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

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The dispute in the docks illustrates the difficulties of Compulsory Arbitration even in its embryonic form of Collective Bargaining with money penalties; for who in the case of the Dock Strike is to decide whether masters or men were guilty of the original breach of the agreement? No arbitrator in the world could disentangle the mere chronological order of events leading up to a strike, still less weigh their psychological value in the minds of the masters and men respectively. Many of the most decisive incidents in the preparatory stages are not only unrecorded, they are unrecordable; and the recorded events themselves are each susceptible of a variety of interpretations. As a consequence any really fair-minded arbitrator would refuse to come to a strike, still less weigh their psychological value in the minds of the masters and men respectively.

If our faith in the future of Trade Unions was less steadfast we should be disposed almost to despair of their very existence. For the moment, it is true, Trade Unionism appears to be flourishing; even Mr. Well is not venturing to predict its speedy disappearance. But this flourishing condition is the product of past ideas and contains at present no promise for the future. But this flourishing condition is the product of past ideas and contains at present no promise for the future.

A plan of campaign for establishing Compulsory Arbitration was drawn up by the trade union leaders and also to make the sympathetic strike more difficult than it is at this moment. Bound as each union will be by separate and unsynchronised agreements, each union, as it comes out on strike, will discover all its fellows to be, if not actually prevented from joining in, at least under penalty of an initial loss. There is too little co-operation as it is between the various unions. United they could disestablish commercialism and establish Syndicalism or Socialism or any other form of industry in a week. But even the little co-operation that now exists and that has recently shown signs of growth will be destroyed by the new form of separate collective bargaining under money penalties. It is probably too late for anybody now to attempt to stay the present tide; since the Trade Union leaders appear to be as set on the disastrous experiment as Sir George Askwith himself. But in no long time the tide will ebb. The rising leaders of Unionism will be wiser.

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It is not to be supposed that the dark authors of the plan of campaign for establishing Compulsory Arbitration are not aware of this. They know it very well. They know also that no fear of forfeiture of a money deposit on either side will prevent a strike which is spontaneous or a lock-out that may be profitable. But while the money penalty will not entirely prevent an explosive strike, it will operate (and this is undoubtedly the calculation) to delay the declaration of the strike by the trade union leaders and also to make the sympathetic strike more difficult than it is at this moment. Bound as each union will be by separate and unsynchronised agreements, each union, as it comes out on strike, will discover all its fellows to be, if not actually prevented from joining in, at least under penalty of an initial loss. There is too little co-operation as it is between the various unions. United they could disestablish commercialism and establish Syndicalism or Socialism or any other form of industry in a week. But even the little co-operation in that now exists and that has recently shown signs of growth will be destroyed by the new form of separate collective bargaining under money penalties. It is probably too late for anybody now to attempt to stay the present tide; since the Trade Union leaders appear to be as set on the disastrous experiment as Sir George Askwith himself. But in no long time the tide will ebb. The rising leaders of Unionism will be wiser.

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Only the most far-sighted union statesmen can be expected, however, to see this distance ahead. Capitalist observers, on the contrary, have not only foreseen it, but they have planned it. Mr. Lloyd George,
for example, has openly admitted that he is no particu-
lar friend of Trade Unionism; and in his position to
be part of the Union's leadership is to be its mortal enemy.
Further than this, to our certain knowledge the advo-
cates of the Insurance Act are privately recommend-
ing the Act to employers by the prospect it opens up of
weakening the Unions. The employers, it is of course, to
be observed, grow less loud in their denunciations of
the Act as the day for its operation draws nearer. The
"Times" on Friday, after months of apparent hesita-
tion, decided that the Act must be worked and strongly
deprecated resistance. The same death-bed repentance,
our readers will discover, will be made by the "Daily
Mail" and other employers' organs. The conclusion
is obvious that the employers were either not serious
in their opposition at the outset, or they have had the
real intention of the Act subsequently and satisfac-
torily explained to them. Of these two conclusions
we accept the second. But if the capitalists have now
been convinced that the Insurance Act will operate to
their advantage, not only by increased efficiency (a
doubtful benefit and only advertised by Mr. Lloyd
George for popular purposes), but by weakening the
Unions, what power have these latter, when once they
are in existence without the Act to support them?
Leaders of immense courage and large ideas might
work the Act to the benefit of their Unions; but the
existing leaders, the Appletons and the Braces and the
Wardles and the other things, are a thousand times more
likely to use the Act for their own advantage, not only
by increased efficiency (a doubtful benefit and only
advertised by Mr. Lloyd George for popular purposes),
but by weakening the Unions. The employers, in fact, have swallowed
the Act as the day for its operation draws nearer. The
employers-is so native to trade unionists that without
mentioning a name, most of them are syndicalists at heart. This can
be proved by anybody who cares to spend a quarter of
an hour in a room with a large number of clerks and
level of clerks and teachers. The leaders, on the other
hand, are anti-Syndicalists almost to a man. Their
moral purpose is that their enemy is not this or that employer,
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moral purpose is that their enemy is not this or that employer,
class of Wages. This distrust of five millions for forty is not unnatural if conscience exists at all, for it is the product of fear begotten of memory. No governing minority in the world has treated its governed majority of the same blood with worse spiritual cruelty than has the English economic aristocracy, the English wage-earners. We do not need to risk being accused of rambling to show that the political difference, or, in the strictest sense, the economic difference, between these extremes is growing narrower. Even in the early days of the Russo-Japanese War the Russian Government had great difficulty in training its men across the Siberia and Manchuria railway lines. At every six miles or so a gang of navvies under a Govern-ment official would be left with the request to keep a corresponding length of the line open for traffic. But in spite of the official organisation, trains were perpetually being delayed, and, in addition, the navvies complained of being underpaid. On the Tsar's request, the Tsar himself sent a confidential agent to inquire into the causes of the trouble, and empowered him, in the Imperial name, to remedy it if that should prove possible. His agent apparently was a man of extra-ordinary commonsense, for instead of interviewing the officials, he inquired of the men. The upshot of the matter was that in the Tsar's name he deposed every official on the line to the position of bookkeeper and invited each gang of men to elect its own ganger, and to work under conditions determined by themselves in consultation. In less than a week trains were running smoothly and without delay, and continued to do so for as long as the independent and even more signifi-cant, the working hours of the navvies were reduced from ten to five per day. King George of England might make a note of this for our next railway strike.

It is impossible in these notes to marshal the evi-dence (moreover, our readers may collect it easily for themselves) that the distinction of intelligence between the various classes in England is artificial, not natural. Madame Maintenon once said of herself that she was not great, she had only been elevated. Similarly the classes of Rent, Interest, and Profit in England may emulate her modesty with truth by admitting that they are not intellectually superior to wages, that they have only been educated. And even this education which these classes have received does not give them a superior general intelligence, but only a superior intelligence in the matter of property. We may say, indeed, that if the poor are trained from youth to earn wages, the rich are trained from youth to "earn," or, at least, to pre-serve Rent, Interest, and Profits. That, to an educa-tionist, is the only difference between them. But just to the extent that what living by one's own labour is more natural than living by the labour of others, the class of wages is ethically superior to the other classes; that is, it can be more safely trusted than the other classes to use its wealth as a responsibility; that is, it will as the pro-posal therefore to admit Wages to co-management with the State in industry is not ethically a desecration for the State, but ethically a rise. In place of an alliance with the rich, the three plutocratically distinguished classes, the State becomes actively allied with the common and basal class of the nation at large; in short, the State becomes national. And equal with its ethical advance thereby is the advantage in the economics of industry; for nobody will maintain that the management of industry by the classes that are not personally skilled in industry can be as efficient as management by the skilled. The fear, therefore, that either civilisation in its ethical sense or industry is perpetually marred by the admission to co-management of the working classes is utterly groundless. On the contrary, we are disposed to maintain that even at this moment national industry, in so far as it is efficiently run, is doing better than its past suffer from inefficiency in the unskilled, unworkmanlike disorganization and mismanagement of the controlling classes. We shall certainly have a great deal more to say on this subject, and we hope our readers will have something to say, too. If, as we believe, Trade Unions are the dry bones of the industrial organi-sation of the future, it is imperative that they should be made to live; and they can only be made to live by virtual participation of a part of the skilled in the running of business, and this participation is perhaps best expressed in the phrase co-management of industry with the State.

A vivid illustration, by the way, of the managerial capacity of workmen was recently told us by Prince Kropotkin. No governing minority in the world has treated its governed majority of the same blood with worse spiritual cruelty than has the English economic aristocracy, the English wage-earners. We do not need to risk being accused of rambling to show that the political difference, or, in the strictest sense, the economic difference, between these extremes is growing narrower. Even in the early days of the Russo-Japanese War the Russian Government had great difficulty in training its men across the Siberia and Manchuria railway lines. At every six miles or so a gang of navvies under a Govern-ment official would be left with the request to keep a corresponding length of the line open for traffic. But in spite of the official organisation, trains were perpetually being delayed, and, in addition, the navvies complained of being underpaid. On the Tsar's request, the Tsar himself sent a confidential agent to inquire into the causes of the trouble, and empowered him, in the Imperial name, to remedy it if that should prove possible. His agent apparently was a man of extra-ordinary commonsense, for instead of interviewing the officials, he inquired of the men. The upshot of the matter was that in the Tsar's name he deposed every official on the line to the position of bookkeeper and invited each gang of men to elect its own ganger, and to work under conditions determined by themselves in consultation. In less than a week trains were running smoothly and without delay, and continued to do so for as long as the independent and even more signifi-cant, the working hours of the navvies were reduced from ten to five per day. King George of England might make a note of this for our next railway strike.

The over-blown frogs whom the "Daily Mail" has been trying to pass off as oxen in the course of its symposium on Industrial Unrest are apparently about to croak their last. By the time we have reached Dr. Shadwell the list of great experts must surely be ex-hausted. Dr. Shadwell is paradoxically described in an editorial note as the Industrial Correspondent of the "Times" and the leading authority on Syndicalism. Mr. Tom Mann is, of course, no authority on Syndical-ism, nor is Mr. Guy Bowman, nor is its Paul, Mr. Gaylord Wilsie. All these insignificant people, to-gether with the scores of anonymous apostles of Syndicalism, are merely phenomena, unconscious, in-articulate, and possibly only mechanical. Dr. Shad-well, on the other hand, is a scientist, a reporter for the "Times" and the leading authority on a subject he has never felt and does not understand. This being all of a piece with our idiotic social valuations causes us no surprise. It is right and fitting that a govern-ning journal in England should have Dr. Shadwell as its industrial correspondent. His contributions to the mess of opinions collected by the "Daily Mail" con-sist of (a) a misstatement of Syndicalism, and (b) a mis-statement of the condition of England. We have not the least intention of supporting Syndicalism, but we have every intention of understanding it and repre-senting it fairly. When, therefore, the "leading authority" declares that Syndicalist strikes are to be "accompanied by violence and wanton damage leading up to the general revolutionary strike," in the name of truth we deny it. That undoubtedly is the view of Syndicalism which the capitalist classes would wish to believe, for such a view would strengthen their conscience for the noble task of attempting to suppress it by force; but it is not a view that can be endorsed outside the circles of carefully cultivated ignorance. Dr. Shadwell is equally acceptable to Mr. Wells' class of people who are "accustomed to handle affairs" in maintaining that the gulf between the rich and poor is narrowing instead of widening. In the last twenty years, a hundred and twenty millionaires have died and the number of people who are "accustomed to handle affairs" in maintaining that the gulf between the rich and poor is narrowing instead of widening. Yet, according to Dr. Shadwell, the gulf between these extremes is growing narrower. Even the new Privy Councillor, Mr. Masterman, once knew better than that when he wrote his "Condition of England." And when we have said that Mr. Master-man knows it, no excuse for anybody's ignorance remains.
On Wednesday in the "Daily Mail" the Cecils were relieved of their parrot duty of crying Co-partnership by Earl Grey. "The ideal co-partnership," says Earl Grey, "is a system under which worker and consumer shall share with capital the profits of industry." We have never heard the consumer mentioned before in the alliance which Co-partnership proposes. On the contrary, we assumed that the partnership was between employers and their men at the expense of the general consumer. The word "ideal," however, may be said to be in order, so far as Earl Grey, by casting over for scheme its purple veil. Ideally this Co-partnership of his would include the public; but really, of course, the public, as things are in this wicked world, would have to pay. Like all the other Co-partnership mice, however, Earl Grey would like all us how he is going to bell the cat of the Trade Unions. Addressing the Tool-makers on Sunday last, Mr. Lansbury said: "If employers were sincere about Co-partnership let the agreement be made between the workmen organised into unions and the federations of employers." That is certainly feasible, if not, from the public point of view, desirable. But Co-partnership between employers and individual workmen is a threat to Trade Unionism that even Trade Union leaders can realise.

Nothing gave us greater pleasure last week than to read these words of Mr. Handel Booth in the "Speculator" on the white heat of things in public life to-day as the growing despair and the total lack of faith in the social reformer." It is about time that the social reformer" realised what everybody else has long understood, that it is a mere morbid mania when he is not a cunning devil, and a hindrance to progress to boot. Even to associate nowadays with social reformers is an offence to one's good taste, for they are, with few exceptions, liars from sentiment or from policy. Consider, for instance, the orgy of social reform that has just been celebrated in the Caxton Hall under the name of the National Conference on the Prevention of Destitution. The able men who organise these mammoth entertainments for charlatans and their dupes are probably as disgusted as we are with the very name of Social Reform. We do not refer to Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, who appear to revel in the statistics of poverty. Both they and the rest of the readers of papers are professed social reformers and doubtless as sincere as they are without ideas. Mr. Webb, for example, noted with surprise the change that had taken place in public opinion during their "absence abroad." "Nothing is heard of what we now call for, " with the instant socialisation of the means of production, distribution, and exchange was obviously being led up to by an elaborate preparation of this kind. And when we read that the change of attitude might be expressed as from the "Relief of the Unemployed" to the "Regulation of Industry," we concluded that the revolution was about to begin. Instead of which—"the most urgently needed step in social reform is a legal minimum wage." The "saddest thing, etc., etc.," is the total lack of ideas of the social reformer.

Sagas of Our Times.—II

By Charles Manson.

I. THE. FURIES.

Menace at last, to these Spinsters from the web, over the Holes and in corners, came straight from the kitchen and Not from the wall. The Gods do not busy them—

Selves with the duster and

Pan for removing the

Flaunt nimble ninepences,

Gods do not busy them-

Donor of fruit in the

Places. But peace came not.

Myrmidons, hurrying and

Creatures," forthwith sent these

Fates, now of destiny, less;

Speak their decrees.

By request) crossing the

Monsters, with hordes of their

Myrmidons, hurrying and

in quest of safe

Their. But peace came not.

Then. There arose again

Other disturbing

False and deceptive se-

Men, these dissectors of

Mens, these dissectors of

Burdensome portions

Shape of a dry ulti-

None such be swallowed—the

Men, these dissectors of

Forcible parts, sent by their

Agent paraide with As-

Surance a land still a-

Gape for sweet fruit and re-

Freshing like manna from

Heaven, those pills to re-

Move undigested and

Burden some portions of

Thal Bill of Fare which was

Senselessly swallowed with-

Out mastication—these

Men, these dissectors of

Giving the pip to the

Donor of fruit in the

Forgain the day's salary, Mr. has

Matum, declare that un-

Less such be swallowed—

Fee nuts. When a

Funeral there'll be of

Derecific corps which no

Manner of beating can
call back to Life again.
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

SOMETHING, as vulgar folk would say, seems to be sticking in Mr. Massingham's gizzard. I have spent the week-end examining this physical phenomenon, which I have usually found of considerable interest. In the "Nation" Mr. Massingham "goes for" the Cabinet because it is too Imperialistic and not sufficiently Radical, and he follows up this attack by an article in Monday's "Daily News and Leader." It is not for the remark of Viscount Haldane to the Woolsack; for I am rather more interested in what the writer says about aggressive Imperialism. Mr. Massingham objects to this. There is no sound on the peace question, armaments, an Anglo-German understanding.

"I doubt whether half a dozen members stood out against the steps which last autumn brought us within an ace of war with Germany, and I am sure there are not half a dozen such stalwarts to-day. ... Mr. Asquith knows well the heartrending which have accompanied Sir Edward Grey's policy, with its almost unredemed story of treachery and false promises, is not sound on the peace question, arma-

ments, an Anglo-German understanding. Mr. Massingham objects to this. There is no sound on the peace question, armaments, an Anglo-German understanding.

"Imagine Robertson at the War Office! Administrative Rationalism in aversion, backed up by the R.P.A.!

But Mr. Massingham gives himself away in the final paragraph of his "Daily News" article: 'Well, the balance has not been held with an even hand, and we who care more for the ideas and principles which govern politics and less for the personalities that handle them. ...' There, of course, lies the whole error. Men of the Massingham type must learn—or else the knowledge will be forced upon them by relentless experience—that the greatest thing in the world is personality; that personality is the only thing that counts. It is personalities who lay down principles in the first instance; but those principles must be vivified, revived, by other personalities from time to time; or they will become rusty, unworkable, useless. What would have become of Christianity, for example, had it not been for St. Paul, and the early saints and martyrs, and Thomas Aquinas, and St. Francis of Assisi, and Ignatius Loyola, and scores of others? What would have become of Toryism in the nineteenth century if Disraeli and Lord Randolph Churchill had not gal-

vanised it into new life by teaching it to look to the working classes for support? And what would have become of Liberalism had it not been for Gladstone, himself an ex-Tory?

In every age, in every nation, there are a few men with personalities, and they are the means of their writings, their eloquence, their business gifts, or their personal, individual qualities in one direction or another, away and mould the nation and the age. They will, as by instinct, revive principles which may be falling into decay, if those principles happen to be of ambition to them in attaining the goal of their ambition. But if the only principles at hand are obsolete, then they will make new ones. Men of powerful personal- ity often strike them exactly for an express train draws underneath its wheels any object that may be lying near its track as it passes along at sixty miles an hour.

Now perhaps we can see the utter futility of Mr. Massingham's observations. When he says, for in-

stance: 'The great mass of the Liberal Party profess views on peace, on foreign policy, on reform, on armaments, have moral and political ideas and habits of thought, which are only represented in the Cabinet by a tiny fraction of the whole body,' he is talking poppycock. I snap my fingers, and assure Mr. Mass-

ingham that the personalities who mould our foreign policy don't give 'that for the great mass of the Liberal Party, that they never even think of the great mass of the Liberal Party, and that if somebody said 'Liberal Party' to them they would grin and jape. For does Mr. Massingham, in his innocence, imagine that Sir Edward Grey alone is responsible for the foreign policy of this country? Perhaps he does; but he is wrong. The foreign policy of this country is not moulded merely in Downing Street, but in St. Peters-

burg, in Vienna, in Constantinople, in Pekin, in Tokio, in Simla, in Berlin, in Madrid, in Washing-

ton; and also, more often than is imagined, in such relatively unimportant capitals as Brussels and Lisbon.

In other words, our foreign policy has to change from month to month, and even occasionally from week to week and from day to day, to meet the changing policy of other countries, to go one better than Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter, to circumvent some move by Yuan-Shi-Kai, to assist M. Sazonoff in one part of the world, and, perhaps, to check him in another. International politics to-day are in the hands of six per- sonalities: Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter, Signor Tit- tioni, M. Poincaré, Sir Edward Grey, the Austrian Em-
peror, and M. Sazonoff. The combination may seem unusual, but there it is. And Sir Edward Grey, it must be admitted, does give his influence not merely to the interests of his own country, but much to his natural abilities as to the prestige of his country. He is attached to his Liberal creed—in so far as a man in his position can be attached to any political creed at all—but he must let it slide when he is dealing with men who are not particularly interested in Liberalism.

Reading between the lines of Mr. Massingham's article, it seems to me that he is disappointed at two factions in foreign politics at which, I think, he has always expressed disgust, viz., the lack of an Anglo-German understanding and our entente with Russia. Now, attempts have been made to come to a better under-

standing with Germany; but Lord Haldane was not able to make any headway with them, and where he, with his great knowledge of Germany, failed, it is not likely that anyone else will succeed until we have some radically different proposals to put before the German Government. It may be a matter of dispute whether colonies would be of benefit to Germany or not: Ger-

many wants colonies. It may be a matter of dispute whether Germany should have a big navy: Ger-

many wants a big navy. We have never, in the course of our negotiations, been prepared to accede to certain German demands for 'compensation.' The South African Government, for example, has let it be known with praiseworthy clearness that the Union would not tolerate a German occupation of Walvis Bay—that, in fact, the Union prefers the Germans to be as far re-

moved from South Africa as possible. I do not quite know what name we can apply to the political party now in power in South Africa, but assuredly it is not thinking of English Liberalism, not by a long way. Nor will English Liberalism be considered in the forthcoming commercial partition of Turkey. In short, in matters of foreign policy, it really does not matter very much what the English Liberals think. The Emperor Francis Joseph is twisting them round his finger, M. Sazonoff looks upon them as relics of a past age, Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter tramps on them with both feet. For these are some of the personali-
ties who mould the destinies of the great English Liberal Party in foreign affairs. Sir Edward Grey does his best; but when he has to choose between the prestige of his country and the prestige of "Glad-
stonian principles," what can he do? The principles must go, because the personalities oppose them and are stronger. When this is realised by people like Mr. Massingham and Mr. Cunninghame Graham, who also writes in Monday's "Daily News," we shall begin to get along very nicely.
Military Notes.

By Romney.

Lord Haldane has retired from the War Office and Colonel Seely has replaced him. Lord Haldane was a very able man, but his relations with the Army were ruined by mistrust. Lawyers and politicians are always detestable to soldiers, but in the case of the present Lord Chancellor the feeling was especially strong, limited only by that proportion of the Army with which he had not yet come into personal contact. And as he was unduly fond of going up and down the country and making silly speeches, his proportion was exceedingly small. The mistrust was justified. The man is a lawyer to his finger tips. In no other politician have I detected so strong an atmosphere of advocacy. The obvious attempt to please, the anxious watching for effect, the quickness to seize forensic opportunities and the forensic disregard for truth, as contrasted with temporary effect, all these were painfully evident to the least sophisticated audiences, and I am convinced of the late War Minister that the less he shows himself in public, the greater his influence will be. Apart from this his record was good. For a politician, and within the limits which the party system allows, he did a great deal for the Army, upon which his administration will leave a mark as conspicuous as that of Cardwell and of Horne. His successor will command more confidence. Colonel Seely is a soldier. He and the Army understand one another.

There is significance in the National Reserve parade of 20,000 ex-soldiers. These older men should be made use of. It is a defect in modern armies that they are composed almost entirely of boys. You cannot make an army of boys alone, any more than you can make a State of boys alone, and the proper adnixture of the ages is as desirable in armies as in any other institution. If youth gives dash and energy, age and experience are none the less necessary to steady the mass and to preserve it from those discouragements and panics to which young troops are especially liable. Young men of twenty all think alike, and when demoralisation once gets a root in a force composed only of such, there is no nucleus of older, tougher minds to check its growth. Marriage is, of course, the chief obstacle to a wider use of older men. The wives and children of soldiers killed in action generally starve, and married men are in consequence none too anxious to expose themselves. Some provision for these unfortunate would do everything to raise the combattant value of our reserves, for, after all, the greatness of any army is the will to fight, and money spent upon that is accordingly worth four times as much as money upon improvements in armament, or even in training and organisation.

The language of contempt has its limitations, and much as we may desire to blister and excoriate, there are occasions upon which man’s helplessness before the more tremendous manifestations of imbecility becomes painfully apparent. Such is the case with the notorious “Daily News.” A submarine was lost by France and many brave men went down in her. Such accidents are inseparable from training, and as the business of submarines is a very dangerous one, preparing to run the gauntlet, the risks are not confined to submarines. Cavalry charges, artillery driving, and flying all have their share of them, of which no sane person has ever thought to complain. Now this is how the “Daily News” approaches the matter. “Is not the submarine,” Cadbury asks us, “an exercise in perilous barbarism without a compensating military value?” The matter of “compensating military value” I omit. The question whether the expenditure on the submarine is justified by the probable results is one that requires for its answer a knowledge of the facts as well as the judgment to employ them, and Cadbury possesses neither. Let us confine ourselves to the cool appreciation that military operations are “exercises in perilous barbarism.” Neither the poor creature who wrote that sentence, nor the other one who paid him to do so can have had any clear conception of what the term “barbarism” implies. Why should it astonish them to explain away that “barbarism” is shown not in the violent redress of wrong, but in the tame and temperate acceptance of the same? By the way, if you want an “exercise in barbarism,” how about the systematic extinguishing of independent criticism by buying up the organs of public opinion? That fulfils the conditions of “an exercise in barbarism,” but is at present unfortunately not “perilous,” though with goodwill and perseverance we may hope to make it so.

The decline of the French birth-rate is serious from the military point of view. Of course, it is absurd to assume with M. Paul Leroy (“an eminent authority”) that in six generations the French stock will have ceased to exist. After all, decreases in population have been known before. These things go in waves, and as a period of increase has been followed by one of decrease, it is reasonable to assume that the reverse will follow when a low period has been reached, and come into play. But the immediate future is black. The Army requires an annual contingent of so many men: yet numbers steadily diminish, and very soon it will be necessary for the Republic to keep its forces up to strength by maintaining a supplementary force of mercenary troops. Querly enough, the actual decrease makes itself felt at a moment of patriotic and religious revival. Will they have a counter effect? Mr. Bellocl is supposed to have something about barbarism, but has hitherto steered very clear of this question. Why does he not give us something on the subject? If there are factors in the problem which we have not heard of yet in England, we were of interest to learn them. Some of the solutions are, indeed, extraordinary. One (which Mr. Bellocl will certainly not accept) assumes that the loss of fertility is due to the consumption of sour wine! But wines were drunk in France two hundred years ago, and there were plenty of children then. Anyhow, whatever happens in the matter of quantity, the French quality is still the best in Europe. Anyone who looks at the record of French progress, spiritual and material, since 1871, and says that France is decadent, must be mad or blind.

In spite of denials, rumours persist that the French Republic will not consent to an alliance with this country except at the price of conscription. They are not credible. France is undoubtedly unwilling to be dragged into an Anglo-German war without the assurance of greater military support than we can at present offer her, but conscription will not remedy the case. No form of compulsory service that we are likely to adopt will give us more than a militia, useful enough as a defence against minor "raids," but, as an ordinary force, unfit for operations on the Continent against the flower of the German Army. Nothing is useful to the French except an increase in the Expeditionary Force, and conscription, by doubling the cost of the Home Defence Army, and accordingly reducing the sums available for expenditure upon the Regulars, would have, if anything, a contrary result. On the other hand, the French are aware that lack of public confidence in the Territorials has made it extremely difficult for any Government to send the Expeditionary Force to Belgium at the critical moment. It is possible that compulsory service, by raising public confidence in the Home Defence Force, might release the Expeditionary Force for its proper role of expeditions. Meanwhile it is interesting to remember that the late General Langlois, after a visit to this country for the purpose of unoffically inspecting the Territorial Force, reported to his Government that there was no such purpose. That was three years ago. Since then the Territorials have improved beyond all recognition.
Democracy and the Wage System

III.

It must now be obvious that passive citizenship is inconsistent with a true conception of democracy. If the economic integration of Society leaves the active citizens in control of the essentials of life, it follows that the passive citizens (tied hand and foot by the wage system) must remain in servitude, and therefore democracy is nullified. It is not a case of democracy being nullified. The moral is too clear even to be spring from altogether different sources and are only consistent with a true conception of democracy. If the conquest of political power carries in its train the economic integration of Society leaves the active labour inside the limits imposed by the wage system. We hear from time to time of some collector who becomes so absorbed in his hobby that he neglects his business and finally involves himself in ruin. When he explains to his creditors that the trouble arose from his devotion to intaglios, they do not applaud him for his noble pursuit of the beautiful or the curious, and wish him god-speed in his artistic activities. On the contrary, they send the priceless collection to the auctioneer at the courts and proceed to seize the bankrupt's factory and everything else he possesses. Exit the bankrupt, who may even be forced into the ranks of the wage-earners and so changed from an active to a passive citizen. Thus is prosperity taught that, before it orders its life on lines of amenity and beauty, it must make its economic position secure. But the pity of it is that Labour will not learn this lesson. Politics is the science of social life. But social life, be it beautiful or ugly, springs out of the prevailing economic conditions. If the essential factor of these economic conditions remains unchanged, social life cannot be modified to any degree inconsistent with the essential economic factor, precisely as the manufacturer cannot indulge his hobbies beyond his means. The essential economic factor is the wage system. Thus we witness the tragic spectacle of the Labour Party vainly striving to change the form of social life without transforming the essential economic factor—the wage system.

We confess that we write all this with considerable impatience. It is a thankless task to blow the trumpet week by week to demonstrate the obvious. Columbus with the egg did it in ten seconds; we have been at it for ten consecutive weeks, but, so far as we can see, the Labour Party is still enthusiastically pursuing its blind-the-wisp, all unconscious of its futility. The capitalists are immensely amused, and are even willing to help it; serious Socialists are perturbed and anxious. As yet, however, there is not the semblance of a response from them. Mr. Keir Hardie, with the possible exception of Mr. Keir Hardie. This antique agitator apparently caught some glimmering of our meaning when he told a Swansea audience that the time was coming when they would cease to be wage-earners and all receive salaries! It did not modify the conviction that he could not see them; his calculations were springs out of the existing economic conditions. If the essential essential of these economic conditions remains unaltered, social life cannot be modified to any degree inconsistent with the essential economic factor, precisely as the manufacturer cannot indulge his hobbies beyond his means. The essential economic factor is the wage system. Thus we witness the tragic spectacle of the Labour Party vainly striving to change the form of social life without transforming the essential economic factor—the wage system.

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mains a Guild-Socialism that will combine industrial democracy with communal solidarity.

Having at length realised that the wage system is the one great barrier against human emancipation, we now understand why the work of the great liberators and revolutionists has been rendered nugatory. It is not for us to deprecate the labours and heroic struggles of the great democrats, the arch-democrats, who toiled and moiled for liberty. Kossuth, Mazzini, Swinburne, Taylor, the Chartists, Feargus O'Connor, Lloyd Garrison, Whitier, Lammenais and Lacordaire, even Lasalle (who really visualised the political and economic questions through his great names, and a cloud of others, not forgetting the philosophers, artists and musicians, who dreamt of human liberty and worked for it, each in his own medium, were they now to awake from their sleep would find that their great tradition is dead. They would discover to their dismay that the democracy of their hopes is submerged in the dreadful servitude of the wage system. Perhaps, too, they would be appalled at the astounding spiritual inertia which accepts as permanent the very system that imposes servitude. Perhaps, however, they look out from their niche in the void merely puzzled, for who can fathom the mysteries of the political mind? Certainly Swinburne seemed satisfied. Republicanism and political liberty met his view.

"Liberty, what of the night? I feel not the red rains fall, nor the tempests at all, nor thunder in heaven any more. All the distance is white with the soundless feet of the sun. Night with the woes that it wove, Night is over and done."

This aristocratic singer of abstract liberty had apparently not the faintest conception of the simple fact that rent, interest and wages have a deeper spiritual significance than the downfall of crowns and the acquisition of passive votes. Democracy, with four-fifths of its members servile and passive, is a grotesque thing. We have no patience with it or its purblind devotees. It and they cumber the ground. Is it too much to ask that those who understand the true bearers of the wage system. Perhaps, however, they look out from their niche in the void merely puzzled, for who can fathom the mysteries of the political mind? Certainly Swinburne seemed satisfied. Republicanism and political liberty met his view.

The Judiciary and the Public.

By C. H. Norman.

The recent political trials have shown what a great change has come over popular feeling with regard to punishment. The sentences passed by Mr. Justice Horridge on Bowman and the Bucks, by Mr. Justice Bankes on Tom Mann, by Mr. Justice Coleridge on the suffragist leaders, by the Common Serjeant on Malatesta, have all occasioned a feeling of dissatisfaction in the public mind.

It is a noble justification of democracy that the public are more generously-minded in the matter of punishment than the ruling and cultured class. Mr. and Mrs. Hammond's book on "The Village Labourer" is of great value on this subject. There the judicial atrocities of the days before the middle and working classes gained their power of influencing legislation are nakedly and impartially disclosed. The savagery of Sir James Park, Sir William Bolland, Sir John Pattoxon, Mr. Justice Alderson, Baron Vaux, and the many members of the Law, and of Almack's who presided at Quarter Sessions, in the intervals between gambling and nameless debaucheries, are no longer possible; yet the proceedings of the judges are too often a severe criticism as at no other period in the century.

The judges themselves must be severely blamed for the extraordinary discredit into which the judiciary has so rapidly fallen. Lord Halsbury was the man who began the ruin of the English judiciary. The political jobbery and general corruption which attended his ad-

ministration of the Lord High Chancellorship might not have mattered had he been fortunate in his selections; but Mr. Justice Halsbury never made a wise judgment of the quality of men. Lord Halsbury will be chiefly remembered as the man who gave Sir William Grantham, Sir John Lawrance, and Sir Edward Ridley high judicial office. No Lord Chancellor could have committed greater crime against his country, or against the good name of the English judiciary. His judgment in the Marais case, mercilessly examined by Mr. Frederic Harrison in his fine essay on "The Court of Siege," also shocked educated and informed opinion.

The decision of Sir George Farwell in the Taif Vale litigation, taken with Sir Arthur Wills' summing up in the second Taif Vale case, ranged the Trade Unions against the judges. Arising out of those judgments, the Trade Unions were harassed by years of ruinous litigation, in which the Trade Union funds became the target of every speculative employer. This state of things was ended by the Trades Disputes Act, a measure which placed the exactly the same position as that in which they had been previous to the Taif Vale decisions. No sooner had that battle in the Law Courts been concluded by legislation, than the Trade Unions were faced with Mr. Walter Victor Osbourne began his famous action relative to the legality of the Parliamentary levy. That duel has not yet ceased; but Parliament has been again invoked to reverse the amazing decision of the House of Lords in that case.

Unfortunately for the judges, though perhaps luckily for the community, the Liberal Party was the next point of judicial attack. At the instance of one of the judges, and with the consent of the Conservative headquarters, Unionist candidates embarked upon what has become known as "the political libel campaign." It is a noble justification of democracy that the public are more generously-minded in the matter of punishment than the ruling and cultured class. Mr. and Mrs. Hammond's book on "The Village Labourer" is of great value on this subject. There the judicial atrocities of the days before the middle and working classes gained their power of influencing legislation are nakedly and impartially disclosed. The savagery of Sir James Park, Sir William Bolland, Sir John Pattoxon, Mr. Justice Alderson, Baron Vaux, and the many members of the Law, and of Almack's who presided at Quarter Sessions, in the intervals between gambling and nameless debaucheries, are no longer possible; yet the proceedings of the judges are too often a severe criticism as at no other period in the century.

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tion of Englishmen's liberties by imposing upon Mylius a bail of £20,000. The sentences in so-called picketing cases during the railway and transport strike of last autumn evoked the following protest in the manifesto of the General Federation of Trade Unions upon the subject: "The majority of the members of the Federation in Britain supplies a whole series of tragic instances of judicial error and bias, while the experience of our own times is replete with instances of savage sentences passed upon working men in industrial struggles, and of exaggerated and ridiculous damages against Trade Unions." The severity of this language is quite justified by the events of the last decade.

A judge has a position of enormous responsibility. Yet, in England, there are no qualifications beyond an ordinary legal knowledge. Activity as a party hack was the chief qualification of many of Lord Halsbury's appointees, and of some of Lord Loreburn's. However incompetent he may display himself in the first year of his office, there is no means of securing his removal. The amount of injustice one incompetent judge can do in his term is one of those matters upon which little is said, but much is thought in legal circles. It would require a similarly robust temperament to calculate calmly the quantity of injustice which has been perpetrated by Sir William Grantham, Sir Edward Ridley, Sir Walter Phillimore, Sir Charles Darling, and Sir John Lawrance in the last few years. Mr. Liberal Horsfall has already so distinguished himself that the late Sir William Grantham may have in him a worthy successor. So confident are the judges in their status, that a narrow-minded man like Sir George Farwell, who has hardly recovered from the shock of the Trades Disputes Act, does not trouble to conceal his bias against the Trade Unions in any trade union case he may be called upon to adjudicate. In some cases it is impossible for Sir George to object to an ordinary courtesy from the judges. The judges have forgotten that they are the servants of the public. They believe that they are their masters. The common law judges are fitted neither by temperament nor capacity, in most cases, for their position. The contempt with which the majority of the King's Bench judges are widely regarded in the legal profession would astonish the legal profession would astonish the legal profession would astonish the legal profession would astonish the legal profession would astonish the legal profession would astonish the legal profession would astonish the legal profession would astonish the legal profession would astonish the legal profession would astonish the legal profession would astonish the legal profession would astonish the legal profession would astonish the legal profession would astonish the legal profession would astonish the legal profession would astonish the legal profession would astonish the legal profession would astonish the legal profession would astonish the legal profession would astonish the legal profession would astonish the legal profession would astonish the legal profession would astonish the legal profession would astonish the legal profession would astonish the legal 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entire brute creation that often he cannot steel his heart to place even the hopelessly diseased in the lethal chamber. For he loves himself, and knows he will have the agony of witnessing the inevitable end, and at the same time to promote, however humbly, the essentially humane objects of some friendly expert with the lancet. The veterinary magnate à la mode drives a motor, in cost and appurtenances of the sort, like the Prince of Wales or the College of Physicians licentiate with a first-rate practice among the most desirable families. With him, indeed, our glorified "vet." is on terms of confidential sawing-off and conveying of domestic animals daily at the door of élite among the local vale-tudinarians, often becomes himself a sort of tame cat beneath their roofs. Pugs, Pomeranians, Pekinese—he delights the old maids of both sexes by fondling them, and, if necessary, suggesting that for some ailment, imaginary for the most part rather than real, the skilful and conscientious "vet." should be called in. That worthy has other useful agents in most homes where his professional services are likely to be wanted. Dogs for the most part are poisoned by animal food, and contract nearly all their diseases from being overfed by their admirers. In the drawing-room, as in the hound's meadow, let it be known that, if acted upon, he may make it worth the while of those who can promote the conveyance to him of any canine pet, conspicuous for its intelligence, and therefore specially suitable for the scientific researchers.

Professor Hiatrokyn, as may be judged from his name, is of Bohemian birth, but descended from a long line of Polish refugees who, during the eighteenth century, settled in the fashionable East Anglian resort now adorned by the professor. Still his circulars are written in English seductive enough to bring him many clients. "Do you," he asks on a beautifully decorated card, "see signs of languor, furred tongue, or hot nose about any of your four-footed family, loss of appetite, of activity, peevishness, or discontent? If so, your little treasure is threatened by serious illness, which may cause its entire loss. While there is time, send it to the professor, not necessarily for treatment, but for diagnosis, that the case may be taken in time, or Professor Hiatrokyn will tell his chauffeur to stop at your house, on the first day his motor may be in your direction, at any hour you appoint."

This friend of dogs in distress, in his magnificent sealskin overcoat, should it be winter, or in his grey frock, with lavender silk facings, if the season be summer, looks twice his naturally huge size. In his manner and presence he recalls one of the West-End usurers, who flourished exceedingly during the Victorian Age in the streets abutting Hanover Square. His suave manner does him no disservice in the little invalid hound, who greets the professor with an agonising series of cries and howls. Dogs, it cannot be doubted, when anything unpleasant may be contemplated for them, have as keen a presentation of what is coming as have human babies. Both, those whom it concerns would do well to remember, judge character, not less quickly and correctly than Hiatrokyn's medical friend and neighbour, Dr. Emilius Placebo, takes the measure of a lady patient with an independent income who had made a social reputation from power in the mechanical sense. In the mechanical sense, human beings.

Power in the social sense differs in only one respect from power in the mechanical sense. In the mechanical sense it is ability to dispose and to control; otherwise he could not abandon or resume it at will. But of the two controls one, namely, the control of thought, is in the end the superior. In other words, whoever controls the thought of all the rest, that is, in inducing them to transfer their own mind-control to another person, this person becomes sovereign not only of men's thoughts but, in the end, of their actions. Against an opponent who has accumulated power over men's actions alone, the former, however, will temporarily be inferior; for he cannot, like the latter, put all his forces into the field at once. On the other hand, his visible forces are all the time growing while the latter's are all the time dwindling.

Money is said to be power only because for money men are willing to be commanded. Power can, therefore, be bought.

Power in the social sense differs in only one respect from power in the mechanical sense. In the mechanical sense it is ability to dispose and to control; in the social sense it is ability to dispose and arrange human beings.

Every representative who has received the votes of his constituents becomes thereby possessed of their self-determination within the limits assigned by them. While he is their representative and for the particular matters specified, he alone exists, though with as many bodies to carry out his will as there were votes sincerely given to him. A vote is thus the transference of one's
self-command in respect of certain things. It is the loan of power.

There are no naturally powerful men, but there are many men potentially powerful. To be potentially powerful means to be able to influence men's thoughts or acts at will; and not merely to influence in the sense of impressing, but in the sense of controlling. But many potentially powerful men never trouble to realise their potency. Like idle giants, they are too indifferent or too satisfied to desire to do what they know well they could do if they liked. The world is spared many terrible things by this idleness on the part of the potentially powerful. It is also denied many grand spectacles.

On the other hand, many men desire to possess power who do not know how to acquire it.

Power is not only proportionate to numbers, but to the degree of consent accompanying the transfer of self-determination. One volunteer is worth ten pressed men; a self-devoted slave is the equivalent of ten semi- or demi-semi-servants. Thus the greatest power comes well enough they could. The world is spared many terrible things by this idleness on the part of the potentially powerful. It is also denied many grand spectacles.

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the Poet, as well as his quantity. We were not deluded into supposing that the man who struggled together Sappho, Shakespeare and Villon, was capable of a judgment, and we begin to think that he belongs to that order of most senseless, well-read men whose ignoble taste rushes them into situations whence all the encyclopaedia would be too little to rescue them and fit them for the company of men of letters. Mr. Murry exalts above the whole of "Endymion" cannot be helpfully compared with this at all. It is not in the key of Keats. This is Keats; the secondary Keats, we deliberately choose:—

It was a jasmine bower all bestrown
With golden moss. His every sense had grown
Ethereal for pleasure; 'bove his head
Flew a delightful half-graspable; his tread
Was Hesperian; to his capable ears
Silence was music from the holy spheres;
A dasy luxury was in his eyes;
And stirred them faintly.

Keats did much better than that; yet in these lines there is enough to let us hear his tone. It is nothing like Mr. Stephens' tone in "The Lonely God":—

Never again to Eden would he haste
As cool of evening, when the sun had paced
Back from the tree-tops, slanting from the rim
Of a low cloud, what time the twilight dim
Keats to tree in shadow, gathering slow
Till all had met and vanished in the flow
Of dusky silence, and a brooding star
Sways at the glowing darkness far afar,
While haply now and then some nested bird
Would lift upon the air a sleepy word
Most musical, or swing its airy bed
That drifted overhead.

And that well-worn mintage is worth all "Endymion"; Cool of evening, rim of a cloud, twilight dim shadows knit, gathering slow, dusky silence, the flow of silence, brooding star, most musical, moon drifting overhead. About the glowing darkness far afar,

We cannot bring ourselves to compare Milton at his very worst with this silly writing. Let us quote that whole poem we promised and have done. It is the first of several selected by Mr. Stephens to illustrate his genius to the readers of the "Poetry Review," so we cannot be accused of malice in reprinting it. It is called "Inognito":—

I live in a cave,
I have no name,
I am
Lonely and grave;
By changing shores for ever the same
I am.

And in the city where people brood
I am the centre of solitude,
Wearing a cloak of the merchant hue
Over my robes of gold and blue,
And hiding from the folks who stare
The fire that swings about my hair:
But they who see me scarcely see,
And they who know me hardly know
The sudden glee,
The ecstasy
That maddens them until I go.

Even so, in the busy throng
With careful feet I pass along:
Till one shall look
And be aware
Where I have brood,
And die in prayer
Beside the footprint of a god.

Glancing once again at Mr. Aldington's review we note, with no surprise, for insincerity is too common, that he opens by declaring that Mr. Stephens' poems "are too sublimely to make any violent literary commotion," and proceeds that "some of these poems are almost worthy a permanent place in literature." Verse that is not worthy a permanent place in literature is assuredly not poetry. Mr. Stephens would do well not to be carried away by what such reviewers as Mr. Aldington say of him. In our short day we have seen several young versifiers apotheosised who are now fast becoming very lonely gods.
Scenes from the Commune of Paris.

By an Eye-Witness.

(Translated to authority of the Author from the French of Mrs. F. F. Barrow by Amy Skrogard-Pfeiffer.)

The author of the book, shortly to be published, from which these translations are made, “Sous le Drapeau Rouge,” acted as the secretary of Colonel Nathaniel Rossel during the Commune. The first section here printed forms a portion of the last page of a diary which he kept during the latter days of the Commune.

I.—THE END OF THE COMMUNE.

Monday, May 22, 1871.—The Versaillais have entered Paris by the Auteuil gate. It had been abandoned. Some individual had acquainted them with this fact, letting loose upon his fellow-citizens, upon thousands of men, light and foolish victims, the brutal, blind and cowardly anger of a whole army exasperated by an unexpected resistance, pitiless commands and bloody examples.

The sinister tocsin has been sounding all the night, drums have been beating the general from every quarter. The federals rise in masse to repulse the enemy, or will they, brave only at the supreme moment, allow their throats to be cut without an attempt at defence? I turn into the rue de Rivoli bullets are whistling about my ears. I cross the bridge of Solferino, and here I am. I turn into the rue de Rivoli; bullets are whistling about my ears. I cross the bridge of Solferino, and here I am in front of the hotel of the rue Dominique-German, which I entered, six weeks ago, in all the fervour of my revolutionary enthusiasm.

To-day, what terrific solitude! The doors are open, the rooms empty, papers are lying about everywhere, drawers have been turned out in haste and left unshut over the desks like mounds, piles of letters, telegrams, orders, all the archives of Cluseret, Rossel, and Delescluze, all their secrets delivered over to the enemy in advance, where courts-martial have only to seek for material to support lists of proscription and their charges. Stupid abandonment revealing the terror of the fugitives. No one to speak to, nothing to do; I make my way to the Place.

What has become of the brilliant officers who presided about the hotel of the Place Vendôme, round the handsome Colonel Henri Prudhomme and the imposing Simon Mayer? Estafettes, artillerymen, delegates of battalions are looking for them and cannot find them; they have departed, flown away like a flock of pheasants at the first report of the gun. But they have omitted to carry away their gold and scarlet plumage. This plumage, the livery of their vanity, the ornament of their cowardice, is spread about the streets, amidst the shrugging of shoulders, and the mocking laughter of the gossips.

At the very end of the avenue of Clichy the enemy defile, one by one with infinite precaution, along the railway line. I am going, with a handful of men, to take my place behind the first barricade, erected in haste in their path. When this barricade has been taken, we shall withdraw to another, retreating, since we cannot advance, resisting until we shall have been captured or killed.

II.—VANQUISHED.

I had been fighting for three days, when, on May 24, I was taken prisoner by a vulgar ruse. Sheltered behind a frail barricade near the chausée Clichancourci, I was hearing the firing of the gun-cradles, shouting among the linesmen whom I could not see, and who potted us with precision from behind the Venetian shutters of the:
neighbouring houses. One of my comrades lay beside me, struck by a ball in the forehead; the blazing sun had already begun its palpable work of decomposition; violet tints showed themselves in his livid face.

We had a seven-calibre gun and a field-howitzer, and from these we fired. In order to disguise the enemy, we amused ourselves by firing projectiles into the closed houses. It was my turn to aim when the red-breeches appeared unexpectedly before us, we knew not whence, advancing with a strong rope and running knots. The women had so far been forgotten, but the officer, on perceiving this, ordered them to be fastened together and placed at the end to form the last links in the chain of infamy. They were led up, their heads held high, their clothes in disorder. They had passed the night in prison. The captain heard this.

The detachment continued its course. An officer hurried up. The old man had sunk down, livid, his hair sticking to his temples, his cap cocked it.

The detachment 15th of June was evidently charged with the duty of conducting us to our destination.

Where would that be? Many believed that we should be imprisoned in Paris to await a speedy interrogation. But they were reserving a surprise for us.

Under the surveillance of a captain, the soldiers fastened us two and two together by the wrists; then they formed a chain by attaching each couple of men to the next with a strong rope and running knots. The women had so far been forgotten, but the officer, on perceiving this, ordered them to be fastened together and placed at the end to form the last links in the chain of infamy. They were led up, their heads held high, their clothes in disorder. They had passed the night in the cellar of the town-hall. They submitted without a murmur.

The men had not their squalid foreground. An involuntary exclamation escaped one, "Treated like criminals, like convicts! It's shameful!"

The captain heard this. He rushed furiously at one of us, swore at him, boxe's ears. "Say another word, brigand, and I'll break your jaw." And he waved his sabre in derision. The detachment stopped, paralysed with horror, and expecting a summary execution. The hussar had drawn his pistol and aimed it. He had pity on the old fellow; a carriage was disengaged.

Soldiers and populace threw themselves on us and insulted us. Applause sounded from the windows. Voices cried, "Bravo!" and there was a clapping of hands.

Near the Chaptal College a voice from the howling crowd commanded, "Make them throw down their caps! Off with the caps!" repeated the police. The soldiers, with the points of their bayonets, the officers, with the points of their swords, knocked off our caps.

Then our appearance became as lamentable as that of a troupe of vagabonds being conducted to a beggars' depot. The heads and the feet, bared by the sun. The dust of the prison and of the road had blackened our faces. Our hair fell over them and into our eyes; our clothes, ragged and dirty, bore witness to shameful and repugnant misery.

We replaced our caps by handkerchiefs, which we knotted round our throats, and this made us look still more hideous.

Under our arms we carried a piece of bread, which many of us, tired out, were obliged to thrust away; for our march was half completed.

Thus degraded, we had, indeed, that appearance of hardened offenders which the official bulletins had pictured with that accuracy that was no doubt what they wished. It was a question of staging.

The women had much to suffer. The children, in particular, set on them, insulted them, threw stones at them, ran after them as they run after drunkards with foul words, grimaces and gestures. In their fright they huddled one against the other for mutual encouragement. When they went too slowly the soldiers urged them on with the points of their bayonets.

I witnessed some extraordinary acts of violence. A woman of the streets, whose business had perhaps suffered under the Commune, ran herself out of breath to keep within hail, and did not cease hurling insults at us and all the time without firing, their guns against their shoulders, and making signs of truce as they came. The officer who led them opened his arms as if to embrace us, and we heard them cry, "Friends! friends! peace is proclaimed!" Most of my comrades threw their arms about their heads, but only to fly the more rapidly; as for me, I went to meet them unsuspectingly. I was instantly surrounded, hustled, and taken to the town-hall of Montmartre, where a large number of national guards, workmen and women, arrested at the barricades, in their houses, here, there, and everywhere, was already collected.

The doors were opened to us on Wednesday, towards ten o'clock. The soldiers who swarmed into the courtyard of the town-hall of Montmartre, had evidently charged with the duty of conducting us to our destination.

"What's the matter with the old criminal? Will you get on, you scoundrel; are you drunk?" said simply, "We shall have to kill him; it will be better for both of us.

An old man about seventy succumbed. For the last quarter of an hour his step, growing heavier and heavier, had rendered the movements of his companion in chains more and more difficult. The hussars noticed it. One of them struck the unfortunate man on the head with the flat of his sabre. The detachment stopped, paralysed with horror, and expecting a summary execution. The hussar had drawn his pistol and cocked it. An officer hurried up. The old man had sunk down, livid, his hair sticking to his temples, his lips violet. The officer mocked at him. "What's the matter with the old criminal? Will you get on, you wretch, or I'll break your head! Come, you old scoundrel; are you drunk?" The poor man made an effort, raised himself, walked ten paces, and then fell again. The oaths of the soldiers redoubled, the officer said simply, "We shall have to kill him; it will be doing him a service." But the chief would not allow it. He had pity on the old fellow; a carriage was discovered a little way off and the dying man was placed in it.

The detachment continued its course. An officer warned us that he would shoot without hesitation the first who tried to escape. He cried, "Do you take yourselves for prisoners of war? You're nothing but brigands!"

After that, fear prevented us from giving way and restored to us our legs.

At Boulogne the inhabitants looked at us curiously without a word. At Saint-Cloud there were a few cries, then we were marched along the dusty road that follows the bank of the Seine and reaches Sèvres amongst radiant landscapes.

As we passed we cast mournful glances towards these leafy woods. We felt as if we were cut off from life, and despair mounted like a bitter taste to our lips in murmurous remorse.

At Sèvres and at Chaville they called us "Prussians!" We marched along bitterly, our mouths full of saliva, having only one fixed idea in our suffer-
ing: to stop and drink. But they refused us a glass of water, and even kept us out of the shade that we might be exposed to the rays of the sun.

The detachment had been announced and was expected at Versailles. The crowd, informed, awaited it in the wide avenues of the ROI-Soleil, in front of the façade of the palace.

All the fashionable society of the place was there, incomparably elegant, ineffably glad to be present at this fabulous "first performance." Little great ladies had come in their crinolines to witness the delicious spectacle.

The chief appeared in sight and the hoots broke out, filthy, foul, senseless, the cavalry joining in with their coarse laughter.

Here and there in the crowd one might observe men who more irritated than the rest, more prodigal of furious gestures and words. They seemed to give the tune and the time; one would have imagined them to be policemen directing and exciting the indignation of "honest folk."

"They're going to do for you, blackguards; shoot them all!" they howled at us.

The ladies and the prostitutes clapped their hands. As the hoots increased, their presence was least spared.

One of these women, struck by the flat of a Hussar's sabre, fell. The officer cut at her forehead with the blade of his sabre, and at the same blow mutilated the hand which she raised to her head with a gesture of pain. We left her, bathed in blood, half dead, and tormented by the infamous rabble who, with the points of parasols and canes, lifted her skirts and pokéd her in the legs and the stomach, whilst they uttered obscenities.

The cavalry was afraid that we should be summarily massacred. They set off at the gallop and we must follow with clenched fists, panting under furious impreca
tions.

One of my comrades received a blow on the head from a walking-stick, a bourgeois having broken through the ranks to attack him. He fell.

At last we reached Satory, and, excepting for the death of one of us, shot almost without our notice at the entrance of the enclosure, I do not exactly know why, there were no other incidents.

Views and Reviews.*

One of the lunatic asylums of England at the present time harbours a man who is a profound Roman scholar. He is not there because of his proficiency in Roman studies, but because he is utterly incapable of taking care of himself;... and, at large, is something of a social nuisance. He is, in short, one type of the genuine feeble-minded person; he has a degenerate brain which is hardly distinguished from that of an idiot by a pro
digious memory. I have mentioned that case to show that there is no necessary connection between learning and the greatness of man—that if we are to assume, as Villari does, that "knowledge and culture constitute the greatness and prove the measure of a nation's strength", we must first define the nature of the know
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culture in the degradation to which the Italians reduced it, making of it a mere matter for academical

Nor is it any more than the men of the Renaissance, with a few exceptions, can convince us that they were really cultured. If we except painting and the plastic arts, the Renaissance in Italy has given birth only to a political philosophy that justifies every
crime, every vice, every craft, provided that it achieves success. Historically, it caused the reaction of the Reformation; which not merely confined the spirit of man in the prison of Puritanism, as Arnold said, but kept culture in the degradation to which the Italians reduced it, making of it a mere matter for academical study. These are apes of Cicero," as they loved to call themselves, were undoubtedly apes; and just as an ape will imitate manners, so they emulated the form of the ancients, but the spirit was far from them, and they despised their own genius.

Acquired culture is not culture. Real culture, like all reality, is a gift, not a possession, an engendered quality. It is a commonplace of our moralists that a man gets no more from a book than he takes to it; and it is significant in this connection that the study of Greek in Italy rose and declined in parallel with successive centuries. Greek had acquired a study of phrases on glory, friendship, contempt of death, the summum bonum, happiness and

* "Caesar Borgia." By John Leslie Garner. (Unwin, 12s. 6d. net.)

father called him "learned," and the men of letters who were his camp followers echoed the praise; but Mr. Leslie Garner has a mighty contempt for these learned men, and we know from other sources that the
eulogies of the period have little or no historical value. But he had manners; even ambassadors in their dispatches called him "modest!"; and he was the greatest of the finest blackguard that ever trod shoe-leather. Mr. Leslie Garner, although he calls his book "a study of the Renaissance," deals only with the historical facts. In one or two instances, such as the murder of the Duke of Gandia, his own brother, Mr. Garner inclines to give Caesar the benefit of the doubt on the score of lack of evidence; indeed, in this case he argues that the murder was the work of the Orsini. But, as I said last week, a little more or less does not matter: a man whose reputation is already so bad that he can be suspected of the murder of his brother and accused of incest with his sister by his own brother-in-law, is a corrupt man living in a corrupt age.

Accepting, as I do, Nietzsche's dictum that "vice is not a cause, but a symptom of decadence," I exclude from my consideration any inquiry into the etiology of the corruption of the period. It is not the corruption of the Italians that interests me, but the contradiction between their corrupt and barbarous natures and the culture they undoubtedly acquired. Acquired, it certainly was. Before the fifteenth century practically no one knew Greek; "before the end of the sixteenth century," say Volney and A. Symonds, "almost ceased to be studied in Italy." The Renaissance, of course, began about a century earlier, with Petrarch directing attention to Latin literature; but here, in the character of this very man, we have the contradiction that astonishes us. Before him, Dante, and, after him, Boccaccio, to mention no others, had founded an Italian literature: the "Decameron" and the "Divine Comedy" are at least as immortal as the sonnets to Laura. Yet Petrarch, "the greatest of all the great glory," as Villari says, and which certainly are his chief title to fame, were despised by Petrarch; because they were in the native tongue. In addition to this con
tempt for nationality, we have to add hypocrisy. "It is certainly impossible," says Villari, "to doubt the existence of true and sincere passion; but this Canon, who proclaims his love to all the winds of heaven, pub
dishes a sonnet for every sigh, tells all the world how great is his desirè de Lui, how much he loves her, and all the time is making love to another woman, to whom he addresses no sonnets, but by whom he has several children—how can he make men believe that his passion is sincere?", as he describes it, eternal, pure, and sole ruler of his thoughts?"

He could not do it any more than the men of the Renaissance, with a few exceptions, can convince us that they were really cultured. If we except painting and the plastic arts, the Renaissance in Italy has given birth only to a political philosophy that justifies every crime, every vice, every craft, provided that it achieves success. Historically, it caused the reaction of the Reformation; which not merely confined the spirit of man in the prison of Puritanism, as Arnold said, but kept culture in the degradation to which the Italians reduced it, making of it a mere matter for academical study. These are apes of Cicero," as they loved to call themselves, were undoubtedly apes; and just as an ape will imitate manners, so they emulated the form of the ancients, but the spirit was far from them, and they despised their own genius.

Acquired culture is not culture. Real culture, like all reality, is a gift, not a possession, an engendered quality. It is a commonplace of our moralists that a man gets no more from a book than he takes to it; and it is significant in this connection that the study of Greek in Italy rose and declined in parallel with successive centuries. Greek had acquired a study of phrases on glory, friendship, contempt of death, the summum bonum, happiness and
victory, which they continually repeated, without forming to them either their deeds or their convictions. Their affinity was with Latin, not with Greek, antiquity to our view failed at being Greek, but for his memory of Greek literature, and, to us, memory is a general function of the nervous system, as Ribot defined it, and my introduction shows in what circumstances of its own nature can Latin literature be certainly not the most ideal, and what the Italians assimilated of it seems to have been only the Ciceronian cadence and the strange vices that have made the Roman decadence a byword. Poggio Bracciolini was, says Villari, the first scholar to prove himself an original writer, of his "Invettive" against Filelfo, Villari can say no more than this: "He repulsed the abuse which "Filelfo had vomited from the fetid sewer of his mouth," and attributed his adversary's foulness of language to the education he had received from his mother, 'whose trade it was to clean the entrails of beasts; it was her stench that now emanated from her son.' He accused him of having seduced the daughter of his master, in order to marry her and then make a traffic of her honour, and wound up by offering him a crown worthy of so much foulness. Not content with twenty-two languages may be learned, but the value of his contribution to our knowledge need not be precisely estimated. What shocks us in the Italians is themselves: it is not their culture, but their want of culture. Their function was utilitarian, not artistic, but the period.

We reach the conclusion that there was no real contradiction between the corruption and the culture of the period. A man who has learned to swear in twenty-two languages may be learned, but the value of his contribution to our knowledge need not be precisely estimated. What shocks us in the Italians is themselves: it is not their culture, but their want of culture, that makes us regard them as a lower race. A learning that is a tasteful and natural endowment of the human race despised its own tongue, and barely disguised its infamy in antique figures of speech. Their function was utilitarian, not artistic: they were, says Symonds, "the Lampadephoria, or torch-race, of the nations. Greece stretches forth her hand to Italy; Italy consigns the sacred fire to Egypt; Egypt consigns the sacred fire to India, and the Australian isles." Torchbearers are not often the most estimable of men. A. E. R.

FAIRY-GOLD

I have a brother clapped Fairy-Gold, Who dwelleth not in housen nor with men, But in the dim wood, and the forest hold; Full fair is he in form; full young, full old: Of all the wild things in the grot and glen, Of every brown shy wood-bird am I told, Of every leaf and blade on fell and fen, I have a brother clapped Fairy-Gold. And all that e'er was made in Nature's mould, And every thing of beauty she doth own, Is but a part of gentle Fairy-Gold, Whose murmured tale to the winds is thrown, Whose eyes smile forth from copse dark and old, Or are they flowers in wind-swept riot grown? Both flowers, and eyes of laughing Fairy-Gold. The kind earth to her bosom doth him fold, Her light soft hands, the breezes, stroke his hair, Which glow of yellow wheat doth catch and hold, And down in rich and heavy curves are rolled: He is for mortal eyes but all too fair, He hath not age: I, in his haunts am told By myriad voices whispering in the air, I have a brother clapped Fairy-Gold. 

RUTH PITTER.

Letters to Myself. By a Woman of Forty. (Werner Laurie. 5s. net.)

It had to come, and here it is: a book describing the d.t.'s (not delirium tremens, but delicious tremblings) of motherhood. The woman of forty says she is not making an attempt, but time and patience worked wonders; and the first-born son slept softly in his cradle while his mother resurrected these pages and prepared them for the press. They are not, of course, all autobiographical. The author generalises a little about women, and men, and men and women, and love; and if she reaches the foregone conclusion that most men want women, and most women want babies, and everybody wants to dignify anything by calling it "love," why should we murmur "Nietzsche" to an invalid? Why should we inveigh against sentimentalism? Some people thrive on it; and, to them, what does not fatten will, if only with wind and self-righteousness. Let there be no doubt about it. This was honourable motherhood, legalised by wedlock; it was no eugenic or feminist experiment. But the baby, poor devil, is to receive the fruit of his mother's experience; all her understanding of herself is to guide him in the training of her son, and the incipient stirrings of the sex passion are to be satisfied by this noetic mother. Once more will Freud's dictum, "The mother is the first seductress of her boy," be justified; but one must not mention Freud to a woman who writes to a reader rather than to a reader. One wonders if she will follow the advice of Voltaire to the Marquise du Chatelet, and classify the son with her miscellaneous work. We are not surprised that she began authorship by writing translations of "The Daily Dialogues"; but we should very much like to know the name of the editor who published her stories until she refused to kiss him. It is, perhaps, an explanation of her literary ability that her literature master at school regularly split an infinitive in his weekly compliment to her; and a reviewer cannot be sure whether her constant syncope is an attempt at style or is due to the difficulty of writing in bed, but it serves the same purpose of alluring to the editor. For this revelation of a woman's soul is no trumpet blast: it was not written by a brazen hussy, but by a woman who whispers "Mid-Victorian" at those who are shocked by any covert confession of human nature. She has found her "joy at last"; and into all the aching hearts and empty arms she puts her voice, her book. Business, after all, is business; and this is as commendable as any other form of endowment and motherhood known to us.

Some German Women and their Salons. By Mary Hargrave. (Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d. net.)

The French women have been "done," and done brown, by the biographers; so this volume has something of novelty. Except to Caroline Schlegel, no scandal attaches to any of these women; and Miss Hargrave is certainly to be commended for this new departure. But it must be confessed that, with the exception of the study of Elisabeth Goethe, all these sketches are really too slight to have more than momentary interest for modern readers; and even "Elisabeth Goethe" is not a masterpiece. It is, of course, true that personality, however potent in operation, leaves little tangible evidence of its working; and some of these women, notably Kahel Varnhagen, must have had a considerable influence on the romantic development of German literature about the beginning of the nineteenth century. But the method of the romantic historian is historic reconstruction. The historic scene, does frequently enable us to see the character in action; and thus to form a judgment not entirely biased by the author. Miss Hargrave does not attempt to do this. An incident may be recounted in detail, as, for example, when Bettina von Arnim accepted Goethe's invitation to sit where she liked by throwing herself into his arms; but the precise connection between such incidents and the development of German literature is not apparent. We are told that these women were brilliant, but the few aphorisms that are translated scarcely justify the
assertion; on the evidence offered these women seem
little more than the substratum on which the regularly advertised literary geniuses of our own
day. One gets the unwelcome impression that the
evidence of the author's preconception of the neces-
sic artist and his inspirers. Certainly, they all seem to
be animed by the same idea, that it is a duty to be
joyful; they all show much the same motherly care of their
cycle of geniuses, and to have been equally unsuccess-
in arousing the hopeless love of one of the roman-
tic writers. The sedateness of these emotions is illustrated by
the fact, in piquant contrast to the history of French
literary men, that no tragedy or scandal accompanied
husband would become a better poet when he had ex-
perienced some real, deep suffering.' Stiegitz never
became a great poet; and there are no other tragedies
in the book. The study of Queen Luise reveals the
literary influences and inspirations, but with the
and the other women as one of the explanations of Ger-
reasoned economic argument for Mr. Lloyd George's
Insurance Bill, for he is incapable of it. The preliminary
discussions perfunctorily indulged in in this volume are
superficial and not even plausible. Mr. Money makes a
special plea for insurance, and to have been equally unsuccess-
so familiar to the poor that a little more and for
their personal benefit will not be resented. But in
whose opinion is there any benefit to be obtained by this
piece of compulsion? It is not the opinion of the people themselves, but in the opinion of middle-class experts and busybodies like Mr. Lloyd
George and Mr. Chiozza Money. On the same pricile,
whatever appears to such people as a benefit to the poor
may be thrust on them without their consent and in
ticks we shall be out of the stream of democracy
and into the mill-race of benevolent despotism leading to
despotion sans phrase. Again, Mr. Money is
"a complete organiser whose Insurance:
Act is a Socialist measure. It must be Socialist, he
argues, since Insurance will henceforward be State-
controlled, and whatever is State-controlled is Socialist.
But this also is a complete misunderstanding, arising
from a misconception of the nature of the State. If
the State be as now, a mere plutocratic engine, its ad-
mistration is not Socialist but plutocratic. Nobody, in
fact, has done more than Mr. Money to prove this in
statistics if not in theory.

Once, however, that the exordium is over, Mr. Money
is on the familiar ground of exposition, and here he is
a master. A better book on a bad subject could not be
written.

Famous Houses and Literary Shrines of London. By St. John Adcock. (Dent. 7s. 6d. net.)

Looking up at the exterior of a house within which
some great writer lived is an empty joy; you take no
real pleasure in it unless you can picture the man and
have picked up something about what he did there.
Doubtful Street is guided by a dreary depressing place,
and No. 48 is no different from other numbers, but
there comes a glow from its first-floor window when
you know that Dickens sat there writing " Oliver Twist"
and his associations hallow many another forbidding piece of nineteenth century archi-
tecture. Mr. A. St. John Adcock is the latest of a
rather large band of writers who have sought to re-
people London's historical houses for us, and he has
written the most readable book of them all—not a book
to place away on the shelf for reference, but to peruse
with real pleasure in a sunny garden. For he has a
great deal himself, and has given in these pages
the best of his reading. His vignettes are admirable.
Life-like portraits you find on almost every page, out-
standing, with no waste of words, immortals of our own
memory as well as of a distant past. And the book
is useful as a reminder of what London has given to
literature, at a time when so many people—fools mostly—are bent on belittling the great town which is
the capital of brains as well as commerce. Mr. St. John
Adcock's searches have taken him into some strange
places—into a littered scrap-yard at Battersea, for in-
fance, to find that the poet of the survivors of Boling-
broke House, where Pope stayed, though he is wrong in
saying that the "Essay on Man" was written there.
The book is more accurate than the vast majority of
works on London today, despite one or two lapses.
Samuel Johnson's house in Gough Square, Fleet Street,
has not yet been opened as a public museum, though
such a gift is understood to be in Mr. Cecil Harms-
pains' mind. Mr. Adcock is the only one who has
found. An obvious slip in a reference to Will's
coffee-house, which Dryden frequented, "having his
summer seat by the freside and his winter seat in
the balcony," credits the poet with curious seasonal habits.
There are many by Mr. St. John Adcock.

The Lifeboat and its Story. By Noell T. Methley. (Siagwick and Jackson. 7s. 6d. net.)

Of all forms of humanitarian effort, the saving of life
at sea is perhaps the most heroic, and therefore the
most interesting. Mr. Methley has made it possible for:
ors to amate the evolution of the lifeboat as well
as the recital of some historic incidents that proved the
failure of previous types. Indeed, the title is not in-
cclusive enough, for the book is not merely a history
of the lifeboat, but is also the whole life of the
world. We have not only a clear description of the
distinctive features of the lifeboat, and a record of their
development, but the various methods of providing the
crews, their conditions of service and rates of payment,
are all dealt with. Mr. Methley, a journalist, has a
trouble as a writer to remark that he has treated every
lifeboat service in the world so concisely that its com-
plete history is told in 397 pages. He has spared no
pains to make his book interesting and valuable, and
he has furnished it with 67 photographs, all of which
have pictorial value and most of them illustrate remark-
ably well some detail of life-saving service. Not a
detail is forgotten, from the launching of the lifeboat
to the resurrection of the apparently drowned. Every
appliance and every method is described clearly by
Mr. Methley.

The Great Analysis. With an Introduction by Gilbert
Murray. (Methuen. 2s. ed. net.)

In these days of stiporous advertisement, the desire
for anonymity by betokening importance
the author fears that his own work will damage his
reputation; and, therefore, as in this case, the anonym-
ous "distinguished man of letters" gets himself in-
troduced to the public by a professor. The book came
to Professor Murray, as he says, "like a spring in a
desert;" and the inaccurate use of a trope suggests
that Professor Murray has as much to learn of English
syntax as of world politics. His helplessness in the face
of modern political dissensions makes his recommenda-
tion of this book of no account; and the anonymous
distinguished man of letters (probably one of those de-
scribed by Shelley as "the illustrious obscure") must
be criticised on his merits, and they are not difficult to
discover. The author simply expands a phrase until its
meaning evaporates; instead of thing Imperially, he
asks us to think planetarily. Let the world behave, he
says, as any part of it would be compelled to behave if,
by a miracle, it were detached from the earth without
injury to its structure and inhabitants, and sent spinning
on an orbit around its parent. Let us ignore, since we
cannot abolish, Race, Religion, Climatic and Geo-
 graphical Advantage, Nationality, Language, War, and
Commercial Rivalry. Let us all remember that we are
human beings, alone and lost in the Milky Way; and
never more cut a throat or steal a purse from anyone of
our fellows. Let us rather have a complete survey of
the earth, an estimate of its resources; and let politics simply be the determination of the tenure and condition of human existence in relation to the known quantity of necessaries of life revealed by this great analysis. Why should we quarrel with and kill each other when, perhaps, in ten billion years' time there will not be a single human being alive on this planet? Why should the poor multiply, and by their demand for the necessaries of life prevent the evolution of a more luxurious type of existence? Why, in short, should everything go on as it is now going on when science may some day be able to tell us that it cannot go on much longer? Let us, therefore, make it possible for science to tell us this in the near future; and, to this end, let us be not what we are, but what we shall be when science has been able to tell us what it will tell us. Let there be no more politics, no more economic rivalry; let us wait until sociology can tell us everything that we ought to know, and then become as silly as the sociologist. There are evidently reasons for the anonymity of the author.

On the Court and Off. By Anthony F. Wilding. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

This is a book about tennis by the present world's champion. In it Mr. Wilding reveals, as the advertisement has it phrased, "the secret of his success on the lawn tennis courts of the three continents." We are told all about Mr. Wilding, his father, his early training, his days at Cambridge, his motor-cycle, his friends, and a lot of other things. His methods of training and the game he plays are described, and the evolution of both is illustrated by biographical references. The personalities and the play of all the leading experts of the game are described by Mr. Wilding in a manner that suggests an alternative to his legal career as a sporting-journalist. We have a long account of a motor-cycle ride, in which the customary punctures and clogging of the engine with steam engine oil are recorded, and his description of the roads is worthy of an ordnance surveyor. If anyone complains of being in complete ignorance of all that concerns and interests the present world's champion of lawn tennis, they have only to look at the illustrations to be informed. Mr. Wilding is here represented in every conceivable attitude, winning every sort of championship with every possible stroke. The book is autobiography tempered by photographs.

The English Agricultural Labourer. By the Rev. A. H. Baverstock. (A. C. Fifield. 6d. net.)

This booklet briefly sketches the history of the labourer from the Reformation to the present time. It will be found useful as an introduction to the subject, though it suffers from the lack of a short bibliography. The principal causes which reduced the English labourer from prosperity to poverty are enumerated. The author contends that "enclosures" were gradually converted the village from a community of free men, almost all possessing some stake in the country, into a handful of farmers, with a herd of labourers struggling to eke out a pitiful existence under conditions of terrible hardship; also that later improvements in the conditions of labour have been too few and slight. On the industrial and social side the weight of the evidence inclines towards this view. As Mr. G. K. Chesterton observes in his introduction; "this is not a small evil in England, but an enormous evil; its remedy will not be a small change, but a benevolent earthquake."

We wish the author had produced more evidence in support of his contention that it is "difficult to overestimate the value of the mediaeval guilds in the system of English village life in the Middle Ages"; also that he should have explained the relatively prosperous condition of the labourer during the first half of the eighteenth century. Other causes than good seasons were at work here.

The reforms advocated are: First and foremost an increase of wages; secondly, the revival of village festivals by the Crown; the development of peasant literature, and so forth; and, finally, the establishment of trade unions, or, better, a modern substitute for the ancient guilds. Unfortunately we are not told how these things are to be done. It is suggested that the Board of Agriculture should raise wages. There is no hope from the Board, and little from the Church, but much in the revival of the guilds. The danger is that those who talk about these organisations will not recognise them at their birth under modern forms. The best hope for agriculture (and the labourer) is for it to be industrialised, or, as Sir Horace Plunkett put it, the revival must begin on a basis of better business.

A Book of English Essays. Selected by S. V. Makower and B. H. Blackwell. (World's Classics.) (Frowde. 15s. net.)

A volume containing over fifty of the best short, general essays in the language from Bacon to Stevenson. Save for the inclusion of a piece by Francis Thompson, bad in subject and bad in style, the selection is completely satisfactory. May we suggest to the publishers a similar selection of English political essays?

Danger Mountain. By Robert M. Macdonald. (Fisher Unwin. 5s.)

A story of adventure in New Guinea. Comic relief is provided by a comic Irishman, a comic Scotchman, a comic Frenchman, a comic German, etc. Many parents will present it and as many boys resent it.

On Liberty, Etc. By John Stuart Mill. (The World's Classics.) (Frowde. 1s. net.)

The etc. consists of "Representative Government" and "The Subjection of Women," the whole of the three essays being here reprinted in five hundred pages of good paper, with good type, and at a wonderfully cheap price.

The Ballad of Two Great Cities.

A waterway ran dark and foul,
With a great city on each side;
And argosies of half the world
Rode proudly on the swollen tide.

For all the river-way was dark
With ships that come from near and far,
Or turned toward the sea again
Across the misty harbour-bar.

In mammoth ships of iron and steel
The wealth of all the world came there,
Gems and the silks of far-off lands,
Pictures and porcelain ware.

And on the river-walls was ranged
For many miles of food great store;
Across the misty harbour-bar.

The docks reverberated with
The rattle of a thousand cromanes,
The iron pavements with the noise
Of shuffling feet or rumbling wains.

And never those two great cities sought
From soulless work a short respite,
With a great city on each side;
With ships that come from near and far,
And argosies of half the world
Rode proudly on the swollen tide.

Or turned toward the sea again
Across the misty harbour-bar.

A murky sun hung overhead
At night ten thousand flaring lights
Shone out with a yellow glare.

The river between ran dark and foul,
With a great city on each side;
And men came out of all the world
To see their glory and their pride.

And I, too, watched the fervent life
Which flooded every thoroughfare;
And most I wondered there to see
How many beauteous women were,—
Their streets of marble and of stone,
Their banks, exchanges, and their parts,
Their temples where priests sang to Gods
Nobody cared for in their hearts;
Their churches where sweet choirs were paid
While in those cities' thronged streets
And, wondering still at all
Hungry they looked and worn with toil;
As
And mothers nursed the babies, which
Still wandering on, at length
Until I chanced on evil streets
Of buildings jutted on the sky
But high bare walls
Towards the misty harbour-bar,
Of hammers, and the sullen roar
Of furnace fires that glowed within.

There ragged, weak-voiced children played
With shrill sad laughter in each lane;
And mothers nursed the babies, which
Were happier if unborn again.
Still wandering on, at length I reached
Street after street, where gaunt great piles
Of buildings jutted on the sky:
And nothing else I saw for miles
But high bare walls of sooted brick;
And nothing heard but the loud din
Of hammers, and the sullen roar
Of furnace fires that glowed within.
While in and out those factory-doors
By day and night the workers streamed,
Men, women, boys and girls, who all
Haggard, toil-crushed, insensate seemed.
So when I reached the docks again
By the river flowing dark and wide
Towards the misty harbour-bar,
With a great city on each side,
And saw, heaped high on warehouse-floors,
Rich bales of precious things and corn,
I thought of those mean evil streets
And of the children that were born
To slattern mothers dressed in rags,
To fathers borne down by the weight
Of thousands like themselves, who fought
Against the destinies of fate;
For now I knew the wealth and ease
Of these two cities, and their pride,
Were built on this dark underworld,
Which lordly streets could hardly hide.

Their great exchanges and their marts,
Their ships that sailed on every sea,
And all the gay unthinking life
Which swept its round unceasingly,
Sprang like a perfumed summer flower
From roots struck in a gloomy earth,
Whose Haunting pride we often praise,
Forgetting that which gave it birth.

Harold Williams.

Art and Drama.

The "Attic" Drama.

By Huntly Carter.

That actress of many parts, Miss Lilliah McCarthy, has once again been talking to the Press. This time it is to the "Standard" and in the cause of the open-air theatre. I notice this fact with a certain amount of interest, because I perceive in Miss McCarthy's latest attitude a possibility of her conversion to the value of the therapeutic effect of fresh air, as applied to the Viewsyite theatre, and a probability of her conversion deepening into the conviction that the prospects of the Viewsy Inheritance would be greatly advanced by the removal of the roof of the said theatre. Doubtless the Gill-breathing audience would appreciate it.

From Miss McCarthy's "talk," I gather that her conclusion, that the spectator will enjoy better health and live longer if he gets more sunlight and fresh air than is to be obtained within four walls, is the result of her recent experience at Bradford College, where the representation of "Iphigenia in Tauris" "partook of the nature of a delightful picnic," as one perspiring reporter informs us. The striking success which attended the picnic recalled the possibility of others, and lends Miss McCarthy to call attention to the fact that "right here in the centre of the biggest city of the world is the very place for them." In her view, the possibility of the English weather misbehaving itself is fortunately—remote.

Miss McCarthy's solution to the noise problem is a gem in its way. "Why not build our theatre right down upon the banks of the river?" she asks. "No sound would be there but the lapping of the water upon the marble steps that would lead into our auditorium." Why not, indeed? Then the mummers could indulge in mud-baths when the tide is low, and in mixed bathing when it is at high-water mark.

This is simply transferring the Greek drama from Attic to attic. The Kingsway Theatre management must stick to the roofed-in theatre and its own particular line of nastiness. "The Voysey Inheritance" is announced.

Miss Horniman has also been talking to a Fleet Street reporter. Like Miss McCarthy, she says some inane things. At the same time, silly as they are, they have their importance. Her sort of claptrap upsets the advanced critic, who says, "Damn it all, I don't want to know anything about this silly woman's past. I have learnt by long and bitter experience never to take Press puff seriously. What does it matter to me if she has got a mania for having her portrait taken in cap and gown, and labelled Miss Horniman, M.A. of Manchester, Honoris Causa, for services rendered to the Drama? Let me find out the services and judge them for myself. What services could she render, for on her own showing she has never acted or written a play? She is the business head, gets out the pay sheets, and hands round the salaries with the usual courtesies. Yet in spite of her ignorance of the art and craft of theatrical management she rules the joyless gaiety. That is, she reads and chooses the plays."
poured over astounded audiences. Shaw, and the little Shawes, Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett and Co. travelled across the stage wearing red ties, slouch hats, even corduroys, so anxious were they to be accepted as members of the inflammatory gang. There was every effort to reproduce the true Manchester gloom in "Miles" and poetical literature, in "The Little Stone House" Siberian gloom, "Cupid and the Styx" hospital gloom, "The Return of the Prodigal" gloom for poklings, "Mary Broom" the gloom of the seduction of a slave by a cad. The latter play made me ill. The spectacle of a girl who allows herself to be driven from the halls of peace and plenty without offering a desperate resistance was the limit of dramatic garbage.

The class of acting was better than the class of plays, and this probably owing to the stage directorship of Mr. Lewis Casson. But, nevertheless, the company is little better than a stock company. Some of the members play special parts—a big part one night, a small one the next. Charles Bibby is specially favoured as the leading character man, and wears a different wig and make-up on succeeding nights. Thus he appears as the newspaper proprietor in Arnold Bennett’s humourous caricature, as "Tony Bumpkin" in "She Stoops to Conquer" and in Cyril Maude’s part in "Beauty and the Barge." As a matter of fact, the members of the company are prepared to go on for any part, and they are usually cast to play parts which suit their methods and personality. The company is permanent, subject to changes at the end of seasons. So that we may say the members are engaged for "jobs." There is no systematic attempt to build up a really permanent and uniform company. Though there is a note of style in the acting, uniformity and coherence being noticeable, there is no art. The scenery is disastrous. Still, it expresses Miss Horniman’s notion of stage scenery and forms an appropriate background for the Manchester attic drama.

To return to the "Standard." I do not think many persons were astounded when the "Standard" burst forth with a notice headed "Peter’s Chance"—"Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton’s Drama—Struggle For A Soul." What followed amused me. "Each work from the pen of Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton shows a purer touch, a finer dramatic sense. Simple and beautifully sincere, a devout, indeed a religious play . . . 'Got home' by its loveliness of spirit, etc., etc." There ought to be a penalty for writing like this of an East-End attic drama. My impression of the play was that Mrs. Lyttelton had got her idea from the "Worst Woman in London." She certainly has never seen the inside of an East-End mission house. She may have read about it in the "War-Cry," also about the cut’s-meat man, the crippled organist, the sailor boy, the tram, the mixed servants, filthy children, the effeminate curate, and the weak degenerate swayed between a flash woman and a fat priest. Her Park Lane imagination would no doubt conjure up the incense laden loft of the church plate, after paying for it with the twenty-pound note, just to show his faith in him. Then imagine the fat priest and falling in love with the bits of holy note, then imagine the fat priest trusting him with a twenty-pound note, and the priest returns and awaits the return of the prodigal. The latter comes and hangs the stolen note on the Christmas tree, and the fat priest folds him in his arms. But there is more. The boy is still between incense and patchouli. The flash woman returns and finding that the boy has not fulfilled his contract and appropriated the church plate, after paying for it with the £2 note, stove him on the church steps, which, all things considered, is a special promotion for Peter. I never saw a sillier play.

Pastiche.

A BALLADE OF LITERARY TASTE.

What books amuse our great oys? I know some: Carnegie’s favourite author is Verlaine, And Miss Corelli, so they say, is dumb With genuine admiration for Hall Caine, Lord Halswelle’s favourite is Sir Robert Maune; John Burns', the late lamented H. D. Truail; Sylvia Pankhurst loves Miss Austen-Jane. I read the feuilletons in the "Daily Mail."

Those great and glorious intellects, by gum! Who live the life political sans stain, And think I’lly George has brought us Kingdom come, Read M’lady Ward and also Wired—And The choice of R. J. Campbell is Tom Paine, Lord Northcliffe reads J. W. Mackail, Dear Norman Angell dotes on Stephen Crane. I read the feuilletons in the "Daily Mail."

His Grace of London, when he made things hum, Had, doubtless, Malthus on the brain, Mr. Keir Hardie (but pray keep it mum) Is overwrought to ecstasy by Taine; And Balfour worships Alexander Bain Sir Thomas Lipton says he cannot fail To read with pleasure Thoræus’s "Woods of Maine." I read the feuilletons in the "Daily Mail."

Envoy.

Prince, if the published books by Mr. Lane Were sold in buckets at a penny a pail, You’d buy them; I’d reject them with disdain—I read the feuilletons in the "Daily Mail."

C. W.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

VIII.—"THE SPECTATOR."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

On Tuesday last Mr. Burns informed the House of Commons that the number of queen-wasps killed in Sussex during the spring, as attested by their tails which the local inspectors were instructed to account for accurately, amounted to 361,482, as compared with 360,481 in 1910 and 164,824 in 1910, or a progressive difference of .002 per cent. over last year and more than 300 per cent. over the year before, a very satisfactory state of things. We refer to the matter at length elsewhere, but here we may say . . .

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

. . . the "Times" . . . the "Times" . . . we . . . we . . . the "Times" . . . the "Times" . . . Of the nineteen points submitted to arbitration, one was decided against the men, and seventeen again the masters. All the rest were referred back. Leaving, then, all the subordinate points on one side, we must consider §14, the conditions of which the men are judged to have violated, as all-important in principle and in fact, that the court correct and well-conducted organ of Guild-Socialism, "The New Age" . . . the "Times."

THE LABOUR SOLUTION AND CHRISTIANITY.

What the Government may fairly say is: "Suppose you people really want a civil war, we’re ready for you, guns and all." The men’s reply could not be much less than: "In that case, don’t trouble you, guns and all, our hands go up." In this way, undoubtedly, the Christian life will have been exemplified on both sides . . .

POLITICS IN THE GOSPELS.

An extraordinarily vital question anent the spiritual life and its relation to politics is raised in the Ninth Epistle of St. Paul to the Galatians. Addressing . . . we cannot but feel that with his prophetic eye he foresaw . . . The quiet mind will turn again to the words . . . a better way of life.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

INSTINCT OR EMULATION?

Sir,—My dog Pogpup was on Sunday evening last, at about 8 (we had just returned from church), found by my eldest daughter, a girl of thirty-seven summers, lying on its back in my estate agent's garage balancing a golf-ball known juggler, Quatrevalli, had given a display. Was it previous, to Lady Divert's garden-party, where the well-known juggler, Quatrevalli, had given a display. Was it its back in my estate agent's garage balancing a golf-ball by my own unaided efforts I

-- Vicarage.

THE SALVATION OF WOMEN.

Sir,—As a woman and a Theosophist whose work and abilities loom very loud in the public ear, I wish to publicly add my protest to that of the Reverend Judas Antichrist against the statement that the sex to which I belong has in no way benefited mankind. By my own unaided efforts I

-- Vicarage.

WHAT CAN IT BE?

Sir,—As I sat last Saturday reading a copy of your "Spectator" in my study, with my back to the fire, beside an open window and in a north aspect, I was suddenly seized with an inordinate fit of yawning. As it is not impossible that some of your readers may be subject to the same attacks, I take the liberty of addressing you.—I am, sir, etc.,

V. D.

[It must have been the north aspect.—Ed., "Spectator."]

POETRY.

PAX VOBISCUS.

All within green banks the rivers move
Towards the sea that knows no end of tide.
Come, oh soul, where the still waters glide
Yawning. As it is not im-

-- Vicarage.

DEATH TO THE GENERAL STRIKE.

Sir,—In your criticism of collective agreements with money guarantees you fail to point out the most dangerous feature of all—namely, the arrangement by which agreements will be made just met, and let us suppose that each union makes its agreement with each federation and deposits a sum in guarantee of keeping the same; and let us further suppose that one union should break its agreement and come out on strike. What chance is there under these circumstances that the other unions would come out on strike too? Even though their leaders were willing, would not their leaders look twice at the sum to be forfeited before venturing to permit their unions to down tools? But Mr. Field goes on to impute dishonourable motives to those who accept whilst "interest is natural and just." But when Mr. Field

-- Vicarage.

V. D.

[It must have been the north aspect.—Ed., "Spectator."]

-- Vicarage.

V. D.

[Unable to decide which feature is the more interesting, the book reviews or the scholastic, baby-food, and publishing announcements, we omit both.]
MR. CROOKS ON EFFICIENCY.

Sir,—In the "Westminster Gazette" of Friday last Mr. Crooks, the Labour M.P. for Woolwich, in an extraordinary article under the title of the "Economy of Labour Power." Thinking, presumably, that the "Westminster Gazette" is read exclusively by the toilers of the land, he added an article most important frontier commands to Jewish officers. It stands to reason a race which has the finest chess strategists will yet produce a class a

The jaundiced "Eye-Witness," from which "Romney" got his inspiration, is also wantonly ignorant of the sacrilegiousness of murder. "Surely, as the writer of "Views and Reviews" said recently, "the discovery that he is too old for his first job in less time than they. One man in particular, who worked side by side with Mr. Crooks, was anxious on one occasion to secure the next job by finishing his first job ahead of Mr. Crooks with our Labour M.P. He had only to be beaten? Not at all. Though the other man exerted himself more than Mr. Crooks, he wasted some of his strength in unnecessary trifles. The result was that "I got myself more than Mr. Crooks, he wasted some of his strength in unnecessary trifles. The result was that "I got

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The tendency of the present Jewish youth to enter the professions, and the enthusiasm with which high ideals are taken up, give the lie direct to the views we proclaim that Jewish genius lies only in protrudings. A race that once was composed solely of warriors and priests will yet play a great rôle in the betterment of mankind.

CUI BONO?

*M. R. ENNS.

THE GOLD FETISH.

Sir,—No doubt I ought to be heartily ashamed to admit that I have not the vaguest idea of the meaning of this "Act," as this diabolical Bill phrases it, are: "mentally infirm persons—that is to say, persons who, through imbecility arising from the decay of their faculties, are incapable of managing themselves or their affairs." The man who discovers that he is too old for his first job in less time than they. One man in particular, who worked side by side with Mr. Crooks, was anxious on one occasion to secure the next job by finishing his first job ahead of Mr. Crooks with our Labour M.P. He had only to be beaten? Not at all. Though the other man exerted himself more than Mr. Crooks, he wasted some of his strength in unnecessary trifles. The result was that "I got myself more than Mr. Crooks, he wasted some of his strength in unnecessary trifles. The result was that "I got

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THE GOLD FETISH.
of unextinguishable debt, ensuring the eternal wage-slavery of
the masses—or civil war—and it is Finance that all our great
political writers, our statesmen, our Labour leaders, and the Fabian
Society refuse to discuss! I am told that they dare not for
fear the entire economic edifice should fall! So much the
worse for the edifice! But shirking the question will not
save us.

And this present omnipotence of Finance is due chiefly
to legislation and superstition. Mr. Donisthorpe objects
that the functions of money are quite independent of any special commodity, and that the
present world-wide monopoly of Finance springs from the
legalisation of money—money rare and costly metal, and the suppression of all competition by buy measures
such as the Bank Charter Act, then it must be its
twin-brother—Ignorance. ARTHUR KITSON.

The twin-brother—Ignorance. ARTHUR KITSON.

"THE CITY OF LIGHT."

Sir,—I write not to protest against your review of my
novel, "The City of Light," but to ask a question. You
damn my work, and I'm damned if I care; but I think a
great deal more of THE NEW AGE than it thinks of me.

If Mr. Grant can find this interpretation in the "Edinburgh
Review," I shall be obliged for the information.

THE SCIENCE OF MR. SICKERT.

Sir,—There is no harm in holding an opinion and urging
it so long as you do not hold a revolver at the same time—
and use it. Mr. Sickert holds an opinion against which
I quoted against him, and he urges it, but, char-
acteristically, not at the revoler's point. He finds the best
way to avoid scaring Mr. MacKintosh is by a long
phrase of a paragraph preceding the one mentioned, as well as his
very words, will doubtless bring him to a sense and assurance
of the actuality. That he now assist him in the truth,
instead of dreaming that he is bringing the truth.

Says Mr. Sickert: "Before discussing Cézanne it seems
me convenient to lay down for reference the law as to
deforation or distortion. I have never found this done by
any writer on art. I should be grateful if anyone who has
would forward me a note on the subject. Not only have I
not found it done well. I cannot find that it has been done
by anything else. But I should like to know what work
you would quote, or would consider to be work like
you—like you look upon Messrs. Bennett, Granville Barker, Bernard Shaw,
Galsworthy, E. M. Forster, Chesterton, Wells, etc., as
inartistic; or, as Mr. Sickert says, "un-Nietzschean." Are
you entitled to your opinion of them, and I am glad to be
slain in good company. But I should like to know what work
you think of as artistic, or go beyond what you like—
you look upon as work of art? Plainly, I should like
to know less what you think distinguishes a work of art,
for I have no use for theories, than the names of the living
writers of fiction whom you look upon as artists; if none
of them are alive, then quote me the dead. But I want
fiction, not philosophy; I want the names of a few novels
which will do me good and teach me to deserve the applause
of THE NEW AGE. Please make the list as long as you
can; you (who? [as may (knows?)—save a literary genius
for L. W. GEORGE.

[Our reviewer writes: I imagine, sir, that your regular
readers will easily correct Mr. George's list of writers. Mr. Grant]

does not come out. He is sometimes inartistic because he lacks humour, and his power is still
insufficient for a sound work; but I should never think of
him as mercenary, self-advertising, or insincere. As
for Mr. Chesterton, I take the occasion for panegyric. He has
something to say and cares greatly for what he has to say,
and because he lacks courage hopes that others will have
its and pupils and readers go away upon a gross misunderstanding?
would not have said: "Bonne âme, let there be no
Vraiment! I mean, for instance, that the word 'bias' is
often found with 'willful.' And I do not know whether
Tintoretto's Great Men or Rubens was as a
"BWAYS OF BELIEF."

Sir.—If Mr. J. A. Grant did not waste so much time fooling
about with the "Edinburgh Review" of a century ago
he might understand Mr. Noel's argument and my reply a
little better. Mr. Noel is not speaking of
Christianity, but Catholictism; unlike Christ, he was contending
that truth was only to be found in the dogmas of the Church,
and England has few such men. I cannot suppose that any
list of good fiction I might make would influence a man who
do not care what I think about his own work or what,
in a word, a work of art, is a work which has
"no use" for my theories, philosophy, etc., etc.]

From wilful distortion Mr. Sickert easily passes to wilful
misunderstanding. That he wilfully misunderstands both
Matisse and Picasso would be clear to the meanest intel-
lence. But Matisse—the early Matisse—Picasso, and other
advanced spirits are irresistible against the undignified
attacks of Mr. Sickert. These artists, as well as others—
Deaunay, Marie Laurencin, Gertrude Stein (in literature)—are
asserting the supremacy of the will in art. They are
creators of form in the truest sense, and have realised the
true artistic impulse—namely, the inward necessity
of creating their own form. The sacrament of creation is the
symbol of art—it is the life of sense in the light of man.
The creative vision gives us something;
Matisse has given us creative form and colour; Picasso is
struggling towards the light and intention, and his
meaning really great. The meaning of the creative vision is
generally and grossly mistaken in England. It is commonly
understood as importing an undesirable and undignified
mixture with all their souls and against which we are
continually conspiring. They set a rebellious painter like
Mr. Walter Sickert prostituting his genius to the
headquarters of culture and amateurism, the Royal Academy,
for the few guineas that the "English Review" bestows upon
him. If Mr. Sickert will resign his place in Science
history of the attempt to destroy the creative vision in
England by slaves, cranks, pedants, or-germs, and
think we, that he might have real influence,
are a breed of artists like, and with
the vision of a mouse and the artistic temperament of a
giant. They maintain the power of the Egyptian, the Greek,
the Roman, the Roman cult of art which created the
creators of form in the truest sense, and have realised the
timeless and universal. They are artist self-advertising, and insincere.

Mr. Sickert beggs to announce that Mr. Walter Sickert
is now one of the immortals. The job-stockin' Johannes
Millais, will doubtless reflect to the honour of a country
where stock-jobbing, moneyed interest, and the smell of
Jews crying for old clothes are so strong.

HUNTLY CARTER.
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Dr. DUDLEY D'AUVERGNE WRIGHT, F.R.C.S., in the Chair.


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Published in THE NEW AGE, June 20, 1912.

THE NEW AGE

JUNE 20, 1912.

COLONEL SEELY.