movement are here surely at their crisis. Our seats and Liberal seats and Tory seats! The whole system of political party humbug swallowed and digested by the pure and noble Labour Party without a protest.

We pass over a second fact which weighed considerably with us in discounting the value of the Labour Party protestations: the character of the party itself. Only observers who can look at a party as if it were a person are in a position either to form or to appreciate a judgment based on collective psychology. Nevertheless, we will mention the conclusions to which such an observer of the Labour Party is certain to come. Honest, he would say, in intention, the Labour Party is, at the same time, without moral courage and without imagination, small-minded, vindictive to its friends and complacent with its enemies. On any critical occasion, therefore, its first impulse will be to strike; but its second will be to yield. We do not say that this character is necessarily fixed in the Labour Party. Otherwise dynamite, as one of our correspondents suggests, would be our only hope. It follows, indeed, from certain more or less accidental and consequently changeable causes, of which the dominance of Mr. MacDonald is one and the absence of any masterful idea in the Party is another. Given a party like the Labour Party, composed even of potential Hampdens and Lincolns, its public character would still be distorted under the leadership of a MacDonald. Similarly with the notion hammered into their heads that they are a small party and, therefore, a young and feeble party, a party of wage-slaves' spokesmen and, therefore, necessarily mendicant, a growing party and, therefore, under the necessity of deferential prudence, the Labour Party must needs behave in a servile manner. Their idea of themselves, in fact, is the idea which the governing classes have formed and have impressed upon them: the idea, namely, that they have no right to take more than their arithmetic proportionately share in public affairs. A pestiferous doctrine, as ignoble as it is deadening. A Labour Party of forty, nay, of four, has the right and the duty to speak by and with the authority of its own numbers they should reckon by their own numbers they should reckon by the numbers of their constituents... But the present Labour Party has neither the imagination nor the courage for that; and, consequently, The New Age is a better representative of the working classes than the whole Labour Party put together. People who doubt it prefer arithmetical to facts.

But even if the Labour Party had the courage for a split with the Liberal Party, it has not yet the idea...
which would morally justify it. Parties, we must remember, consist mainly of interests, and in interests the Labour and Liberal Parties have more in common than in divergence. Both parties, strange as it may sound, are capitalists in the sense that everything they do is instinctively designed to prosper profiteering. Otherwise how comes it that, after six years of professedly democratic and reputedly revolutionary legislation, profiteering is doing a more roaring trade than ever? It is idle to pretend that this effect has not been produced in spite of the Labour Party. On the contrary, as Liberal philosophers know very well and admit, this effect has been produced because of the Labour Party. The "Westminster Gazette" itself admits in its last number that since Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer has been Socialism's most formidable foe. And indeed he has been. But his best friend, nevertheless, has been the Labour Party. As the most formidable foe of Socialism it follows that Mr. Lloyd George has been the most powerful defender of the wage system; and as joint defenders with him, whether aware or not of what they were doing, the Labour Party have been a capitalists' benefice party at least. Again, both parties have the same aim, the same working hypothesis, and the same methods. The working hypothesis of both the Liberal and Labour Parties is economic reform by easy political stages, the goal being high wages and high profits, and the intermediary and electoral. In no sense worth considering practically do either the intentions or the methods of Mr. MacDonald differ from those of Mr. Lloyd George. It requires no stretch of the imagination to change the position of these two leaders of Liberalism and Labour respectively and to foresee no practical result from the mutual cross-over. Far from entertaining ideas incompatible with the objects of the Liberal Party, the Labour Party plays merely the part of pioneers and whip of Liberalism. It urges the stragglers of Liberalism into the main body, and the advanced section a little faster in the direction that the Liberal Party intends to move. A definite split, therefore, between these two sections of the same political beast would be fatal to both while they are still animated by the same idea. And that they still are is proved, as we say, by the common caucus jargon they employ as well as by the evidence under our eyes that the Labour Party is still politically crazy.

In our correspondence columns Mr. Clifford Sharp, a member of the Fabian Executive, the Secretary of the National Society for the Prevention of Destitution, and a keen student of social politics, charges "The New Age" with looking at the question of social reform under the influence of whose fruitlessness Mr. Sharp would probably be prepared to make with the same justification as those measures of social reform still idealised and still therefore advocated, but which we foresee and prove to be equally fruitless; then we are told that we are "hitting out blindly." All we need say in explanation is that if Mr. Sharp and others of our readers imagine us to be hitting blindly in the dark, the dark is theirs, not ours. Not a criticism has been made which we have not adduced evidence to justify; and since every measure of meliorative Social Reform has been in turn exposed and attacked, the alleged blindness in hitting is surely remarkably discriminative.

On the charge, however, of having nothing constructive to offer, most of our readers imagine us to be increase rather than decrease. After all, "The New Age" is not like manna; it does not drop from heaven only to wither on the third day. Our readers can, if they choose, turn back to our issues of the last six months for evidence to dispose of Mr. Sharp's empty and superficial criticism. In the first place, it would not be possible consistently and systematically to prove Social Reform schemes to be wrong, unless a point of view relatively right and relatively constructively built up. If such a point of view were available, it is easy to play the part of consistent destructive critic without a constructive and positive theory by which to work, the sooner they try it for themselves the better. Without a standard and a positive theory, destructive criticism, if generally applied, becomes inconsistent, and obviously inconsistent. Liberals and Tories, for example, criticise each others' proposals both generally and inconsistently, and for the reason that neither has any real alternative or positive proposal to offer. We, on the other hand, have the same fundamental objections to make to the whole caboodle of the miller and profits; and we make them both in detail and on a consistent principle. The test we apply to social reforms is the simple test, their effect being to content with the simple profit of Wages. If, relatively to Wages, Profits tend to be increased by it, the particular proposal is, we say, fraudulent Social Reform. If, however, as a result of the scheme, Wages can be shown to increase faster than Profits, the proposal is good Social Reform. But, unfortunately, in all the proposals we have examined (and they comprehend every plank in every political programme we have seen), no social reform proposal of the latter type exists that has the faintest chance of being adopted by any political party. We challenge Mr. Sharp and his colleagues to name a single proposal of Social Reform which either party is prepared to adopt that will raise wages relatively to profits.

But not only could we not, without inconsistency, demonstrate social reforms to be economically fallacious unless we had a positive theory on which we stand, but this positive theory has been more than once advanced in "The New Age," in outline at least, and its implications defined. And not without being understood by many of our readers less wedded to an obsolete theory than Mr. Sharp. The theory, for example, is quite positive that emancipation from and not merely amelioration of the wage system is the true objective of the Labour movement. Mr. Sharp may say that this is no new idea, but he cannot maintain that it is not a positive idea; nor can he maintain that, old as the idea is in Socialist literature, its application has ever before been made to current politics. We certainly congratulate ourselves on having at least revived the idea of the abolition of the wage system and given it currency again in thinking Labour circles. But the implications of that idea are quite as important and quite as constructive in our opinion as the idea itself. From living ideas living ideas spring; and from assuming the abolition of the wage system we have, as we think, two vital principles immediately come to light. First, the method of the campaign on behalf of Social Reorganisation is changed from the evolutionary to the revolutionary. Secondly, the idea of political power natural and praiseworthy. But the
new theory—if it ought to be called a theory and not an axiom—is that economic power precedes political power. When we say the capitalist Lanston calls political power is not the direct mean of emancipation, we are stating what in our opinion is at least a novel truth in Labour politics and no less certainly a positive and constructive truth. Let half the labour that has been spent by the Labour movement on obtaining political power be spent on obtaining economic power, and the results, we are confident, would be many times greater. Every step in the conquest of economic power is, indeed, beneficent; but every step towards political power is no more than a step, and still leaves emancipation shining on the horizon.

It is possible, however, that Mr. Sharp, like the Labour Party, has no appreciation of ideas as ideas. A change from an evolutionary to a revolutionary progression (without dynamite) and a change from the pursuit of political power to the pursuit of economic power may, we say, be no more than phrases to him as they are no more than phrases to theLabour Party. That they are not phrases to the Syndicalists, however, is obvious; and that they are by no means phrases to the capitalists, not only does the Press' instant attack on Syndicalism prove, but proved by both the boycott in capitalist circles of THE NEW AGE and the intensified cossetting that mere Social Reformers of the old order receive from the same hands. As much as Syndicalism, with its revolutionary and economic propaganda, is dreaded by Rent, Interest and Profits (the real governing classes, as we were the first to point out), by so much the more do mere Social Reformers find themselves welcomed. In the "Times" last week, for example, we observed Mr. Clifford Sharp's name figuring prominently among those of the new Unionist Social Reform group on Housing or something or other. At the recent conference of the Webbs' gigantic Syndicate of Social Reform—the Prevention of Destitution Association—the capitalists, both Liberal and Tory, both of the spiritual and of the temporal peerage, were as thick as thieves. Is it to be concluded that these three classes are suddenly smitten with a love of Social Reform and have not been moved, consciously or unconsciously, by fear of Social Revolution? What Kingsley, Carlyle, Ruskin could not effect in them—a change of heart—have Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Clifford Sharp been able to effect? No; if the antennae of the capitalist classes have become sufficiently sensitised to direct their owners to Social Reform, be sure it is because they have sensed a revolutionary storm in the phrases, still meaningless apparently to the blunted senses of the classes and the labourers of the Labour Party, and are making for shelter in consequence. Social Reform, we say, is not the means but the alternative to Social Reconstruction. Social Reform is evolutionary and political; Social Reconstruction is revolutionary and economic.

But we have not stopped there in our constructive and positive ideas. Had we said no more than that emancipation from the wage system is the end and the conquest of economic power the means, we should have expected mere Social Reformers of the old order to refer to history both past and contemporary. The policy of the capitalist classes and to maintain the salt of the earth. But we proceeded to apply these ideas to the practical problems no less than to the current theory. The policy of the capitalists, for example—what journal was the first to foresee, and still liveth to supplement if not to substitute the creaking machinery of Trade Unions? Where did the Webbs have only a few days ago joined in the NEW AGE procession heralding the idea born in the manger of the Syndicalists, and prophesied of by us five years ago (as Mr. Sharp remembers) in the pages of THE NEW AGE? Is it not to our taste, even in the absence of any other means, to blow our own trumpet), what journal first joined in a single theory both Collectivism and Syndicalism, thereby discrediting each separately as an object in itself? You may search the one-time Collectivists journals in vain to-day for pure Collectivism. Such a being as a Collectivist no longer exists; he has joined Queen Anne. Three passages in the "Labour Leader" of the current week silently drop the dead body of Collectivism overboard and pay homage to the new principle of industrial self-management by means of Trade Unions. Where did the "Labour Leader"'s writers learn the fact that Collectivism is dead? Pursuing, as they do, the "pure and simple" pages of THE NEW AGE, yet, like so many others, ashamed of their virtue, it was in THE NEW AGE they, nevertheless, learned this fact. And we modestly challenge anyone to deny it. Why, we say, are not mere Social Reformers finding themselves living classes, as we were the first to point out), by so much the more do mere Social Reformers find themselves welcomed. In the "Times" last week, for example, we observed Mr. Clifford Sharp's name figuring prominently among those of the new Unionist Social Reform group on Housing or something or other. At the recent conference of the Webbs' gigantic Syndicate of Social Reform—the Prevention of Destitution Association—capitalists, both Liberal and Tory, both of the spiritual and of the temporal peerage, were as thick as thieves. Is it to be concluded that these three classes are suddenly smitten with a love of Social Reform and have not been moved, consciously or unconsciously, by fear of Social Revolution? What Kingsley, Carlyle, Ruskin could not effect in them—a change of heart—have Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Clifford Sharp been able to effect? No; if the antennae of the capitalist classes have become sufficiently sensitised to direct their owners to Social Reform, be sure it is because they have sensed a revolutionary storm in the phrases, still meaningless apparently to the blunted senses of the classes and the labourers of the Labour Party, and are making for shelter in consequence. Social Reform, we say, is not the means but the alternative to Social Reconstruction. Social Reform is evolutionary and political; Social Reconstruction is revolutionary and economic.

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We can now return profitably perhaps to the consideration of the prospects of the Labour Party and to the discussion of the latest novel, the political fiction of Mr. Lloyd George's dying and desperate kick at Rent. What are the main arguments that induce the Labour Party to remain in the belly of the Liberal whale? As far as we can discover them, there are three. First, the temptation of material reforms. Mr. Keir Hardie, we know, is fond of taking a drop of independence when nobody is looking by declaring on provincial platforms that Liberalism and Conservatism are indistinguishable, and that the Labour Party differs from them both in kind and not merely in degree; but we would lay a wager that he could not formulate the Labour Party's distinction except in terms of Coercivism—in other words, in a distinction without a difference, for both Liberals and Tories are going to Coercivism as fast as their poor heads will let them. But as Mr. Keir Hardie is still by far the darkest horse of his party, we may assume, if no new idea lurks in his mind, only stale ideas exist in the collective mind of his party. In the absence, therefore, of any distinctive idea, not only will the Labour party remain in the belly of the Liberal whale, but Mark Twain's father, so Mark Twain told us, was shut up in prison and stayed there ten years until the happy idea struck him to open the door and walk out. Until a "happy idea" strikes the Labour Party they too deserve to be shut up in prison. Let the Liberal, declaring in words that Liberalism is no different from Toryism, the Labour Party are under the powerful illusion in action that Liberalism is very different from Toryism. If Liberalism and Toryism are indistinguishable, why make fish of one party and fowl of the other? Yet the Labour Party are not only devoted to keeping the Liberals in, but they are equally bent on keeping the Tories out. Strange as it may seem in a party that declares itself to be the only one to hold their seats by Liberal votes. These seats, we are told, will inevitably be jeopardised by provocative tactics and in consequence may be lost at the coming General Election. As the Labour Party is not only not on the road to Coercivism but does indeed lead "a very small party," it dare not risk a reduction in its numbers. But this fear is utterly unworthy of a party pursuing "pure and noble purposes," which are for ever existing. Strong as its numbers, if these numbers owe their existence to Liberal votes, the Labour Party is actually weakened by its apparent numerical strength. Every Labour seat held by Liberal votes is not only not a strong Labour seat, it is the worst form of a Liberal seat, it is a deterred seat held by Liberalism. We need not inquire too closely into the details of the twenty-two Labour seats so held; but the explanation of the moral weakness of the Labour Party is now clear. Of forty professé Labour members and some more than half are actually in captivity to Liberalism; in other words, the real strength of the Labour Party is rather less than half of its apparent strength. The conclusion, therefore, is that a reduction in its numbers would by no means necessarily involve a diminution of its power. Apart from our doubt whether the assumption is true that these seats are held by Liberal votes, even the loss of them would be no real loss. The spiritual gain of economic reforms is not to be considered. The double-faced liars of the Labour Party would be cleared out and only the whole-hearted and single-minded would remain. If the numbers of these sank as low as one or two, we should still save Saxon and English. But secondly, what is the gain to touch the real economic causes. The economic causes lie a little deeper. In the first place, it must be admitted that a real distinction exists between Liberalism and Toryism. It is not a difference that affects the relations of both parties to a Socialist or Labour Party; but it is a difference that divides each from the other effectively. What is that difference? It is simply that the Tories in the main are economically concerned with Rent, while the Liberals in the main are economically concerned with Interest and Profits. Thus we see that from the economic point of view the new campaign of Mr. Lloyd George is a class-war, the internece war of Interest against Profits on Rent. All three, as we have repeatedly shown, are willing to any time to combine against Wages; but when they are not fighting their common enemy they must needs fight each other. Like robbers who have secured the plunder, they are quarrelling over the division of the spoils. This view was incautiously suggested in no less capitalist a journal than the "Daily News," "All costs," the "Daily News" wrote on Friday, "the nation must be preserved from the class war between the workers and the employers." But why and how? The reason is obvious. A class war between workers and private employers threatens the existence of the classes of Interest and Profits, of which the "Daily News" is the accredited organ. And the how is equally plain. As a diversion from the class war between Wages and Profits, Profits must open a campaign on its brother Rent. In spite, however, of the obviousness of the situation, it is probable that all our Social Reformers will again be misled. The bribes offered by Profits to the class of Wages for assistance in their new Barons' War are colossal: the re-housing of rural and urban districts, fixed rents, a minimum wage for agricultural labourers, small holdings for every man, and what else? The gift of one of these boons is not only purely promissory, but economics forbids that they should ever be granted while Capitalism remains alive. As surely as Rents decline, Interest and Profits will rise. If, as appears possible, the class of Rent is defeated, it is not the class
of Wages that will profit by it, but the classes of Interest and Profits. And that this has been discerned by far-sighted Capitalists is evident from the fact that they are subscribing huge funds for the purpose of Mr. Lloyd George's campaign. Catch those Capitalists, the attack upon Capital Monds and the Fels and the Carnegies, financing an attack upon Capital! The sentimental little beauties!

Sir William Ramsay has just declared his opinion that politics has attained the lowest depths of ignorance; politicians do not even know that they are ignorant. But a far worse moral state than ignorance prevails, we fear, throughout the political world: it is insincere, not to mention fraud. For we and a dozen others, foresaw and dreaded this decadence of character as a consequence of the rise to power of the commercial classes. This codfish aristocracy, as they announced, nay, from the day the Bill was conceived, to call it in America, what is it but the elevation of the codfish aristocracy, as they announced, nay, from the day the Bill was conceived, to call it in America, what is it but the elevation of the commercial classes. As surely as they are alive and are with us, the commercial classes are not interest but convictions is demonstrated by the fact that the public and private utterances are at variance. More than one Cabinet Minister to our knowledge who supported the Bill in public damned it in private. On the Unionist side it is obvious that ignorance mixed with prudence into the paths of stark folly. With all the division of tongues of vipers, with sweet in one fang and poison in another, the Unionist Press is still urging simultaneously both the acceptance and the rejection of the Act. What friends to make and what friends to rely upon! Take Mr. Garvin, for instance, whose advocacy of the Bill in the early days induced Mr. Lloyd George to trumpet to the world the merits of the "Pall Mall Gazette." In that same journal on Friday last Mr. the Insur- sors, nurses, tutors and guardians of Parliamentary procedure. It was conceived in private iniquity and brought forth in deceit; it was cradled in lies and it has been fed on bribes and corruption. It may be interesting one of these days, when we are writing the history of this vile generation, to analyse the motives of the various interests placable by this Bill. That they are interests and not convictions is demonstrated by the fact that the public and private utterances are at variance. More than one Cabinet Minister to our knowledge who supported the Bill in public damned it in private.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

We were to reconsider this week the relations between England and Germany. The problem is no new one: we have had it in European history time and again since Cato's relations with the deluded and fawning young and vigorous nation must by the very nature of things continue to grow; and the growth of trade and population leads to territorial expansion. Other and older nations may oppose this expansion, and in such a case the issue is the only argument, the only means of reaching a solution. As a result the expansion may be checked, or the older nation must withdraw to give way to the younger one. This is a natural law, and as such is as invariable as the rise and fall of the tides or the climatic changes of the seasons. It is certainly superior to the machinations of financiers, national or international, and Mr. Norman Angell's arguments do not affect it.

Germany is now in this position of growing and expanding. The birth-rate in France and England may fall; but Germany, although her birth-rate is falling slightly too, continues to add to her population at the rate of nearly a million a year. And this is not all. Picked males from this million are regularly drafted into the army; and the German army is an army to be proud of. It is excelled by the Russian army in numbers, by the French in efficiency, and by the Turkish — yet a Turkish organisation. By organisation I mean such technicalities as the number of men to a battalion, the number of battalions to a regiment, the proportion of cavalry and artillery to foot soldiers, and so on. But as a fighting instrument the German army is a powerful fighting instrument. It is unthinkable that a man like Lord Haldane could ever be allowed to make such experiments as those which have resulted in the present Territorial Force; and hardly any section of the German Press, cringing though it is, could be induced to cover such an experiment as that of the Sans Soucis which have been showered by Liberal and Tory papers on the Territorials merely for the sake of bolstering up a Minister's reputation. Perhaps the German navy means even more to us than the German army. In a short period of ten years the German navy has risen from contemptible unimportance to a height that almost threatens our own supremacy; to a height at any rate that has led us to make sweeping changes in our Mediterranean defences. The German Navy League numbers its members by the hundred thousand; and the Kaiser, in a famous tele- gram, once alluded to himself as the Admiral of the Atlantic.

Although these two great arms, however, are the direct outcome of an expansive movement, they were not primarily intended for purposes of attack, although they are now. The Hundred Years' War, the Thirty Years' War, the Seven Years' War, and the
by the nature of the government in each country.

"...may envisage one aspect of Anglo-German relations
continuous policy, a policy that does not vary with the
...have not only leaders, but
...democratic characteristics and the re-establishment of
...hold any other will where important affairs of State
...is more than the average Englishman can say. There
...from a most unexpected quarter, the leader in...herself firmly in Europe, and gained at once the respect
...import chaos always results. Bearing this in mind, we
...the people for the people-invariably sink, sooner
...we can base part of my theory on sup-
...recognise how, in a purely worldly sense, the German
...arm can carry a rifle or wield a saber. Nor am I sur-
...army occurred therefore, before an invader, or rather before some nation
...the defeats in succession of Denmark and Austria re-
...power " engaged them. But that was in the
...highlanders who ventured down from their mists and their
...Napoleonic Wars, all left their traces on German soil.
...happened again-shall not happen so long as a German
...are farcical), but goes on from year to year. It is
...many thousands of women maltreated, men and
...invasion. The German, then, knows what results from invasion.
...deeply, and even bitterly, the tragic industrial situation,
...is needed it seems to follow that politics does not suffice. We commend to Mr. Lam-
...emancipation. It is a sentiment that has been
...beneath the political thimble, and
...industrial world it becomes amateurish and ridicu-
...on thistles. We have proved that industrially politics
...are usually lost sight of: the effect brought about by

"...Government " in " power " (these terms in Germany are farcical), but goes on from year to year. It is a

policy shared even by the Social Democrats, who would continue it if they were in office to-morrow. It is a

Politics and the Wage System.

III.

LAST week we left Mr. Lansbury, M.P., vainly seeking
the economic pea under the political thimble, and
troubled in spirit because he realised that " something
more than orthodox politics " was required. If
" something more " is needed it seems to follow that politics does not suffice. We commended to Mr. Lans-
bury the words of Browning: " Oh ! the little less and what would aye say ! " Never before has there been a
train of sentiment—sentiment, not thought—that feels
deeply, and even bitterly, the tragic industrial situation,
and is willing to fight and struggle for economic emancipation. It is a sentiment that has been
ergoted in politics and finds it exceedingly difficult to
conceive any alignment of the democratic and industrial forces on any other plane. Mr. Lans-
bury accordingly finds himself beating the air as a
unit of the Labour Party, but unhappy and dis-
tracted that nothing is done. Probably he still has
hopes that through the instrumentality of politics
something even yet may be accomplished. The de-
lusion will, of course, persist until Mr. Lansbury
and his congeners realise the plain fact that economic power
must precede political power; that to strive for economic power through politics is as foolish as looking for
figs on thistles. We have proved that industrially politics
is inevitably and perniciously sterile. Its function is not
industrial; its origin is not industrial; when it enters
the industrial world it becomes amateurish and ridicu-
lous. Why cannot Mr. Lansbury see and realise these
simple and fundamental facts? Last week we quoted
from Mr. Lansbury a story of the deep impression made
upon him by the appearance of a woman dressed in a
sack. Mr. Lansbury, in recounting the story, told us
that the lesson he learnt was the inefficacy of " orthodox politics " as a remedy for such a horrible
state of affairs. A quarter of a century has sped its
course, during which time thousands of Socialists have
sacrificed time, money, and the amenities of life to
" unorthodox " politics, in the hope and expectation
that such an episode should never recur. Vain hope !
A few days after we had penned our criticism, the
" Daily Chronicle " appeared with a column cross-
headed thus:—

STARRYING IN THE EAST END.

BABY WRAPPED IN PAPER FOR LACK OF CLOTHES.

MAN DRESSED IN A SACK.

It will, of course, be said that all this is abnormal
because of the strike. It is not abnormal; it is merely
more dramatically visible. Just as nations—Germany and Great Britain, for example—are carrying on a warfare by means of excessive military and naval expenditure, even though not a shot be fired, so in like manner is the industrial war ever with us, strikes or no strikes. Its victims suffer in obscurity, die and disappear without any public notice. The “Woman in the Sack” and the “Man in the Sack” of last week. What is the family bond uniting them? The wage system. Both are the victims of an industrial organisation that is spiritually and economically based upon the wage system. The “woman in the sack,” living and dying in the obscurity of a slum, was a piece of human wastage thrown upon the wage system’s scrapheap, the “man in the sack” was one of the wage-earners who claimed faith by giving their patients bottles of innocuous medicine. They were not wanting medicine; you require a regular shaking up of one’s habits of life, your diet, your sanitation, your hours of work, your exercise; you are in a thoroughly unhealthy condition, the patient would probably plainly say: “But, doctor, aren’t you going to give me any medicine?” There are honest doctors who stand firm and decline. Their practice suffers in consequence. It is unfortunately true, however, that the vast bulk of the profession honestly believe in drugs, to the inevitable decline of the community. The medicine men of the Labour Party are in this posture. They do not face the evils obviously arising out of the wage system, and tell their patients that these diseases must continue so long as the wage system continues. They drug the symptoms and leave the cause severely alone. They prescribe political pills for economic earthquakes; they put political salve on the economic cancer. Labour might be effectually held together without some spiritual or intellectual basis. Merely to exist upon the day’s opportunities is to court ultimate destruction. To take the long view requires both moral courage and mental strength. In this respect the Labour Party fails. It shrinks from the discussion of essentials, largely because it has no essential principles. Compare, for example, its treatment of that new element in the Labour movement which we vaguely term Syndicalism with the approach made to it by Jaurès. The French Socialist leader knows the dynamic power of ideas; the Labour Party shuns new ideas like the plague. Spiritual and intellectual conflict is the food upon which great souls thrive. We fear it is too strong nourishment for the Labour Party. We would certainly relax our critical attitude towards it if only it would betray some kind of intellectual appreciation of ideas and principles. We do not ask it to agree with us; we only ask that it should explain its failure clearly and candidly. If the every moral and intellectual test that we apply to the Labour Party proves it to be amorphous and utterly unresponsive to serious criticism or suggestion.

The debate in the House of Commons last week finally clinches our arguments as to the futility of Labourism in Parliament. Let us set down in plain language what happened. First, however, please remember that Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues told us a fortnight ago in the “Labour Leader” that parliamentary intervention was the only way the strikers would gain anything. Further, the whole case for political Labourism is that Parliament and political methods will accomplish for the wage-earners what they have hitherto failed to obtain by sectional trade union methods. Here, then, is the long-drawn-out strike of the transport workers in the East End of London. Accordingly, the Labour Party calls upon Parliament to do something. But what? To end the strike? Not at all. Mr. O’Grady moved:—

“... That, in the opinion of this House, it is expedient that the representatives of the employers’ and the workmen’s organisations involved in the present dispute in the Port of London should meet with a view to arriving at a settlement."  

Parliament, on the motion of the Labour Party, was to say: “Please, messieurs the employers, will you kindly meet the strikers and talk things over?" In short, the Labour Party asked Parliament to abdicate. And it abdicated, because, being a political body, it had no economic power. What has the “Labour Leader" to say about it? Has the economic impotence of Parliament ever been more clearly asserted and demonstrated? The real masters of the situation are clearly Lord Devonport, Mr. Gosling, and Mr. Tillett. But the humiliation of Mr. MacDonald did not end with the appearance of the resolution; Mr. Asquith, as leader of the House, had something to say:—

“...I do not subscribe to the view which is apparently entertained by the hon. friend who moved this motion as to the nature and extent of the functions of the Government in regard to trade disputes of this kind. On the contrary, I adhere to my own view, which I have more than once expressed, that governments ought to be very chary of interfering in matters of this kind, and that they should do no until it is made perfectly clear beyond peradventure that there is likely to be some satisfactory result and that the general interest of the community is involved in their taking some action in the matter."

Poor Government critics! Poor Mr. MacDonald! Disgrunted Labour Party! Exit political action as a factor in economic emancipation.
Amending the Criminal Law.

By Alfred E. Randall.

That the criminal law should be amended, no one will deny. We have a criminal code that is still worthy of the Anthropophagi, as Sir Samuel Romilly described it more than half a century ago. Its barbarity has been frequently exposed; and during the last two decades an array of medical evidence has been gathered that proves only too clearly that the judicial method of dealing with crime is not only brutal, but stupid. Practically all those who have studied the subject, and have become reformers, are agreed that the first necessary condition of reform is to keep the criminal out of prison; and, therefore, all legislation that extends the judicial power of making criminals should be resisted from the outset. Whatever its professed object may be, our feelings must not be allowed to sway our judgment; for feeling is always punitive, and our judges are less than human in their exercise of it.

The White Slave Traffic is a particularly dangerous subject for legislation. The horror that it arouses is manifold: the moralist is outraged, but the hygienist is shocked, and certainly no decent man can come into contact with one of those who thrive on procuration without feeling that the person is unfit for intercourse with civilized people. That we should attempt to cope with the evil is natural; that we should even be exorted to show a tender regard for the virginity of our females is, perhaps, pardonable; but it is certain that it is good neither for the State nor for the individual to make the remedy worse than the disease. It is bad enough that prostitution should exist, although, perhaps, it is not more shameful to the nation than its appalling poverty; but that we should deprive ourselves of liberty and give power to the police to confound the innocent with the guilty, in our attempt to abolish it, is simply to replace one social evil by another. Scarcely can it be said that the attempt to go to the root of the evil and so prevent its growth is a crime.

This section applies to procuration, and any person convicted thereunder is liable to two years' imprisonment, with or without hard labour. The police are, of course, an admirable body; everyone has to say so since the Commission of Inquiry proved what it was appointed to prove, viz., that the governing classes are quite satisfied with their instrument. But the Commission did not, so far as I am aware, prove that the constable has the gift of clairvoyance; and until that is demonstrated, we must resist the constable's right to arrest on suspicion of having committed an offence. The other clause, "or is about to commit," has been altered in Committee to "or attempts to commit," which is an equally unpardonable extension of the constable's power. For attempted procuration is not a business of such a character that it demands the presence of the landlord against action for damages, but specifically says, "without prejudice to the rights or remedies of any party to such lease or contract accrued at that date," we can only suppose that sentimentality has run mad; for this section asks a landlord to commit a breach of the law because a breach of the law has been committed on his premises. Indeed, the next section penalises him if he does not break the law of contract, for it "during the subsistence of the lease or contract any such offence is again committed in respect of the premises, the offence shall be deemed to have been committed with the knowledge of the landlord or lessor." In short, virtuous indignation claims the right to convict without evidence.

The fourth clause simply extends the power of the Vagrancy Acts to procuration for sodomy; but the terms of this clause make us wonder whether we are living in England. Evidently, the amendment does not mean that any person who in any public place persistently solicits or importunes any person of either sex for immoral purposes shall be deemed a rogue and vagabond within the meaning of the Vagrancy Act, 1824, and may be dealt with accordingly. The opportunities for an officious constable to make havoc among the mashers on the various "monkey parades" or round the bandstands are manifest; and the logical inference from this clause is that it is a crime to address a stranger if a constable is near. Procuration does not flaunt itself in "public places"; and the revival of interest in this lamentable business can only mean an increase in the tyranny of the police.

The second section of this clause adds another definition of a male person knowingly living on the earnings of prostitution; and the Bill is finished. It is clear that it does nothing but add to the powers of the police. That ignores the causes, economic and otherwise, of prostitution; it ignores the medical diagnosis of prostitution as feeble-mindedness; it revives and extends the old passion for punishment. To this it adds, by empowering the magistrates to convict on presumptive instead of positive proof of knowledge; and it arms every constable with the privilege of exercising his own discretion. The Bill is altogether a measure, or measures, to prevent the powerful interests supporting it; and unless there is a public outcry the Act will be in force on January 1.
The Case of Belfast.

By J. H. Stirling.

For one who is but a plain business man, earning his living in what he hopes is an honest trade, being neither a Home Ruler nor an Orangeman in politics, the harrowing up during the past year to observe the wave of interest in Belfast which has swept over the Radical Press of England and Scotland, from Plymouth to Inverness. The old legal maxim—much approved in the days of Oliver Cromwell—does not apply today, but rather discussed in the courts of to-day—of "No case—abuse the plaintiff's attorney," seems to have taken a new lease of life. The sins which Belfast, as an industrial and civic community, has not been accused of, both in the way of omission and of commission, are not worth talking about. There is such a strong family likeness in all these attacks that one would almost think the writers had taken a mud-shovel for their crest and "Asperate fortiter: aliqoit adhaerebit" for their motto. One of the "noble army," [Mr. St. John G. Ervine] has expounded his views at some length in your issue of May 16. Much of his article consists of personal opinions and ex parte statements, which, have, of course, only such standing as his personality entitles them to. Occasionally, however, he descends from the airy realm of theory and prophecy to deal with facts, and on these a plain business man may presume to meet him. Like a guide for apologists, he is a curiously fondness for "old, forgotten, far-off things, and battles long ago," from the days of Brian Boru down to the Act of Union, but fights shy of the industrial era of the present century. That the Irish Roman Catholics were shamefully treated through many a long and weary year by the British Government admits of no contradiction, but just the same can be said of the Presbyterians of the North, whose descendants are among the strongest opponents of Home Rule to-day. The Ulster Presbyterians of the eighteenth century were held by their Episcopal masters under humiliating civil and military disabilities. One would hesitate to quote the glowing periods of Mr. Froude in unsupported evidence on contentious points of Irish history. But there is nothing contentious in this. All are agreed, and he puts a common truism, as might be expected, more trenchantly than the rest. In 1719 a concession was wrung from the Dublin Parliament giving the Presbyterians legal permission to erect, and worship in, their own chapels. The Irish prelates who swooped down, in many cases, from London, Bath, or Paris, to oppose it, "were panic-stricken, that the men who saved Ireland from Tyrconnel, who formed two-thirds of the Protestant population of Ulster, were free to open their own chapels. Though they were incapacitated from holding public employments, though their marriages were invalid, though they were forbidden to open a single school, or hold any office in town or country above the rank of a petty constable, their mere existence as a legal body was held as a menace to the Church. Vexed with suits in the Ecclesiastical Courts, forbidden to educate their own children in their own faith, treated as dangerous to a State which but for them would have had no existence, and associated with Papists in an Act of Parliament which deprived them of their civil rights, the most enterprising of them abandoned the Home Rule as a political question. As a result it seems to me that the Catholics of Ireland once had to say their prayers in secret places with sentinels posted on the hillsides ready to sound the alarm when the soldiers came. In the matter of the Scotch Covenanters of the same period. But do Scotsmen to-day nurse the memory of "Bludy Cleaverhouse" and later, of "Butcher Cumberland," as a reason in the twentieth century for breaking their LegislativeUnion with England? Like sensible men, they have agreed to "let the dead past bury its dead," and have given up grumbling in the ashes heaps of history. The Ulster Presbyterians have also found a more profitable occupation.

Much has been made by superficial controversialists, of the type of Mr. Ervine, of the "Linen Bounties," to which they assert the present prosperity of Belfast and Ulster is due. They always omit to state that these "Bounties" were administered by a Board representative of the four provinces of Ireland, and sitting in Dublin, which then possessed a "Linen Hall" and was the distributing centre of the industry. These bounties, even at their maximum, never amounted to more than a mere premium for excellence on specially well made goods, and were distributed over both Protestant and Catholic industry then was, from Cork to Antrim. They had ceased altogether before the modern era of steam-driven production, but the "grace, grit, and gumption" of the Ulsterman enabled him then, without the shadow of help or favour from Government, to make a great industry peculiarly his own which the shiftless South let slip through its fingers. Mr. Ervine makes it a grievance against Belfast that the "spirit of commercialism is rampant" there. It is largely true that Belfast has risen, under the Union but with no favours from Government, from a village on the mud banks of the Lagan to the fourth port in the United Kingdom, possessing the largest plants in the world in five separate industries. If there were another Belfast in the South, as predominantly Celtic and Catholic as the Northern Belfast is Anglo-Saxon and Protestant, how different the "variations" that the Home Rule orchestra would play on the "theme" of "commercialism"! But this brings me back to Sergeant Buzfuz, alias Mr. Ervine. He asserts boldly that "there is more poverty in Belfast than in any other city of the same size and consequence in the United Kingdom." With all his recklessness of statement, he will hardly claim that the Board of Trade figures on Pauperism are compiled by Belfast Orangemen, so let us see what they have to say on the subject. In the latest issues of the official "Belfast Gazette" the following figures are given:—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>May</th>
<th>June</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Belfast</td>
<td>296</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dublin</td>
<td>135</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manchester</td>
<td>228</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leeds</td>
<td>132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glasgow</td>
<td>217</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Average for U.K.</td>
<td>220</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

This premier position of Belfast is no mere temporary accident. Month by month and year by year the Board of Trade figures show Belfast in the same enviable position. It is to be hoped that Mr. Ervine will not shirk this point, but will endeavour to show how his statements as to Belfast poverty can be reconciled with these dry official figures.

Mr. Ervine is also eloquent on Belfast as a "city of dreadful slums," and instances the Shankhill Road as one of them. This locality is inhabited mainly, as the crowded tramcars morning and evening bear witness, by the highly paid mechanics from the famous "Queen's Island." If they had Mr. Ervine among them, I think they would impress upon him forcibly what they thought of his description of their houses as slums. But let them hear impartial witnesses! A Government Commission which sat recently in Belfast reported:—

There is in almost complete absence of antiquated courts, alleys, and common yards such as may be seen in Dublin and Cork, and also in many of the older seaport towns of England and Wales.

And it is added:—

Slums are rare in Belfast.

Again the Report states that:—

In the matter of housing, both in respect of room accommodation and in respect of the scale of charges for rent, Belfast is greatly favoured in comparison with other towns.

The Medical Officer of Health for Belfast, who cannot
be accused of mincing his words when the health and physical well-being of his city is in question, states, in a recent report:

The housing accommodation of the working-classes in this city is above that of other cities. We have self-contained houses, wider streets, and consequently more air space and light. Any fair-minded man can form his own opinion from these Reports as to the extent of Belfast slums. "Ex uno disce omnes," and from the want of accuracy of Mr. Ervine's statements on these two leading points of pauperism and slums the value of the rest of his tirade against Belfast may be fairly estimated. One statement of his, however, calls for special comment. He states that "The last report issued by the Medical Officer of Health recorded so frightful a state of poverty and sweating that the Corporation actually suppressed it."

I am very loth to transgress the limits of Parliamentary language in any discussion such as this, but that statement admits of only one reply. On the direct personal authority of the Medical Officer of Health, I nail it to the counter as an unqualified falsehood.

The theory which Mr. Ervine puts forward—with his tongue, I feel safe in this respect—the Belfast employer supports the Union is in order to be the better able to oppress his workers, is so laughable as scarcely to be worth a serious answer. As a Belfast employer, I state candidly that if my main reason for upholding the Union was what Mr. Ervine states, I would go Home Rule on the spot. Needless to say, I am not in the confidence of the able politicians and statesmen who control the policies of the Roman Catholic Church, but one fact stands out clear and unchallengeable a Roman Catholic state is not a Belfast state. That Ireland will have a Roman Catholic state, in the fullest meaning of that phrase, for many a year to come, whether under Home Rule or under the Union, is a fact which admits of little doubt. I believe thoroughly that under Home Rule employers in Ireland would have little to fear from arbitrary interference by Government with the conditions of labour, and from half-backed experiments in political cookery, such as some of those we are now endeavouring to digest.

No sane man would attempt to maintain that Belfast or any other industrial community of 400,000 people is absolutely free of both slums and sweating. That there are hard cases of women struggling, as widows or worse, to keep a home for a young family, on such work as they can do at home in the intervals of their housework, I am in no way concerned to deny. Such hard cases are to be found in every community, but sad and deplorable as they are, the old legal maxim still holds good that "hard cases make bad law." Before any argument can be based upon them it must be shown that Belfast is worse in this respect than any other similar community. This Mr. Ervine has not even attempted to do, while the official figures and reports I have just quoted prove exactly the contrary. Belfast is most widely known for its linen and its ships, but it has, in addition, a solid aggregate of what are called the "making-up" trades—trades where the basis of production is the power-driven sewing machine, operated by female labour. Many of these operators earn easily and regularly over a pound a week, and this under Factory Act supervision and restrictions as to hours, etc. They are no sweated denizens of slums, as Mr. Ervine would like your readers to believe the mass of the Belfast population to be. In the shipbuilding (employing 25,000 men at no sweated wages), foundries, and other "heavy" trades, the men of the families find employment, so that the aggregate weekly wages going into many Belfast working-class homes is one that would make many a salaried income-tax payer in England gasp with envy. This condition of things is the real reason, and not stupid bigotry as Mr. Ervine would have it, why the Belfast working-man, no less than the Belfast employer, is solid in his opposition to Home Rule. The recent Report issued by the Belfast Chamber of Commerce on the present Home Rule Bill is a singularly calm and passionless document. Some figures taken from it may interest your readers:

It is indisputable that under the Imperial Parliament the prosperity of Ireland has shown a great and growing advance. The following figures, relating only to the period which has elapsed since the defeat of the last Home Rule Bill, prove this conclusively. The total import and export trade at Irish ports in 1904 (the last year for which official returns are available) was estimated at:

\[
\begin{array}{c|c|c|c}
& 1904 & 1910 \\
\hline
\text{Figures for P.O. Savings Banks} & £3,150,000 & £4,150,000 \\
\text{Trustees' Savings Banks} & £1,255,000 & £1,755,000 \\
\text{Gross Receipts Irish Railways} & £4,527,000 & £4,527,000 \\
\end{array}
\]

Gross Receipts Irish Railways 1893 £3,181,043

All through this controversy many of us in the North have looked anxiously for a similar sane and business-like production from the other side, which would show a commercial and industrial community wherein it might expect to be better off under Home Rule. We are still waiting for it. Instead we have had reams of abuse and misrepresentation, millions of cubic feet of what our American friends tersely call "hot air." We are a hard-headed race, but we can respect reasonable argument—when we get anything. These figures are worth proving. They prove that Ireland is prosperous to-day, beyond any doubt or argument. If Ulster opposes a complete change in the system of government under which this result has been obtained it is from no motives of stupid bigotry, but simply because it believes in the old maxim as to the advisability of "leaving well enough alone."

Dick Dewberry;
Or, What a Young Wife Ought to Know about Dorset.

By C. E. Bechler

[With profuse apologies to the authors of "Under the Greenwood Tree" and "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel."

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

Hellstock Church.

Hellstock Church was filled to its utmost. The half-burnt West Country candles cast a mellow glow over the assembled company—the women with their sombre kerchiefs, the male sex for the most part with its bald head refracting the lustre, for, by a common impulse, it had one and all removed its hat as it entered the porch, stamping its feet to remove the dust it had gathered from the sparkling hedge-rows of the shady country lane, with the sole exception of Girt-girl-girtgafter Willum, who surveyed the scene with a cynical smile from beneath a dilapidated top-hat, a family heirloom of great antiquity, leaning back in the cushioned folds of his bath-chair, a busy pen in his lean, bronzed hand.

CHAPTER II.

An Interlude on a Jam-Jar.

High above the communion rails, in the niche invariably reserved for the pot of strawberry jam annually achieved by the vicar's sister, three little cherubs whispered the prospect in a weary, any-but-preoccupied whisper. Suddenly: "Shh!" said the second to the first and third. All three bent over and as swiftly withdrew their heads, and, casting their popgy arms round each other's shoulders, leant back with a tantalising smile to wait—for what?

CHAPTER III.

In which the Reader will Observe that All's Well that Ends Well.

The procedure at Hellstock Church was rather unusual—for country churches, at least. Instead of the
customary strayed sheep and responses all kneading, it was the custom for the curate-in-charge to take his stand upon a rostrum, supported by a semi-circle consisting of the half-daat choir for all the world like an impi of ebon Minnesingers. Then questions would be put by any member of the congregation qualified by sufficiently protracted residence in the parish, to which a for the main satisfactory answer was returned by the presiding ecclesiast or one of his assistants. To-day that wise young ex-Fabian, the Rev. Lord Arthur aside, the slender interrogator.

As Lord Moonshinar trudged through the mud, he hummed this fine old song:

The meadows are green,
And the gorge in the hedge is yellow.

The bracken so dead
Lies brown and red,
And the blackbird calls to its fellow.

O Jove! those curate's tears that were shed that day were very like thine.

CHAPTER I.
NURSE MERARDY TOLD THE YOUNG COUPLE.

CHAPTER III.
THE TWINS CREATE A SENSATION.

CHAPTER V.
THE HAPPINESS THAT IS GONE.

CHAPTER VI.
THOMAS LEAF TO THE VICAR'S SISTER.

"The poor angel was so distressed that she got up immediately from the table, without finishing her ninth egg, and fell dead at his feet. Indigitation, said the doctor; but, ah! a rift heart is one of the many things hid from the BMA. She was an angel, and so clean. Are you sure you judged her correctly? Arthur has adopted the twins."
Present-Day Criticism.

To the Editor of THE NEW AGE.

Sir,—An article—"Present-Day Criticism"—which appeared in your issue of June 20 has just reached me here. After some amusing persiflage at the expense of Mr. Aldington (he drags in the "necrophilous bed," a happy if somewhat strained metaphor), your amiable and learned critic, "glancing again" at my review, notes "with no surprise, for insincerity is too common," my opening remarks on Mr. Stephens.

"These be bitter words, Sir John." Is not the "insincerity" a little excessive, a slight exaggeration? My notice of Mr. Stephens' work, however inept, was a sincere attempt at appreciation, tempered by an equally sincere desire to point out his faults. If your critic would so far descend from his austere elevations as to read my article (not merely "glance" at it) he would find that I say these poems "have sufficient faults to give a hostile critic opportunity for writing pages of denunciation. Those of your readers who, like myself, are ignorant of any other writings by Mr. Aldington, will, I trust, find my remarks of some general use in examining modern reviewing: if I seem for the moment to disregard Mr. Aldington's annoyance, I urge that it took me some time to understand his letter. That the English language may, by the employment of cliché, be made to read as if full of meaning when analysis will discover no meaning, is well known to me; I have examined many examples, and some publicly in your columns; but patience itself had to assist me through the tedium of arranging Mr. Aldington's epistle in order for discussion, while a reply seemed demurred. Finally, I divide it into sections and cliché tu quoque; and the horns of a dilemma. To take the style first: "amusing persiflage" is a redundancy inexplicable since the foreign word has won into our dictionary. A happy metaphor, I suppose; I mean "Nectareous bed," as I applied the phrase to Mr. Aldington's niche on Parnassus, attended by his saccharine critics, may certainly sound a strained metaphor to those unaware of the allusion to the bees swarming around the cradle of the infant Pindar, but honestly ignorant readers would bluntly call the metaphor strained and unhappy. "Amiable and learned critic," a little excessive, "slight exaggeration," however inept, "sincere attempt at appreciation, tempered by an equally," etc. (why "temper") an appreciation—a critical appreciation is a valuation, are all borrowed phrases, invented mostly by revered translators, and only tolerable in a borrower who intermingles them with expressions of original feeling and thought. I am bidden come down from my "austere elevations"—the singular, I cannot be on two elevations at once—hence I have been entertaining Mr. Aldington was the lesson that Mr. Aldington and myself (the "necrophilous bed") was a happy if somewhat strained metaphor), your amiable and learned critic, "glancing again" at my review, notes "with no surprise, for insincerity is too common," my opening remarks on Mr. Stephens.

Mr. Stephens' poems are too good to make any violent literary commotion, and at the same time have sufficient faults to give a hostile critic opportunity for writing pages of denunciation. From a dispassionate reading, it must be at once conceded that his two books contain original work and some poems almost worthy a permanent place in literature.

Had Mr. Aldington stopped at the end of the first sentence, my charge would not have been of insincerity. But poems too good for a literary commotion are, if they are anything, poems too good as to need decades and perhaps epochs of progress for their adequate valuation by any except the most intelligent and imaginative of critics. And Mr. Aldington does not allow himself to be quite a worthy a permanent place in literature; in fact, he now judges them not to be poems at all, let alone being good for the other passionate literary critics to appreciate properly. No direct disparagement of Mr. Stephens' art, nor any further encomium could rescue Mr. Aldington from the dilemma of these two sentences, between which his lack of convincing feeling, his untrained mind, and his assumption of judgment have left him suspended. It was Mr. Aldington's obligation, even if he wished not to admit insincerity, to have admitted exemplary fallacy, and indeed no one would have expected more: it is a work for the strongest to achieve sincerity. He need not have replied at all, but since he has replied and so left open the door for reason, I implore him to quit the defence of contradiction, for to persist in defending it will presently lay him dead of insincerity. More than one corpse so slain lies in the correspondence columns of THE NEW AGE; and even in its contributory columns, though these, sir, you embalm and bury.

Tu quoque, Mr. Aldington exclaims. And here is another article, a considerably longer one, "dragged" in my last paragraph in order to give a colour of sincerity to an obviously pre-determined attack. But if the attack was obvious from the outset (though I really only mentioned, in that "amusing persiflage," a single metaphor) how may it then be said "amusing persiflage" by a learned gentleman (who used the same poems as another critic) how may it then be said to have been dragged in at the very end? It looks as though I had not intended to mention Mr. Aldington any more, but had actually glanced back and noticed his insincerity with no surprise, since insincerity is so common. And, in fact, I am not accustomed to drag in what I have to say. Does Mr. Aldington fancy himself such a Polyphemus among his fellows directly attacked in these columns, men better than the blessed gods, as we are so often assured, that I should find it prudent to put out his single eye and take him by guile?

An appeal to the spirit of justice, that lovely phantasm, long since withdrawn and replaced, as the ancients tell us, by truth and by the opposite of truth, imposture, concludes Mr. Aldington's defence of a contradiction. The modern reviewer makes very free with the name of this departed spirit. Justice? Why, it is as much as a man can do now to bear a glimpse of truth. If I were capable of Justice, I might have found myself forbidden to reply by so much as a word to a man whom I consider an impostor as a critic of literature. But no one is just in this world; the amount to be understood is the gentleman with the balance who at best only in accordance with so much truth as we can endure to admit. Had my inclination been to slight the truth, what was there else to prevent my accusing Mr. Murry, whom I dealt with at a length very favour-
Our acquaintance began with the man I married. I can no way say when. The first feature that together presents a certain degree of intimacy. He is in our drawing-room, lending me a book; and I stand, grateful, but disliking, as usual, his spectacled eyes and grinning teeth. I seem to be expected to go for walks, and I am already flattered by the adverse family remarks on our discrepant ages; he is thirty-two, and I am not quite seventeen. My hair still hangs, and my dress barely covers my ankles. Now books become almost daily gifts. I read Hardy, Nietzsche, Max Nordau, Marie Corelli, Hichens, Morrisson, Gissing; but I only really like Hardy. The whole weary plod through the Degeneration roundly blank to all but the futile. Nietzsche is abandoned very early. I do not believe the novels of Miss Corelli, but the man assures me that they are true, real life. "Is not my real life, I ask, for I know people like the characters in the books. He begins to confirm their reality by startling hints about his own career, a facetiously sorrowful and much repented career it seems to have been. And gradually he gifts me upon a Pedestal, whence I am evidently expected to radiate virtue as a relief to his mysterious sins. But my curiosity occasionally steps down from the pedestal as the man paints pictures of a flaming Banquet of Life. I feel to be a beggar by a cold, bare shore, while across in the world people are dancing through spectacular existences. . . .

The books consoled me somewhat. I walked with importance to know so many Works. Soon I could scarcely endure to be away from Edmond. His vast knowledge turned all the neighbouring world into a clown. His words were soft; above all, there was no hint of command in them, but every whom of mine received the most exact attention. His hand, at first when he asked to know my opinion to express just when they are indifferent, and fair-minded when they have no mind on their subject at all: and he may come to understand why these persons are interested in provoking the present revolt of the minor against the major in literature and the other arts.

Pages from an Unpublished Novel

By Beatrice Hastings.

The Harvest of the Tares.

I was now sixteen, an age among Colonial ladies. My temporary friend, a fair, fashionable girl, with bright blue eyes and a manner I once heard described as dashing, liked and sought me, probably for the very amokness I brought to our rambles. She could unwind with me and fling aside the haughty patronage she bestowed on most girls, and behave as her age prompted. We walked, bathed and picnicked together. Dora's spirit wandered over the whole weary helping of light novels, but her very favourite author was Mrs. Hungerford, whose hoydenish, demure flirts she imitated. We quarrelled after I had rashly declared my disapprobation of Mrs. Hungerford. I acquiesced from Dora some very peculiar views—at least, they sounded so to me, though I later discovered their commonness and conventionality. I think she was supercilious about my ignorance of and indifference to love and marriage, and indeed, beginning to feel this, I used to pretend a knowing boldness of speech, and so came to possess a queer and incoherent theory. Not that we ever discussed sex, or ever mentioned the word, if we knew it. Dora would have been horrified, I am sure. But I gathered that marriage held enormous possibilities of freedom. A husband let you do absolutely what you liked, and you could only wish to marry it, and dress, in fine, the royal road to pompe and liberty. One day she remarked lightly: "Mrs. —— advised me to have all my children as quickly as possible and get it over: it's so slyness, and you can only have your number." She went on how she would like to have two "to dress up." I thought of Mrs. ——, a long-nosed lady in pink, and felt quite cawly. I said that I was never going to marry or have any children; I was going to write books one day.

But now, everybody appeared to be talking about marriage. Doubtless, with my mind once awakened to the subject, I noted remarks which had formerly slipped past me. An engaged sister with whom I lived especially at war, became the object of mysterious cogitation, and her betrothed, the Man-Fool, must have led an intolerable life under my contemptuous, inexorable scrutiny.
newcomer is present: another bookish individual. From him I discover that Miss Corelli is not considered a great writer; and he lends me Schopenhauer, and explains so much that I think I understand. Nietzsche, that just-dicted path or two, to resolve or to marry Edmond. My sisters are furious, outraged at the turn of things and everyone calls me mad. I confide in Ben, and then I learn that he loves me. For my part, I am overwhelmed by his ocean of knowledge. I dislike his tendency hands, sharp nose, and large ears, but approve his very expressive grey eyes; so I do not look at the ears.

Amidst all, I go a visit with my father aboard a battleship in the Bay, and there lose my heart to a midshipman of my own age, named Hardy. All night I grieve for Hardy, who sails at dawn; and with desperate motive, declare my new passion to Edmond. He—forges me, and makes me a splendid gift of a silver-topped dressing-set in a case of lizard skin. I am ashamed entirely, especially when he is seized with a heart attack, but declares it is no fault of mine, as, indeed, it wasn’t. My father is indignant at discovering Edmond’s malady: but he has given his word not of a moral defect.

There is no true psychology to follow—nothing, that is, of my soul to be seen. Looking back I behold a marionette worked by a dozen equally wooden figures, who jerked my melancholy and fictil will according to their master’s purpose. To me there best suited to me. The main idea of everybody now was to get me securely married. Securely! Poor rooms stemming the ocean. With this marriage looming ahead, with preparations for it and breaking my privacy. I feel that a certain conceit flourished at being thus universally an enigma. This conceit led me to plan ways of suicide, at once a solution of my problem, my principles would allow him. Nothing less than a grand

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And I begin to wonder again about poor Ben. He must be suffering; but I must avoid him. I do not stir out for days in case I have married an immodest man. I found that I had married an immodest man. I had not the least idea that the whole town, now given everybody a terrible fright, and been pardoned, and I had contracted more obligations than I could not only benefit me. But the first thing I needed, to be quit of Edmond, was beyond his nature and training to contemplate. I was eighteen, my mother’s age when she was married. I was married. He does not see that I am an absurdly married child, still growing. And, although the play is mixed up with tears and unspeakable quarrels, I am positively not miserable, for do I not feel myself to be the chief figure in the game, and able, with the growing sense of power, to determine in part as I choose? Only I have no quite clear idea what I want to do. Be free—go somewhere—get away—vague of anything except purpose. . .

I return to my study of Sue. And I begin to wonder again about poor Ben. He must be suffering; but I must avoid him. I do not stir out for days in case I have married an immodest man. I found that I had married an immodest man. I had not the least idea that the whole town, now given everybody a terrible fright, and been pardoned, and I had contracted more obligations than I could not only benefit me. But the first thing I needed, to be quit of Edmond, was beyond his nature and training to contemplate. I was eighteen, my mother’s age when she was married. I was married. He does not see that I am an absurdly married child, still growing. And, although the play is mixed up with tears and unspeakable quarrels, I am positively not miserable, for do I not feel myself to be the chief figure in the game, and able, with the growing sense of power, to determine in part as I choose? Only I have no quite clear idea what I want to do. Be free—go somewhere—get away—vague of anything except purpose. . .

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—out of the country. I am easy enough to coax. England—tale for example—written hand. I know not what splendid and eternal interestlessness I expected. Of course, I had never been taught in the wretched schools that interest is in one's own mind. No vision was clear, but I certainly saw myself in a dazzling future, a sunken pit after Africa, grey and stony, though it is really only Dulwich and highly respectable. . . . Once I came near, as I thought, the brilliant world I had dreamed to leap into. One of Edmond's brothers wretched schools that interest is in one's own mind. No vision was clear, but I certainly saw myself in a mother's house in a suburb that seemed to me frightful, a sunken pit after Africa, grey and stony, though it was I came near, as I thought, the brilliant world I had 

I me—who, for my part, loathed him—condescended to this proof—that I, possessed of eager, hopelessly. It was all politics and Parliament could have turned the whole table round to me, though played the queen instinctively, as I soon learned to play had Robert not been there I should certainly have 

seems to have been my method as a female. As a woman that 

enough to keep me alive. 

whole nights I would sit up, after quarrelling with my reception was not that accorded to a silly people about me. When I broke away into the world nuisance in the house. . . .

A very pretty girl. Women first made me conscious of one day at the foot of the stairs as cried aloud, with her hands raised . . .

scarcely seen in my life, sent me a present of ten and keep myself. . . .

He made me a counter proposal, involving me ten pounds after I had told her how much I desired the change. . . .

The result is not convincing to the politician or the artist. For the problem of the State remains the same under any conceivable change: like that of the individual, its first need is self-preservation. That Heaven might not be destroyed, the Almighty had to outlaw Lucifer; and for the simple offence of trespass and theft, our progenitors were punished with eviction. To assume, as Morris does, that government is unnecessary because the self-interest of the individual will prevent him from injuring the community is to make the mistake of supposing that self-interest is always enlightened. History has shown us that no instinct is more tardily roused, or less guided by intelligence of the far-sighted kind, than the instinct of self-interest, which is simply that of self-preservation modified by civilisation. Hebrew mythology, to return to that again, has provided us with the classic example of selling a birthright for a mess of pottage. Mrs. Perky has no more pretense shown us that a being nearer to Nature than we shall ever be could drop the substance for the shadow. To come to the present time, Brougham Villiers, to say nothing of the Liberal Party, argues that people must sacnch at a momentary industrial advantage; that Guarantism, as he calls it, must be their creed, since they have no resources on which to rely during revolutionary changes. Self-interest is the instinct of slavery. 

The State will not be abolished, although it will be much modified. Certainly, if we are to obtain greater leisure, as Morris supposed, the State must organise the necessary work. This was the one contribution of value made by "The Great State," and it is to be credited to Mr. Chiozza Money. We have got a great deal of work. It is simply a regrettable necessity, something that has to be done in order that we may live; and the most that we can ask is that we shall not have too much of it. The man who would rejoice in his work ought to be examined by a doctor, for civilisation is only possible to a leisured class; and, as Auerbach said, "leisure is diviner than labour, and the gods leave drudgery to mortals." Morris' people had no talent for leisure: they were contented if the supply of work would fail them, and they pictured that happy state of freedom as one simply of boredom. 

We may reasonably call upon the State to organise work, since it is a necessity of existence; and the *News from Nowhere." By William Morris. (Longmans. 25s. net.)
character of politics will be mightily changed by such an addition to the duties of the State. It is not difficult to imagine an election being fought on the merits of some labour-saving invention, instead of on the demerits of a weapon of destruction. From this point of view, the Socialist is undisturbed by Sir Henry Maine's awful examples of the people's objection to scientific improvements. They certainly resisted the introduction of the spinning jenny and other inventions, not from any bigoted prejudice against machinery, but because they saw that it would at once take the bread out of their mouths. The attitude was a necessary consequence of the system of production for private profit; with the State organised for work, to produce for public use, such an attitude could only be maintained by the inhabitants of Morris' Nowhere.

The consequence of Morris' ignoring of the existence of the State, and therefore of the proper limitation of its functions, is that he contemplated a one-horse Utopia. Nor was it merely a one-horse Utopia, but if we are to accept his picture as being at all accurate, the means of transport were confined to the said one horse, one carriage, two boats, and one "force-barge"; which interested Morris so little that he did not even attempt to explain the nature of the "force." One may admit, for the purposes of speculation, that the State and all laws thereof will be abolished; but the laws of Nature persist, and the most characteristic attribute of things is their inertia. That they should be made anyhow and anywhere by anybody is, if not particularly desirable, but without some visible means of transport, they would be likely to remain in their place of production. Morris gives us no hint of how the people obtained their raw material, and he leaves it to be imagined how the goods were brought for distribution. Every community has to solve the two problems of production and distribution; and even if we admit that the problem of production is solved by allowing everybody to do what he likes, the problem of distribution remains. Of course, if everybody makes gold-mounted pipes, or similar trifles es, and even a spider to weave silk napkins. They contemplate nothing but labour, and preparation for labour; and unless they are checked, our leisure will be spent in preparing. Morris was such an Individualist that, although everybody told him to see for himself how things were managed, he never saw. He talked at interminable length about the nineteenth century, but told us very little about the twenty-first. That a woman should put her hand on his shoulder in a motherly way seemed to him an impossibility, but, with the cynicism of the onlooker, I ask: "What ever can he see in it?" And the answer is: "Nothing." A. E. R.

Pastiche.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

XI.—"THE SATURDAY REVIEW."

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

There has been what the vulgar call a dust-up in the Mediterranean. But the splinters flew with grace; if not with savoir (shall we say?) vivre. Asquith, an old Balliol man, and Churchill from the neighbouring college (some terms later—tempus fugit!), probably gave K. of K. (good name, that!) a run for his money. Churchill does not remember that he is a Marlborough for nothing.

Toodleoodle School sent up its boys to Oxford on Tuesday last (we had almost said "alma mater"). The Colonial Empire business for which they are training may last their day, if Mr. Keir Hardie and the late Mr. Cobbett will let it.

What a time they are having in America! What a knock-out! What with their Teddies and Tafts and Bull-mooses, the sooner our cousins turn up the toes the better. Fail ing that, a cargo of undergrads would be their best import. Our undergrads have manners if nothing else.

The death of Mr. Godsobe removes from Lincoln (not the town, whose geographical position we have forgotten) the best of men and the worst of tutors. The present writer once heard him. Mr. Godsobe made a public stir in the famous genealogical case of seventeen years ago. Fleet Street was for once aware that a descendant of Hengist was an Oxford don. Sic transit, nos et in illis.

LABOUR AT IT AGAIN.

The red-tied Socialists who straddle so awkwardly the benches at Westminster have probably heard of George Washington. What a pity they forget the moral of his tale. On Wednesday.

AMERICA AT WAR.

America is in the throes of war. Her enemy is not this time the "Saturday Review." Nor is it Spain. Nor is it even China. Her enemy is herself.

EL HERE-WE-ARE-AGAIN.

By R. B. Cunningham Graham.

The streets of Tfoz were red, yellow, pink in the yummum shade and Silesian hock-glass green in the right-angled sky-blue wall corners of the "skoyas" or tea-shops where leather-necked "blokes" as the phrase was, from thistles and Silesian "dinos" and dandies, "distaffs" would sit, muscular sunburnt legs on tables, sipping "mala fine doura" and exchanging smutty stories in the moonlight.

ONE PAGE A WEEK.

By Elson Young.

Oh, fiddlesticks.

THE HISTORY OF HOP-SCOTCH.

By John Palmer.

The actors simply itched to find a fairly pleasant and not a too awfully immoral way of simply bucking-up the audience generally.

MUSIC.

By John F. Runciman.

... Squalid notes oozed flatly in Herr Slapup's bassoon almost visible to the naked eye. As a conductor, I think Wyzykx is exactly an inch off being great, but that inch makes an ell of a difference, ladies and gentlemen.

ART.

By C. H. Collins Baker.

... This "blooming" que diable is the unpompous amorphousness of academicism.

REVIEWS.

The soul of Mr. James Douglas.

Erminius von Lucrehorne von Snafflekaving, in his memoirs of his great-uncle, published by the old firm of
Guy Brothers in 1844 (January, if we remember), reminds us that Socrates was Plato’s master. The remark is conveyed incidentally and casually as if of no importance and as a decoy of attention. . . . With equal nonchalance we may say that the master of Mr. James Douglas is Mr. Snappers, the late night editor of the “Daily Truth” . . .

SHORTER NOTICES.

Sister Tom. BY JUMBO FISHER. (——.)

If “Sister Tom” does not cut to the bone, as board school scholars say, the work gets where the meat is sweetest. Sister Tom is a boy who disguises himself as a nurse, goes to South Africa, is fallen in love with by a major, and afterwards marries the major’s widowed mother. We fancy we remember a Fisher of the name of Jumbo pulling an eight by himself at Oxford. He pulls our leg merrily in his present remarkable novel.

THE BURDEN OF THE LORD ADVOCATE.

(The Lord Advocate, addressing a meeting at Hythe, said Tariff Reform was the most gigantic swindle that had ever been perpetrated. The opposition to the Insurance Act savoured more of comic opera than serious politics,—“Daily Herald.”)

There are unfortunate people in Colney Hatch, and some in Bedlam; some in other places: Deluded creatures, underneath the thatch they’ve something that their sanity effaces. Some have a fit of madness but it is fewer; And some outside are sane, like Mr. Ure.

I know a Tory and his name is Smythe; He is an arrant swindler, for he states Tariff Reform’s the core out lands ails. He’s not to be compared with that most pure, High-minded politician, Mr. Ure.

There is an Act that benefits the nation, And what could be more laudable or proper? But through the subject of much altercation, Antagonists have made it comic opera; Or, rather, that’s the spirit of their lure. The man who told us so is Mr. Ure.

Ye editors who edit silly papers, And chiefly you, controlling THE NEW AGE! Pray cease your giddy and Gilbertian capers, Like to the fame that waits for Mr. Ure.

TRUE TALES TOLD OUT OF SCHOOL.

Scene: Class-room in Elementary School.
His Majesty’s Inspector: Stand the boy second from the end of the back seat. (The boy at the second back seat stands.) Sit down, you silly blockhead. Who asked you to stand? Can’t you listen to what is said to you? (Turning to teacher)—If you find they are inattentive to what you say, or slack in their work, thrash them soundly.

1st Lady Teacher: I do wish slates were used in schools instead of note-books. It’s such a lot of trouble keeping the pencils sharp.

2nd Lady Teacher: Yes, it is; but I just punish any of my pupils who break the pencil-point after I have sharpened it. You have to teach them to be careful.

Minister (examining class of pupils aged eight to ten in life of Christ): Who was Christ’s father? A Pupil: God. Minister: Yes, yes, quite true; but I wish another answer. . . . No one can tell me? Come, now; who stays with your mother? A Pupil: My father.

Minister: Quite right, my boy. Now, who was Christ’s mother? A Pupil: Mary. Minister: Yes, Mary. Who was Mary’s husband? A Pupil: Joseph. Minister: Well, then, who was Christ’s father? A Pupil: God.

(Minister gives it up and reports to headmaster that questions might have been answered in greater detail.)

Towards the Art of the Future.

By W. Wroblewski.

No Art is good unless it is the product of three elements: Genius, Sincerity, Skill.

All schools of Art agree as to the above principles. They recognise that they cannot give genius to nor ensure sincerity in an artist, but they can give him skill.

But if the law for all good Art is one and universal, how has it come about that the Art of Europe looks so different from Oriental Art? From the European point of view all Oriental Art seems undeveloped and childish. From the Oriental point of view all Euro-

pean Art seems rough and crude, as though it were the Art of barbarians. Where lies the truth? There are some people who believe that all the differences are due to differences in materials, in the media through which the artist has to express himself.

According to this theory, the difference between European and Oriental Art is due to the fact that the former is based on painting in oil, the latter on painting in water-colour. Yet it must be borne in mind that, while there is much truth in the idea that different materials suggest different subjects, on the other hand, to produce a good statue, or picture, or stained glass, or mosaic, one must be born with a special aptitude for that particular Art-form. And, in most cases, if an artist-painter happens to possess nothing but a piece of marble and the sculptor’s tools instead of his own medium, he will produce nothing at all, or at any rate, will only try to sculpture pictorially, as did the Assyrians on their walls.

We must look elsewhere for the explanation of this mysterious difference. The first thing which strikes us when we compare the two Arts is that the Oriental possesses neither light nor shade nor anatomy nor perspective, on which, on the contrary, the whole of European Art is based. If we study the history of both Arts it becomes quite clear why this is so. It is simply because the Oriental artists trained themselves to express human thoughts and emotions, which require for their expression only shape and colour; whereas European artists trained themselves to copy the phenomena of the outside world, which, for their expression, require light and shade and anatomy and perspective. Oriental artists, even after they began to paint from life, always treated their sub-

jects as thoughts and mostly painted them from memory, still using the same methods of painting, colour and outline. In this way they developed their sense of colour and exactness of detail and outline to a wonderful degree.

So, too, European artists have attained the utmost perfection in the reproduction of the phenomena of the outside world. But when they want to express some effort of imagination—their own thoughts or dreams, for instance—they continue to use the same technique with which they are accustomed to imitate the outside world; with the result that their most imaginative pictures look as if they were painted from life.

Now, neither method is higher or lower than the other; both are good according to the definition of what is good Art and both produced artists whose pictures are masterpieces of genius, sincerity and skill. But both are one-sided and incomplete in relation to the general idea of Art. For Art being, at bottom, the expression of human life, and human life consisting as it does of three elements: (1) Conscious emotions or thoughts; (2) sub-conscious emotions or dreams; (3) outside or natural world; Art, to be complete, must contain all these three elements in due proportion.

These three elements or worlds are totally different from one another; they are based on different grounds: The world of thought is based on the world of dreams is based on chance and general harmony; the outside or natural world is based on light, shade, and perspective.

Man lives in all of these three worlds: Primitive man does not distinguish between them; he never knows which is which. That is why he is their slave;
they come to him unexpectedly and move him to and fro as waves move the cork upon their surface.

On the contrary, a highly developed man, knowing the fundamental difference between these three worlds, tries to keep them apart and to live in all of them purely as a matter of conscious activity over them.

It is exactly the same with the Arts. To escape onenessidedness and degeneration in Art, an artist must study these three worlds separately and in due proportion. Then and then only he can expect to get a perfect synthesis in Art.

I suppose everybody in Europe knows what ‘studies from life and nature’ are; but most people would be puzzled at the question, ‘What studies from our thoughts and dreams?’ The main difference between these methods have never been practised in Europe nor, systematically, anywhere in the world.

It is true that the whole of Oriental Art is based on Art thoughts, but Oriental art never practised the method in all its purity, i.e., without the admixture of the dream or natural elements.

To make studies of our thought world requires that we should start our thinking from the beginning, i.e., from abstract and primary forms, and then develop them logically into more complex forms. The consequence of such a practice is that one arrives at nearly all the forms which one is accustomed to see in nature or the outside world; still they are much simpler than those in nature; they produce an impression as if they were not the abstractions, but the real spirit or soul.

Human dreams have never as yet been expressed in the art of painting. Pictures which purport to be ‘dreams’ are simply fantastic or imaginative pictures. Artists and the public alike have hitherto made no distinction between their imagination or fantasy and their dreams. But the meaning of those two words is really so different that they have next to none in common.

Mind, then, as it were, a middle place between infinite spirit and finite matter, which are the two extremes of God’s life. Conscious life, then, as distinct from mere existence, is to be found only in the mind, which occupies a position midway between these two extremes, and which is in touch with both. Its relation being thus twofold, its functions are likewise twofold: (1) Materialisation of spirit; (2) spiritualisation of matter. The first expresses itself in that objective, positive, radiative action which we call ‘work’, the second expresses itself in that subjective, passive, concentric action which we call ‘rest’.

I do not mean that man lives only mentally, and that neither his spiritual nor his material life exist at all. Certainly not. All three lives, owing to the fact that his mind is of three kinds: (1) Spiritual mind; (2) intellectual mind; (3) instinctive mind. Through his spiritual mind he comes in contact with the spirit of other beings and with the infinite spirit of God. Through his instinctive mind he comes in contact with his own body and with the whole material world. Through his intellectual mind he accomplishes the main work (1) of translating the ideals of the spirit into terms of matter; (2) of infusing into the scattered forms of matter unity and harmony.

The first part of his work he accomplishes through the conscious action of his intellect (logical thinking), the second part through the sub-conscious action of his intellect (dreaming). To think consciously one must be in a positive or fully awakened state; to dream or to act sub-consciously one must be in a passive and restful state. Hence the difference between the two words, ‘dreaming’ and ‘consciousness’ or ‘fantasy’, is clear. The first is applied to a very particular state of consciousness, the second to a general power of mind.

The reason is now clear why human dreams, in all their depth and purity, have never been expressed in the art of painting. To paint consciously a particular dream will not be to express that dream. It will be to express the conscious memory of that dream. To paint one’s own real dreams means to paint while ‘dreaming’, to paint sub-consciously; or, to state it differently, one’s real dream must be directly dreamed on canvas with brush and colours instead of being dreamed in one’s mind only.

The task is difficult. Most people even think it impossible. The tendency has long been to one of two extremes—either towards self expression in the form of conscious thought and definite work, the form adopted by the so-called ‘intellectuals’. It is the self realisation by means of the profounder modes of mediation, culminating in ecstasy. Between the two extremes, ordinary dreams either ceased to hold or never gained the respect and attention of mankind, and consequently degenerating into the sub-conscious.

The result to humanity has been that the brain has been overworked, and, instead of centring itself on the question of how to materialise the ideals of the spirit—thinking them out, that is, according to the laws governing the processes of the mind, it has merely been to waste itself by turning out impatiently and neurotically things from its own substance, the result of which has been the degeneration of humanity. Now when humanity as a prodigal son decided to go back to its father’s kingdom, it remembered that his father’s kingdom is in the world of dreams and not in the world of conscious thought. Thus it was forced to go to the trouble of acquainting itself with that forgotten world anew.

Groups of people are arising nowadays like waves from the ocean of earth-life, who work more and more on the problem—how to live naturally, how to cure oneself, how to rest, and how to listen to the voice of God. And the results of these work are point of view directly dreamed in one’s mind only. Not only must they develop any more, but on the contrary show the most obvious signs of decay. Both the Oriental and the European artists feel an instinctive necessity to link together two kinds of Art which are distinctly different. But to link them successfully one must find the real link, the common ground between the two extremes, and not merely fuse them artificially by making blindly copies of Oriental and European Art.

Oriental art was based on the outside or natural world. Dream Art is this missing link between the two. The synthesis in Art cannot be reached without all three.

**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.**

**"THE NEW AGE" AND THE INDUSTRIAL UNREST.**

Sir,—I am sorry that I cannot follow the many correspondents who congratulate you week by week in your correspondence columns on the splendid things you are doing, for it seems to me that for the moment THE NEW AGE is standing for nothing and leading nowhere, nor even reflecting anything—unless it be the general intellectual bankruptcy of the intellectuals. Stay! Perhaps there is one thing on which even I can sincerely congratulate you—you certainly have been and are doing more than any other newspaper and writer of our time to re-create the lost-look of great art and of genuine invective. But that by the way.

Will you now allow me to offer one or two remarks with regard to the line which you have recently been taking in your editorial comments on things in general and "Labour Unrest" in particular?

There are two conceivable ways of getting rid of the existing system of capitalist exploitation and economic inequality. One way is by comparatively slow and patient social reconstruction and industrial reorganisation, removing one cause after another and removing as much as possible of reducing society, mitigating the privations of invalidity and old age, raising wages by Act of Parliament to the minimum at which trade union organisation can step in to raise them further by collective bargaining, extending the application of trade union rates and conditions by resolutions on public bodies and investigations in Parliament, and by so many industries or parts of industries as opportunity may arise, and doing all the other things which nowadays you appear so enthusiastically to deplore; whilst at the same time increasing the taxation of unearned incomes of all kinds to provide various
communal services. That is one way, and a way which has not yet received the first charge to be made upon a fashion by persons whose interests and inclinations are bound up with the substantial maintenance of the existing industrial system.

The other way is dynamite. There is a great deal to be said for dynamite as an instrument of social progress. It is quite arguable that no change worth having can come about unless London, for example, is destroyed beyond all possibility of rebuilding. And if you will lend all the strength of your eloquence to the advocacy of dynamite I think I positively overestimate your powers. But it appears to me, sir, that you despise the gradual and the practicable without possessing the courage to breach the subject, that you are afraid to face the fact that you fall between two stools and find yourself in a predicament in which all your eloquence can command neither intellectual nor moral respect.

It is clear that—dazzled, one may suspect, by the literary effusiveness of the "Observer"—you have lost your way; and your natural annoyance at this mishap has led you to hit out blindly in all directions, and more especially to effulgence of the "Observer"—you have lost your way; you.

But, in fact, it is not splendid, because it is a purely negative isolation. It is not due to anyone objecting to your view, but only to your objecting to you. One cannot even discover them. Someone else, I think, has preceded me in pointing out that you are forgetting that the point is not what you say but what you do; and even if you cannot but feel that, if ever your prudence does allow you to get to the point, we shall all discover that it corresponds strictly to the Euclidean definition. The nearest you have approached to it as yet is with a phrase—"Guild-Socialism." Every Socialist I know who has ever given a minute's thought to the subject is in favour of "Guild-Socialism." I am keenly in favour of it myself. But what is it? You have once gone so far as to explain that it is "State ownership and trade union control only." That is taking, for example, the case of the railways, does it mean that the A.S.R.S. is to be decided when and where trains shall run, what fares and goods rates shall be charged, and what wages shall be paid? Or is it only to be responsible for the detailed discipline of the service and for the carrying out of the orders of the State, in whom the ownership vested? If you mean the latter, then I do not think you need seriously quarrel with any of your fellow-Socialists; we shall all agree. If you mean the former, you mean that the workers are to settle what they will make or do and what prices they will charge to the public, and to divide amongst themselves any "profit" that may accrue to them. I am afraid that the workers will most strongly disagree with you on the ground that you are proposing to reinstate the principle of "production for profit" in the most vicious of all its conceivable forms—i.e., that of a perfectly entrenched monopoly.

But whatever you may mean, and if you do not explain it. I hope you may explain it. I hope you may explain that your Guild-Socialism is not to be made up of, or, for that matter, whether it is called "wages" or "salary" or "share-out" what the remainder of the "wage-slave" means in essence is not that he will cease to receive a regular weekly wage or monthly salary, but that he will cease to be a slave. Whether he gets his share of the Interest and Profits (if any) arising out of the particular industry he works in is a matter of indifference. What does matter is that, in his capacity of producer, he should become a free agent, in the sense of being emancipated from his present subjection to the will, the momentary caprice, the petty tyrannies, and, above all, the pointer of dismissal, of the capital-owning employer. It is this, and not the weekly payment, that rankles and degrades—this stern obligation, enforced by economic pressure, to obey minute by minute throughout the greater part of a lifetime those whose right to command has no basis in justice, no conceivable claim to authority. My suggestion—and it is only a tentative one, designed to disturb your complacent satisfaction with a phrase which you have actually employed in the point of the "Observer"—you have lost your way; to: comes to: this: to: that what: is: really: important: is: the: question: between: the: workers: in: a: particular: industry: should: control: the: profits: or: the: general: function: which: that: industry: that: that: citizens: should: be: assured: of: their: fair: share: of: the: general: wealth: of: the: community: and: that: as: workers: they: should: control: the: conditions: of: their: daily: work: the: petty: discipline: of: the: workshop: and: especially: the: vital: question: of: whether: or: not: they: will: continue: to: devote: their: services: to: that: work: Does: the: impulse: behind: Syndicalism: in: so: far: as: it: is: popular: and: widespread: impulse: really: demand: more: than: this?

The length of this letter is unnatural; its conclusion had best be abrupt.

* * *

GUILDSOCIALISM.

Sir,—You have editorially advocated Guild-Socialism for many years, but only recently have you given it a philosophic basis. By philosophic I mean that economically the idea bears the closest scrutiny, whilst socially it is desirable. But do you imagine that your mission is complete when you have organised our ideas on the subject? If so, you are labouring under a very real misunderstanding of English habits. The Englishman likes to see ideas in terms of human, rather than intellectual, organisation. I do not know, sir, what sort of a man you are, whether a recluse or a man of affairs. But if you have actually employed the idea of Guild-Socialism, you are a man of affairs, for which it is necessary to know, sir, whether you are one

May I, in conclusion, offer a humble suggestion—namely, that you correct the clue to the effective interpretation of your phrase, is to be found in the question of industrial "discipline"? Consider for a moment what changes "profit" may add to the traditional phrase, "claim to a monopoly of all sane sympathy with the impulses underlying Syndicalism." In the meantime, you might perhaps call things "the results of Guild-Socialism"—with us until you and we are quite sure that we have something to quarrel about.

I, for one, would willingly do my best to give organic expression to the underlying principles of Guild-Socialism. Is it premature to start a League of Guild-Socialists? Or, at least, a preliminary committee?

E. G. THORNEYCROFT.

REVOLUTION AS PRACTICAL POLITICS.

Sir,—The relation between a revolutionary propaganda and the progress of social reform is well illustrated by the relation between the German Navy and our own. If the Germans had had to increase the power and efficiency of our Navy they could not have adopted better means than they have actually employed. Without wishing it, therefore, and without intending to do it, they have in compelling us to strengthen our fleet when every other method that we could employ had failed. In vain the Navy League besounded by Sir Evelyn Baring, the British Empire, and the Little Englanders by Internationalism; nothing would serve to compel the Admiralty to lay down new keels saving one case: "The admission of the wage-slave to a share in the profits of a domestic system" as in compelling us to strengthen our fleet when every other method that we could employ had failed. In vain the Navy League besounded by Sir Evelyn Baring, the British Empire, and the Little Englanders by Internationalism; nothing would serve to compel the Admiralty to lay down new keels saving one case: "The admission of the wage-slave to a share in the profits of a domestic system of our own." Similarly, social reform in this country languishes in spite of appeals to sentiment, pity, pride, and comfort. By none of these things has the practice of Guild-Socialism achieved as free as the use of roads, where will be the Profits of the poor A.S.R.S. that are all you have so far offered us, but in the full measure of social reform? But do you imagine that your mission is complete when you have organised our ideas on the subject? If so, you are labouring under a very real misunderstanding of English habits. The Englishman likes to see ideas in terms of human, rather than intellectual, organisation. I do not know, sir, what sort of a man you are, whether a recluse or a man of affairs. But if you have actually employed the idea of Guild-Socialism, you are a man of affairs, for which it is necessary to know, sir, whether you are one

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the keels of revolution, and a change will begin to come over the spirit of the dream. Already Tom Mann and his revolutionary movement have done more in a year to jog the minds of social reformers than the Labour Party have done in a generation. Will Mr. Lloyd George's new land campaign be due? Not to the pressure of the Labour Party, nor to the forces of the forces of reform; but to the fear of revolution. For every new idea put forward seriously and deliberately the social reformers of Parliament will put forward two new meliorist planks of their platform. This is as certain as fate, and a law on which to build with the utmost confidence. I may, therefore, support you heartily in your revolutionary propaganda. To be despised with you the purposes of Labour are mere social reform. Social reform is the reply to revolutionary doctrines, as two keels are the reply to every Governments and plutocrats, with little corresponding advantage to the general welfare.

Sir.—The enclosed letter to Mr. Lloyd George has not yet produced any reply; but, as the time is rapidly approaching when it will come into force, I venture to send it to you for publication as foreshadowing a line of policy which has obvious moral and strategic advantages.

C. H. NORMAN.

46, Hyde Park Mansions, London. 

June 27, 1912.

Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P.,

Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Sir,—In connexion with the correspondence between us concerning the principles of the Insurance Act, printed copy of which is enclosed herewith, I beg to inform you that the Act, in view of the absence of definite statement of the wages of persons employed by me. I propose to set apart my own contribution, to be placed in a box in my office, and should the proposal in respect of which I am liable desire to avoid allowance in its full extent, I should like to set aside the benefits of the Act they may so do by emptying the box. No official of the Insurance Commission will be permitted to enter the office, nor shall I in any way inspect any documents issued by them.

Without desiring to reiterate my already expressed criticism, it appears to me that the spirit of the Act is a complete reversal of the principles of the Truck Acts. My economic criticism as to the eventual incidence of the burdens imposed on the industrial classes has been fully stated in the enclosed correspondence. In my opinion the Act presents serious possibilities of creating ill-feeling between employers and employed, with little corresponding advantage to the general welfare.

You may say this foreshadowed line of policy is an incitement to break the statute. Permit me to say to you that there are limits even to the powers of the House of Commons, the House of Lords, the Cabinet, and the Insurance Commissioners. The capacity of the present Labour Government, and of the State Party government, once its economic basis is well known, ceases to be representative government. When Englishmen, who have a natural dislike for corruption, see that both the leading parties are financially maintained by the rogues of commerce and usury, who are rewarded by the Cabinet and the King with knighthoods, baronetcies, and peerages, as social reformers—to adopt revolutionary ideas, since revolution is the shortest path to reform.

F. H. GLOSOUP.

THE INSURANCE ACT.

Sir,—I have looked in vain in the articles on Syndicalism by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb in THE NEW AGE for any reference to THE NEW AGE. The subject seemed to me to demand an acknowledgment of the ideas contributed to Syndicalism by your journal and by "Herald," and by "Daily Herald" itself, in an able and friendly leader (most of the "Daily Herald" leaders are extremely well written), specifically refers to THE NEW AGE's share in the controversy. But though the Winds make no overt allusion to THE NEW AGE, their indebtedness to your ideas is patent. For the first time the winds from the Common Law will contradict and adjudge such Act to be "saecularization," "temperature," and conditions of Labour generally. It is also true that they specifically exclude the determination of methods, materials, time and place of any industry by the Commonwealth, and that which can be done so badly in its choice of leaders already. For their particular purpose the present leaders are probably the best the unions can provide. Given a new purpose, the new type of managing leaders could just as easily be discovered.

The "Labour Leader," of course, does not allude to any of these matters. The "Labour Leader" has not only failed to improve the condition of labour, but has actually worsened it. Mr. J. R. Clynes, writing in the "Labour Leader" dated July 4, seems to agree; but his remedy, stated in the last ten years, has been to "deplore" the results, and must have more Labour members if the working-classes are to improve their condition and raise their status. "Let them [the workers] throw over the Labours and the Parliament," says Mr. Clynes, "and do with their votes what they cannot accomplish by any other means." This is an heroic resolution, worthy of the Labour Party. Yet, when Mr. Belloc was slaying their Minority, worthy of being mentioned in the same breath as the "Labour Leader," it was the Labour Party that was in the dock.

The "Westminster Review," you will be interested to learn, has become inebriated with the failure of the Labour Party. "Without desire to reiterate my already expressed criticism, it appears to me that the spirit of the Act is a complete reversal of the principles of the Truck Acts. My economic criticism as to the eventual incidence of the burdens imposed on the industrial classes has been fully stated in the enclosed correspondence. In my opinion the Act presents serious possibilities of creating ill-feeling between employers and employed, with little corresponding advantage to the general welfare."

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Moreover, the Insurance Act has never been submitted to the country for its approval. Let me call your attention to some dicta of English judges on the limits of Parliamentary powers. It is as certain as fate, and a law on which to build with the utmost confidence. I may, therefore, support you heartily in your revolutionary propaganda. To be despised with you the purposes of Labour are mere social reform. Social reform is the reply to revolutionary doctrines, as two keels are the reply to every Governments and plutocrats, with little corresponding advantage to the general welfare.

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C. H. NORMAN.
Socialism and Syndicalism is that the former believes in
devolving authority to the trade unions. ... C. A. Moon, indeed in his book he would care to see THE NEW AGE.
If I remember, your columns were filled some months ago
with an analysis of the Two Publics—the Real and the
Pseudo—or, Rent, Interest and Profit, and the Public of Wage.
By a coincidence, of course, Mr. C. A. Moon has been writing in the "Daily News"
(Weekday last) on that very subject. By another coinci-
dence his conclusions are identical with yours; and by still
another coincidence, this time with all the rascally boycot-
ting Press, he never mentions THE NEW AGE. Nay, to prove that he did not steal his ideas from anybody, he says:
"I have yet to see the 'labour unrest' article which treats of
this broad-minded policy, there have appeared in the same
New Age issue of the press, and I believe your solution—State ownership of the
press, and I believe your solution—State ownership of the
press.
reluctant, he had no alternative but to go out. He is one of the country; the lady suffered pangs of agony. was absolutely innocent, but the challenge was given. Surely he knows that nowadays we do not settle points seen. The Spaniard was killed; my brother had to leave Catholic, and therefore is not permitted to duel, he would have been a fool to give the "Italian publicists" (queer publicists, surely!) any such silly "satisfaction." I have twice been challenged once by a Frenchman and once by a Spaniard— and declared on each occasion. Yet I am not a fool either with sword, rapier, or pistol, nor does my life prove me to be a coward. I have been through two campaigns, have been twice shipwrecked, once being compelled to swim for several hours. I emphatically assert that I would have been a coward and a knave to have given either the Frenchman or the Spaniard the slightest satisfaction. They would almost certainly have got badly hurt. My brother was once called out by a Spaniard because he was maligning from his own admission, that the refusal was made to two outraged Italian publicists who endeavoured tc call him to account for his words. Does "Romney" understand that he is writing for THE AGE and not for the "Old Age"? Does he really think that a refusal to fight a duel is any evidence of cowardice? Surely, nowadays we look upon a single point of honour by sword or pistol, but in the forum of conscience. Apart from the fact that Mr. McCullagh is a practising Catholic and therefore not permitted to fight (true), he would have been a fool to give the "Italian publicists" (queer publicists, surely!) any such silly "satisfaction." I have twice been challenged once by a Frenchman and once by a Spaniard— and declared on each occasion. Yet I am not a fool either with sword, rapier, or pistol, nor does my life prove me to be a coward. 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The yearly values of the exports from the Congo have been published.

The Concessionaire Companies have been the main root of the trouble on the Congo, and the Belgian Government has been called on, especially by Great Britain, to cancel these concessions. In compliance with this demand and notwithstanding the Kassai Company's threat of suing for damages, and the protests of other Concessionaires, the Belgian Government has been cancelling the Concessions.

Mr. Morell has mentioned that in the year 1908 the Kassai Company made a nett profit of £73,497. In other words a little less than four and a half (½) times the amount of its working capital £40,000.

I think that such of your readers as have influence may use it to forward the purpose of the petition for a cancellation of the Concessions.

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THE GOLD FETISH.

Sir,—I congratulate Mr. Wordsworth Donisthorpe upon having unearthed another authority. With the association of Mr. Greevz Fysher, the champion "nu speler," he will feel less isolated. Mr. Fysher asserts that the correctness of Mr. Donisthorpe's definition of money by asserting that "gold, especially coined gold, assayed, weighed, and trade marked by the most responsible trading company in the territory where one lives, is certainly more saleable than any ordinary commodity available at the time and place." Mr. Fysher is at quaint and original in his economics as in his spelling. First of all, coined gold is legal tender, and its acceptance by creditors is compulsory. And when one accepts coined gold in payment of a debt or in exchange for a commodity it is taken with the knowledge that one can pass it on in payment of his own debts or for purchasing other goods. One doesn't take it merely because it is gold. There is only one way of testing the correctness or incorrectness of Messrs. Donisthorpe and Fysher's definition of money, and that is by closing the mints to the coinage of gold and repealing the legal tender Acts—proceedings which most people would call "demonetisation." In the second place, having lived for many years in a country where coined gold was rarely seen, I know from personal experience that gold is not a very saleable commodity outside of legal tender laws. It isn't in a fractional degree as saleable as iron, or butter, or sugar, or salt.

In the third place, I wonder if our "nu Ekonomists" ever heard of the "Gresham law." The Gresham law states that bad money drives out "good" money, but that "good" money cannot drive out "bad" money. Now, according to Donisthorpe and Fysher "gold" money is "good" money, and the Gresham law asserts that where both exist under the same conditions paper money is more saleable than gold. According to these gentlemen, the laws governing the physical and industrial world cease to operate or rather are inverted, when applied to the world of finance. If an inventor or merchant wishes to know which of two things is the more useful and the more efficient, he puts them in public use side by side, and regards the survivor as the fittest to be kept. Under the same conditions, both silver and paper will drive gold (for currency purposes) out of circulation, and yet there are people who think it is the fittest to remain. This is because, when subjected to a proper test, it is found to be better than its more successful rivals! Both Messrs. Donisthorpe and Fysher must know that gold is only maintained in circulation and employed as the money metal by force of State laws. Despite a monetary crisis in 1857, a contract of loan for £40,000 offered to the convention that roubles and were similarly refused. The reason is obvious. Financial ruin and bankruptcy are synonymous with inability to require legal tender, regardless of what it is made of. Mr. Fysher's "five elements," which "every instrument of government must possess, are much like the celebrated old rules of harmony which Beethoven smashed and Wagner finally blew away. According to these laws music was impossible outside of legal tender laws, and the Belgian Government has been cancelling the Concessions.

In that same year (1908) the Pacific Phosphate Company made a nett profit of at least £50,000. In other words (6) times the amount of its capital £50,000—the nominal capital is £50,000 but nine-tenths of this is what is called in financial circles, water.

Mr. Fysher says finance is a totally different subject from money. This is about as rational a statement as asserting that arithmetic is a totally different subject from figures or language from words. A legally restricted monetary system is the necessary basis upon which financial "jobbery in banks, debts, etc." is conducted. Hence the love of financiers for the gold standard.

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