain point, will certainly induce Guarantism as a method among law-abiding people; beyond that point, other methods will certainly be adopted. "Jeremy Bentham observed about a century ago, "that the Turkish Government had in its day impoverished some of the richest countries in the world far more by its action on motives than by its positive exactions; and it has always appeared to me that the destruction of the vast wealth accumulated under the Roman Empire was not due to the disorderly and inefficient of governments, and the decline of Western Europe into the squalor and poverty of the Middle Ages, can only be accounted for on the same principle." It is this fact that makes Mr. Villiers' plácid optimism look ridiculous. Life is not becoming easier but harder, and all the palliatives that are being administered are making the condition of the wage-earner worse. In addition to this, the action of capitalism on motives is becoming marked. "If you may," says Sir Henry Maine, "take the heart and spirit out of the labourers to such an extent that they do not care to work." That is to a large extent the explanation of the recent strikes. The miners, who remember the miners made holiday. The Prior to learn in the world the meaning of passion that Mr. Holmes is particularly sympathetic to, and his conclusions are admirable; but he has no apparent desire to abolish the wage system; he relies almost entirely on the sense of justice and charity to find the cure for it. Mr. Holmes is using that idea to create and again. Really, Mr. Holmes is a reformer without a reform; or, rather, with so many reforms that none of them are likely to be advanced by his advocacy. The key to everything is economic slavery; and he never advocates economic freedom. But some of his facts are valuable; for example, 100,000 people are committed to prison every year because they cannot promptly pay fines that have been imposed for minor offences. Mr. Holmes is never quite clear about this creation of criminals; but, so far, with no success. It is to be hoped that this is not to be a criterion of his powers of reform, or we shall always have the poor with us.

**English Apprenticeship and Child Labour.** A History. By Jocelyn Bishoph and R. D. Denman, M.P. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

Here is another big book for the revisionists. Beginning with apprenticeship in medieval times, the authors argue that the system was never a success for it not only taught a lad a trade, but exercised control over all his actions during his most impressionable age, and thus provided the nation with good citizens as well as good workmen. With the growth of the capitalist system, the old apprenticeship rule; and whatever the lad's value as a worker might be, his value as a citizen declined, for parental control of his leisure time was not as effective as the control of his master. Now, even out-door apprenticeship is on the wane, and the capitalist not only does not control the boy in his leisure hours, but does not teach him a trade. Lest the capitalist system should smash itself by producing only incompetent workmen, the authors propose that the State should take up the responsibilities of the capitalist, and provide more efficient wage-slaves for them. They propose four reforms, and think they are likely to be made: the raising of the school age, the creation of compulsory continuation schools, the further regulation of employment out of school hours, and the appointment of advisory committees to the Labour Bureaux to warn against blind alley employment.

**The Gathering of Brother Hilarius.** By Michael Fairless. Mitchell. 6d. net.

Modern mysticism, as manifested by the "Road-mender" series, is really no more than a sentimental restatement of the monastic ideal. Brother Hilarius is simply a young monk, who has wondrous beauty, purity of soul, and, of course, artistic genius. He is thrust forth by the Prior to learn in the world the meaning of hunger and love, so that his genius may be fortified and enriched by experience. He never learns the meaning of sexual love; indeed, his monastic vow, and perhaps a native incompetence, preserves his soul from this danger. He returns to the monastery free from sin, but wondrous wise, and terribly clever. He has visions, and paints pictures as good as, if not better than, those painted by the great Italians, is marvellously humble and loved of all men. The old Prior, who cluttered about him like a hen with one chicken, dies; and Hilarius, of course, succeeds to the office, and makes a better job of running a monastery than even Carlyle's Abbots in "Past and Present." He dies in the odour of sanctity, although presumably stricken by plague, on a bier of pine branches, and with Mary's lilies adorning his couch. Thus this son of a "light o' love" was gathered to the bosom of the Blessed Mother, whom he had prayed: "Great Light of Love, Mother of my mother, grant love, love, love, to thy poor sinful son."

**Rambles in Somerset.** By G. W. and J. H. Wade. (Methuen. 6s.)

Written by a M.A. and corrected by a D.D., this book is necessarily much more learned than leisurely. The authors lead the reader from place to place, practically all over Somerset, and at each stop
unload a portion of their cargo of knowledge. History, political and ecclesiastical, bulk largely in this volume; and architecture, especially church architecture, is explained and criticised at some length. Nor are the literary associations forgotten, and Fielding, and Coleridge, and Southey, and Tennyson (to mention no others) are all quoted in connection with one or other of the beauties of Somerset. Even an anecdote of Hannah More and Langhorne is related in connection with Uphill; and we are inclined to think that Somerset has been over-possessed. The authors, at least, have spared no pains to make their book interesting to a certain type of person; whether that person is the one whom the authors intended to interest is another matter. Certainly, the biographer would lose his way if he attempted to travel by the descriptions, and the book suffers by the absence of a road map. The only map given is a railway map, which, to say the least, is superficial. The book has a few photographs of no particular interest, and only one or two landscapes.

The Cup and the Lip. By Stephen Knott. (Murray and Evenden. 6s.)

A cliché in every other line and a sprinkling from a dictionary of quotations at the head of every chapter. It appears that you are wandering in half an hour late as if the place were a damned pot-house! 'Beryl threw her arms round his neck and kissed him.' The cup and the lip!

A Candidate for Truth. By J. D. Bereford. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.)

He was married, so: "We must be brave and strong," he said. "We must make our great declaration of independence, and snap our fingers at the world's opinion. I want you, beloved, and I am going to take you . . ." The author, like Jerusalem, of course, is responsible. Oscar, a sort of mission priest, breaks his vows and marries her, he being consumptive. They die at the same moment. "Oscar!" she murmured. And with a joyous smile, together they drifted upon the "eternal sea," safe in the mercy of God.

Tales of Mean Streets. By Arthur Morrison. (Cheap Edition. Methuen. 1s.)

Steps to Parnassus.

By Jack Collings Squire.

III.—The Humorous Verse Writer’s Equipment.

There must be many a man who has a strong desire to write humorous verse for our weekly periodicals but whose efforts are constantly thwarted by his inability to think of anything funny. All around him he sees men who are apparently quite devoid of a sense of humour who seem able to write any quantity of fluent humorous verse that fetches good prices. Such men may be grateful for a few hints on the technique of humorous verse construction. Knowledge is power, and it is the duty of those who possess knowledge to communicate it to their less fortunate fellows who stand in need of it.

The plain truth of the matter is this. There is no need whatever for your young entertainer to have any funny or original notions of his own. If a few simple rules are followed the humour will make itself. These indispensable rules are few in number, easy to memorise, and easy to observe.

The first rule is that normal phraseology should as much as possible be avoided. Use either slang or stilted circumlocutions. A judicious admixture of the two is best. Surprise is the essence of humour, and there is no surer way of producing it than this. Long words and periphrastic sentences have, when employed in avowedly humorous verse, an irresistibly facetious air. There is no necessity for the writer himself to see anything amusing in them; he is sure of that effect upon the reader that it is his desire to achieve.

Take an example. Suppose you have chosen as your subject the death of a favourite Pomeranian dog. The rough draft of your conception runs as follows: "He was a nice dog. I have kicked the bucket. I am very sorry he is dead."

That in itself is not very funny. But it may very easily be developed into a second prose draft which will run as follows: "He was a bound of benevolent and kindly disposition. Long ere the days of Churchill and such refuse, he licked your hand. It would be permissible to mention some species of benevolent and pleasant act that could not be performed by a dog and to attribute that to the deceased. Say, for instance, "He often mixed my drinks (liquor or lemonades) for me."

The second rule is that you should, whenever possible, illustrate your text with any illustrations save the ones that naturally occur to you. Let us suppose that the dog was a nice dog. The first thing that occurs to you as an illustration of this quality that he kicked your hand. It would be permissible to mention this in a roundabout form, such as: "He deposited his digits;" but it would be better to keep clear of it altogether. Your plan is to think of some species of benevolent and pleasant act that could not be performed by a dog and to attribute that to the deceased. Say, for instance, "He often mixed my drinks (liquor or lemonades) for me around the days of Churchill and such refuse." Or, "He could always be relied upon to make a fourth for me at bridge."

These two rules will be quite sufficient to ensure the proper management of your subject-matter, with the proviso that you always speak of small or common things with great veneration and of venerable and solemn and great things with familiarity. With regard to form there are several small things to remember. Your metre and the length of the line should be determined by the first two lines that occur to you. The key to success in these matters lies in the management of rhyme. In the first place you should select unusual words and insist on finding rhymes for them; this process will lead to many very amusing results. In the second place you should, when possible, put proper names at the end of lines and find rhymes for them. And, as a matter of general practice, you should have a preference for bi- and tri-syllabled rhymes over those of one syllable. Better than sacrifice an unusual tri-syllabled rhyme, wander from your train of thought and wait the rhyme suggest any division or parenthesis it will. All such things will contribute to the desired element of surprise. The following lines have been constructed on these principles without the help of any peculiar individual skill or knack:—

Hail and farewell, hail and farewell, my Fido,
Most charitable of the canine race.
Surely none ever mourned a hound as I do,
That peerless miracle of strength.

Long, long ago he came from Pomerania,
Long ere the days of Churchill and such refuse,
Brought by a relative who had a 'mania
For buying dogs and giving them to nephews;

Never was hunter fleeter in the chase,
Nor had he any canine grace;

Most charitable of the canine race
He was a hound, albeit of rather stiff views.

Surely none ever mourned a hound as I do,
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Art and Drama.

The All-Music Play.

By Hunley Carter.

A play has recently come into my hand which not only expresses a revolt against formalism and orthodoxy in drama and makes for rhythmic expansion, but gathers up and focuses much of the most progressive elements of the architects of the rhythmic drama which have been stated from time to time in these columns. Its author, Mr. Ernest Gerrard, is in quest of the rhythmic or all-music drama. It is because Mr. Gerrard has achieved the complete rhythmic structure that his work is of interest to me. I am unable to say what set him racing across epochs in quest of the rhythmical drama. Probably he sickened at the sight of the unhealthy Viewsey nightmare, and nearly perished under the ordeal of the Viewseyites grimacing in his face. In any case, one morning he set to saddling new intentions, and, saying "I'm ill," dashed off in search of the invigorating pastoral pipes. He regarded drama in the true sense as a clash of rhythms and he aimed at writing a rhythm play with the skill of one acquainted with the resources of legitimate music, speech, action and plastic forms of art. The play was to be born on a rhythmical conception. From the rhythm of its theme should proceed that of its dialogue, thence the harmonious and contrasting rhythms of the accompaniment, the speech, the acting or dance and the decoration. The rhythmic action was to progress from motive to motive, till finally it attained the original rhythm in a higher key. There was to be no ogre of depression to pull down Mr. Gerrard's curtain, but instead a crash of sound symbolising the fall of the axe on the neck of the beast. Drama in its opinion has got to take us to heaven, and we may as well make our entrance as though we enjoy it.

It would be of interest if space permitted to follow each stage of Mr. Gerrard's preparation and journey. Apparently, though opposed to orthodoxy and dogmatism, he found it essential as a dramatist to become a student of musical theory, art, and dramatic dialogue. Reading his plays discloses that he has not confined his search to certain narrow theories of which everyone knows something, but has turned to subjects of universal dramatic interest. His adventure among Greek music was a necessary one. He does not find Greek music uninteresting. Many intelligent persons do. But he has learnt that it was limited in expression just as all forms of Greek expression were vastly limited in comparison with modern forms of expression. Anyone who infers from this that the Greeks were not a great race is deficient in critical insight. But a misunderstanding or ignorance of the nature of the greatness may lead to the manufacture of much pseudo-classical poetry and drama.

There has been a notable expansion of musical expression since Bach's time. In this connection two innovations may be mentioned. Bach introduced a perfect rhythm; runs of four notes, and Wagner introduced a five-fold rhythm, an advance that will be felt as soon as it is introduced into speech. The pursuit of musical advance brought Mr. Gerrard to the problem of mobile colour-mood. His contention is that if the mood of the play is a moving one, then the colour-mood of the setting must be moving also. Thus reality will annihilate realism.

If I find that my breathless rush after Mr. Gerrard's theory has left me no time to discuss its practical application. Maybe I shall recover from the run round the heights of Wagnerian poetry and music, and find a foothold on solid ground. Then it will be found that Mr. Gerrard has sought practically to touch the inherent rhythm in large buoyant audiences. He has no use for the spume-flake dancing on a cosmic grain of sand that will send a clique of long-haired dreamers delirious for five minutes. His aim is drunkenness, not delirium.
Pastiche.

A BALLADE OF REWARDED VIRTUE.

Virtue is virtue's own reward, they say.
There's nothing like a Liberal Government
For adding to it something that will pay.
In cash or honours about cent. per cent.
So if you have a mine in Wales or Kent,
And poor money, you can make the place;
Then, if a little your way should be sent,
It really is a most deserving case.

Just think of Mr. X., M.P. for A--
Whose persuasive speech anent
The blessings of that Act which in a day
Or two will be in force, bar accident.
He's, is, a notable politician;
We know he doesn't want to take that place
On the executive, coincident;
It really is a most deserving case.

And public-mindedness—a shining ray
That lights our politics—is always bent
To serve the nation. We can murmur, "Yea,
They always spend our money as we meant."
And, we, the honest working folk
Big salaries, we laugh to scorn the base
Insinuations how each fat job went.
It really is a most deserving case.

Ewou.
Prince, when they found the swag in Acham's tent
They led him out into an open space,
And all they said was—when their stones were spent:
"It really is a most deserving case."

Puzzle: Find the Book.

By Katherine Mansfield.

Among the galaxy of autumnal literary friends and strangers spread over shelf and work-table and floor of my sanctum for evening relaxation and the more sober pressed me with the artistic significance and the peculiar beauty of our time.

Voila! (as our great-hearted Charles Dickens was so fond of saying); tender eye, and the sardonic, albeit wholesome, twist of the lip! There is something of a divine swoop in the Professor's immediate vision is found on page 137.

"The true realist must fain love the swine—the rough-silvered back, the round, bright eyes, like berries twinking under the eyebrow ledge, the solemn monotone of the snorting snout. Gladly before them he scatters his pearls, laughing, fiery-bosomed, as Nietzsche says."

In cash or honours about cent. per cent.

Our contemporaries.

By C. E. Bechteref.

VII.—"THE GLOBE."

Notes of the Day.

Quite recently we defined a certain bank-robber as "a practical Syndicalist having done his best, in the sphere nearest at hand, to equalise the distribution of wealth."

Syndicalism, thus, is shown to possess the leading characteristics of Socialism, which, in its desire to "level down" incomes, ignores intellect, merit, God, and even truth.

By the way.

We joke of fried Bacon and Shakespeare,
We joke of the slow Whitehall pup,
We joke of the Channel and mal de mer-
So why don't the sales go up?

Cuckoos.

Among British birds is the cuckoo. The cuckoo sings in trees. "Cuckoo!" is the song of the cuckoo. The cuckoo flies about. The cuckoo does not sing "cuckoo" as it flies about. A cuckoo.

Book Reviews.

"Who was Alexander?" By Catherine Grey. (---).

In a highly interesting thesis, Miss Grey endeavours to show that Alexander the Great was the distinguished author of "The Three Musketeers." She bases her well-written entertaining volume on the premise that the killing-off of characters is usually hailed by d'Artagnan with the remark, "There is a God in Heaven," to which Athos, perceiving how much they are misled by the leading characteristics of Socialism, which, in its desire to "level down" incomes, ignores intellect, merit, God, and even truth.

One hundred years ago to-day.

Extracts from "The Church of England," 20, 1812. . .

This concealed desire to "level down" incomes ignores intellect, merit, God, and even truth.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. FELS AND THE SINGLE TAX.

SIR,—For all I know to the contrary, Mr. Fels may be, as your correspondent, "Fairplay," affirms, the mildest-managed man that ever proposed to enrich himself at someone else's expense. But King Fels I probably ran him very close, and even Mr. Fels' enemies—the opponents of his Single-tax proposals—are probably not without regrets at his death. The fact of his death has not, perhaps, done much for economics, and Mr. Fels ought to know very well that the release of his spirit, and the exploitation of its economic resources, the State will actually enable him to increase his profits. Not only will his men's living minimum be reduced, consequently, but the State and the disciples of anomic economics will be enriched at the expense of their former victims. There must be honour even among thieves.

NELSON FIELD.

MR. LANSBURY AND THE DOCKERS' STRIKE.

SIR,—I beg to call the attention of your readers to the suggestion made by Mr. Lansbury to the dockers assembled on Tower Hill on Sunday last. As reported in the "Daily News," Mr. Lansbury said: "I am prepared to accept the men's offer. I shall be glad to make even more room for Interest and Profit. That Mr. Fels does not expect personally to benefit during his lifetime by a Bill to abolish the wage system. Surely nobody doubts that a reflection of the existing economic structure of society, and until this structure is changed its reflection will remain unchanged by the Labour Party, do whatever they may. It is a mere question of time.

R. D. STAINES.

MR. JOWETT AND THE CABINET SYSTEM.

SIR,—In the "Clarion" of last week Mr. Jowett, M.P., Conference, which limits the Labour party to a shadow of the Cabinet system. Everything he says is undoubtedly true; and no man has more persistently than Mr. Jowett hampered the trade unionists by a joint board of masters and men. The New Age has frequently pointed out that the alternatives before industry to-day are Co-management by the Unions, but in looking for a partner the wages and wages-slaves against the public interest. Mr. Lansbury appears to have grasped the importance of Co-management, but in admitting for a partner he has unfortunately chosen the existing private capitalist. Yet what else could he do unless the Government itself is prepared to accept the men's offer? I shall be glad to see, however, if anything further comes of this idea.

R. D. STAINES.

"THE NEW AGE" AND THE BISHOP.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Edward Leach, takes exception to a parenthetical remark in your article on State Socialism where you speak of the prayers of the Bishop of Oxford and the Rev. Silvester Horne that the unemployed may soon be fit subjects for further exploitation. The man who said that was surely a happy, and who should not be confused with us,可见, Most Rev. Mr. Leach thinks that the Bishop of Oxford is an exceptional case. Perhaps he will tender some evidence that this particular bishop has not defrauded his society. If Mr. Leach be right in his conjecture, then The New Age has secured a recruit of some importance; but I, for one, am frankly sceptical. Clergymen do not become bishops by undermining the foundations of the capitalistic temple. If the Bishop of Oxford has in fact denounced the wage system, then the pertinent question will arise: how can he, with a clear conscience, remain where he is?

GRACE NEAL, Sec., Domestic Workers' Union.

"BYWAYS OF BELIEF."

SIR,—When I read your critic's notice of the Rev. Conrad Noel's "Byways of Belief," I had a bewildered feeling of knowing my own grandfather when he was a young man. Surely this sort of criticism is a century too late. Your discreetly anonymous critic should have flourished in the good old days of Jeffreys and the full-blooded school of Edinburgh revilers—I mean reviewers. At all events, in a journal glorying in the name of The New Age such Rip Van Winkleism seems a bit out of place. I refer to your critic's attempt to break up the fictitious last words, but the honest reflection of the man's real character. "Tell Marsh," he said, "that I am greatly pleased.

"Come where the pots hold more," etc.

"Bring on the good old days of Jeffreys and the full-blooded school of Edinburgh revilers—I mean reviewers. At all events, in a journal glorying in the name of The New Age such Rip Van Winkleism seems a bit out of place. I refer to your critic's attempt to break up the fictitious last words, but the honest reflection of the man's real character. "Tell Marsh," he said, "that I am greatly pleased.

"Come where the pots hold more," etc.

GRACE NEAL, Sec., Domestic Workers' Union.

MR. CHESTERTON AND ANARCHY.

SIR,—The letter I sent to the "Daily News" and the Leader in reply to Mr. Chesterton's amazing article of June 3 was, of course, a direct and honest attempt to answer the lies and calumnies, etc., etc., not only took care to shield those of its readers whom it would have pained to see the fundamental principles of anarchy and democracy. At the same time, it also shielded Mr. Chesterton and St. Paul, though at the
expense of making the conclusion of my letter quite unintelligible in order to do so.

Mr. Chesterton cavils at my interpreting Nietzsche's Superior Man as a demigod and adheres to truly British prejudice to his materialistic view that anything in the way of "surpassing" must be accomplished in number or quantity. Mr. Chesterton implies that either I have been reading too many more toes, or less or more fingers, or something of that sort. The idea of quality never seems so much as to dawn upon Mr. Chesterton as for the substance of what, as is apparently an unknown subject to this materialist, or democrat, or anarchist. (We shall have Mr. Chesterton asking me whether a "shadow of a new world" why democracy is a materialist.) He cannot conceive of the Superman surpassing hisfellows in "spirit." But this was precisely the greatest claim for his Superman.

All this, however, did not surprise me. Much as one deplores the fact that a man should discuss things he does not understand, it does not surprise one if he blunders over them when he does presume to do so. The fact that really did surprise me was that Mr. Chesterton should know so little about the political persuasion to which he has been for so many years. He actually asks me to "give a shadow of a reason" for calling the love of speed "democratic." Apparently he cannot see that democracy brings the slaves to power, and that to slaves ('time is money." Let Mr. Chesterton ask himself who it is that is pressèd for time, or that allows himself to be pressèd for time, who has an insatiable need for time. For it is not only the driven individuals who are time-fetters, but the mob, and would even fanatically demand it, for thought and for imagination to bear lasting fruit? But he is one among a crowd of other slaves, all feverishly scurrying to nowhere and to nothing, but all feeling in their very bones and marrow the traditional materialistic and utilitarian creed of slaves that 'time is money." This is the explanation of democratic speed, Mr. Chesterton.

And now let me return to Mr. Chesterton's notion about a creed and a cause. I agree, of course, that a creed and a cause are needed, above all, for the superior man. He has got his creed from heaven or from any other fictitious store-house ever to do with mine. Mr. Chesterton is surprised that Nietzsche did not believe in a personal authority, and especially in his Father figure. Mr. Chesterton is surprised that a man who claims to be an authority like the Superman should not have a personal authority, or, if he does, that he should not claim it. But this was only an expansive disguise of the fact that a painting consists of separate touches. That the cartoons of Raphael or the designs of Goya were made for tapestry, imposed a division of touch on those painters, a limit, that is to say, to blending. The habit of designing for mosaic, again, would be the best possible training for painters aiming at a lofty and august quality of utterance.

Mathematics are based on universal consent. Cubism is not art. Let us ask the mathematicians whether it is science. But as there is no plant, even of folly, that on the earth doth live, it is most unfortunate that Mr. Chesterton should let it be mine to state, in the fullest measure of justice, what is the germ of health, even in the cubist folly. One of the vices of all decadent painting is smudging or smearing, that is to say, to blending. The habit of designing for mosaic, again, would be the best possible training for painters aiming at a lofty and august quality of utterance. An analogy may be found in the value of the restriction imposed by prosody on the spoken and the written word. Inasmuch as the cubistes are seeking a formal division of their designs into packets or parcels, they have hold of an old, and therefore a sound, clue. But inasmuch as the packets or parcels into which most of their designs are conditioned by nothing, either in nature or in their medium, they are hopelessly astray. In the work of Marquet you may find all that restricts the absolute freedom of an artist, and subordinates it to a sane, creative and traditional talent of a very high order.

Mr. Chesterton is greatly surprised that Nietzsche pointed to the fact that democracy had no place for such a man, and because, moreover, Nietzsche traced this fault to a much more fundamental error—the error of stuffing the heads of the mob with inflated notions as to the importance of their priestly personalities. When St. Paul said to the people: "Do ye not know that the saints shall judge the world? And if the world shall be judged by you, are ye unworthy to judge the smallest matters?" Mr. Chesterton protests, on the ground that the word "judging" means "to compare" or "to measure." It is for this reason that Mr. Chesterton considers that Nietzsche is at fault in not following the Bible to the letter, not using the exact words that he says he has got his creed from heaven or from any other fictitious store-house ever to do with mine. Mr. Chesterton's creed infected mankind; it has nothing whatever to do with mine.

And Mr. Chesterton literally foams at the mouth at the thought that one might consider that Nietzsche was the first to point out this flaw in Mr. Chesterton's creed. It is for this reason that Mr. Chesterton considers that Nietzsche is at fault in not following the Bible to the letter, not using the exact words that he says he has got his creed from heaven or from any other fictitious store-house ever to do with mine. Mr. Chesterton's creed infected mankind; it has nothing whatever to do with mine.

And Mr. Chesterton very successfully asks Mr. Chesterton to interpret Nietzsche's name. Because it is my opinion that Mr. Chesterton does not know Nietzsche, I shall not trouble to interpret his name for him. Mr. Chesterton is surprised that Nietzsche did not believe in a personal authority, and especially in his Father figure. Mr. Chesterton is surprised that a man who claims to be an authority like the Superman should not have a personal authority, or, if he does, that he should not claim it. But this was only an expansive disguise of the fact that a painting consists of separate touches. That the cartoons of Raphael or the designs of Goya were made for tapestry, imposed a division of touch on those painters, a limit, that is to say, to blending. The habit of designing for mosaic, again, would be the best possible training for painters aiming at a lofty and august quality of utterance. An analogy may be found in the value of the restriction imposed by prosody on the spoken and the written word. Inasmuch as the cubistes are seeking a formal division of their designs into packets or parcels, they have hold of an old, and therefore a sound, clue. But inasmuch as the packets or parcels into which most of their designs are conditioned by nothing, either in nature or in their medium, they are hopelessly astray. In the work of Marquet you may find all that restricts the absolute freedom of an artist, and subordinates it to a sane, creative and traditional talent of a very high order.
MR. BIRRELL.

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