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Present-Day Criticism

DEDUCTIONS

be drawn from it. Fought in a constituency where the rule of interest only to penny-a-liners. But Holmfirth is so much of an exception that several useful hints may

Labour Unrest is thoroughly realised (we are not, of course, referring to its causes or cure), and with three fairly representative candidates of the three English parties in the field, the election was in reality a miniature of a General Election. On this account, therefore, as a cross-section of the political forces of the day, students may examine in it all the phenomena of the larger world reduced and drawn to scale.

miserable poll of the Labour candidate. It is true that of their importance, the first that strikes us is the doubling

the Labour augurs have expressed their delight at the struggle will be between Liberalism and Labour. But remembering the character of the constituency, the prominence of the very problem of its district, namely, mining, and the long and honourable record of Mr. Lunn, a miner's checkweighman, it certainly does not appear to us that Labour has any cause for congratulation in the result.

It is only to be expected that the Labour vote will in course of time everywhere grow. We dissent entirely from the theory that from their close parliamentary relations the same fate will befall the Labour Party as the Liberal Party. On the contrary, even if the Liberal Party is wiped out at the next General Election, as it well may be, the Labour poll, we believe, will prove
to have grown considerably, whatever may be the number of Labour candidates actually returned. This growth of Labour votes is, we say, normal, and to be expected. It has nothing much to do with the conduct of the Labour M.P.'s themselves. They could, of course, mightily assist it; they can, equally of course, mightily retard it; but they cannot stop its growth altogether. The mere existence of Labour unrest and its constant appearance in the Press stimulate people to thought, and with the help of explanatory Labour and Socialist journals this thought naturally tends to a repudiation of both the Liberal and Conservative Parties. The votes given in consequence to Labour are not therefore of necessity Labour votes so much as anti-Liberal or anti-Tory votes. In other words, they are more due to the defects of the other parties than to the merits of the Labour Party. The question, however, naturally arises whether this normal and inevitable growth of votes cast for Labour would not be and could not be enormously accelerated by merit in the Labour programme as distinct from defects in the Liberal and Conservative programmes; the question, in fact, whether the Labour Party, even while continuing its sorry and misguided policy of deprecating industrial action might not assist its cause by increased political efficiency. For it is undeniable that at the present moment the Labour Party is neither industrially nor politically efficient. Always pitting its politics against its industrialism, its politics, nevertheless, are of a mean and short-sighted and inefficient character.

**Y**

Turn now to the programme issued by Mr. Lunn for comparison by his electorate with the programmes of his opponents. We deliberately choose the three items upon which, we gather, Mr. Lunn and his official supporters threw all their weight. The three really good eggs in their basket, as they thought, were the legal Universal Minimum Wage, the Right to Work, and the Abolition of Workhouses. What was on the programme of the Liberal candidate we need not inquire; for the truth is that, in so far as the foregoing items are practicable they are already in one form or another on the official but still unpublished programme of the Radical section of the Liberal Party, and in so far as they are impracticable they are of use to nobody. We repeat our statement of some weeks ago that the amelioration of wage slavery without its abolition is a...
necessity of Capitalism. Social Reform during the next
ten years will be eagerly invested in by far-sighted
private capitalists and their organ, the Cabinet. What
is more, with or without their assistance, this pro-
cramme will be carried out, and by parties much better
able to carry it out than the Labour Party itself. The
result follows, therefore, that in putting forward a programme
already up the sleeve of dominant capitalists (Sir Alfred
Mond is a good type of them), the Labour party is not
merely failing to distinguish itself from any existing
public capitalists and their organ, the Cabinet. What
the Labour Party is prepared to incur the odium of introducing these measures to the
public if the capitalists are quite prepared to let them do
the pioneer work. The Labour Party get the kicks, the
capitalists get the ha’pence.

* * *

This applies, as we say, to the practicable reforms
put forward by the Labour Party. Naturally, it does
not apply to the inconsistent and impracticable reforms.
Of these, however, if we were capitalists, we should not
complain in the slightest degree. On the contrary, we
should encourage the Labour Party to add to its practic-
able programme several items in order to discredit its intelligence as a party and
as a whole. Among the practicable items on Mr.
Lunn’s programme, for example, is the legal Universal
Minimum Wage. The Minimum Wage, we believe, if
denied, is practicable on condition that the State (that
is, those remaining in work) are prepared to support an
increasing number of unemployed and to keep them
efficient during unemployment against periods of capi-
talist business decay. This is a feasible programme in
time of unemployment; and the other, a re-
sue of efficient labour must be maintained by capital
on which to draw when necessary. If, however, a Mini-
mum Wage were established to-morrow, neither would
there be provision for the displaced (the old, the feeble,
the incompetent and the rebels), nor does provision yet exist
for keeping them from rusting beyond possible
use in an emergency. On the other hand, the State is
getting along nicely in this direction and will be more
or less ready in a few years to perform its share of the capitalist plan. The Insurance
and unemployment, the Old Age Pensions Act, and the
proposed Reform of the Poor Law System will go a
long way towards providing asylums for the unem-
ployed created by a Minimum Wage scheme. When the
beings, as manifested clearly in the Holmfirth election,
make a reiterated appeal to the Labour leaders a neces-
sity no less than a duty. The country, we believe, is
ripe for no less a revolution (and no greater at present)
than the election of a Labour Ministry. But there will
be no Labour Ministry and not even a large increase in
Labour members unless two conditions of the public
demand are fairly satisfied. One is that the programme
and policy of the Labour Party shall be radically and
intelligibly distinct from those of the other parties; so
radically distinct, in fact, that neither of the other
parties is capable of executing them. And the other,
of course, is that the Labour Party should be prepared, if they come into power, to guarantee certain elementary
things: namely, the settlement of Labour unrest, the
maintenance of English industrial supremacy, the main-
tenance of national and Imperial integrity, and the
maintenance of the standards of English civilisation.

* * *

The Labour Party, we know, resent criticism like any
sultan, and THE NEW AGE, as everybody knows, has for
years been in the habit of indulging in the inconsistency
of attacking the Labour Party and the Liberal Party
with the same mixture of inaccuracy, gross fallacy, and
self-conceited arrogance. The Labour Party is the abolition of the

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The Labour leaders of to-day frankly say that they do
not understand what we mean by the abolition of the
wage system, and we will explain it to them as we have
explained it to our readers with infinite patience on both
sides. Only understand it they must if they intend to
ment in his constituency from the Right to the Left,
from the moderate to the more advanced items of Social
Reform; but this movement was checked in its course by
the discovery, perhaps unconsciously made (though
Yorkshiremen are in all cases Parrots, cannot be said
nothing), that Mr. Lunn’s programme was only a little
more advanced than the Liberal programme, and could
more easily be carried out by Liberals than by the
Labour Party. In short, the “progressive” electorate of
Mr. Lunn’s programme and at the same time for Mr. Arnold to carry it out. And
what more reasonable under the circumstances? The
practicable part of the Labour programme differs in no
radical sense from the Liberal programme, but is a logical and necessary extension of the Liberal
programme. But the Liberals having power and the
Labour Party only a dim prospect of power, the electors,
after indicating by their vote for Mr. Lunn their appre-
ciation of part of his programme, quite naturally left it
to the Liberals to add so much to theirs. Would not
any of us, had we been electors, have done the same?
For ourselves, we confess that, sentiment for Mr. Lunn
apart, and as a matter of pure logic, we should have
divided our votes, had all been there, to the same
proportion as they were actually divided.

* * *

Now we must have been writing during the last few
months to stocks and stones, not to readers of THE
NEW AGE, if the basis of this unique and interesting
programme of the Labour Party has not been made
plain in our pages. Let us freely admit that much ex-
position yet remains to be done before our solution of
the whole problem is beyond criticism; but, at least, the
definition of object and the outline of method are fixed
and unchallengeable. The object, we maintain, of any
Labour Party entitled to the name is not the ameliora-
tion of the conditions of wage-labour, be it ever so
great; nor is it the provision of hospitals and sanitar-
ious and other large workhouses, better housing, education, or feeding of the
proletariat. These things, we repeat, are the necessary
prudential reforms which enlightened capitalists will
force on their unenlightened fellows in the interests of
their class. The object, we say, of a Labour Party
organisation is the abolition of the wage system. Let
the Labour leaders of to-day frankly say that they do
not understand what we mean by the abolition of the
wage system, and we will explain it to them as we have
explained it to our readers with infinite patience on both
sides. Only understand it they must if they intend to

differentiate themselves radically and beyond the power of emulation from the capitalist parties. It can surely be understood by them that exactly as Lincoln proposed the abolition of chattel slavery in America, and the moment that the dough faces, as they were called, of the North, and the Southerners, "sound on the goose," were combined in advocating ameliorative measures only, the Labour Party here must set itself the end of the total abolition of wage slavery in distinction from dough-faced flapdoodles like the Wells and the Webb's and the Reeves and the—God, what a lot of 'em!—combined with the progressive capitalists whose sole intention is to preserve the expense of nickel-plating its chains. This object of the abolition of the wage system is not only radical in the same sense that Lincoln's campaign was radical; it is also exclusive to a Labour Party. No other class-party in the State is in the least degree likely tojal its thunder or to take the wind out of its sails. It obviously spells war to extinction on the three classes of Rent, Interest and Profit now calling themselves the State and the nation. Only wage slaves, therefore, humanists and gentlewomen, can possibly years to exact their own; and between us it should be possible to accomplish it.

But if the object of a Labour Party is clearly defined as the abolition of the wage system, no less clearly are its methods in common acting upon things as they are. We have no need to assume the existence of things that do not exist nor to pray for impossible changes in human nature, nor to cry aloud, like poor Mr. Blatchford, for a MAN (whose Christian name, we suspect, it is not unnecessary to demand as if they did not exist. They exist and have been stated. They exist and are already, as we shall show presently, at work. Nay, the Labour Party may believe us when we say that both the idea of the abolition of the wage system and the idea of abolishing it have been understood by enlightened capitalists long before any single Labour M.P. has shown a glimmering sign of comprehension. Already the word has been passed round that The New Age is not "sound on the goose"; and capitalists and their conscious, or unconscious tools (we are not afraid of naming them—Wells, the Webb's, Reeves, J. A. Hobson, Chiozza Money, etc., etc.), some of whom were two years ago are now declaring that The New Age is no longer "sound"—on the goose is understood. No, we are not sound on the goose. Wage slavery, in our opinion, differs in only one respect from black slavery both in its nature and in its effects. In its nature, wage differs from black slavery in that John Smith lends himself under compulsion while Sambo was taken and kept by violence. In its effects, chattel slavery often made men of the masters even if it made children of the slaves. Wage slavery, on the other hand, makes bullies of the masters and cowards of the men. To be sound on the goose means, therefore, that by organising bullies against cowards and cowards against bullies, each side hopes to win. We repeat that we are not sound on that goose.

But we were saying that the method of emancipation is no less clear than the object. The method is defined partly in the action of the parties to the bargain, partly in the action of the parties to the bargain, partly in what are the available means? We put in the very first place the trade unions as they exist to-day, both for what they are and for what they show signs of immediately becoming. Far from assuming that the progress of industrial re-organisation will make trade unions unnecessary, we are of opinion that they will become increasingly important as industrial re-organisation proceeds. They are the bases of the industrial organisation of to-morrow. Nobody who recalls the history of Labour during the last few years can doubt that Trade Unionism has really been at the bottom of all of the recent unrest. Not the parliamentary Labour Party, not even that the decline in real wages has been responsible for the Labour stir; but the stir has been caused by the presence in Trade Unionism of a new idea, the idea partially expressed in Syndicalism, and wholly expressed, we believe, in Guild Socialism, the idea of the emanacpation of labour from the wage system by the substitution of an industry of the skilled craft control of the workers themselves for the unskilled and purely commercial control of the profiteer. But exactly to the extent that in economics and not in politics lies the explanation of the recent and still more unrest the duty of the Parliamentary Labour Party is to express it. When an alliance was formed between the Labour Socialists and the Trade Unionsists hopes were entertained that the former would understand and guidance by the Press, at any rate, spoke of the capture of Trade Unionism by Socialism. In fact, however, the guidance and the direction have come from Trade Unionism rather than from the Socialist wing of the parliamentary party. Instead of supplying Trade Unionism with new constructive ideas, Socialists like Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Snowden, and Mr. Keir Hardie have not only not supplied ideas, but they have opposed the ideas that in spite of them have sprung up in the Trade Union movement. It is comprehensible if not creditable that they should have opposed the revival of the strike, but it is neither that they have failed to realise the meaning, apart from the expression, of what is called Syndicalism. Syndicalism without its revolutionary vital phenomenon at this moment in Trade Unionism; and to give direction to this and to endow it with vision were obviously very the work that the Socialist partner of the Labour alliance was called upon to do.

With Syndicalism alive and its aura of new ideas glittering over its spirit, Trade Unionism may certainly be assumed to be here for good. Trade Unionism, in fact, and as we have said, is the first factor of importance in the present situation. But there are other factors within it for the determination of the next must be taken. (We are analysing forces and ideas, be it remembered.) First there is the unexhausted wave of democracy still sweeping everything in the direction of self-government; and, secondly, there is the wave of Collectivism, better called State Capitalism. Now between these two forces there is, when we examine them closely, deadly enmity. Self-government, government by the people, is actually incompatible with Collectivism, which, in its outcome, is the bureaucratic. The world of Labour is thus for the moment in the hands of opposing forces, one pushing it towards Democracy and the other pulling it towards Bureaucracy. Neither goal, ex hypothesi, can be reached, unless its immediate or remote promises were attractive; and it must be admitted that of Bureaucracy in particular its immediate promises are alluring. By means of Collectivism, for example, Labour is promised reduced hours of labour, better wages, better education, housing, etc., in fact, the whole of Social Reform. Only the price to be paid for it is Bureaucracy. In its actual working Collectivism will mean the control of wage earners' lives by Mr. Buxton, let us say, instead of of Messrs. Mond, Joicey, Furness, D. A. Thomas, etc. But that is just the prospect which as democrats the Labour movement beholds with horror. The baits are attractive enough, but the trap is iron. The problem is how to obtain the idea, and avoid the trap. The only way to obtain social reform and democracy instead of social reform and bureaucracy. We can leave our readers, we hope, to examine the constructive proposals we have made in the light of the foregoing analysis. It appears obvious to us that, given a living nucleus of industrial re-organisation in the existing trade unions, the problem before Labour statesmen is to lead it where it wants to go. Trade Unionism being desirous both of self-government and bureaucracy, the task of combining the two does not appear impossible. Separately each of these desires is anti-social. Syndicalism or the unindividuated control of industry by individual producers, and the industry against citizenship. Bureaucracy, on the other hand, is the facilitation of the classes of Rent, Interest and Capital against the rest of the nation. But State
ownership together with Trade Union control implies, in our considered opinion, both industrial democracy and national democracy, both Syndicalism and Collectivism.

Returning, then, to the question of a Labour programme that shall be at once radical, inimitable and popular, we believe that the outline given above provides us with it. What is more, the same set of ideas provides us with it. What is more, the same set of ideas popular, we believe that the outline given above pro-
greatest immediate industrial problem of all, the questions of the day. Let us take, for example, the greatest immediate industrial problem of all, the problem of the strike. What should be the attitude of the labour movement to the policy and conduct of strikes? We will credit the Labour M.'s with sincerity when they declare, as they do, that strikes in themselves are a good sign but a bad method. They are, Mr. Snowden argues, a good sign because they reveal both discontent and the spirit of reform. On the other hand, they are a bad method because they lead nowhere and produce nothing at a vast expense to the workers. But the question arises why the excellent spirit manifested in the all-to-often strikes should be driven to manifest itself in useless strikes. Surely we must conclude that no other possible outlet exists or has been provided for it. The reflection is inevitable in that allowing this excellent spirit to pour itself out in useless strikes, the political Labour Party has been guilty of tremendous neglect. Strikes, in fact, are a criticism, and a very damaging criticism, of the leadership of the Labour Party; and the more useless the Labour Party proves strikes to be, the more they strike us have no collective purpose, surely again it is the business of Labour leaders to give strikes eyes and strikers both a goal and a method. But at present they have no clearer conception of the desired or desirable direction of events than have the most ignorant of the strikers. The dock labourer can formulate a demand for another shilling or two on his wages and another hour or two off his work; but obviously he cannot formulate the effective method of producing these results or indicate the theory of industrial organisation which they involve and on which they depend. But neither, unfortunately, can his leaders for him at this moment. On the contrary, his leaders have often to be corrected in their unsound theories by his uninitiated instincts. His leaders (and we include now both non-Parliamentary and Parliamentary leaders) have from time to time been on the point of accepting wage machinery, the fatal effects of which only the incomprehensibility of the strikers themselves have stilled on the workers. But the question arises why the excellent Dr. Samsons, admit that the strikers themselves have no collective purpose, surely again it is the business of Labour leaders to give strikes eyes and strikers both a goal and a method. But at present they have no clearer conception of the desired or desirable direction of events than have the most ignorant of the strikers. The dock labourer can formulate a demand for another shilling or two on his wages and another hour or two off his work; but obviously he cannot formulate the effective method of producing these results or indicate the theory of industrial organisation which they involve and on which they depend. But neither, unfortunately, can his leaders for him at this moment. On the contrary, his leaders have often to be corrected in their unsound theories by his uninitiated instincts. His leaders (and we include now both non-Parliamentary and Parliamentary leaders) have from time to time been on the point of accepting wage machinery, the fatal effects of which only the incomprehensibility of the strikers themselves have stilled on the workers.

Sagas of Our Times.
By Chas. Manson.

III.—Woman.

DRAWN as a rib she was, Stealthily, out of his Side. And back now to the Place of her exit she Comes, as a thorn ever Piercingly, ranklingly, Restlessly, opening Thoroufare deeper and Deeper; with every fresh Pressure endang'ring his Vitals. In days that were Young, invert sugar was She, to quench his Leisure, the Devil brewed Mischief. But now have the Brewer and brew shifted Places; and woman, from Out of the tankard of Life, takes deep draughts of be- Devilment, fevering the Blood and fomenting the Brain into frenzied de- Lirium. Thus has she Barrated the Art of the Temptress by-blandishment, Practised unhampered on Adamite clay, for de- generate skill in the Brandishment fierce of such Weapons as hammers en- clothed in his lies, and Velevy velvets, with Which—vain endeavour—she Dreams that the right Nail on the head. From the Days of sweet innocence,
The sudden decision—for it really was sudden—to transfer the bulk of the Mediterranean Squadron to the study of the naval situation, and it was in direct opposition to the wishes of his professional advisers.

The Government is bound to reckon with every possibility. Our battleships from the Mediterranean renders the defence of Egypt a difficult matter and makes it possible for Egypt to be attacked. Whence? By, or through, Turkey. Egypt is still, in theory, a Turkish possession. There is a strong Nationalist movement in some quarters—not, to be sure, the Government. In the excitement of a European war the Turkish officials and the establishment of Egyptian self-government will not assist it—not with a view to helping the Egyptians, but with the agitators. Whatever may be the vices of the Turks, they are, at any rate, the co-religionists of the majority of the Egyptians.

While on this subject, I should like to draw the reader's attention to an article in Monday's "Echo de Paris" on the subject of Germany's armaments. The writer holds that instead of coming to London to keep things quiet for three or four years while Germany continues her war preparations until she thinks she can safely go for it, she will increase her army year by year until she has outmatched any force that France may be able to put in the field, and she will add enormously to the strength of her fleet. When the time is ripe she will strike. This article is based on the knowledge of the Turkish invasion of Egypt becomes practicable. The truth of this statement will be better understood when it is recollected that by 1914 or 1915 the Austro-Hungarian Fleet will be very strong, and that Italy is still Germany's ally, and not ours.

So seriously has this matter been considered in London, after Lord Kitchener's protests, that calculations have actually been made to ascertain how many men could be spared from India rapidly, however, means keeping the Red Sea clear, and sufficient provision has not been made for this up to the present. There is plenty more to be said about our Mediterranean position: I merely make these observations in the meantime to counteract the erroneous impression given by the articles in the "Times" to which I referred a week or two ago.

The negotiations in connection with the so-called Six-Power Loan to China were quite amusing. Two of the Powers concerned are Japan and Russia, neither of which has any money to lend at all, and will have to borrow some from another country for the purpose of lending it to China. The negotiations dragged on considerably towards the end; for at least one strong European Power did not see what business Russia and Japan had in the matter if they had no money to lend. The fact that, in spite of this, Russia and Japan are included among the Powers concerned in the loan, is somewhat significant, and indicates the strong position which these two countries have made for themselves in China proper. It looks very much as if China were going to be turned into another Egypt. We shall have several Powers lending money; then we shall have the responsibility fixed, perhaps, on two, exactly as in the case of the Egyptian Dual Control, and then it is quite likely that we may find the Dual Powers in this case Russia and Japan—gradually absorbing China under the plea of "protecting" the "foreign interests." This is not a fancy picture: let the fate of Egypt serve as a warning. The only difference, to my mind, is that the Egyptians deserved what they got, but the Chinese do not deserve what they are likely to get. For the Chinese are a fine, cultured race, and must not be judged by the low-class laundrymen who grin at us from the side streets and slums of Liverpool, New York, and San Francisco. But any Far Eastern nation that begins monkeying about with European financiers cannot long retain its independence. Egypt, Turkey, Persia, India, China: they are not what they were. The Japanese have done very well, at any rate, because they were less cultured and, on the whole, much better swindlers than their neighbours. I use the word in a complimentary sense: really clever, artistic swindlers are rare, and I am always ready to encourage the breed.

I have nothing to add to the estimate of Mr. Roosevelt, or his electioneering chances, which I published in The New Age some months ago. Mr. Bryan is another matter; but he is almost certain to do so if Mr. Bryan is once again nominated at the Baltimore Convention. For Mr. Bryan has been three times defeated already, and this is not exactly an inspiring record to go to the country with. And yet there are no other Democratic candidates who can be said to be well known. Champ Clark is a clever clown. So we may have surprises in November, though it would not surprise me personally to see Mr. Roosevelt return. Few people in this country realise how difficult it is to become a really national figure in the United States. Mr. Bryan is one, but he is not now taken seriously; Mr. Roosevelt is another, and he is well liked. Mr. Taft is not one: he was hoisted into the Presidential Chair solely by the efforts of "Teddy." There is just one more political personality who can be called national. This is Mr. Hearst, the millionaire newspaper owner, whose yellow organs of second-rate public opinion extend across the States in a line from New York to San Francisco. I wonder how many people have been following the recent movements of Mr. Hearst?
Politics and the Wage System.

I.

In discussing the Great Industry and the Wage System (May 9) we remarked of the Labour Party that "it made a great cry but brought back no wool." Last week the "Labour Leader" retorted upon us that "the strike yields more noise than wool." Our impudent contemporary proceedings to adjure the working classes "to aim at the peaceful conquest of political power," because it believes that method to be the only way to establish industrial democracy. It proceeds with unanswerable arguments that the politicians, led by Mr. MacDonald, robbed the miners of anything it was by parliamentary intervention. They gained practically nothing. Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues are past-masters at winning Pyrrhic victories. They positively have not a single economic success to their credit—actually, not one.

The issues are here clearly joined. Let us examine the contents of this obviously inspired article.

(1) "The railwaymen had a strike; in so far as they gained anything it was by parliamentary intervention." It does not seem to have occurred to the writer that there has been no parliamentary intervention had there been no strike. In so far, therefore, as the men gained anything it was primarily due to the strike. At the very least, it "stimulated the sluggish action of the House of Commons." Then, apparently uneasy at making such a significant admission, it proceeds to a series of monumental misstatements: "The railwaymen had a strike; in so far as they gained anything, it was by parliamentary intervention. The transport workers have a strike; if they gain anything, it will be by parliamentary intervention." The issues are here clearly joined. Let us examine the contents of this obviously inspired article.

(2) "The miners had a strike; in so far as they gained anything it was by parliamentary intervention." It does not seem to have occurred to the writer that there has been no parliamentary intervention had there been no strike. In so far, therefore, as the men gained anything it was primarily due to the strike. At the very least, it "stimulated the sluggish action of the House of Commons." But did the railwaymen gain anything by parliamentary intervention? It is common knowledge that the politicians, led by Mr. MacDonald, robbed the strikers of the fruits of their victory. The best evidence of that is that they are seriously considering the advisability of another strike. They know perfectly well that they will get nothing without a strike. And, further, next time they strike, they will keep Mr. MacDonald at arm's length. Once bitten, twice shy.

(3) "The miners had a strike; in so far as they gained anything, it was by parliamentary intervention." This is Mr. MacDonald's reply to "Punch's" cartoon, where he is represented as locked outside the miners' conference room. It is true, however, that Mr. MacDonald finally squeezed through the door. With what result? The miners were humbugged by the Labour Party and sold by the Government. Last week the Labour Party, retaining the old Parliamentary majority, ascribed it in part to the miners, who were sulking because the Government diddled them out of their victory. If they had kept Mr. MacDonald out of their conference room to the bitter end, they would have done far better than they did. In any event, had there been no strike, there would have been no parliamentary intervention. In so far, therefore, as the miners gained anything, they gained it primarily through the strike.

(4) "The transport workers have a strike; if they gain anything, it will be by parliamentary intervention." Observe the use of the present tense. Let us state the case correctly: "The transport workers had a strike. They gained a substantial victory by rigidly excluding the politicians. They now have a local strike. The politicians are striving very hard to impose compulsory arbitration and to tie the men down by a heavy financial forfeit. The MPs will be fools if they insist on the House of Commons writing Mrs. MacDonald any thing to do with their affairs. In any event, it is admitted that parliamentary intervention cannot possibly give the men anything more than was gained by the men when they wisely let the politicians stew in parliamentary juice."

Thus we see that the instances cited by the "Labour Leader" prove conclusively that "the conquest of political power," so far from strengthening the wage-earner economically, is only a disastrous source of weakness. But it is no part of our case to judge any of these strikes. Whether they succeeded or failed is immaterial. That is an argument of the class struggle rather than a conscious effort to end the class struggle by smashing the wage system. The parliamentary Socialists have some grounds for their assertions that strikes are unsuccessful. But they are unsuccessful, because they have no objective. That, however, is by no means the whole story. The "Labour Leader" makes two significant admissions: It admits that strikes "stimulate the sluggish action of the House of Commons." It admitted that strikes precede parliamentary intervention. In fact, it gives away the whole case for political action. There had been no railway strike, Parliament would have done nothing; there had been no miners' strike, Parliament would have done nothing; there was a successful transport strike and Parliament did nothing. In other words, when Parliament essayed to do something, it found it could do nothing; when it consciously did nothing, then and only then did the wage-earners gain any substantial benefit. Further, it must be remembered that railwaymen are just as much transport workers as the other transport workers. Why did they not all strike at the same time? The answer is simple: because the railwaymen were under political influences which had numbed their freedom of action, with the result that the non-political transport workers won their victory, whilst the political railwaymen, thanks to the Labour Party, gained practically nothing. Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues are past-masters at winning Pyrrhic victories. They positively have not a single economic success to their credit—actually, not one.

We shall, in due course, consider the precise function of the strike as an instrument of economic emancipation. It is first necessary to reiterate and emphasise the cardinal fact that economic power is different from and entirely independent of political power. Through-out this series of articles on the wage system we have had to deal with the futile work of the politicians, who find out why it was futile. Let us focus our conclusions so far as we have got.

In our first chapter—"Emancipation and the Wage System"—we affirmed that "there can be no emancipation save only from the wage system. The way out is to smash wages."

In our second chapter—"The Accustomed Stone"—we traced the origin of the I.L.P. and discovered that its first programme and action was to accept the wage system as the basis of its activities. It has completely failed to arrest the fall in real wages; that postulating the continuance of the wage system, the I.L.P. had also to postulate the continuance of rent, and the "Great Industry and the Wage System"—we demonstrated how the development of industry had finally killed out any opportunity for even the ambitious worker to pass out of the entanglement of the wage system, and proved that economic power must precede political power.

In our fourth chapter—"State Socialism and the Wage System"—we proved conclusively that State ownership, involving the entrenchment of the wage system, strengthens rent and interest and leaves the worker practically no better off, because he remains in bondage to the wage system.

In our fifth chapter—"International Economy and the Wage System"—we showed that labour could no longer carry the handicap of rent, interest and profits, and that the only way to shake off the burden was to stop the exploitation of labour by the substitution of private capitalism by a form of Socialism. In our sixth chapter—"Unemployment and the Wage System"—we demonstrated that unemployment is an integral part of the wage system, and that all schemes to abolish unemployment whilst retaining the wage system were doomed to failure.

Then followed three chapters on "Democracy and the Wage System," in which we proved that all political democracies whose economy is based on the wage system...
system, so far from emancipating labour, leave it in economic servitude. We further proved that mere political citizenship signified nothing, because the passively evolved a "active" type of citizenship and the wage-earning class evolved a "passive" type; that, in short, the maintenance of the wage system defeated the theoretical claims of the classical democrats, producing material and psychological results peculiar.

The central argument of all this body of doctrine is plainly this: that economic methods are essential to the achievement of economic emancipation; that political methods will never work, because all political action follows and does not precede economic action; that economic power is the substance and political power its shadow or reflection. Labour, therefore, in seeking first the conquest of political power, is grasping at the shadow and leaving the substance untouched. If the politician who inspired the "Labour Leader" article will look at society as it actually exists, in the light we have thrown upon it, they may perhaps glimpse the true reason for the "shuggish action of the House of Commons" and mend their ways accordingly. We are informed that a great campaign is to be carried on throughout the country in July "to proclaim Socialism as the remedy for the oppression of Labour." We, of course, appreciate at I.L.P.

In a fall in real wages. But it is never too late to mend. Will the I.L.P. leaders tell us what brand of Socialism they will advocate? Is it to be State-Socialism? If so, will they explain how the wage earner will benefit? Is it to be a mere variation of the "paid pifferer" system? Is it to be State-socialism with Mr. Snowden? This ardent emancipationist does not believe that Socialism is the thing most needed.

"Of the terrible conclusions that the Orangemen must be instructed to draw, and in accordance with their oath, wade knee deep in the blood of the Orangemen."

On the 12th of the following month all the venom engendered by ages of conflict will reach explosive point. Then; the Orangemen must be instructed to rally forth with their firearms. And, in accordance with their oath, wade knee deep in the blood of the Nationalists."

That, Garvin, is what you set out to write. But at the psychological moment your cowardly heart failed you. The "moment" for you is past, never to return.

Perhaps in the succeeding paragraphs you have some other plan—more devilish still. Let's investigate:

Paragraph 11.—"Public meetings should be held."
Well, why not? They are still legal.

Paragraph 12.—"Since Bonar Law was in Belfast nothing has happened." True; but what a commentary on your supposed powers of leadership!

Paragraph 13.—"Assemble all the leaders on one platform.
Do, James, do. And then advertise it as a raree show.

Paragraph 14.—"We are unable to suggest what action should be taken by the party in the House."
So your fund of ideas is exhausted. So, evidently, is your memory, for in the very next paragraph you forget the above admission and instruct the party to

Paragraph 15.—"Drown every Ministerial speaker by the steady cry of Dissolve! Dissolve! Dissolve!"
There ends the great instruction. Thus the "new campaign" for the destruction of Home Rule. Poor Garvin! What in the name of heaven has happened to you, James, to reduce you to such an abject suggestion as this?

Think of the old times when you advised us that the first duty of an Irishman was to fight. His second—to fight. And his third—still to fight.

According to your present speciousness, the first duty of an anti-Irish-Irishman is to shout; his second—to shout; his third—to go on shouting. After reaching such a point of political degeneracy, there is only one thing left for you to do. Procure a rope, retire to the nearest tree, and follow the example of the first of your tribe.

Meanwhile, whilst you are gathering the necessary courage to Judas yourself, I will entertain your patrons with an old text for your celebration.

1308.

COMMEMORATION BANQUET,
Banqueting Hall, Crown Hotel, Newcastle-on-Tyne. 10th May, 1898.

THE TRAITOR.

Of the terrible conclusions that the Orangemen must be instructed to draw, and in accordance with their oath, wade knee deep in the blood of the Orangemen."

On the 12th of the following month all the venom engendered by ages of conflict will reach explosive point. Then; the Orangemen must be instructed to rally forth with their firearms. And, in accordance with their oath, wade knee deep in the blood of the Nationalists."

That, Garvin, is what you set out to write. But at the psychological moment your cowardly heart failed you. The "moment" for you is past, never to return.
And teach us to unite.
Through good or ill be Ireland's still,
Though sad as theirs your fate,
And they are women of you.
Like those of '98.

Gentlemen, I drink to the memory of the dead.

Garvin, recall the night, fourteen short years ago,
when you delivered the above address. Consider your position to-day with your position then. We were poor men, we respected and admired you. To-day what are you? Detested by those whom you've betrayed and despised by those who employ you. Go hang and be damned to yer!  

Peter Fanning

Hygienic Jinks.

By Charles Brookfarmer

Scene: Public Health and Housing Sections of the National Conference on the Prevention of Destitution, at Caxton Hall.

Time: Last Friday, June 14.

(about thirty badly-dressed old women of both sexes are seated facing a platform, on which is a table and two huge bouquets. Vice-Chairman, Dr. Bycott, who chalks the speakers' names on a blackboard, a thin youth with an enormous cravat, a melancholy youth, and, behind, a cheerful young chattering to a lady. Student enters hall, and seats himself between Rev. Charles Harrison, of Rotherham, and Councillor Crowther, of Sheffield. Mrs. Haslam, from Dublin, has just ascended platform from the side, and is speaking.)

Mrs. Haslam: Ind there were some very good men and women in those cottages. Oi've bin through thin sveral toimes, gentlemen. Oi was there at the opening of 'em; ind Oi was astonished to find that the rent was from sivin ind six to tin shillings a week. (applause.)

"Will," I said, "whit about the poor widows who cin only afford half a crown?" But we hiv a woman on the Doblin Council now—(Cheers).

Ind, though perhaps Oi ought not to say it, the improvement is very largely due to Lady Aberdeen's work—"with whom Oi im intimately icquainted with.

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Mrs. Haslam: Ind there were some very good men and women in those cottages. Oi've bin through thin sveral toimes, gentlemen. Oi was there at the opening of 'em; ind Oi was astonished to find that the rent was from sivin ind six to tin shillings a week. (applause.)

Counsellor Crowther, of Sheffield, to address the meeting. There is a long list of speakers, and I think it would be better if each speaker confined his remarks to five minutes.

Councillor Ford (a small, brown, hairy man): There is, it seems to me, one very important subject which I think has been omitted up to now; I refer to the water-supply. Now my experience is—

Various Conversationalists: Eh? Well, what? Indeed? No? You don't say. Oi, was it really? What, yesterday! Hoo-hoo, etc.

Councillor Ford (drones): There is one point I want to emphasise, and that is that I think that the county councils should have water-supplies laid on inside the houses. I may give an instance of a house which was built in November, inhabited in January—(excitement)—and condemned in May as unfit for habitation by the local medical officers. I will give an instance—he gives five and finishes. The Chairman appears. He is an excitable person of military appearance.

Chairman (reading from a paper): I call upon Councillor Crowther, of Sheffield, to address the meeting. There is a long list of speakers, and I think it would be better if each speaker confined his remarks to five minutes.

Councillor Crowther (with an inimitable accent): In all the references to the various evils which all of us are acquainted with, I think the most important point of all has not yet been mentioned. In their first years, the children of the poor are not inferior to others, but it is at the age of twelve and thirteen that the deterioration sets in. I may say of Sheffield, which is many acres larger than Birmingham, and surrounded by moorlands and open lands on three sides, that in my own district, which is the poorest, the school children are the champion footballers of the whole city. (applause.)

In a football match I saw recently the goalkeeper on one side had no boots. The goalkeeper—had no boots. The result was a victory for us by six goals to one, but the goalkeeper told me afterwards, he who had no boots, he said, "It'd bin a hundred to now if I'd 'ad a pair of boots." (Loud laughter and applause.) We have no care at all for the widder-woman who's always trotted out on these occasions.

Rev. Harrison (loudly): O I O!

Councillor Crowther: The reverend gentleman—I forget his name—

Rev. Harrison: O I O! Tek! Tek!

Councillor Crowther: The reverend gentleman said, I think, that—

Rev. Harrison: Consideration! Consideration!

Councillor Crowther: Must compensate.

Rev. Harrison: Ah! Certainly! My point! Quite right! That's quite another matter. (Councillor Crowther descends and takes a seat beside Counsellor Ford, with only Studer between him and still indignant Rev. Harrison.)

Chairman: I call upon Dr. Bygott, of Barking, to address us for five minutes.

Dr. Bygott: We're told in the Scripture to go to the, go to the ant. But, when we're building houses, let us go lower, let us go to the bug. (Loud ap-
CHAIRMAN (with tremendous pride): DR. JONES, THE HON. MAUD Pauncefote to address the meeting.

CHAIRMAN: I call upon Mr. Nevill, of Islington, to speak for five minutes, and, after him, Mr. St. John Hancock.

CHAIRMAN: I call upon Mr. Richard Davies, of Pontyprid. Will he please come up? We are so pressed for time. Please take a seat up here. (To Mr. Davies' discomfiture) -district councillors—greatest nuisance—British Medical Association—Voluntary Old Gentleman (indignantly): Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet! (Applause.)

CHAIRMAN: I call upon Mr. Richard Davies to address us for five minutes. After him, the Honourable Maud Paunceforte—(sensation)—and, after him, her—Miss Broad will speak for five minutes. (The Hon. Maud, dressed in pink, rises and takes a seat beside Chairman, who greets her. She is extremely very and quite too. (Walks off. Loud applause.)

Miss Broad (squeakily): I call upon the Hon. Maud to address the meeting.

CHAIRMAN: Miss Broad will now speak for five minutes and, after her, the Rev. G. Suttle, of West Ham.

Rev. Suttle (whose appearance is regarded by Chairman with the annoyance of Chairman, who, with a charming smile, however, passes The Hon. Maud a glass of water.)—district councillors—greatest nuisance—British Medical Association—Voluntary Old Gentleman (indignantly): Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet! (Applause.)

CHAIRMAN: I call upon Mr. Richard Davies to address us for five minutes. After him, the Honourable Maud Paunceforte—(sensation)—and, after him, her—Miss Broad will speak for five minutes. (The Hon. Maud, dressed in pink, rises and takes a seat beside Chairman, who greets her. She is extremely very and quite too. Miss Broad, in shabby French grey, seats herself between them, to the annoyance of Chairman, who, with a charming smile, however, passes The Hon. Maud a glass of water. (Walking off. Loud applause.)

Mr. Davies: (who has been speaking through all this): Ah yam a yagricoolterist myself and Ah give ma men the nussussitees of life to make them happee. (Walking off. Loud applause.)

Rev. Suttle: Why not? (Laughter.)

CHAIRMAN: I call upon Mr. Mr. Davies to speak for five minutes. (Despite appearances, Mr. Hancock is not amusing. Exit Student.)

THE HON. MAUD: Would it not be desirable to call, no, to ask for a meeting of the council and the landowners, whose generosity and kindness, I am positive, would exceed anything that you can think of. For instance, I may get to selling these poor greengrocers in Covent Garden Market to be up from three o'clock in the morning, when we are all so snug in bed. Now it is very cold in the market, and not at all light at that time, so that if the poor men wished to write, they could not write anything, and, if they dropped a coin, they could not pick it up. I made so bold, not knowing him any more than I do not know any of you, to write to the Duke of Bedford, a splendid man, a-BA. I told him all about these poor men, and he actually said that he would get up at three o'clock in the morning and go and see for himself; and so great was his sympathy with them that he got up. (Cheers.) And he went to see them, so he is their friend, not their enemy. (Loud applause.) Now when he asked them in the market why they did not put lights outside, they told him that it was impossible!... But Bedford has eliminated that word from his vocabulary. (Enthusiastic commotion. Soon after The Hon. Maud finishes amid universal applause.)

CHAIRMAN: Miss Broad would now speak for five minutes, and, after her, the Rev. G. Suttle, of West Ham.

Rev. Suttle: Why not? (Laughter.)

CHAIRMAN: I call upon Mr. St. John Hancock to address the meeting for five minutes, and, after him, Mr. St. John Hancock.

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Mr. Davies: (who has been speaking through all this): Ah yam a yagricoolterist myself and Ah give ma men the nussussitees of life to make them happee. (Walking off. Loud applause.)

Rev. Suttle: Why not? (Loud laughter.)

CHAIRMAN: I call upon Mr. Mr. Davies to speak for five minutes. (Despite appearances, Mr. Hancock is not amusing. Exit Student.)
The Question of Peace in Europe.

By Grant Hervey.

(The President, Foreign Affairs Section, The Young Australia Movement.)

The New Age has provided space in its issues of March 28 and April 4 for a sober statement of "An Australian View of Imperial and Foreign Affairs." From a number of persons scattered over Europe I have received an instalment of interesting correspondence. It is evident that the publication of our views in The New Age is one satisfactory way of reaching the collective intelligence of Europe.

Dr. Victor Lafosse, of Brussels (Belgium), I feel sure, will forgive me if I select his highly interesting communication for comment:—

Brussels, April 4, 1912.

I have read very carefully your article, "An Australian View of Imperial and Foreign Affairs," published in The New Age of March 28 and April 4. I have also read your article of March 14, in which you declare that the question of peace in Europe is not only important for the European people, but for the whole world, and for the white man everywhere.

But if I see results pointed out, I do not find an adequate remedy indicated.

In Europe, and also outside, we are driving into anarchy at an accelerated rate. The expenditures for military and naval preparations are the outcome of the absence of an international law. Between nations the only criterion of Right is Force—Force and the ultimate results for the what we actually observe here in Europe, Asia, and America.

Could another law than the Law of Might be applied? Yes. But not immediately. It might interest you, both for your own sake and for the sake of your country, to know what constitutes that law. The third stage and how it can be applied. Therein you will find a solution of the problems stated in your article.

If the European nations were to drop their rivalry and unite in a body without solving the social, economic, and moral question very soon there would be an outbreak of a huge general civil war. As a French journalist once put it, "The army is not intended so much to be used against the enemy outside as against the enemy inside; and the enemy inside are the paupers—the unsatisfied workers." In my New Age statement of "An Australian View of Imperial and Foreign Affairs," the object aimed at was not so much the provision of a solution for given problems as an inscription upon the fact that there is such a thing as an Australian view. We want Europe—no, all the British Commonwealth—to bear in mind that in foreign and Imperial affairs there is a vast body of opinion, ultra-British and yet singularly non-British, seteering over-sea. Europe is altogether too prone to imagine that Great Britain speaks for the whole Empire. The Kaffir of South Africa, the Moari of New Zealand, and the coolie of Bengal too often are classed in the same scale of political importance—that is, by superficial European observers—with the white New Zealander, white Canadian, white South African, and white Australian. We all of us, as self-ruling white peoples within the Empire, most strenuously resent this European impression.

As things stand, it is galling to the self-respect of the Australian that he should have no voice—that is, no effective voice—in international affairs. It is because we are more fiercely British than the home-dwelling Britishers that we detest our present diplomatic dependences. We condemn as more or less clamant mediocrities; but it is a toss-up as to whether Lloyd George and Lord Haldane do not run a dead-heat as regards their complete inability to evoke appreciation in Australia.

I have thought it worth while to make these few interpolations for the benefit of Continental readers like my correspondent in Brussels. Dr. Lafosse knew how complete is the cleavage between Liberalism in England and Liberalism in an over-sea British Commonwealth like Australia, if such observers and sympathisers understood that in the unchanging spirit of Britishness Lloyd George fails to represent the nascent strength of the British Empire, they would look at the question of peace in Europe from a totally different standpoint. Dr. Lafosse complains that in Europe to-day Might is the criterion of Right. But force is the supreme arbiter, and my correspondent does not like it. He seeks for a divine Law of Reason. Very good. But may we in the meantime mention that infinitely more nauseating than the Law of Force is the alternative, nonconformist knavery. It is a Law that answers a Dreadnought with a solemn, sloppy speech, a Law that seeks to establish the efficacy of a German gun with a Bath bun and a benediction.

When Dr. Victor Lafosse or any other investigator produces an efficacious Law of Reason, the Australians will be the first to adopt and defend that Law. In the meantime we vote for Force as the best and most reliable arbiter. We do not for one moment imagine that Austria and Russia and France and Germany, by dropping their rifles and shedding tears upon each other's breast, would be able to keep the consciences of the present bestrew the path of Europe. We are quite sure that rifles dropped so hastily, in accordance with the dictates of one emotion, would be as quickly seized upon and made a dangerous under the impulse of another. Problems of a social and economic nature have got to be settled in a more methodic and more lasting way. The "enemy inside," in the case of France or Germany or any other European power, we think, unfairly sums up the attitude of the unsatisfied workers. They are not dissatisfied because they do not get enough to eat. A man well fed is an optimist and a patriot; a starving pauper is at once a pessimist and a potential foe. He is against the State because the State is against him. "Feed the brute!" therefore becomes the wisest maxim of modern statesmanship. A well-fed nation is a nation in a good humour—an excellent nation to have for a friend, but a very objectionable nation when it gets its hair off and reaches for its gun. Poverty does not make the best soldiers, despite all the written and spoken froth to the contrary. Paupism, when it becomes malignant and of long standing, makes a nation dangerous as a powder magazine, as we observe in the ugly powder magazine of Europe. Its paupism, combined with the ninoperence-fourpowder-isms of Lloyd George and his muddled Cabinet associates—we say that these things make Great Britain a positive danger, not only to Europe but to the British Empire and to the world at large. When England explodes in an industrial revolution, half the thrones and empires of the earth will be blown to atoms. And it is because...
we do not want to see Australia littered with any portion of the international mess that we insist upon our right to draw attention to the serious nature of the British menace.

We of the Young Australia Movement hold that the Beware-of-Germany farce is being over-played. Not German might but English misery is Europe's perpetual menace. Germany deserves an appreciation, in our business of empire seriously. When the great struggle arrives—the conflict between the white races and the brown—we shall prefer the German ally with the bayonet to the British moralist with the bathos and the bun.

In the meantime, will some member of the Opposition side of the House of Commons please get up and ask Asquith why Great Britain pursues a policy, domestic as well as foreign, that compels Australia to look more to Germany and less to England for an example of strength and courage?

The New Collaborators.

By Ward Mair.

"Why are not literary collaborations more common?" asks a contemporary. "Surely if one public enjoys a novel by A, and another public a novel by B, both publics would equally enjoy a novel written by A and B together? Not that A should compose one chapter and B the next, but that A and B should work in such union that alternate paragraphs might flow from their respective pens, and their individual styles be thus merged harmoniously into one. Were such a work to be printed, even under an unrecognisable nom-de-plume, we are sure it would be an instant success."

Enterprising publisher, inspired by this suggestion, has favoured us with some extracts from three forthcoming novels constructed on the lines indicated. The first is by Mr. Gilgeorge Keithbert Moorsterton.

"A sky of blue silk!" and thinking that Dipthong would be awaiting me, with his bicycle, at the corner opposite the bun-shop, I sat down and looked at the ducks which were floating upon the ornamental water. Their plaintive quacking reminded me of the conversation of my Uncle James, about whom I shall one day write a book. "He was like that speckled duck; he paid no attention to any quacking but his own." And Moira, who had come to Dublin in response to my eighteen telegrams, agreed with me that I must write the book, and put everybody in it. "You shall go in it, too, Moira," and she rose, and reminded me of Dipthong and my appointment to meet him half an hour ago.

As I went down the street, the hoardings were like a banner and the tramway lines flowed in rivers of molten steel. "It is not the ugliness of civilisation which is unendurable," I cried; "it is its beauty. Tankards and tankards of ale have not blinded me to that beauty." But, at the corner, there was a place of blasphemous rites, called a cocoa-room, where hideous potions, muddy and brown, are served to heretics whose punishment is that they suffer neither hunger nor thirst, but both combined.

Dipthong was arguing with Bates when I found him, and both of them were covered with his egotistical hairs. "Let us seek a tumulus," and, forgetting Moira, I mounted Dipthong's bicycle, leaving him to go on, and pushed on, continued to tell me about the gods. So, as I was unable to make him listen, I called out that I should write a book about him, and he dismounted at once.

"Shall we stop, Dipthong?" But Dipthong only bent his head over the handle-bars of his hired bicycle, and, pushing on, continued to tell me about the gods. So, as I was unable to make him listen, I called out that I should write a book about him, and he dismounted at once.

For it is in dreams that we find our true waking, and from the humdrum that we extract our most thrilling adventures. The more we arrive the more we feel that we have never started. It is a revelation, and I have (strangely) only just perceived it. That is why I close my story here. I have another story to write—on the same subject.

Our next sample is by Mr. Aronson Benjamies.

Old Mr. Skalwag had a touch of the gout. Impossible to believe! It was true. And Tilda, looking at old Mr. Skalwag, was delighted with an excruciating perception of the sad loneliness of life. Old Mr. Skalwag's gout was lovely. The steam train which passed the window, its roof just reaching the line of the window-blind's fringe, was lovely. Everything was lovely. Everything! Tilda, immersed in her ecstatic contemplation of old Mr. Skalwag's gout, was enchanted. And she said to herself, pithily, "He's a dear old Mr. Skalwag is." And old Mr. Skalwag—incredible!—seemed unaware of the fact that he was a dear, or that his gout possessed any loneliness. Nevertheless, he was a dear, and his gout was beautiful. She gave him a dim smile, and then—quite as if she had never so much as "dreamt" of anything in the least, in itself, charming, or otherwise than perfectly horrid, though, indeed, she was faintly cognisant of a leaning towards the idea that the whole, might conceivably be worse—she bent to him and said: "It is not—" and her reference was to his suffering grim evasion of the cause which had thus prostrated all that "counted," for him, for activity—"not the result of—?" But her sentence, however discreet and however delicious its innuendo of the reverse of blaming (but rather sympathising with) such perfectly adorable human weakness, remained unfinished, for reasons doubtless best known to herself. And our antique friend's reply, when it did come, was equally singular.

"Turn off the gas," said Mr. Skalwag. Tilda rose to obey. It was astounding that he had said that! Taciturn! Very old Mr. Skalwag had tact. Her sense of his tact flooded her whole being as she stood on the cane-bottomed chair and reached up her long, thin, nervous, virginal, middle-class, unrounded but pretty arm to turn off the gas. She thought of all the gas in all the world. In all the universe! In books yet unwritten! She thought of it all, turned off simultaneously. She thought, "No, that would never do." And she thought, "Gas is too beautiful. Where should I be without it?"

The speculation, reconcile and probably answerable, occupied her for a space, while her companion, immersed, undoubtedly, in thoughts hardly so profound, but not less obscure in themselves, although capable of clearer and grompter enlightenment, waited on his
"ottoman" for her to complete an action so unaccountably, so altogether oddly, delayed. As she still pouted, the uplifted fingers about to daily with that which would either, on the one hand, extinguish the wherewithal of nocturnal vision, or—were she absently to turn the implement in the reverse—sumably the latter was, he spoke again, sounding the same note:

"Turn off that there gas." And at this very moment, lo! the gas was turned out. Tilda, dreaming withoutVolume 2, Chapter 4, Section 1: The March of Moïse Pretée, Vaivode in the region of Sopho and Hospodar of Nib-de-Plume et Tap-Yost, laid his great paws on those monstrous knees of his, paused, in the attitude of the uplifted fingers about to approach, all a-twitter, and forgotten to appease it with its shilling. So the gas went out of its own accord.

Our third specimen is by Mr. Hew St. Maurole Strachett.

Mr. Lord Gabbol, Duke of Salemains and Warden of the March of the Férode, Voivode in the region of Sopho and Hospodar of Nib-de-Plume et Tap-Yost, stood before Duke Gabbol, and bent a voluminous ear to his patron's plaints. And "What?" quoth he, when that doughty carver had finished his tale of crimson crimes. "Is that all? You slew Clé of Pippin, and three times Bym Pimp, the first-born? Calm yourself, my dear Lord. Not a soul be in the least perturbed; nor am I." Yet, profound as we revere the undoubted sincerity of Mr Lord Gabbol, Duke of Salemains and Warden of the March of the Férode, Voivode in the region of Sopho and Hospodar of Nib-de-Plume et Tap-Yost, our third specimen is by Mr. Hew St. Maurole Strachett.

In an article in the "Eye-Witness" on Mr. W. B. Yeats' "Land of Heart's Desire," Mr. G. K. Chesterton makes some remarks which have rather less in them than meets the eye. He says such things about the immortal position of this play as can rarely be said of any man's life, uttered by his own pen. He repeats this fine verse, this so famous and finally assured a poem, this obviously good poetry. Well, we happened to escape Mr. Yeat's influence, and we find this play an empty shell. There are arched apertures, but the sculptor's cupboards—"That makes some remarks which have rather less in them than meets the eye. He says such things about the immortal position of this play as can rarely be said of any man's life, uttered by his own pen. He repeats this fine verse—"the scurvy lurker like magpies in a cherry orchard." He plaidly reminded us of our weaknesses. That any man who had money enough to start a paper could start a paper and say that it was as good as the 'Athemum'; that anyone who could cut the year of Aryan civilisation to be able to touch Arnold's position, the central position, the position of truth. "They have passed from tameness to violence without touching strength. Whenever they really touch strength they will (with their wonderful English strength)," he said, "do a number of things. One of the things may be to save the world. Another of the things will certainly be to thank Matthew Arnold.""

Now, would not even the wise conclude from all this that Mr. Chesterton had thoroughly understood Arnold? We, with over-haste, concluded that he had himself once and forever touched that central position of strength, was at one with the philosopher who knew the unreal mood of the English people and who knew that that mood could only be changed by criticism, criticism so slow, so obscure compared with the kinematic advertisement of the creatures of unreal mood, that it would seem to be ineffectual, yet which the world would end by obeying as it obeys at last all distinguished things. Would you not have supposed that Mr. Chesterton had thoroughly understood and had caught many an actual glimpse of that abiding union of the best which was Arnold's central position of strength? And he did understand. "When the English really touch strength...they will thank Matthew Arnold." He expects that to happen to the whole nation. He knows, he knows quite well, that Arnold's influence has already begun to lead that moment of that influence having taken hold is...and when the Church itself seemed to falter in its situation was not, at this period, particularly bright. The Church itself, of course, was the first thing worth fighting for. What? "The Church itself, of course, was the first thing worth fighting for."

"But before I quit this chamber," said Gabbol, "I will fain try my blade. Tweak!"—the scurvy lurker came crawling—"bring me my new-honed hatchet!" The sword was handed to him. Tweak's teeth chattered like magpies in a cherry orchard. "And now," added Gabbol, addressing the Abbot, "since thou thinkest that my butchery is but a jest, I will make thee laugh like magpies in a cherry orchard."

"As you may confess my murders and so hasten hence with the pink-eyed Gabbol, " go, fetch me my chaplain that I may confess my murders and so hasten hence with my dear Lord. Not a soul be in the least perturbed; nor am I." Yet, profound as we revere the undoubted sincerity of Mr Lord Gabbol, Duke of Salemains and Warden of the March of the Férode, Voivode in the region of Sopho and Hospodar of Nib-de-Plume et Tap-Yost, our third specimen is by Mr. Hew St. Maurole Strachett.

"This is the very sentence which I can only conclude by remarking that it is our firm conviction that the entire episode was most regrettable, and would have been avoided, or at any rate amounted to the use of most simple of devices, an appeal to the Referendum.

"We are bound to add that—though we are aware that many of our readers, for whose opinion we have the deepest respect, may differ from us in this—the political situation was not, at this period, particularly bright. Democrats as we ourselves have always insisted on remembering, we must not be blinded by the light of air and when the Church itself seemed to falter in its message we are free to confess that our spirit was almost broken. Our pen, in short, hesitates, for once, as we endeavour to record the narrative of the negotiations which were the turning-point of the history of that strenuous era. The Abbot of Auto-Chassis and Livre-Cheque (with copyright recognised in every realm of Christendom) stood before Duke Gabbol, and bent a voluminous ear to his patron's plaints. And "What?" quoth he, when that doughty carver had finished his tale of crimson crimes. "Is that all? You slew Clé of Pippin, and three times Bym Pimp, the first-born? Calm yourself, my dear Lord. Not a soul be in the least perturbed; nor am I." Yet, profound as we revere the undoubted sincerity of Mr Lord Gabbol, Duke of Salemains and Warden of the March of the Férode, Voivode in the region of Sopho and Hospodar of Nib-de-Plume et Tap-Yost, our third specimen is by Mr. Hew St. Maurole Strachett.

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"This is the very sentence which I can only conclude by remarking that it is our firm conviction that the entire episode was most regrettable, and would have been avoided, or at any rate amounted to the use of most simple of devices, an appeal to the Referendum.
Well, Mr. Chesterton has evidently had a future since he wrote that preface, and we behold him now in the "Eye-Witness," amidst the riot of Mr. Yeats' flight, calling to Arnold, that Arnold, and not the poet he said it of, was the ineffectual angel. Let us be glad that the happiness. But the production of great man; it is proved to be so by man's finding in it his true ahead, he wrote an essay that a good many men now at its use? In that case it must surely wait till they are ready. may be vainly spent in attempting it, and may with more fruit be spent in preparing for it in rendering it possible. He practices all its doctrine, however. The exercise of a creative power is the true function of man; it is proved to be so by man's finding in it his true power works are ideas: the best ideas on every matter which literature touches current at the time. . . . I say current at the table, not merely accessible at the time; for creative literary genius does not principally show itself in discovering new ideas; that is rather the business of the philosopher; the great man in the spirit of poetry is a work of synthesis, the exhibition, not of analysis and discovery; its gift lies in the faculty of being happily inspired by a certain intellectual and spiritual atmosphere, by a certain order of ideas, wherein it finds itself in them; of dealing divinely with those ideas, presenting them in the most effective and attractive combinations, making beautiful works with them. But it must have the atmosphere, it must find itself amidst the order of ideas, in order to work freely; and these it is not so easy to command when they are more within the control of the critical power, that tends at last to make an intellectual situation of which the creative power can avail itself. It tends to establish an order of ideas, if not absolutely true, yet true by comparison with those it dispels; to make the best prevail. Presently these new ideas reach society; the touch of truth is the touch of life, and there is a stir and growth everywhere; out of this stir and growth come the creative epochs of literature.

We really blush to reprint Mr. Chesterton's shocking distortion of these words. "The real failure of his (Arnold's) intervention lay exactly in the fact that he could remain critical for infinity." We leave the case, as Socrates once proposed himself satisfied to do, stated by the opponent.

That we English may be emerging from that unreal mood where nothing good is possible is our personal hope. We wish for the change as though it might be upon us to-morrow, to-day; as the man of piety was adjured to live as if the next moment his hope of heaven might be realised. We shall clear the way by criticism so long as a soul gathers to listen to us. What if there had been a second great critic to follow Arnold? We believe that we ourselves might have done some work not destined to die. Instead of that, we find ourselves forced to take up the battle for the genius of the next generation. And we are not to be mistaken in our energy. "I detract," said Shelley, "I called beautiful poetry which is nothing but form and sound lest it be taken for true poetry and usurp its place, lest it disguise and destroy in people's minds that divinity which sometimes blazes forth, at other times is humble and modest, but always elevated, always profound, and which reveals itself only at its hour." We echo that. When we attacked the influence of Mr. Yeats, we attacking the

The overwhelming output of indifferent literature . . . lavish and fulsome advertisement of it; and there is still singing in our ears a part of a sentence we read somewhere yesterday, but cannot now lay hands on, about the cynical disregard of art and of every form, impudence accepted as originality and obscurity as productivity. Everyone, in fact, begins to realise the truth which we perceived when these articles were first projected—that false literature and false criticism have got to be suppressed as far and as soon as may be, if the English nation is not to lose its literary taste and produce no more literary genius.

What if we had had thirty years of literary criticism and discipline since Arnold, instead of thirty years of anarchy? Consider Mr. G. K. Chesterton. In a favourable tone, some such man as he will write the English epic. Among the Elizabethans he would have been a king among kings. Perhaps not one of them has rivalled his phenomenal literary activity, his prodigious invention. And that age would have dignified his taste and given his genius form. But to-day there is no atmosphere for him in which he may use his genius creatively. His career has been criticism, militant criticism. What blinds him to Mr. Yeats' scutheon we cannot imagine. They have apparently nothing in common, not even language. The Irishman leaves us sceptical of his asseverations and indignation is common manners towards the Muse: we could believe that the other is on fighting or feeding terms with all Tartarus or all Olympus. England has never known the condition of conflict, not even for Mr. Yeats could manage to compromise himself, or be consigned by the powers to any prison for the feeble-minded; but we could easily foresee the way there politically smoothed for Mr. Chesterton, and himself led off by the hand of the coaxing, banalised constable.
Ah, the Sun and the blue, blue sky. Ah, the leaves and the birds and the mushroom pale in the green of the meadow: Forbidden.

The buttercup field was free to the beast—to the sheep that frisked among the golden hearts, free to the cow and the blithe, rolling dog; but to me, who might have translated the song of the yellow stars: Forbidden.

* * * * *

TARES.
I have always admired—taken the archaic sense of the word, mingling wonder with reverence—the boldness of certain painters who have made their own portraits. I am not doing less; only hitherto, I have needed to paint no accidental scars, but in the lovable, beautiful image, as I came and as I was meant to remain.

There are two photographs of me, one taken at five years and the other at ten. In the first I look like a little Buddha; in the other I might pass for a mad child or a tiger-cub.

About six I began to be aware that there were giants upon earth. It was as well to avoid them when possible; one usually seemed to be doing something they did not like. I remember the first punishment which scarred my mind for years and the other at ten. In the first I look like a little Buddha; in the other I might pass for a mad child or a tiger-cub.

To be going out to tea is, as everyone knows, a great affair. The tremendous enjoyment makes you skip about and laugh high and say any funny thing you think of. You forget that there are giants and your experience that it is always wiser to creep about the garden outside the window. No sound was anywhere. "All the world's dead," I said, "and I don't care." I jumped up to dress and run out in the garden. Then the door opened and the big sister came in. "Can we see something, but not be afraid," I said. "Very quiet." We went into the mother's room, and there was the Baby—come back. I was greatly pleased. I had prayed many times that God would send her back, because when she had been here before, I used to steal the little white medicine sweets out of the "Homopafik" box, and at times a fear had haunted me that I had not left enough in to make her well. Now, too, I could make up for not being sorry when she went to Heaven.

I expect I forgot about being sorry very soon. The giants grew worse than ever. The mother was always up in the bed, and I had to eat onions, sit and eat them every one, and the taste was nearly killing, all cold and sorry.

My last expulsion from school was for changing all the words in a hymn to make it funny. I sank below the pale now. Even my mother dared not condone this crime. And, undoubtedly, the fear that a bad character would be decided to banish me; for I was sent to boarding school.

The great house stood in a paradise of orchards and plantations and fruit gardens. When I was taken with my mother around the grounds, she and I forgot all the scoldings and tears which had gone before my leaving home. I, at any rate, forgot that I was a bad girl. The new school seemed very fair indeed, and I was enchanted with a little pond in the orchard.

That first sight of the fairy pool was all about I ever had of it. Everything here had a time to be done in. Every girl had a schedule. There was no space on the schedule marked "Play." Our existence was to prepare for examinations. We were crammed with dull knowledge and starved of every gracious and beautiful thing. We had a Walk. Its time was immediately after dinner. My stomach remembered its rebellion against that sharp walk for many years. One was always hungry. At the greatest peril one poked a moment in a corridor, and when once I stayed quite a long time at one of the windows and wept to see the sun shining, I treasured as joyful experience that sighing spell. Yet this was not a workhouse of a reformatory, where the great maternal heart of England consigns little children to be thus tortured, but a high school and moderately expensive. But Dotheboys Hall will never become extinct so long as parents are permitted to exile their tiresome children. Mrs. Squeers will only refine her methods.

I went to school with a bad character, and so, perhaps, received special attention. But all of us were overworked like worthless slaves. Neither by fair labour nor by cheating could I gain respite. To linger,
remembering my miserable eleventh year is still to plunge myself in dejection. Before my first term was up, the tireless family foot had tramped back to Africa. My grief at being left used almost to strangle me at nights.

it to me. I had wickedly caught it after disobediently funny at the time, I was abused and badly neglected. And sitting alone in the stone-floored dining-room, that I helped myself before tea to a piece of bread and oily, black ringlets. He and his wife quarrelled eternally. Their only interest in common, and at the same time the cause of the worst squabbles, was the dusk.

proceeding to Africa, my parents decided to have me 'my twelfth year. Those facts with which I had to arm myself against the examiners were learned for the credit of my voyage. My mind had been tampered with and could never allow me to fail when the facts were asked for. I never in my life failed under examination and I could not compete to-day with the befooled prodigy I was in my twelfth year. Those facts with which I had to arm myself against the examiners were learned for the credit of my voyage.

So dead was I, that I remember almost nothing during the journey to Africa. My mind had been tampered with and could not respond immediately, even to Beauty. Released from the scrutiny of the mistress, and only subject now to the intermittent strictness of the strangely mild giant, I suppose I ate and played and plagued people like an ordinary child. Only the little sheltering bed remains as a clear picture of all that voyage. It was so wonderful to wake and hear no bell clanging, to dare to shut the eyes again and gather up the sweet dream.

We lived in the same house with the store next it, the green at the back, the Kafir location still swarming with old memories. Once again there was room. The sun rose in a wide sky from waves which shone until the flowery wildernesses beckoning onward, onward.

There came a day—like all my awakening days flashing between two blanks of night—upon which I came abreast of the great Sense, that I was I. It was as if I had been touched on the shoulder by my own self. I had stepped into a room from a dark passage, to meet a wild ocean of sunlight. Three people were in the room. They agreed that I was not as an extremely solid and connected mass. My voice said to me, "Go away, you have nothing to do with them."

Views and Reviews.*

The matter of this essay is so akin to the problems of the soul of man cannot thrive in the wage system, and its products, but he did not rest at denunciation. He denounced the system and its products, but he did not rest at denunciation. Had he cared to analyse the subject he might have forestalled The New Age in its present deluge of refuse and rubbish. Giving the public what it wants, and allowing an artist to express himself, are not necessarily incompatible things; they depend on the estimate of the public need and the type of artist. Wilde was no less scornful of the popular artist than he was of the public; but it must be confessed that his own work was not unpopular. He had not made suggestions for the present generation a moment's thought will make clear.

Speaking of Shelley, he says: "If the English had realised what a great poet he really was, they would have fallen upon him tooth and nail, and made his life as unbearable as they possibly could." It is impossible to deny this, but the precise value of Socialism to the artist is not apparent. He may very reasonably ask: "Why give them more leisure to persecute me?"

Unless, indeed, the character of the English changes, the release from labour of a debased and demoralised proletariat means death to the artist. Most of the Utopians have no place for the artist; in fact, this is the only resemblance between Wells 'The Great State' and Plato's "Republic"; and the only Utopia possible to the English, unless the artists do their duty, is a bear-garden.

That duty, of course, in educative. If the artists are merely wilful (and that is all that most of them have learnt to be from Wilde), they are committing suicide. They are helping to release a monster that will devour them. It may be, as at the height of the Karmic war, beside the burying ground. I began to revel in these old memories. Once again there was room. The sun rose in a wide sky from waves which shone until the sight failed following them. Thirty miles of beach ran from point to point of the bay, and behind the hilly town the terraces of the coast range lay stretched as flowery wildernesses beckoning onward, onward.

"The Soul of Man under Socialism." By Oscar Wilde. (Humphreys. 18. net.)
Authority cannot be abolished: it can only change its ground, but the artist should defer to it only when that ground is the highest. It is a true saying that art produces the criticism it deserves; and we heard nothing of the monkey and the tiger die. Until we do, we can have no high man who knows that he knows; and it is better for the artist and the conscious. And it is better for the artist and the consciousness. And it is better for the artist and the consciousness is the only tyrant of the artist; and a paradox, I suppose; but our complaint is that the artist plays his own game; and impede and warp the man who makes things that are actually beautiful. Novels have ceased to have any form, drama has become a mere discussion of the social evil, sculpture is morb'd and notorily in marble, and painting a madman's dream. There is no doubt about the innocence of the artist; every artist nowadays specialises in some abomination; but Beauty with its never-changing face is hidden from us. Authority now does not compare modern works unfavourably with the classics: it calls them classics.

But this is journalistic authority; and Wilde had no mercy for journalists. "Here we allow absolute freedom to the journalist, and entirely limit the artist. English public opinion, that is to say, tries to constrain and impede and warp the man who makes things that are actually beautiful. Novels have ceased to have any form, drama has become a mere discussion of the social evil, sculpture is morb'd and notorily in marble, and painting a madman's dream. There is no doubt about the innocence of the artist; every artist nowadays specialises in some abomination; but Beauty with its never-changing face is hidden from us. Authority now does not compare modern works unfavourably with the classics: it calls them classics.

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Art is individual; the artist is individual.
Art is free; the artist is free.
Art is real; the artist is real.
Art is individual; the artist is individual.

Both. Their unity is ultimate and unassailable. It is the essential. But Mr. W. H. Davies contributes a verse on young beauty triumphant and full of love thoughts, while—

... at each door the rufian winds
Have laid a dying man to groan.

Mr. D. Phaër chaffs the Victorian idealist in art, who loved to paint souls awakened, to prove how far we have come since Victoria, the editor fills up the page with a drawing of a lady's posterior, apparently deeply scarred and suffering from acne. Over-page is another lady's posterior, evidently German, and tattooed. We conclude, à la Herbin. It faces a tale of the dead: "It was poisoning from bad fish that had killed Gustave." A lettre de France is followed by reviews by J. M. and K. M. and J. M. J. M. M.: "With the clearest consciousness that the artist stand on their feet as they stand, and impede and warp the man who makes things that are actually beautiful. Novels have ceased to have any form, drama has become a mere discussion of the social evil, sculpture is morb'd and notorily in marble, and painting a madman's dream. There is no doubt about the innocence of the artist; every artist nowadays specialises in some abomination; but Beauty with its never-changing face is hidden from us. Authority now does not compare modern works unfavourably with the classics: it calls them classics.

"The Sign of the Fourposter is the Mark of Good Poetry Review for June. (The St. Catherine Press. 14th monthly.)"

Mr. W. B. Yeats' finished technique, we are told, is now being imitated by the younger writers of to-day; they are severely refining literary style. We know perfectly well that the writers in The Poetry Review, young and old, once- and twice- and three- and four-grown, are intent upon nothing but getting their verses published in book form at any cost—the very great majority at their own cost. Each month this review belauds verse-writers whose achievements should have been kept as a private family joy. What a string of them we can remember, formless, thoughtless, rhythmless, and rhymeless, whom publishers were perfectly willing to oblige, we hear, in almost every case—for a consideration: Messrs. C. Murray, R. E. Bates, W. de la Mare, H. Monro, G. Greene; Denys Lefebvre, Darrel Figgis, Pallister Barkas, Lascelles Abercrombie, Clinton Scollard, W. W. Gibson, J. Stephens, J. Masefield, and ever so many others; and Mesdames Marna Pease, Marria Knight, Ethel Clifford, Ethel White, T. B. Sheppard, Viola Meynell, Monica Saleeby, Judith Lyton, and several ladies of title—but we must pause.

REVIEWS.

Rhythm (for June). (Swift and Co. 19th monthly.)

As ever, most unrhythmical. In the middle of a story by Mr. Frank Harris, about a holy man who walked on the water like the Saviour of the World: "Oh, that's easy!" said the old man who had done it (in Russia), to the bishop. "Anyone can do that. We love the water that makes everything pure and sweet for us, and the water loves us in return. Anyone can walk on it. But won't you teach me that beautiful prayer that Jesus taught his disciples?" To balance that, a drawing of a most unclean face, a composite of every form, drama has become a mere discussion of the social evil, sculpture is morb'd and notorily in marble, and painting a madman's dream. There is no doubt about the innocence of the artist; every artist nowadays specialises in some abomination; but Beauty with its never-changing face is hidden from us. Authority now does not compare modern works unfavourably with the classics: it calls them classics.

The biggest crane on earth, it lifts
Two hundred ton more easily
Than I can lift my heavy head.

Next an article on the meaning of Rhythm, by Mr. J. M. Murry and Miss K. Mansfield. One always wonders how persons ever managed to collaborate in writing. Here the process is quite clear. You take it in turns to think of a word which your partner must contrive to embody in a sentence that shall itself contain a new word. Thus:

(1) Intuition is the power of divining individuality in other persons.
(2) The artist recognises his own absolute freedom in defining the freedom of others.
(3) He has found reality, for we measure the reality of things by measuring their freedom.
(4) Freedom, reality, and individuality are three names for the ultimate essence of life.
(5) They are the three qualities of the artist.
(6) They are the three qualities of the work of art.

Very ingenious! And the last paragraph shows how it may be done in whole phrases:

(1) Art and the artist are perfectly at one.
(2) Art is free; the artist is free.
(3) Art is real; the artist is real.
(4) Art is individual; the artist is individual.

... at each door the rufian winds
Have laid a dying man to groan.

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Three numbers of "The Poetry Review" contain forty odd advertisements of books by forty and more living poets. What an era we live in! And yet all the world is being deluged with the multiplication of rubbishy books. There was recently an admirable article in the "Times" on distinction in music. We would fain write one on distinction in literary manners.

With a hundred, a thousand dishonest reviewers willing to praise anything that interests illegitimately, it becomes the worst form for a writer to send out his work for review, to advertise it in any way, even to sign it, and, it may be, to publish at all for many years yet, may stay, or have to trample. Let him, if he survives, let him come to his own in his lifetime. Neither Keats nor Shelley lived to see a lifetime. Neither Keats nor Shelley lived to see their work of art by "The Poetry Review" be published.

What an era we live in! The Poetry Review is not original; Mr. Dilnot has forestalled him. It has been written for the intellectuals; but we are at least surprised to find a modern Frenchman agreeing with the Old Testament, and saying in his own way that the sons of God saw the daughters of men, that they were fair, and preferred them to their goldesses. Indeed, as the godness of mankind is greater than the subtlety of his mind rather than the subtlety of his reasoning. Against any other background than that of Christianity, his work would not be remarkable; but with such a background, his work is a sea-going monster is the merest journalese; it is a sea-going monster is the merest journalese; it is

"Everything is true; nothing is forbidden," has more than ordinary merit. We must say a good word for Mr. Ransome's translation. The simplicity of the dialogue does render to us that clarity of mind that seems to be the peculiar quality of French writers, and enables us to enjoy the charm of the writing of M. de Gourmont.

"Titanic." By Edson Young. (Grant Richards. 2s. 6d. net.)

We regret the publication of this monograph. We have never denied Mr. Young's talent; his biography of Christopher Columbus is a classic in form and treatment; but his taste in rushing this catchpenny through the Press is certainly questionable. In the first place, the fact that the book is "liberally illustrated" is an ugly instance of the Press's habit of asking for the public's money in return for some sort of "novelty" or "peculiarity" that is not a book for the intellectuals; but we are at least surprised to find a modern Frenchman agreeing with the Old Testament, and saying in his own way that the sons of God saw the daughters of men, that they were fair, and preferred them to their godnesses. Indeed, as the godness of mankind is greater than the subtlety of his mind rather than the subtlety of his reasoning. Against any other background than that of Christianity, his work would not be remarkable; but with such a background, his work is

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"Titanic." By Edson Young.
Pastiche.

SAPPHIC ODE.

(To the Unknown Cantatrice.)

I.

"Not for me your heaped Oriental fragrance;
Wind these brows with no subtle wreaths of linden:
Seek no garden, far from the world, where haply
Lingers the last rose."

II.

So spake Horace once; and his voice resounding
In this serious world of the West rebukes me
When my thought steals back to the land where wandering,
Once I beheld you;

III.

To that Southern Isle which in distant accents
Lisbon's voice aways still; where the name of Freedom
Sounds from every lip and is loved of all men
(Even the waiters)

IV.

Who with Teuton stride thro' the bright-lit gardens
Paced that night in pride of their race, while round them
To that city famed for the rose-red vintage,
Sounds from every lip and is loved of all men

V.

To that city famed for the rose-red vintage,
Whose the Kursaal blares while the gaunt Cathedral
Broods o'er gardens, silent as Time, and hoarsely
Where he Kursaal blares while the gaunt Cathedral

VI.

While you spoke and sang or in strangest English
Where! he Kursaal blares while the gaunt Cathedral
Told me there of life that was yours, the thought came
How you might have reigned as a Queen while Beauty,

VII.

Swayed the wide world still: and I saw you passing
In your perfect semblance of form before me,
Passing robed and crowned thro' a dream that mingle
Age's unending...

VIII.

Some far greater voice than my own might haply
Then have sung to you in a softer music,
Or some higher wisdom adored you, yielding
Unto the Life-God,

IX.

Child of Youth and lord of the world: but sadly
Was your fate forecast ere of life you tasted:
Life that blooms but once thro' the long years passing
Into a springtide...

X.

Now when Time has changed into things remembered
That sweet Rhineland's voice and the idle incense
Of those palms and seas of south... A sempre addio.
A sempre addio.

G. C. H. BORLEY.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

By C. E. BECHHOEFEK.

IX.—THE DAILY HERALD.

UNGRATEFUL PRISONER.

POLICEMAN'S KINDNESS ABUSED.

When John Harris, a small, undersized man, described as a dock labourer, was brought before Mr. Meadows at Great Marlborough Street yesterday on a charge of loitering in Regent Street without visible means of subsistence and of using insulting language when arrested, he put forward in defence the statement that Police Constable Gord, B.C. 14, who had arrested him and who now swore to the charge, had threatened, had they not immediately dispersed, to take into charge several friends of defendant who were accompanying him to Vine Street police station to witness that he had not used insulting language. Also, on arrival at the police station, he was searched and his stock of money—two shilling pieces—in his pockets were taken away from him; it had not yet been returned.

Mr. Meadows, on sentencing him to nine months' imprisonment and thirty strokes of the birch, said he was satisfied that this was a wanton piece of falsehood. Defendant's money would be returned to him on the expiration of his term of imprisonment.

The decision of the Wages Board of the London and North-Eastern Railway to raise wages all round by a penny a week has given rise to extreme satisfaction all round among the employees.

Mr. Gass, interviewed yesterday by a "Daily Herald" reporter, said: "The increase has satisfied all our demands. The generosity of the company has been proved, as, likewise, the fact that the men's hitherto disaffection was prompted by reasonable grounds. We are pondering on what to expend the extra weekly penny. I shall buy a nail-polisher.”

We need hardly say how brilliant a victory this is for all concerned.

APPEALS DISMISSED.

Mr. Justice Darling, whose broad, kindly outlook is so well known, in dismissing the appeals against the death-sentence passed by Mr. Justice Darling on John Hobson for being found in the same field as a corpse on January 30th ultimo, said there was a tendency among the public to assume that he and his fellow Appeal Court judges were actuated by prejudice in their treatment of murder cases. It was not so. They were individually as just as God, and collectively more so.

The court had previously rocked with laughter at some of the learned judge's vitriolics. Most successful, perhaps, was: "What the hell do I care what you say? You're the defendant!"

THE SITUATION IN THE STRIKE.

The issue is vital. It is a case of life and death. Failure means slavery and starvation for two millions of the British people—a bondage worse than death itself. But there must be no violence—no, not so much as a bootee must be lifted against the united forces of the Government, the united forces of the capitalists, and the police who are ranged against us. Let not Labour seem to transgress the bounds of politeness. To wait means starvation for the men, as the cynical writers well know. There is no hope but in a kind heart and a light eye. Let the men return to work if need be—let them strike again when sufficient funds have been accumulated by their unions, but let there be no violence. Never let the Tory newspapers have truth on their side when they issue their lie about the riots and violence!

LEADER'S SONG.

Mr. R. Ruark, the hard-working, painstaking, brilliant, eloquent marshal of the strikers, has composed a wonderful fighting-song for the men to the tune of 'John Brown's Body.' It runs as follows:

"We're not the gentlemen who want to rule the land,
We're not the gentlemen who want to rule the land,
And we never eat peas with a knife."

MEETING ON TOWER HILL.

Mr. Gosling, speaking yesterday to an enthusiastic audience over ten thousand strong, said that the workers had raised a force of fifteen men armed with stout cudgels to protect the men and women members of the unions from the provocation of the police. He said that the police would allow no violence—and they would be that—that attacks by the police. Let them all be of good cheer. Let "No Violence" be their motto, and all might come right in the end. The situation was just as it was when the strike began; both sides had made no move; but all was not desperate, however bad it might seem. The courageous president, who was in fine fighting trim, went on to...
Art and Drama.

Ballet Bakst.
By Hunly Carter.

I admire the work of M. Bakst (an exhibition of whose ballet drawings is now being held at the Fine Art Society's Gallery in Bond Street) because he enjoys himself and feels the impulse of creation and discovery. But these characteristics are dwarfed in his sketches by his culture, Egyptian and Greek. He does not go far enough. There are some who do not like his arrangements on paper, yet maintain (and rightly) that his things in the theatre are very great. His drawings reveal that the cultural side in him tends to check the full flow of the rhythmic impulse which is always towards creation. This impulse is born of the spiritual rhythm that passes unhindered through human beings and becomes enshrined in new forms or symbols. If in passing it meets with a check, cultural or other, these re-creation and re-vivalism become embodied in material things. Re-creation is the dead voice entombed in culture. Creation is the living voice set free.

The points of M. Bakst's work that strike the observer are chiefly these. M. Bakst is a rhythmic decorator. He aims to express rhythmic movement, supple, precise and harmonious. He is a master of suggestion. Though his arrangements on paper, that is his drawings for the stage, lack the stage ideas of proportion, and belong to groups, and are not compositions in themselves, yet each figure and each scene makes its appeal to the imagination and enables it to reconstruct the whole idea and to set it in a vital line, colour, and movement. Further he possesses the creative vision (impeded by culture) and is impelled by the inner necessity of creating something—that something being rhythmic form. The necessity arises, no doubt, from an intense feeling for sex. M. Bakst is really a feminist; but his co-operation in the new syntheses of the theatre shows no traces of anemic aesthetics.

His designs for the new ballets and Hélène de Sparte reveal some of his best qualities as well as an advance in bigness of conception and colour. The scenery of Acts I and III and of Act IV of Hélène de Sparte is extremely interesting. I like the dramatic quality of the first. It is a virile background with just that note of savage movement and warm colour characteristic of its age. The design for the scenery of Le Dieu Bleu (26) is admirable in colour though weak in line. Some of the figure studies for this Ballet stand out, notably the Bayadère (31), which is very fine in movement, and 'One of the Crowd,' an excellent specimen of colour. Other pictorial and vital transcripts of this voiceless poem are 23, 24, 25. The scenery for Thamar has some of the voluptuous characteristics of Schéhérazade. Besides these there are some studies for Mallarmé's 'Après-midi d'un Faun,' one of them, 'A Nymph' (49) suggesting the well-known line of nymphs in Greek vase poses; a sorceress from 'St. Sebastien,' fine in colour; and studies for Daphnis and Chloe noticeable for colour and nice feeling.

M. Bakst has been rather widely compared, Delacroix, who broke with the classical school of David, with Delacroix, who broke with the classical school of David. There is in fact very little comparison between the two except that both are reformers, both feel the magic of colour and the impulse of frenzied energetic movement, and both are in the grip of culture. On other points a strong difference is noticeable. Delacroix resolved to draw by means of coloured planes and to escape from the tyranny, of line, as Wpdm Lewis.

is doing to-day. Whereas M. Bakst is occupied with the renascence of the line, and his work consists of both linear and colour harmony. All the syntheses of the theatre are occupied with developing this harmony, not as a mere pleasure to the eye, but as a new language symbolising the dynamic secrets of human character. M. Bakst and his distinguished Russian confreres are demanding from the line and its subtle inflections the secret of movement in unity and continuity. Anyone can see that M. Bakst uses the simple lines of the dancer's body and the pregnant lines of her drapery to symbolise the rhythm of her soul.

I am certain that anyone who reads Mrs. D. Bussy's high-pitched eulogy of Delacroix (Duckworth, 2s. 6d.) will not find much resemblance between the two. In this reprint we find the author of the work where England has neglected Delacroix. Then follows a book-full of extracts and opinions proving that England has no present need of this century-old revolutionist. If he had something to say to his own generation, he has nothing to say to ours. New men are knocking at the door and Delacroix must retire gracefully by the back exit. The book is a eulogy of eulogies, as well as of the incoherent rubbish that some eminent painters pour into print. Here is a fair example of the amateurish rubbish which is constantly being dinned into the ears of the ignorant:—"It was one of the great preoccupations of his life to avoid looking like a man of genius." "Nothing is more impertinent nor more stupid than to speak of the obligations which a great artist as erudite..." "Not to treat wallpainting as a sort of bank-holiday lark." This attempt to puff mediocre officialdom, studentship and work into permanency, was successful in delaying the closing of the exhibition another week. In the meantime, as a contrast to the turgid confusion raging in the official mind, "I call attention to the ordered ideas presented by Mr. Reginald Hallward in his brochure, "A Plea for the National Support of Mural Art" (The Woodlands Press, Shorne, Gravesend. 3d.). Mr. Hallward is one of the master-builders who recognises that fine architecture represents the lyrical inspiration of the soul and is the work of finely co-ordinated minds making their protest in creativeness and spontaneity against everything disciplinary and formal. He knows that architecture in this country has to fight hardest against the men who have their hands on the throat of art, while the Cross-bites are at its vitals.

A SLICE OF LIFE.

The sky broods over the river,
The waves tumble and flee—
And down go the dead things ever,
Down to the sea:
A dog, an empty keg,
An outworn hat—
And, with a broken leg. A pregnant cat.

NORMAN FITZROY.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"THE NEW AGE" AND THE PRESS.

Sir,—You have been complaining that the Press refuses to discuss "The New Age" ideas; but if they do not discuss them it is because they oppress them overboard in some instances, by name. In the "Daily Herald" of June 14 Mr. Leonard Hall, a member of the executive of the B.S.P., wrote on the subject of the new Labour policy in terms that must have had their origin in your pages. The new objective, he said, of the Labour movement was "ownership and direction of industry by the organised workers engaged in the industry." And this article of Mr. Hall's, I may say, has been several times referred to by subsequent correspondents of the "Daily Herald."

Speaking on Tower Hill on Sunday last, Mr. Ben Tillett, whom you rightly, in my opinion angrily, castigated as a man figure in industrialism, said, addressing the men on strike: "I am amazed you are only asking for your wages. I hope the good time is coming when the wage-system will be abolished altogether."

In his latest tract on Syndicalism, Mr. Gaylord Wilshire has thought it wise to introduce the abolition of the wage-system. In his "Industrialism in Action," referring to the organised workers engaged in the industry, he says: "And this is Co-partnership with the unions."

The "Clairon" and the "Labour Leader," of course, will meet him with a smile. Mr. Blatchford spends his time, I suppose, in watching blue-tits performing acrobatics on purloined (with the consent of the owner) pepper-boxes, a scarcely industrial character. As for the "Labour Leader," what can you expect of a journal whose Parlia-mentary correspondent is J. J. M.?

But in the "Co-operative News" of June 8 an important article appreciative by name of "The New Age" appeared. Discussing only one of the co-partnership schemes of Mr. G. Cecil, the "Co-operative News" continues: "There is another form of co-partnership—the idea was recently put forward, at least so far as the actual antecedents of the present industrial position. This is co-partnership between the masters and the men in the form of joint management as between the respective trade unions or the State and the unions, . . . Who will be the first to make the offer of managerial partnership—the employers or the State? . . . The article continues in the same understanding and sympathetic spirit, and concludes by saying that the idea would mean a "big leap forward in the emancipation of the workers". But it serves to indicate that the "Times" appreciates, if not the idea of co-management between the State and the unions, that of partnership between the masters and the workers, which is the co-partnership of "The New Age."

But perhaps the most gratifying to your readers of all the signs of your influence is the article in the Commercial Supplement to the "Times" of June 14. Mr. M. F. Swan hopes the labour members are attending to "The New Age" and Mr. F. R. Swan expresses his appreciation of your journal: "I hope that the workers are to share in the profits, it seems to follow, as the organisation of capital and management as between their respective trade unions or the State and the unions, . . . Who will be the first to make the offer of managerial partnership—the employers or the State? . . ." The article continues in the same understanding and sympathetic spirit, and concludes by saying that the idea would mean a "big leap forward in the emancipation of the workers." But it serves to indicate that the "Times" appreciates, if not the idea of co-management between the State and the unions, that of partnership between the masters and the workers, which is the co-partnership of 'The New Age.'

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Sir,—In the Labour Leader of the current week appears an open letter to our Leader from Mr. Harry Orbell, a member of the subject of the forthcoming Royal visit to Merthyr. Mr. Keir Hardie has good reason for writing; for the King's visit is obviously designed to desproporionate Socialists. Mr. Orbell is an Irish Nationalist, and was so long before it was born. Do, please, if only to oblige "Pat." A. F. COLE.

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Mr. Fels and the Single Tax.

Sir,—The would-be chivalrous personal defence your correspondent "Fair Play" put up for Mr. Fels led me to conclude at first that he was no other than Mr. Fels; but his sanctimoniousness and nonsense about augmenting profits and interest makes my assumption impossible. The dilemma "Fair Play" is now in clear; his friend is not the money in proposing a proposal that will be to his own advantage, or, at least, to the advantage of his own profiteering business. Now, in what way, I should like to ask, does Mr. Fels differ from the American trust magnates who go into politics for the good of their business and even endow colleges to spread economic fallacies? In America such men, however affable the American trust magnates who go into Politics for the personal charm is not incompatible with the economic instinct to squeeze out of society more interest and profit. If this is slander: every economist daily is sceptical about the Bishop and wants evidence for my statement as to his lordship being on the side of emancipation. I will let Dr. Gore speak for himself. A sensation was caused by a speech which the Bishop delivered in February last at the Caxton Hall, in which he said: "Wait! Oh, no; not at all. Parties! We don't care two-appearances, when the active cause has ceased to operate, the failure of population is caused by mere unwillingness to propagate. In such cases history seems to teach that there is no hope for the nation until it has been transformed by an overwhelming admixture of foreign blood. Tho., the great Heiligen race was wasted away steadily for eleven hundred years, from about 300 B.C. to about 860 A.D., when it was revived, and, of course, profoundly modified, by Slavonic immigration. But in the case of France it is difficult to see where such an overwhelming immigration is to come from. Moreover, there is something so contagious in the French mentality that foreigners coming under its influence quickly adopt French ways. It is a remarkable fact that about a billion and a half inhabitants of Marseilles are Italians, yet the deaths in that city yearly exceed the births. The population of Paris is largely foreign, yet there is no sign of an essential change. As to the talk of the lack of children being caused by sour wine, that is mere silliness. Everyone who knows France knows perfectly well that country could say: "Wait! Oh, no; not at all. Parties! We don't care two-". We were put paying attention to the industry is the proper payment of the labourer? We have, then, no effective plea to advance against the accusation that the Church as a body failed to champion the cause of the weak and the thorougly poor. The Bishop who has thus far has not been given the power to regulate the sick fund and to deduct by devious ways and means the contributions due on the industrial side of the business. Such departments are Finisterè, Côtes du Nord, Morbihan, Vendée, Pas de Calais, and Nord. No doubt, when by means of the public schools these departments have been brought into line with the rest of France, their birth-rates will subside to the ordinary French level, or even to that of the staunchly secularist department of Aisne, whose birth-rate is proper proportion for the amusing figure of thirteen per thousand. G. W. S.

Insurance at Work.

Sir,—Having read your articles on the Insurance Act, it might interest you to know that the Prudential agents and the agents of the National Amalgamated Approved Society, consisting of a combination of a dozen prominent insurance companies, are working for all they are worth to secure members for their respective approved societies. In this we are following a policy of not wasting our time studying; nor have they ever done so. They have not waste their time in studying; nor have they ever done so. They have their eyes to the fact that the departments in which the birth-rate is the highest are precisely those in which religion retains some hold at least on the population. Such departments are Finisterè, Côtes du Nord, Morbihan, Vendée, Pas de Calais, and Nord. No doubt, when by means of the public schools these departments have been brought into line with the rest of France, their birth-rates will subside to the ordinary French level, or even to that of the staunchly secularist department of Aisne, whose birth-rate is over thirteen per thousand. G. W. S.

The New Age

THE NEW AGE AND THE BISHOP.

Sir,—In reply to "Observer," allow me to say, in the first place, that not all Churchmen defend the existing order of society. It is, of course, true that Oxford and Cambridge are Church schools; but one Churchman who does not. Hence my protest against THE NEW AGE sneer about him, which certainly conveyed the idea that he was being an exploiter of workers under the present wage-system. "Observer" is sceptical about the Bishop and wants evidence for my statement. When I let Dr. Gore speak for himself. A sensation was caused by a speech which the Bishop delivered in February last at the Caxton Hall, in which he said: "Wait! Oh, no; not at all. Parties! We don't care two-". We were put paying attention to the industry is the proper payment of the labourer? We have, then, no effective plea to advance against the accusation that the Church as a body failed to champion the cause of the weak and the thorougly poor. The Bishop who has thus far has not been given the power to regulate the sick fund and to deduct by devious ways and means the contributions due on the industrial side of the business. Such departments are Finisterè, Côtes du Nord, Morbihan, Vendée, Pas de Calais, and Nord. No doubt, when by means of the public schools these departments have been brought into line with the rest of France, their birth-rates will subside to the ordinary French level, or even to that of the staunchly secularist department of Aisne, whose birth-rate is over thirteen per thousand. G. W. S.

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In a lecture I recently attended, given by one of the directors of the above companies, particular emphasis was laid on the fact that insurance companies had fought hard against being included in the Insurance Act. It was explained that, were these death benefits included, societies such as the Manchester Unity could give so much larger premiums than they would have to pay if the usual menaces to insurance companies. The companies were working the Act to defend their interests, and they had poured out thousands of pounds in this defence. The dominating note at this meeting was the company, and damn the people." The agents were told they must canvass to get into fresh houses, and must canvass for the present on the State Insurance Acts. The object of dispensing with "rare refreshing fruits," but to get into the family confidence by means of the sick pay, and afterwards to obtain fresh houses companies. The Insurance Act is a means which the companies will use in the hopes of furthering their own interests, which, as you know, are hardly identified with the interests of the people.

I have this week come across an instance of the methods used by the Prudential agents. A State Insurance form is left at a member's house with instructions to fill up same, "Because you must become a member of our approved society by July 14," is what is told the people. Undoubtedly the agents have been instructed to say this; it is probably a sample of what must be occurring all over the country.

To anybody with eyes the fact of allowing one of the most rapacious vested interests in this country to take an active part in an Act which is supposed to be in the interest of the poor is proof that once again the people have been fooled. I will close by saying 496 members of Parliament pledged or even beneficially influence the Eastern. Now, no nation hardly identified with the interests of the people.

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Jews and The Army.

Sir,-My statement that Jews do not make soldiers is founded upon two pretty undeniable facts. Firstly, that they very seldom go as soldiers because they do they are almost always useless. This is the opinion of practically every soldier in every army of every country in the world, and therefore carries weight. Of course, it may be that every soldier in every army of every country in the world is wrong, and that Mr. Michael Davies is right. But it is not likely, and we will not consider the alternative. It is not in order to invoke the bloodless Ju-Ju of "good taste" to vengeance on my head because I attacked the "pious" and "philanthropic" memory of Sassoon, whose position as "aristocrat" or "Kitching uniform" did not prevent him drawing money from a trade which I personally would not touch with the end of a bargepole. To pass over the character of these lives and the motives of those living it, however, is a space for this protest against the recent libel action brought by the editor of the "Saturday Review" against an expostu-

THE SATURDAY REVIEW'S HONOUR.

Sir,-Your correspondence columns will, I hope, afford space for this protest against the recent libel action brought by the editor of the "Saturday Review" against an expostu-

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Sir,-Your writer, S. Verdard, is really singularly sane and balanced, but he occasionally misses emphasising the most obvious facts. In The New Age of May 2 he writes on the folly of imagining that Western culture can seriously and even beneficially influence the Eastern. Now, no nation has been more blantly vulgar on this matter than the English. We are rightly the laughing-stock of all, because we are, as a nation, absolutely incapable of entering into the feelings and racial aspirations of other nations. Until the last war these missionary societies were mostly purged of rascality; but we are slowly changing. The freedom and ease of international intercourse is wearing down even our Englishman's pride of nation. I have heard Mr. Hodge has been put to work in these days of almost universally paid literary eulogy for one or two journals to be preternaturally severe on mediocrity and pre-

The Servants' Tax.

Sir,-In her letter to you of June 13 Miss Grace Neal forgets to state that the benefits to servants under the In-

The New Age

June 27, 1912.
ment benefit was also granted before the Albert Hall meeting.

I am sure that Miss Neal and I are in complete agreement in our objections to the principle on which this Act is based. We are both aware that wages are the subject about which they have never been consoled. But they will not be the last. Already farmers, clerks, factory girls, and others are combining against this principle, and by the time July 15 is reached we shall be a formidable army indeed.

High moral courage have been recorded. Mr. Tom Mann's speech in the House of Commons is an instance of what is possible when this act of the British Parliament is coupled with the principle of the "Syndicalist." Mr. Guy Bowman's courage in publishing the same; and, the latest in time, the truly felicitous way by which Mr. C. Reginald with his "Open Letter" are fresh in your readers' memories. But there have been, and may be others. Is it not possible to create an order in which to enrol these civic heroes of industrial war? A small committee consisting of men of established reputation might undertake on behalf of the public auction the awarding of the medals on condition, of course, that funds were forthcoming to finance the plan. Perhaps correspondence in THE J. E. TAYLOR ART COLLECTION might be of use to Mr. Enock in the "New Age" movement.

We are a wealthy nation, so far as material riches are concerned, beyond the dreams of Midas. "Our land is full of silver and gold;" but have we, in the whole of our possessions, the wisdom, insight, and sacrifice necessary to save in its entirety for the community this unique collection, this splendid instrument of art and education? We shall see!

SAM BROOKS.

"I COME TO BURY SICKERT.

Sir,—Without entering upon the question of the justice of Mr. Hurdy Carter's charge against Mr. Sickert, in THE NEW AGE of June 20, I might be permitted to say a word, on the "amazing creative vision" of Mr. Jacob Epstein--e.g., the monument to Oscar Wilde? It has been revealed to me by divine grace how the form was created. I was drinking out of a fluted beer "Schoppen," and by some clumsiness I let it fall to the ground, whence I picked up the broken pieces and laid them, without thinking, on the table. My attention rested idly on a large fragment, a word on the "amazing creative vision" of Mr. Jacob Epstein--E. HIGHT.
THE NEW AGE
JUNE 27, 1912.

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