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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In the decadent and womanish system of education to-day there flourishes a type of correction and punishment known as "appealing to a child's better feelings." In colloquial language it consists in finding a child's "soft spot" and playing on it. The expert disciplinarian vivisection, too refined for frank corporal punishment and too stupid for humour, discovers, let us say, a yearning or a craving or a respect for his father's name. He (or rather she) turns the "appeals" to the boy by picturing to him the distress his mother or family would feel if only they knew of his conduct, etc., etc. In a very little while, as a rule, the boy is dissolved in tears, and the teacher has won. The dull Arnold of Rugby is said to have had quite a talent for this kind of sentimental devilry. He could talk to a lusty youth of his mother in such a fashion as to bring on hysteric of remorse, in which state the school "discipline," whether just or unjust, could be instilled into the lad's soul without arousing any protest. We are afraid that, under the cover of its name, this method of appeal is growing, not only in our educational system, but beyond it, and into the world of politics and economics. The appeal, in fact, of all the social reform of to-day appears to us to be of this sentimental, unmanly, and unmanly nature. Hence or thence the association of social reform with the old women of both sexes.

Regarded as an historical phenomenon, the prevailing commercial system is a national experiment in the principle of private ownership and laissez-faire. The underlying theory assumes the efficiency of self-interest and the consequent maximum both of production and general well-being. For a century or so this system has been in operation by general consent, and only within the last forty or fifty years has any fundamental criticism of it been possible or authorized by demonstrable facts. Within this period, however, facts have come to light as a result of the experiment that prove conclusively that private ownership with complete laissez-faire is, as regards its social purposes, an unmistakable failure. It is true that the bulk of production has enormously increased—so enormously that no system hitherto known in the world has approached it; but it is also true that the quality of production has in the majority of cases distinctly deteriorated, and its distribution among the general body of consumers tends to more and more inequitable proportions. The en
mains, so long is it only logical, reasonable, and fair
to guarantee it the conditions of its operation. Had these
conditions, we say, been maintained from the outset, the system itself would
have superseded long ago; for its logical results were and are, as everybody knows, quite deadly to society.
But clearly, the system is not, and can not, be logically fulfilled. And they have not been fulfilled.

The parties to the original agreement were the State, the Employers, and the Wage-labourers, and each of these, though they may have been faithful to the
system, could at any time have demonstrated the social impossibility of the system itself. Suppose, for
example, that the class of employers had from the outset insisted on their “rights” under the social contract to
extract the maximum of rent, interest, and profits, and to
to pay the minimum of wages, it is clear that, other
things being equal, they would not only have doubled their
wealth, but have at the same time have doubled their devastation of society. In all probability child labour would have remained in full swing; sweating, pauperism, etc., would be twice as rampant as they are; and, altogether, society would now appear worse off than it is. In other words, we could have no
possible doubt of the results of private employment.

Or suppose that the wage-earners had had the courage of the experiment, and had been led by the strict logic of the plot to develop their own course of conduct.

They would long ago have realised that until they had created a monopoly of labour comparable in power to
the monopoly of capital their “pull” on the produce
of the experiment until the experiment had actually
been completed, had been led by the strict logic of
the plot to develop their own course of conduct.

The very word, as well as the emotion itself,
does not effect bullying is called in to do; and between
employers and workmen has been played upon by social
reformers and other sentimentalists, with the csn-

The workmen in like manner have been distracted
from their proper pursuit of the economic monopoly of
labour by a variety of appeals, professing invariably
to be directed to their “higher” nature, but actually addressed to their lower nature. Their “loyalty,” for example, to an employer is one such appeal, the nature
of which is doubly false, since it transfers a fine human emotion to a wrong object. Loyalty to God, loyalty to a cause, an idea, or a friend, is a noble quality; but
loyalty to an employer is an emotional contradiction
in terms. The very word, as well as the emotion itself,
is degraded by the false association; and “loyalty”
to-day, in any fastidious mind, almost connotes a vice.
Yet such is still in the majority of minds the lingering
flavour of the virtuous word that, with the appeal to
loyalty on their lips, social reformers still continue to
corrupt the duty of wage slaves to combine in a single
monopoly. And when the appeal of loyalty, or some
such inapplicable virtue (patriotism is another, con-
sideration for the public is another), fails, the appeal
is made to their fear—fear of starvation, fear of im-
prisonment, fear of social disaster; only their fear does not effect bullying is called in to do; and between
these two “appeals” the wage-earners are unmanned,
and the development of their part in the industrial
experimental drama is delayed and perhaps stifled altogether.

Finally, there is the State. As we have said, the
defined duty of the State during the period of the
industrial experiment was non-intervention. We are
not saying now that this was a wise agreement to
make. We are not even admitting that the whole
experiment of private ownership was not criminally
silly from the start. But the point is that, having once
authorised and in a manner created the system
for the sake of the experiment, the State’s duty was
merely to maintain the conditions of fair trial, and
to intervene, as we have said, only when the experiment
had failed, and then to supersede it. But exactly as
both employers and workmen have been induced from
time to time to forego their “rights” and “duties”
under the system of private ownership, so the State
has been induced at times to intervene, not to stop
the experiment altogether, or even merely to
restore the original conditions of its trial, but to
alleviate, disguise, or postpone its natural effects. The
whole of the factory legislation, for example, inaugu-
rated by Lord Shaftesbury, is, from this point of view, State inter-
tervention of a technically illegitimate character.

Let us see the nature of their appeal to the three
parties respectively, and note how invariably, like
Arnold of Rugby, they instinctively discover the “soft
spot” and play upon that. In the case of the em-
ployers their appeal takes the form of harping on their
“humanity” and on the shame of creating paupers and
behaving brutishly to their wage-earners, and by this
means, they actually induce employers like Lord Devonport
to create this monopoly, and by this time labour
are acting illegally in employing child labour, or in
working their hands sixteen and eighteen hours a day.
Noboby can maintain that the profits then made in the cotton industry—thousands, not hundreds, but of one cent—were made by means not included in the strict system of private ownership. Nevertheless, so soon as the first deadly results of the nationally agreed system of profiteering began to appear in all their damning reality, a new appeal was urged by social reformers to forsake its contract of neutrality and to intervene for the regulation of a system whose success or failure depended upon non-intervention. The State was to intervene, not to change a system condemned by experience, but to modify it so as to disguise its worst effects. In short, the State was to organise a national hospital for the treatment of the wounded in the competitive experiment.

Turning once more to the factors in the industrial experiment, we can now classify each of them according as they are or are not open to sentimental appeals. Amongst the employers, for instance, there are these two distinct types; there is the type of which Lord Devonport is an excellent example, who are prepared to insist upon the letter of their bond. It is nothing to us as employers, they say, that society should be ruined by the exercise of our guaranteed privileges. As human beings, we may feel greatly the disastrous wastage of life the system entails; but as responsible employers, chartered by the State to profit, it is our business to carry on our industry as defined by legislation. And to legislation alone, short of the use of sufficient force by our workmen, we shall yield. There is the other type represented by men like Cadbury and Mond, who, without the smallest intention of ending the system, are, nevertheless, open to what they call the human appeal. Shocked, as they well may be, by the natural results of the power entrusted to them under the contract of profiteering, they stop short of producing these results at a point just short of demonstrating their inhuman character. Actually within their "rights" even in creating a Peruvian Putomayo in every English county, they, nevertheless, decline to push their legitimate claims to this extent, partly by reason of the appeal made to their humanity by social reformers, but partly, also, lest Putomayo should involve the supersession of their system. Thus we see the matter cooler perhaps than that of the two types of capitalist here described, the latter, the sentimental type, is really more injurious to society in the long run than the former, the intellectual type. An unemployment scheme, as Lord Devonport would by the sheer logic of events have brought society to the recognition of the failure of private ownership; but the sentimental, muddle-headed, half-hearted, and essentially false, slippery, and tricky conduct of the Cadburys is interposed both to delay the evolution of the worst results and to throw a veil of charity over the bad results already produced.

The same two types may be distinguished among the wage-earners themselves. There are the "revolutionary" and the "evolutionary" among these as among their employers. The "revolutionary" are relatively masculine in character, independent, straightforward, unamenable to sentimental appeals and disposed to ask for nothing, but to take all. From the rise of the industrial system this type has existed, but always, unfortunately, in a minority. Attempt after attempt has been made by them to organise the workers in a single trust for the purpose of creating a monopoly of labour capable of discussing with capital on equal terms. To this economic purpose they have always been prepared to sacrifice every immediate advantage offered them by capital in the hope of ameliorative legislation. So long as they were permitted to ameliorate their conditions, but the amelioration was to come by a change of the system itself and as a result of their own efforts. But this type has hitherto been swamped in its efforts by the far more numerous type of the sentimentally inclined wage-slave. This latter variety, like the good little wretch at school, has the soft spot of sentiment on which social reforming schoolmams can play to any extent. Suppressing his natural indignation at finding himself a slave, he is prepared to accept it because of reform appeals to this, that and the other in him to remain a slave and to be a good slave. And as an inducement to this, the utterly false hope is held out that by political means alone wage-slaves will never be able to free themselves. The same economic elements that exist in industry and determine by their respective "pulls" the distribution of wealth determine also by the same "pulls" the distribution of political power. Parliament, in fact, when examined as an influence, and even arithmetically, is the exact reproduction of the economic stratification of society.

Among the statesmen of the day, the same two types that we have seen to exist among employers and workmen may be discerned. There are the so-called Radical section of both parties—for Mr. F. E. Smith's Unionist Social Reform Group differs only in detail from Mr. Wedgwood's group. There is also the section, articulate more or less in Mr. Asquith and Mr. Ballfour—both "Whigs" of the same character. The Smiths and the Wedgwoods are relatively insignificant in the political parties—and we may add the whole of the she-Labour Party—see no reason against the intervention of the State in industrial disputes on sentimental grounds. Mr. Asquith, on the other hand, as a man of principle, and comparable therefore as a statesman to Lord Devonport as an employer and to Mr. Tom Mann as a workman, sees not only a logical objection to State intervention, but the logical alternative to intervention. The minds of the Reforming group of politicians (and of their organs) have literally no alternative to offer to State intervention of a meliorist character. If, they argue, the State does not intervene to impose on masters or men, or both, the possibilities against excessive wages, long hours, etc., the State can do nothing. The poor old hen is fluttered to no purpose. But that is not the view taken by Mr. Asquith or, for that matter, Lord Devonport or Mr. Tom Mann. We are positive, for example, that in the matter of the Minimum Wage Bill of the recent Miners' Strike, it was not only Mr. Asquith who declined on principle to insert the figures in the Bill, but it was Mr. Asquith who had the only alternative of a positive character to offer. The sentimental noodles, as we know, begged and prayed of him to put the actual figures into the Bill. On the same occasion Mr. D. A. Thomas, a man among employers, was being made a scapegoat. But the fact remains, as we pointed out at the time, that the noodles were wrong and Mr. Asquith and Mr. D. A. Thomas were relatively right. We say relatively right because they were only relatively right to the sentimental social reformers.

They were wrong, however, as statesmen, for it was not only their business to refuse the schedule, it was their duty to substitute for a system that could not accept it a system that could. Even on this ground, however, Mr. Asquith sees no reason against the intervention of the State in the first condition of legally enforcing a Minimum Wage. We hope we have made plain in the course of these notes our conviction that the policy of the Social Democrats, the Socialists, and the Men respectively. We hope we have indicated also where, in our opinion, lies the onus of
maintaining the system as it is. Either the experiment of Private ownership ought to be continued; in which case "amelioration" at the expense of employers or employees; or that experiment should definitely be ended on the ground that it has demonstrably failed. Failed, in our opinion, it undoubtedly has, and as a failure it would be recognised if social reformers had not succeeded and were not still engaged in disguising its effects.

Applying these considerations to the Dock Strike of 1889, at the moment of writing, in progress, we have at one time or another have no better alternative than that the Government should carry out its intervention. The mere fact that character for a like to insinuate this as a plain statement of fact, and them strongest minds. But if the fear of starvation is not, and ought not to be, a sufficient preventive of men coming out on strike, the fear of indictment ought not to be a preventive of employers insisting on rights granted to them by society. Into the detailed merits of the two sides of the present dispute we are not concerned to enter. It is quite enough for us to know that a man like Lord Devonport and a man like Mr. Tillett is on the other. The mere fact that character for these men are equal, though opposite, compels us to the conclusion that both are right. We should like to insist on this as a plain statement of fact, and, as in no sense, a paradox. What matters it to us that Mr. Tillett calls Lord Devonport a "devil," and Lord Devonport retorts by singling out Mr. Tillett for a rare word of abuse—the fact is that for the careful observer there is no pin to choose between them. Put Lord Devonport in Mr. Tillett's place, he would be haranguing the dockers on Tower Hill and persuading them to die before surrendering. Make Mr. Tillett Chairman of the Port of London Authority and he would be Lord Devonport over again. The tragedy of the situation (if it should be regarded as a tragedy) does not lie in the belief that either Lord Devonport or Mr. Tillett is wholly right or wholly wrong; it lies in the actual fact that both are entirely right. Without surrendering his "rights"—sacred in so far as they have been sanctioned by society—Lord Devonport cannot admit the claims of the Transport Workers. On the other hand, without regarding his duties, you can do nothing for the workmen, Mr. Tillett cannot suffer an abatement of their claims. What is the practical conclusion to be drawn from this clash of rights and claims and duties but the conclusion that while both are right relatively to each other, both are wrong relatively to society at large?

It may safely be said that whenever two people, or two parties of any description, find themselves in righteous antagonism, the dispute is one that either should never have arisen or should never be allowed to arise again. Two parties equally respecting each other can only conflict, the collision when their ground of conflict is in itself artificial, so to say. Under natural circumstances, Lord Devonport and Mr. Tillett would be partners and not opponents in national industry. Lord Devonport has a genius for the organisation of things; Mr. Tillett has a genius for the organisation of men. What is there in these two complementary, and in no sense competitive, qualities to bring about a collision? Obviously nothing in themselves. The origin of the collision must, therefore, be sought in circum- stances surrounding it. And what, to both geniuses. Society, as a whole, has certainly an interest in giving each of these geniuses free play; and as certainly it has no interest in putting them into conflict. Thereby, indeed, the powers that might be beneficent become maleficient. But society, as we know, is not organised to extract the highest social utility from the geniuses born in it. On the contrary, its present notion is to allow abilities of all kinds a free field and no order; with the result that everybody's ability belongs to nobody. The Government should definitely be ended on the ground that it has demonstrably failed. Failed, in our opinion, it undoubtedly has, and as a failure it would be recognised if social reformers had not succeeded and were not still engaged in disguising its effects.

It will now be seen that the State as the entirely neutral or the entirely active party has no more moral right to it: intervention for the cancellation of the its intervention is designed to remove the common ground. To intervene for the purpose of compelling Lord Devonport to make concessions, he otherwise may refuse to be interfere unjustly with his charter of profiteering—a charter in the same sense certainly and openly and deliberately given to him. Doubtless it would suit the social reforming nepotism very well if the Government were to lay on private employers the legal duty of paying high wages and of keeping their men only six hours a day. Social reformers might then, without having made the smallest personal sacrifice, mount their chariots of fire and ride straight to the bottom of Abraham. But meanwhile the employers themselves might possibly come into collision with the Government, under the influence of social reformers, had made their charters or licences of employment useless. "You have not," they might say, "had the common honesty to inform us that the profiteering system is wrong. We must be cancelled; nor have you stuck to your bargain to provide us a fair field for its exercise; but you have, subsequently to its grant, imposed conditions on it which actually nullify its value to us." What any Government with a sense of justice could reply to this we confess we cannot say. On the other hand, if the State intervenes on behalf of the employers by inducing or forcing the men to return to work before they otherwise could, and without their demands satisfied, the men too can justly complain. "You know," they might say, "that without the power to organise and to strike and, in the long run, to starve ourselves and perhaps starve our employers, we should never have been employers; you have given them great powers; the least you can do is to leave us the means of using our own powers." We confess again that no reply to this appears possible. But what is the State then to do if it is not to intervene on either side? If the Radicals who demand State intervention on behalf of the men are as wrong as the Tories who demand State intervention on behalf of the employers, what course of conduct is right? The answer to the question is this: if the profiteering charter as it affects both parties. We said at the time of the Railway Strike that the only just excuse for Government intervention was nationalism. The ground on which it is applied to the Coal Strike; it applies again to the Dock Strike. While profiteering continues the best course for the State to follow is to do as little as possible. Laissez-faire should be the motto of any Government that authorises private capitalism. On the other hand, when the State is not the employer, and intervention should be complete and final. We may be quite sure that private ownership has broken down in any given industry when its two parties are as much at loggerheads as the employers and workmen in the docks and mines and on the railways. But what the industry does so break down in its private form, the State should intervene to supersede it. Lord Devonport as a semi-State-official was the legitimate successor of the private dock employers of 1890. The State is the legitimate successor of Lord Devonport.
When writing on the subject of Turkey some weeks ago I referred to the parlous state of the Young Turk Committee and to the party which is still referred to as the "Party of Union and Progress." There is therefore little for me to add with reference to present events in the Balkan Peninsula. If Turkey need not concern herself with present events in the Balkan Peninsula, it will none the less require all her energies to deal with internal troubles. The unrest in Arabia may take a more expressive form at any moment, and Albania has not been in a settled condition for weeks. In addition to the chronic risings in Albania arising from Turkish maladministration, combined with brutality and repression, there are the mutinous Turkish officers and soldiers to deal with; and mutiny in the Turkish army is a grave symptom.

Without the aid of the Army, as all the world knows, "reform" in Turkey would have been out of the question. It needed the first-class fighting instrument, organised by General von der Goltz and perfected by Mahmoud Shefket Pasha, to set the Young Turks in their position. For several months this fighting machine has not been working smoothly. The officers, most of whom are at least patriotic men, know their power. They were not satisfied with the conduct of the war; they believed that insufficient precautions were taken in respect to the garrisons in the province which Italy has "annexed," as well as the garrisons in the Aegean Islands. Many of the officers were dissatisfied, too, with the gerrymandering of the last elections, with the neglect of the navy, with the treatment of the subordinate races, with the slow progress being made with the education of the people, and, in short, with things in general.

It need not surprise the outside world to find that any opposition of Union and Progress to the Committee that is meeting with is coming from some of the army officers. The wealthier merchants and the class roughly corresponding to our "landed gentry" dare no more open their mouths to grumble under the regime of the Committee than they could under the régime of Abdul Hamid. Persecution in either case was and is the natural result. Before coming into office the Young Turks denounced the spy system; but their own organisation of spics and the formers is at least as good as that of Abdul Hamid. Opposition is stifled throughout the country owing to the fear of spies, and opposition has been stifled in the Chamber of Deputies by the open gerrymandering of the last elections, with the neglect of the navy, with the treatment of the subordinate races, with the slow progress being made with the education of the people, and, in short, with things in general.

It follows that not even army officers would dare to criticise the Committee unless they felt themselves strongly supported. And that they do feel themselves so supported is shown by the fact that they have dared to criticise the Committee, that they have called for the resignation of the most important Young Turk in the country, Mahmoud Shefket Pasha, the War Minister, and that Mahmoud Shefket Pasha has had to bow to the storm and resign. In other words, the very army that deposed Abdul Hamid and set up the Committee in his stead is now divided against itself. Since no paper in Western Europe, or anywhere else, has indicated exactly how the army is split up, perhaps I may take this opportunity of doing so. There are three groups in it: one large group, which is ready to support the Committee through thick and thin; another large group which, while desirous of maintaining the new régime, strongly objects to the politicians at present in office, especially Mahmoud Shefket, whose disappearance from the War Office does not necessarily mean that he is no longer powerful, Talaat Bey, and Djavid Bey; and a third group of optimists, who disapprove strongly of the Committee that they have gone so far as to mutiny.

This third group, I believe, will ultimately join the second, and, rather than allow the public scandal of nearly a hundred courts-martial, the authorities will probably overlook their action. The first group, then, concern us much more than the last. We already know the first: the official Committee, which is as omnipotent and corrupt as Abdul Hamid's régime, and only slightly more efficient. It has failed because its leaders, having spent most of their manhood in Geneva, London, or Paris, returned to Turkey with wild Rousseau-esque theories of government which were not shared by the people of the country. The attempt to force these naïve theories upon a typically Western that they are not acted upon even in the West—down the throats of people who are still three parts Oriental has naturally failed, a fact which the Djavidis and Talaats are too egotistic to admit. It is impossible to transport theories of government from Geneva to Constantinople and expect them to work well in practice in a land which is not even remotely adapted for them.

The second group is more hopeful. It looks back with disgust to the Hamidian régime; but it regards the present régime with the usual regime theories, and it is not likely to reform the government on traditional lines—it wishes, that is to say, to conform to the religious and political habits and inclinations of the Mohammedan population, by far the most important population of the Ottoman Empire. The chief figures in this group are Kiamil Pasha and Hussein Hilmi Pasha, both of whom have held the Grand Vizierate. If Hakki Pasha were gifted with sufficient ability to handle definitely certain subjects, such as the value to Turkey of a German alliance as compared with the support of France and Great Britain, he might also be counted in this group. But it must not be forgotten that although many of the Turks look upon Kiamil Pasha as the coming man, this coming man is now 85 or 86 years old. There are few hopeful moderate men among the Young Turks who are young in years as well as in name; but there may be appeals to Fethi Bey and Enver Bey.

Tewfik Pasha, who has had the offer of the Grand Vizierate vacated by Said Pasha, has successfully represented Turkey at the Court of St. James's since the summer of 1909; and it is no secret that he would have preferred to remain in his post here. Indeed, while the messages from Constantinople are contradictory, he would appear to have declined the offer, and the post will now probably be given to Ghazi Mouktar Pasha. The new Grand Vizier will have a free hand—that is understood—but where is he to look for Ministers? It would be madness to dissolve the Chamber just now, and it is clear that Turkey's internal troubles place her at a disadvantage when peace terms with Italy are mooted. The symptoms of uneasiness among the Turkish people, the unrest in the army, and the risings in Albania, are three factors which will not contribute to render the task of the new Grand Vizier more easy. A hotch-potch Cabinet may succeed in coming to terms with Italy on the basis of the Sultan's sovereignty as Caliph, in calming Albania by a more sympathetic administration, and in quieting the army by gradually admitting the spirit of opposition into the Chamber. From the Scent should be more than this; we cannot in the meantime expect any Turkish Cabinet; and even this would be a good beginning. But, in view of the uncertain situation in Constantinople and Salonika, it is impossible to make any further suggestions or prophecies.

Young China, as we can see, is following Young Turkey, and for the same reasons. Rousseau no more suits Pekin than he suits Constantinople. The more moderate Chinese, who are now trying to stave off the foreign loan which is being thrust upon them, are in as trying a position as the moderates in Turkey. That Yuan-Shi-Kai's resignation should be spoken of in the circumstances is not surprising; but, whether he goes or stays, Russia and Japan have definitely come to an agreement about the division of Mongolia and Southern Manchuria.
The Economics of the Wage System.

We earnestly hope that we have now proved the supreme importance of understanding the true meaning of "wages" and the "wage" system. We are not amusing ourselves by scoring small points, nor do we insist upon a pedantic definition. But we ask our readers to keep in view the cardinal fact that the payment and acceptance of wages means no more and no less than the transfer of created wealth from the producer to the entrepreneur. That must be clearly grasped by the wage-earners before we can make actual progress towards industrial democracy.

Mr. and Mrs. Webb do not apparently attach any importance to this distinguishing characteristic of the wage system. Let us see how it works out in practice. We quote from a letter that appeared in the "Star" last week:

I would invite Mr. Arthur Chamberlain to have a walk round the Albert and Victoria Docks and see for himself the many hundreds of capable labourers at work and things apparently humming. I am not going to suggest that these men are as well qualified as the men who are on strike, but one can see a daily improvement in their methods, and soon they'll show off that is improved. Good God, not wish to enter into the reasons why the late dockers left their work without notice, but maintain—what I think must be generally admitted—that every Britisher has a perfect right to take up any job that's offering; and what we are witnessing at present is a turnover of labour. That is something of a price and his money barons. Possession has passed; the dock-gates through which they have passed to the dock work were temporarily out of action, owing to a dock capitalest upon graduated gradations as may be agreed upon. Every soldier, officer or private, becomes a living integral part of the Army. He cannot be casualised, nor can his work, such as it is, be capitalised. The spirit that pervades the Army is, in consequence, different from the spirit that dominates wage slavery. In other words, "pay" and the discipline of effective organisation produce entirely different psychological results from those created by 'wages' and ineffective organisation.

Whether the military psychology is of every respect desirable is beside the point; the material fact is that the Army is, in consequence, different from the spirit and purpose of commerce. But we have no wish either to idealise the Army or push our analogy too far. We are not idealising the Army, but we are ascribing to the Army characteristics which it possesses. The Academy of the future will not be the arm of some new imperialism, but it will be the army of the future.

III. By his acceptance of wages he further admits that his potential labour power may be stolen from him and given to another.

If we consider these wage conditions dispassionately, in what way can we distinguish them from chattel slavery? The slave had no right to his own body—the source of his labour power; the wage-earner has no right to his own labour or its products.

Our definition of wages cannot be seriously disputed. Granted the accuracy of our definition, can these conclusions be seriously disputed? Yet some of our critics still think that we are wasting our time in concentrating upon the urgency of abolishing the wage system.

The struggle of the future (of the near future, let us pray) will be the struggle of the industrial workers to regain possession of what they have lost and to retain possession of what they produce. The bulwark which protects surplus value from the wage-earner, which secures it to the entrepreneur, is the wage system. That is why it must be abolished.

Now let us suppose that the work of the London docks were done, not by more or less casual wage slaves, but by a properly organised and regimented labour army, penetrated by a military spirit attuned to industry. Do soldiers receive wages? No; they receive pay. Good God! Do they ever say—"Go, soldier, good!" to the men who are on strike? (and possibly even Mr. Sidney Webb), "what earthly difference is there between 'wages' and 'pay'?" Let us see. The soldier receives pay whether he is busy or idle, whether in peace or in war. He pays him. A sum of money is voted annually by Parliament to maintain the Army, and the amount is paid in such gradations as may be agreed upon. Every soldier, officer or private, becomes a living integral part of that Army. He is protected by military law and regulations. He cannot be casualised, nor can his work, such as it is, be capitalised. The spirit that pervades the Army is, in consequence, different from the spirit that dominates wage slavery.

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quote the pay system that obtains in the Army to prove
spiritually nobly motivated, could easily dispense with
that dehumanising element, could do its work in a
There are still many economic aspects to be considered.
We must consider the effect of the wage system upon
the exploited wage-earner and also upon the exploiter.
That degrading wage system, and, having eliminated
primarily based upon subsistence are favourably
affected by organisation. We have seen that unskilled
labour is generally unorganised labour; that skilled
labour is almost synonymous with organised labour.
The time worked, must suffice for the time unemployed.
Thus we see that wages, whilst paid only for
the wage-earner in some sort of organised defence against
the germ of the overthrow of the wage system is to be
found in the bearing down of wages to bare subsistence. The
trade unions which we are liable to overlook
the hall-mark of intellectual superiority of greed and crown

But the point to be emphasised is that, when, in the
fullness of time, the guilds come to a reckoning with
the time worked, must suffice for the time unemployed.
The answer is really rather simple. The wage
system necessitated throwing the burden of the cost
of the labour commodity actually delivered enters
the hall-mark of intellectual superiority of greed and crown

Belfast and Poverty.

By St. John G. Ervine

Mr. J. H. Stirling, "a plain business man, earning his
living in what he hopes (I wish he were certain of this)
is an honest trade," gives in his article entitled "The Case for Belfast," in The New Age for July 11. Before I reply to Mr. Stirling, may I
recall to your readers' remembrance the subject of my
previous contribution to your pages, "The Origin of Home Rule Politics," and in it I
tried to describe the mental attitude of the Protestant
working-man of the North of Ireland, and also to explain
why it is that he, an industrial worker, bearing
many marks of resemblance to the industrial workers of
the North of England and the factory and workshop
areas of Scotland, should differ from them so widely
in the matter of politics. In order that I might do this
effectively it was necessary that I should state some
historical facts: without a statement of these facts I
could not have explained the seemingly paradoxical
position of a working-class population which persistently
votes Tory. Bearing this in mind, then, it will be
obvious that Mr. Stirling's article is as silly as his title
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without the sense of citizenship, that they allow their
city to become a byword among other men because of
the hideousness of its architecture and the hideousness
of its mental condition; he means that for them the
trust that I have made my meaning clear to Mr.
Stirling. One, that I made a reckless state-
ment regarding the amount of sweating in Belfast; the
other, that I wrote a lie when I stated that the Report
made by the Medical Officer of Health for Belfast, Dr.
Baillie, shows that the Belfast corporation is ten
years behind the rest of the world. Mr. Stirling
attempts to confute my statement regarding the sweating in 
Belfast by quoting certain Board of Trade figures relating to pauperism. Here they are:—

May, June.
Belfast ... ... 107 ... ... 101 per 10,000 of population.
Dublin ... ... 290 ... ... 290 do.
Cork ... ... 339 ... ... 335 do.
Manchester ... 258 ... ... 199 do.
Leeds ... ... 158 ... ... 146 do.
Glasgow ... ... 263 ... ... 251 do.
Average for U.K. ... ... ... ... 205 ...

Mr. Stirling's intention in quoting these figures is
very plain. It is to make the readers of his article believe that there is less pauperism in Belfast than
there is in Dublin, and more than three times as much pauperism in Dublin as there is in
Belfast, and more than three times as much pauperism in Cork as there is in Belfast.
Mr. Stirling is either a very ignorant man,
or a very dishonest man: either he is totally ignorant of Poor Law administration and its effects upon poverty, or he has deliberately omitted to state that it is the practice of the Board of Guardians in Belfast to restrict Outdoor Relief to
the practice of the Board of Guardians in Dublin to grant Outdoor Relief freely. A very elementary knowledge of Poor Law is sufficient to teach the student of sociology that the restriction of Outdoor Relief, while it has the effect of making the percentage of pauperism look small, has also the effect of intensifying the problem of poverty among the decent poor, who will endure any straits rather than accept the alternative to Outdoor Relief, namely, the charity of their employers in the hope that they may enter the workhouse. I hesitate to express my mind freely about a man who has the audacity to quote those percentages without at the same time stating what is the report of the Poor Law Medical Officer of Health recorded so frightful a state of poverty. It is to
outdoor relief! If, as I, in my charity, assume, Mr. Stirling is unaware of the connection between the rate of pauperism, the method of granting relief, and the general problem of poverty, then the sooner he-ceases to be a "plain, business man, hoping that he is earning his living honestly," the better it will be for the state of his immortal soul.

Mr. Stirling, "on the direct personal authority of" Dr. Baillie, nay, "to the counter as an unqualified falsehood," my statement 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." Mr. Stirling is so ingenious a gentleman that he does not pause to note the fallacy of his word "last" in my statement, and so I hasten to state that my reference was to the report made by Dr. Baillie about the month of August, 1910. I assert that that report was withdrawn by the Corporation (I made five separate attempts through friends residing in Bel-
fast to obtain a copy of it, without success) and that an amended report was subsequently issued. Does Mr. Stirling state that this assertion is "an unqualified falsehood?" Does Mr. Stirling mean to make his charge, will he explain why it is that the citizens of Belfast cannot obtain a copy of the original report? Will he explain why it is that when a friend of mine recently applied at the City Hall, Belfast, for copies of the M.O.'s reports for the past two years, he was informed only by an alderman or a city council-
or? Will he further explain why it is that a citizen is
denied the right to obtain official city documents, for the publication of which he pays, except by the favour of his elected representatives? Will he also explain why the City Corporation held private meetings to consider the Report? Will he deny that the labourers employed in Messrs. Ewart's mill are paid at the rate of 13s. per week? Will he deny the statements related hereunder:—

For clipping cotton pocket handkerchiefs with 120 clips on each a sum of 1d. per dozen is paid. It takes an expert worker five hours to clip twelve dozen.

For thread-drawing pure linen handkerchiefs, supplied by one of the best and oldest firms in the city, 1d. per dozen is paid. Six dozen can be drawn in one day by hard work.

For clipping the threads on an elaborately embroidered bedspread, 9d. by rooin, 1d. is paid. It takes fully an hour to do this work.

For thread-drawing pillow-cases 4d. per dozen is paid. It takes three hours to make.

Sixpence per dozen is paid for handkerchiefs on each of which 112 dots have to be sewn.

An expert worker can make 15. yd. by working fourteen hours at skirtmaking.

Does Mr. Stirling deny that the following table of wages paid in the linen trade in Belfast is accurate? It was prepared about the time that Dr. Baillie's report was published, and it includes in each case a bonus of 1s. per week:—

**Weaving Department.**

Damask weavers, 15s.; plain and fancy, 12s.; tenners, 40s.; warpers, 15s.; winders, 11s.; card cutters, 35s.; damask mounters, 10s.

**Spinning Department.**

Spinners, 11s. 6d.; doffers, 8s. 9d.; layers, 9s. 3d.; piecers, 10s. 9d.

**Preparing Department.**

Rovers, 12s. 6d.; drawers, 11s.; spreaders, 11s.; doffers, 9s.; carders, 11s.; flax roughers, 22s.; flax dressers, 25s.; machine-breakers, 6d. and 9s. 6d.

I leave the matter there for the decision of your readers. Mr. Stirling states that I have not compared the condition of affairs in Belfast with the condition of affairs elsewhere? Why should I? Even if it were true that the conditions of life elsewhere were as bad as they are in Belfast, or even worse, that would not make the lot of the Belfast worker any easier to bear. It must be borne in mind, however, that the Belfast man has asserted without ceasing that Belfast is a city of model habits. Mr. Stirling, for example, states that there practically are not any slums in Belfast! The favourite statement of the Orange drum-thumper is that such slums as there are in Belfast are all in what is called the West End of the city. I am not in a position to report what is the practice of the Board of Guardians in Dublin to grant Outdoor Relief freely. A very elementary knowledge of Poor Law is sufficient to teach the student of sociology that the restriction of Outdoor Relief, while it has the effect of making the percentage of pauperism look small, has also the effect of intensifying the problem of poverty among the decent poor, who will endure any straits rather than accept the alternative to Outdoor Relief, namely, the charity of their employers in the hope that they may enter the workhouse. I hesitate to express my mind freely about a man who has the audacity to quote those percentages without at the same time stating what is the report of the Poor Law Medical Officer of Health recorded so frightful a state of poverty. It is to outdoor relief! If, as I, in my charity, assume, Mr. Stirling is unaware of the connection between the rate of pauperism, the method of granting relief, and the general problem of poverty, then the sooner he-ceases to be a "plain, business man, hoping that he is earning his living honestly," the better it will be for the state of his immortal soul.

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or? Will he further explain why it is that a citizen is
hardly matter. A street is not a slum because it is narrow; it is a slum because it is unfit for human habitation; and it becomes unfit for human habitation because the people who live in it are so poor that they have to over-crowd. The reason why Belfast does not contain many narrow streets and courts is because it is a new city; even a Belfast jerry-builder, if he might be (as the Belfast Corporation is stuffed with jerry-builders and the like), will not deliberately build a narrow alley.

The Belfast City-Corporation is notoriously a corrupt body. When I lived in Belfast (I was then a Tory, a Presbyterian, and in sympathy with the Orange institution) the appointments made by the Corporation were a standing joke. All appointments made were jobs. It was common knowledge that vacant posts were filled in furtive fashion before the advertisements announcing the vacancies were sent to the newspapers. It was considered to be a sign of extreme mental weakness if a man made application for such a post solely on the strength of having read of the vacancy in the advertisement columns of the local papers.

Lately a Belfast man came to me and complained because I, as he said, had written bitterly in Radical journals against the city; and the city, he said, had no intelligence. I replied that I had not written against Belfast in Radical journals (though it would have made no difference to my case if I had); he still appealed to me in the name of patriotism not to write thus again. Patriotism is a great virtue, but, like all great virtues, it is easily exploited by the wicked to their own advantage. I can understand a man fighting for the glory of God; I can understand a man fighting for the glory of England; but I am damned if I can understand a man fighting for the glory of Solly Joel and Wernher, Beit and Co., as British men did in South Africa. I can understand an Orangeman fighting for his faith, but I cannot understand him fighting for a gang of money-grubbing gentry. It may be that patriotism, if not encouraged to stand up for your country or your city in all circumstances, but there is a finer patriotism than that, the patriotism which has the courage to own up when the patriots are in the wrong; I respect the Orangeman: he is a man of great qualities, marred at points by deliberate perversity; but I do not hesitate to call him a fool when he allows himself to be persuaded that his interests are identical with those of Mr. J. H. Stirling and that preposterous millitant, Captain Craig. Mr. Stirling, no doubt, finds it to the advantage of the directors and shareholders of the York Street Mill to tell the workers in that mill that they must put their simple faith in him. Captain Craig, no doubt, finds that his income from his mill, like mine, is kept steady by diverting the attention of his employees from the consideration of their economic state to the consideration of the future home of the Pope; but I suspect that the workers are less concerned to have their drum-thumping and their Pope-cursing and their Catholic-beating, will discover that what is good for Mr. Stirling and Captain Craig is uncommonly bad for them.

Gold and State Banking.

By Arthur Kitson.

The Oracle has spoken! The Mountain has laboured and brought forth—a Mouse!—and a venerable little specimen at that! Its name is "Gold and State Banking," "A Study in the Economics of Monopoly," by Edward R. Pease, published and sold by the Fabian Society. This work, in a double sense, beget to the earnest solicitations of many of its members and subscribers say something upon a subject which, just now, happens to be a vital political issue in the United States, and has been honoured with discussion at most, if not all, of the annual meetings of our American branch of the Fabian Society. For some years past, the leading Pundits of the Fabian Society found it necessary—for the sake of their reputation—to issue some sort of a pronunciamento on the banking and currency question.

Their position was an embarrassing one. For years they had let it be known that there was no "question" involved, and that those who ascribed industrial and social troubles wholly, or in a measure, to our currency and banking system were merely "currency cranks." The currency panic of 1907 which played such havoc with trade and production in generally, showed, however, that "they didn't know everything down in Judee." Hence the simple believers began to lose faith in the infallibility of the Fabian Junta. Could it be possible, they asked themselves, "that this silence is due to ignorance?"

There was some risk in allowing the Oracle to remain dumb any longer, hence the present pamphlet!

It has often been asserted by certain unkind critics that the impossibility of getting any information out of the Fabian Junta was due to the fact that your Fabian is merely a cloak to mask what, in reality, is but a pretence to knowledge.

And certainly this so-called "Study in the Economics of Monopoly" gives some grounds for such criticism. The author commences with a preparatory note on "Currency Cranks." "Currency cranks," says our Fabian Oracle, "are the most foolish of theorists, and their schemes the most futile of economic propositions. The saying "money grows on trees" is not a scheme, but a forecast." "And the reader is particularly requested to note that what is here outlined is not a scheme, but a forecast." Neither the Government nor any individual is asked to adopt any proposals or to follow any advice. The writer invites them only to accept Mr. Asquith's well-known policy—"Wait and See." "In his view, the almost inevitable effect of economic causes will be that our banks will continue to print money as fast as the patriotic majority of the unfortunate public, who do not possess the private means to control the operation of the money supply, will require it, and the Government, or the private banks, or the general public, or the Government and the private banks, or virtually one, its power will be too enormous for private persons to wield; hence it must be controlled by the State."

There is your true Fabian Pharisee in his favourite colours! He first wishes the public to understand that he is not one of those foolish currency reform advocates—thank God, not he!—but he deigns to utter a few words of cautious wisdom on the subject merely as a guide to the unwary.

He imagines that the Government—nay, the world—is sitting at his feet waiting breathlessly for the insipid words that flow from his lips! Fearful lest his pronounce may lead to immediate action, and Mr. Asquith, that most steady of men, might rush a Bill through Parliament to empower the Government to buy up all the banks and form one Central State Institution, he cautions, and they, to "Wait and See."!

Now, after these necessary explanations, anticipations, and precautions, the reader's expectations are naturally raised to the highest pitch. Alas! only to be rudely dashed to the ground! For, out of the matter comprised within its eighteen pages, it may be honestly asserted that every intelligent observer would find this monumental "Study," every truthful assertion, every fact the author supposes to be novel, will be found in the writings of those much despised "Currency Cranks," whilst every original "speculation" of the author himself is absolute rubbish!

Take, for example, what he calls a "remarkable conclusion," which seems to consist in his "discovery" that within a few years all our banks will have amalgamated—a result which would tend to destroy interest on deposits, as well as the necessity for cash, and render banking simply a matter of book-keeping.

I am not going to accuse the Fabian Secretary of wilful dishonesty or plagiarism, nor would I dare accuse him of having read that organ of "Currency Cranks," the "Open Review." Yet I can assure those Fabians who have any intelligence that practically all these "remarkable conclusions" will be found in articles published in old numbers of that (now defunct)
magazine, under the titles of "The English Octopus," "How to Solve the Problem of the Gold Reserves," etc., etc. Perhaps I may be allowed to quote the following extract from a lecture delivered before the members of the Banking and Currency Reform League, November 28, 1908:

Of late years the tendency of banks has been to amalgamate, and it is quite within the bounds of possibility that during the next twenty-five years the joint-stock banks of this country may be controlled by one board of directors. Whilst such an amalgamation would greatly reduce the need for gold and currency and enable economic transactions to take place practically without control of the whole of the trade and commerce of this country. The profits which are now made, and which are exceedingly high, would be doubled and trebled. It is to be hoped there will be such a board practically as the whole of the trade and commerce of this country.

Now there was nothing, so far as I know, particularly original in the above statement at that time. Similar ideas had undoubtedly been expressed long before. The point I wish to make is this. Since the Fabian author terms his speculations "remarkable conclusions," and deliberately ignores the writings of the "Currency Cranks" whom he professes to regard with such contempt—a circumstance which places him in a very contemptible position. To affect an air of superiority over those who are not imbued with the same views is simple assininity. On the other hand, if he had knowledge of such writings, his attitude is worse than dishonest.

If one is to gauge the intelligence of the members of the Fabian Society by this "Study," one must assume that—they are a "feeble folk." Here are a few priceless samples selected at random from this Fabian mine of wealth:

Trade is simply barren. Labour, added to raw materials, creates wealth. The mere addition of labour to raw material does not necessarily create wealth. The amount of the labour is no measure of the amount of wealth. It is impossible to measure wealth in terms of labour. The labour note comes to be merely an attractive name for a paper currency. If the average Fabian has advanced in his economics no further than this stage, he has certainly a long road before him to reach even the elementary stage of "Currency Crank" literature.

Then we have some remarkable speculations of the Guernsey Market Notes. Everyone knows of the Guernsey Market experiment, under which the Government, for a nation to carry on an industry without an unlimited provision of currency, and to prevent its burdening its subjects for all time with interest charges, is a "descent." Most people would prefer that "descent" to the other road which leads to bond slavery. Is it any wonder that the bankers—who flourish in proportion as debts are created—"kicked?"

"Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth, and our craft is in danger to be set at naught," said the Craftsman of the Temple of Diana. And similarly the bankers (of Guernsey) kicked the States to retrace their steps. It would be interesting to know what was the amount of the "persuasion" in gold!

Forty years ago, after the Northern States had successfully carried on an industry with paper currency—a currency which had also enabled the nation to maintain its trade and commerce unimpeded during those years of trial and crisis—the bankers saw that this paper took the place of bank credit to an alarming extent, driving them of much gain, and they also "kicked" and finally "persuaded" the Government to destroy millions of paper dollars, and augment the National Debt, by means of special legislation, it is alleged—by enormous bribes given to legislators!

The Fabian writer regards the fact that £41,000 of the £55,000 of notes issued by the State of Guernsey still remain in circulation, as an evidence of failure! What on earth is currency for, but to circulate and keep on circulating? And if you redeem and destroy it, how is future trade to be carried on? If there is one fact that proves the success of the Guernsey Note experiment, it is that the same notes have continued to circulate and facilitate trade for nearly a century. If this is an objection, it applies with equal force to the Bank of England Notes issued against the Government Debt.

A further evidence of failure alleged by the author is that the Market Notes are driving out gold—an evidence to any person gifted with commonsense of the superiority of the notes over gold for currency purposes. If steel ships drive wooden ones out of use, if motor cars and 'buses put the old horse-drawn vehicles out of the running, is this not accepted universally as evidence of the superiority and survival of the fittest? And, if this applies in all commercial and industrial affairs, why is it not an exception to this universal law? It is only Greshamites, Fabians, bankers and usurers who have the effrontery to deny the rule.

Then we are treated to a dissertation on the "stability of gold"—a statement disproved by every index table compiled for the past fifty years. (Why on earth did not the Fabians present their secretary with a financial primer before starting him on this task?) The author tells us also we have in England "every ounce of gold we want to use." (Why then do not the Fabians, who, we are told, supply the Cabinet with brains and measures, have the importation of gold immediately stopped?) He adds: "Even if 10 or 20 millions in gold were required, ought we to pawn the Bank, nor would use another sovereign than he uses now?" The assumption here is—and, to give any degree of sense to these assertions, he should have added—"provided the introduction of this extra medium did not affect the Bank Rate." But it always does affect the Bank Rate, and so these assertions are absolutely fallacious!
If a baker were to go through the dock strikers’ district just now offering to sell bread at 6d. a loaf, he would return without effecting a single sale. If he were a Fabian, he would interpret this by asserting that the strikers and their families had every ounce of bread they can use!

If the Bank Rate could be put down to 1 per cent. and maintained at that level for, say, 12 months, the demand for currency would be augmented several hundred per cent! The demand for currency is largely determined by the Bank Rate, and the presence of much or little gold in the Bank helps to fix the rate. Hence the demand for gold is affected by its supply.

The classic illustration of the inverted pyramid representing commerce as resting on credit and gold on which it stands is well put by the Fabian Oracle, “because the security of the credit system does not depend on gold, but on public good sense, and gold is to the system merely the small dent of the apex, is “all a delusion,” says the Fabian Oracle, “because the security of the credit system does not depend on gold, but on public good sense, and gold is to the system merely the small change, etc.”

Well, most people will admit that our leading bankers, such as Sir E. H. Holden, the president of the great London City and Midland Banking Co., Sir Felix Schuster, of the Union and Smith’s, Lord Avebury, etc., know at least as much of the practice of banking in this and other countries as the Secretary of the London Fabian Society. Let us see what their opinion is. We find it voiced in an address by Sir E. H. Holden delivered before the Liverpool Bankers’ Association a few years since (1908) in the following sentences: “The business of the world is carried on by means of loans; loans create credits, the stand-by for the protection of credits is gold, and, therefore, gold controls the trade of the world. In giving advice to his fellow-bankers, he added: ‘The loan is the danger spot. . . . The loans of every country should be limited by their gold bases.” And yet our little Fabian tells his readers, “The odd thing is that gold, supposed to be desired by all men, is, in fact, the one thing bankers dislike and detest!” That statement is certainly “odd”! Perhaps that is the reason why the bankers have forced the gold standard upon nation after nation and are now forcing it upon China!

The other points dealt with in this precious “Study” are treated by the author in a similarly untrustworthy manner.

We are told that “gold is not a monopoly” (in spite of the United States Money Trust), that everyone can get gold who has property. “Our banks are too big to fail,” and “their security is not dependent on a stock of gold, but on the political and commercial commonsense of our country.” (It is fortunate we have not to depend upon the political commonsense of the Fabian Society!)

Here again the writer displays his total ignorance of financial affairs. Failure in the financial world means failure to fulfil obligations. Those obligations are to pay gold on sight to creditors to the extent of their credits. When the Bank Charter Act was suspended on three different occasions, each suspension was a confession of failure, even though the Bank kept its doors open. In future we shall say of a writer who sees evil in a State issuing paper money which drives gold out of circulation to avoid interest charges, but looks with equanimity on the Bank refusing to pay gold and issues paper as an equivalent? In spite of the vivid recollection created by the epochal war of the great Currency Park of 1893 and 1895, our Fabian authority coolly tells us “financial crises are matters of ancient history!” He thinks that a currency which cannot be exported is useless for domestic purposes, notwithstanding the fact that money never circulates outside the country issuing it.

I need hardly pursue the subject further. With the frequent alteration of the Bank Rate, and its injury to trade caused by the financial affairs of the State, Chambers of Commerce have complained for the past 50 years, the injurious effects on production which interest charges entail limiting the amount of wealth created and hence the unemployment, our author is ominously silent. The Currency and Credit Question is evidently not his “forte.” He and his colleagues are far more at home in writing tomes on “How to promote the survival of the unfit,” in declaring war on “housemaid’s knee,” and urging legislation compelling employers to provide knee-pads for charwomen and scullery maids.

Suffragette Sallies.

By Charles Brookman.

Occasion: “The Women’s Suffrage Demonstration on Sunday, July 14, in Hyde Park, the anniversary of two great events—one is the Fall of the Bastille, and the other is the birthday of Mrs. Pankhurst.”—Official Programme.

The huge red flannelette tea-cosy or “cap of liberty.” The banners are inscribed, “Let us vote like men and not be sold like slaves,” and the like. There is a large crowd present solely for amusement. Student, in passing from one platform to another, stays long enough at each to catch the drift of the speech, where any drift is perceptible. In most cases the speakers say at the beginning what they have to say, and go on saying it until they stop saying it. His report may be accepted as reproducing what was said. What was intended to have been said will probably be found in suffragette newspapers.


MRS. DRUMMOND (bellows): It’s the wimmin’s touch is wanted, an’ you’ve bin wantin’ it for years an’ years an’ years an’ years.

MRS. LOUIS FAGAN: And now we have found out these things, we find them intolerable. But we have always known them.

MISS EVELYN SHARP: We have pay-ay-ay-ay-ayed the price and we me-e-e-o-can.

MISS EILEEN McGOWAN: The prithee of woman’s freedom hath been paid, it hath been paid often. I think that the wimmin’s touch is wanted, an’ you’ve bin wantin’ it for years an’ years an’ years an’ years an’ years an’ years an’ years an’ years. An’ it’s uncommonly easily placed. ‘Tis this Lunnon o’ yours, men o’ Hingland, grite, isn’t it? Yus, grite in many another sense of the word; grite in its misery. Look at yer prisons, look at yer work’ouses, look at yer lunatic asylums, more and more inmates every year. (A voice: “You”re fillin’ em.”) Laughter. Now, frens, yer very disappointed with the wye it’s done, aren’t yer? It’s wimmin’s work, an’ work an’ you men can’t do it, nor as o’w I blime yer, but it’s wimmin’s work. There are seventy thousand ‘ouses condemned every year as unfit for yuman ‘abitation; ‘ow does tliet strike yer? Rather appalling, isn’t it? ‘Ow cin wimmin bear fit chil- dring in unfit ‘omes? Don’t the wimmin belong to the wimmin an’ the law we say? (Cheers.) Yer cried “Shime” twen’y years ago to the wimmin at the street-corners, an’ I cry “Shime” to-dye at any woman ‘oos sees . . .

On Platform 8.

MISS AINO MALMBERG (very red in the face, struggles with the wye it’s done, aren’t yer? It’s wimmin’s work, an’ work an’ you men can’t do it, not as ‘ow I blime yer, but it’s wimmin’s work. There are seventy thousand ‘ouses condemned every year as unfit for yuman ‘abitation; ‘ow does tliet strike yer? Rather appalling, isn’t it? ‘Ow cin wimmin bear fit chil- dring in unfit ‘omes? Don’t the wimmin belong to the wimmin an’ the law we say? (Cheers.) Yer cried “Shime” twen’y years ago to the wimmin at the street-corners, an’ I cry “Shime” to-dye at any woman ‘oos sees . . .

MISS M. SLEEP McGOWAN: The prithee of woman’s freedom hath been paid, it hath been paid often. I think that the wimmin’s touch is wanted, an’ you’ve bin wantin’ it for years an’ years an’ years an’ years an’ years an’ years an’ years. An’ it all got by Mither Aithquith with th-yeek, th-yeek-anery. Why, friendth, he might jutht ath well try ath well to put out the thirthath that th-yine above with a candle-etchin- guin or free gold that the great mov- ement of women, not thlaveth no more, but now free women—politically. I call on Mither George to thepeak.

MISS EVELYN SHARP: We have pay-ay-ay-ay-ayed the price and we me-e-e-o-can.

MISS M. SLEEP McGOWAN: The prithee of woman’s freedom hath been paid, it hath been paid often. I think that the wimmin’s touch is wanted, an’ you’ve bin wantin’ it for years an’ years an’ years an’ years an’ years an’ years an’ years. An’ it all got by Mither Aithquith with th-yeek, th-yeek-anery. Why, friendth, he might jutht ath well try ath well to put out the thirthath that th-yine above with a candle-etchin- guin or free gold that the great mov- ement of women, not thlaveth no more, but now free women—politically. I call on Mither George to thepeak.

MISS W. L. GEORGE (looking grubbily, greasily uncomfortable, and standing about a ugly lower lip as he mutters): Ladies and gentlemen, before I address
you on Women's Suffrage I should like (becomes inaudible) am a Walidic in politics, but—six years—have felt—women's cause—not dismiss from mind. (Inspired.) The faiths that we held then are still our faiths to-day. We come as webeck to a Ministry that has forfeited its trust. I do not say that, because I stand here for women, I have altered my politics. No, I desert my party for the time, and I come here to fight for justice. (Small crowd very incredulous.)

On Platform 17.

Mr. Laurence Housman (capering clumsily and padding with both hands): And the sight of this personal friend brings back to me a personal reminiscence. Some years ago I went to a suffrage meeting at Chelsea, and Mrs. Pankhurst spoke, and afterwards a collection was taken, and instead of everybody treating it with disfavour as usually happens with collections, one hundred and forty pounds were collected, and Mrs. Pankhurst got up with her lips trembling and said—(short illustrative dance)—"This will enable us to fight another by-election!" But now they have enough to fight twenty by-elections. This is our faith, and by our faith we stand!

(On Platform 18, representing the Cymric Suffrage Society, stand a podgy, round-faced, spectacled old man and a blackened, runcinated, senile old woman in red, and a weedy clergyman, the Rev. Drew Roberts, leaning against the back of the cart and shading himself with a pink parasol.)

Mr. Dash Coghlan (picturesquely powerful): As mi could find the American poet Jems Roosevelt Lowell said: "Seek ye truth..."

On Platform 21—The Church League of Woman Suffrage.

A Clergyman (addressing very small crowd. Another regenerate in a skull-cap sits on the back of the cart swinging his legs): "Ow can yer 'ave a representative Government, if the wimmin ha'nt included?"

On Platform 3.

Intelligent Young Thing: We do not claim the vote as a good thing or as a bad thing, nor as a right thing or as a wrong thing, nor as a useful thing or as a useless thing, but as a sign of the recovery of the claim of the cause.—(gets mixed and sits down).

Miss Bonwick or Mrs. Eates: Ever since civilisation woke up, and the world began to make progress, various sections of the community have been dissatisfied and have said, "Give us representative government."

Salvation Army Corps (cheerfully from Park Lane): Rum-tum-rum-yi-yi-yi—(or words to that effect).

At Platform 5.

Mrs. Lamerton Yates or Miss Coombs (waving dirty gloves): And we have knowledge. We have all these four things.

Young Man (for theigglement of two girls): No veg. (A Suffragette turns upon him her purple toque quivering with anger.)

 Suffragist! DID YOU INTERRUPT A WOMAN?—(Laughter.)

A Wife: Oh, Jim, wot a pity we didn't bring little 'Arry. O' course 'e wouldn't 'a hunderstood hall, 'easenows not hall, but 'e'oud' 'ave enjoyed 'isself.

Mrs. L. Y. or Miss C.: Right up from the Magna Charta women have worked for their enfranchisement. Every time the men have fought for it, they have fought with them, and each time the women were left out of it. Mister Asquith has blinded your men, and, perhaps, some of you women, too. Now what is Mr. Asquith's position? Let us inquire.

On Platform 7—Men's Political Union.

Master Duval: That is what happened to the right honourable, or rather, right dishonourable gentleman.

A Short Stout Voice: Bibly! (Loud applause. An old lady appears on platform). "Ehlo! Thet yer mummy cum ter fetch yer?"

Master Duval: You ask why they took my bail. Why, the police knew I was a respectable young fellow. (Wittily to an interrupter): They wouldn't have taken yours.

Short Stout Voice: Bibly! (Cheers.)

Master Duval: Ah! If the East End dock strikers' wives had taken their vote. My word! They have made them come out of the factories and send them round to collect money for them to keep their cigarette and their pot of beer. (Uproar.)

Old Gentleman (standing on one leg): You ber-ludy little jackanapes. (Loud applause.)

The tragedy, me-hen an' wimin, the indenture—

On Platform 13—New C. S.

Cat-faced Woman: Then—I said—I'm—a suffragist—against a Ministwy that has forfeited its twust.

Mr. Keir Hardie (in his faming and dirty white suit): We st-hick by our demand for votes for w-himin.

Mrs. Drummond's Voice (suddenly): Yah! street-corner, pipe an' terbaccas-pouch.

On Platform 11.

Mr. Lansbury (very red round the whiskers): I 'eard some of you the other night was saying—"Women Writers" are represented by Miss Nina Boyle and Miss Abadam, whose names are household words throughout all English-speaking countries.

One of These: The lion of the field rejoices when his mate is strong, for he knows—


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I awakened, enchanted once again by the gay promise of this beautified world, and unable to see anything but what was happy, adventurous, and eternal. A sense of confidence, of indestructible protectedness was all about me. Into the window of the delightful cabin a sweet breeze fell sheer into shadowy coves full of mysterious water; but the day was gathering, gold and hot, upon the heights. Here and there a white house lay among the rich woods on the hillsides, or one was perched so airily on some palmy crag that you would expect a wind to blow it off into the water of nameless colours. At length a harbour with a white town rounded into sight; and I dressed and went on deck, where many people were gathering, eager to go ashore.

The ship slowed to anchor, and soon I was in a boat, with a sun-faced fisher-boy rowing me towards the quay. I never saw so many flowers in all my life as on this lovely island. Directly we touched the wall and I went up the steps from the sea, smiling men and women, boys and girls, came offering bouquets. In a moment I had an armful for a few pence, and then I wandered over the cobbled arcades of the town. Trees shaded everywhere, and one passed in and out of streets, hardly knowing that they were streets because roses trailed there for the plucking if one willed.

Through an alley where houses with shuttered windows stood at two arms' width from each other, I came upon a ox-trolley that went up the side of the flowery island. I got into a little tented car, the brown drivers spoke to me and for the rest of the voyage we were friends. His name was Humphrey Cole, and he was journeying for health; he mentioned this lightly one day, but I never saw him ill or out of love with mirth. . . . Humphrey Cole taught me in charming conversation. One day I had asked him, "What is wisdom?"—I was full of a marvellous book he had lent me, the book of some Indian mystic. Said my friend, as nearly as I can remember: "You would have me foolish enough to discourse upon Wisdom? I will tell you a story first. . . . Once in the native quarter of an Eastern city, I wandered around and around, seeking a certain house. It was noon, and upon everything there lay an inhuman eeriness, and the human desolation of blank walls and deserted streets, eternally once more winding. The strangeness was intensified for me by my knowledge that the buildings were certainly swarming with human life. At sundown I had seen many times, the quarter would be abroad and every alley of it fluttering with gay-robed people. Now, only a heated breeze stirred, winnowing the white dust. Not a soul approached who might have directed me, but at last I came into the street I desired. And there, high in one of those oases which make the charm of Eastern towns, amid a palmy verdant, awaited the person I sought. She had doubtless seen me passing and repassing at distant openings, but with the curious propriety of her race, had waited the moment when I might please to find myself. Her apparent indifference was denied by the preparation of welcome within.

"Wisdom is not unlike a friend who waits, assuming that you will find your way when you please. She is attired and her house is set in order, but there is no messenger sent to constrain you—no halloo. You come at your own moment. When was a man ever compelled by Wisdom, or when did she ever intrude upon blindness and folly? Some philosophers would have us believe that the court of Wisdom must be besieged, stormed and overborne as a city by filtrabusters, but the gate of Wisdom does not open to the tumultuous storming. Only to him who, in still hours, has divined the mystery of thought, whose mind is unfearful of truth, whose action is freed of vandalism, whose feeling is sensitive, and whose whole being is attuned and rhythmical—to that man alone who by all these signs is properly initiated, Wisdom opens her—empty house." . . .

When the ship touched Cape Town, I was sent to losing Humphrey Cole. Half the reason of living seemed to leave me. During the days before the vessel sailed onward, taking him to his death in a distant city, I wandered around and around, seeking a certain house. It was noon, and upon everything there lay an inhuman eeriness, and the human desolation of blank walls and deserted streets, eternally once more winding. The strangeness was intensified for me by my knowledge that the buildings were certainly swarming with human life. At sundown I had seen many times, the quarter would be abroad and every alley of it fluttering with gay-robed people. Now, only a heated breeze stirred, winnowing the white dust. Not a soul approached who might have directed me, but at last I came into the street I desired. And there, high in one of those oases which make the charm of Eastern towns, amid a palmy verdant, awaited the person I sought. She had doubtless seen me passing and repassing at distant openings, but with the curious propriety of her race, had waited the moment when I might please to find myself. Her apparent indifference was denied by the preparation of welcome within.

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At sunset I looked at him: he is looking at me, and I burst into tears, imploring him to stay, or to take me with him. He replies, "I have no more to do with you, my child. Very soon now I shall pass over. But what a way you have to go." He smiles with his eyes, and for a long time is silent, then says, "Have you ever read the tale of the 'Golden Ass'?" Not. Read it. There a man named Apuleius declares himself to have been metamorphosed by Folly. Read it, and if, one future day, you should find yourself awake and alone upon that shore where Apuleius came to himself again, do you as he did, purify through the trees, but his beams shone everywhere. Birds and bees and butterflies filled all the wood. A stranger appeared. Well arrayed and tall was he, and his hair about his admirable brow was like a silken, white crown. He spoke, and I knew he was English. "Excuse me, if you mean to catch the ship you should hurry; the departure flag is up." I jumped up, and we returned to the road, chattering about the ways of ship-captains. There was no car but mine waiting. So we went together, the beautiful, white-haired man and I, and for the rest of the voyage we were friends. His name was Humphrey Cole, and he was journeying for health; he mentioned this lightly one day, but I never saw him ill or out of love with mirth. . . .
And now, I was forced to abandon my beautiful baby to strangers. To the lodging was used to come a woman—help whom the child loved; a big-chested, dark-eyed Irish girl, who had had—and lost—two children. The baby used her as a cushion and would go to sleep in her arms. To this girl, Kitty, I confided baby when I went away for my first week on tour as a theatrical lady. At the last . . . the landlady objected to the child being left, however, Kitty renounced, the little one to her own lodging. I was too weak to risk a journey across the city as well as the train journey, and rehearsals and work at night, and I had no knowledge of the sort of places which may be devised for a doctor," I said. And, without a word, she ran out. I kneeled beside the darling with a sinking fear for a doctor," I said. And, without a word, she ran out. I kneeled beside the darling with a sinking fear and, without a word, she ran out. I kneeled beside the darling with a sinking fear of the hopelessly poor, a sodden, dreadful pit. At last, we turned into a house in that slum. By the light of a candle I could see a bed of a mattress and coverlet, but the cover was clean.

I sank down and bent over my poor infant while Kitty busied herself with a feast of tea and sausage. The child was hot and fretful. She would not look at me, but cried for Kitty to take her. I was much disappointed; but no persuasion stilled the cries. So the big girl worked, holding baby with one arm while I sat, too sad for tears, benumbed and despairing of the future. I drank Kitty's tea and ate her sausage. Kitty ate, too, heartily. But the child refused to open her mouth when we offered her particular food.

"Do you think she is ill?" I exclaimed at last. "Ill! Why would she be ill?" returned Kitty. She stared at the baby; its face was burning and its eyes glittered. Kitty's gaze and mine encountered. Hers fell.

I sprang for the brandy and tried to force a drop between her obdurate mouth when we offered her particular food. The doctor preceded Kitty to the bedside. "You've nothing to nurse her with," I exclaimed irritably. "It is a case for nursing. D'you know anything of illness?"

"I know a little," I managed to say. "I will do what you command. You are shrewd. The sick baby's had been no part of my education. Properly enough! What should a young girl do nursing the sick? But trained nurses should be at least as available as policemen in a civilisation. I will let her go to the hospital," she said, breaking down. The doctor's reply startled my heart. "I don't think she'd stand the journey."

That hour I recovered from my own illness. Strength roared through my bones. I was determined to keep the child. To this girl, Kitty, I confided baby when I went, I know not how, to register my dead. An undertaker measured for the coffin. Many people came and went. Some spoke to me. At last, no person remained but Kitty and the woman who had first come in. Kitty spoke my name. I looked at her, and she said: "'It'll be the Father'll rade the servise to-morror.'"

"To-morrow," I repeated. "'To-morrow,'" I repeated. "The doctor says she'll not keep. Now I'll hurry and Mistress Quinn'll stay with ye.' The door closed behind her. I had a sixpence of my own. "Take this," I said to the woman. "Go." "Shure, ye wouldn't stay alone here?" she hesitated, grasping the coin. "'Go!'" I repeated. The beauty was of the Dead. Beyond any moment of its human existence, the child was glorified. I stood back from the coffin. That which lay there was not mine nor longer common of this earth.

Joy was upon the countenance, and the repose of all the generations that have given up the phantom of human life. There was nothing to be done. I would not touch that brow or the lips or the waxy hands. . . . "'Phew! ye doing as with the brows, ye be dacent, thin!'" I beheld Kitty. I wondered what she was meaning, and why I should not be alone with my dead child. I never knew. I never asked. People followed Kitty into the room, whispering; and she brought one woman and one. "This is Mister Edwards, an' it's he'll give the child a place in her own grave. An' it'll cost us nothing but the funeral carriage. An' every one av ye here has promised a shillun, bless ye all! Open that bottle, now, Joe Henry, and warm yersels, it's starved ye all are."

I saw with horror clutching my brain that the table was littered with bottles of drink. Everyone turned thither at Kitty's word. I started towards the coffin—but at the thing I beheld there I burst into a roar of pain and anger.
The colour, the expression, the size of the countenance had changed. It appeared a grey, shrivelled, haggard face of an ancient, I shrank down upon the ground and they thought I had gone mad. I heard Kitty scream: "Hould her off the corpse. She grieves to different it, you're unattainable. Now come," she addressed me threateningly. "I'll be rough with ye if ye fasten on that thing. Let her go. Ye'll be helping her back, and ye're only keeping her in torment. Lie down a bit, woman dear, an' don't be after hurten' the child!"

I staggered away into a corner and collapsed. They might do what they wished now. They drank all night. I heard lamentation, ribald talk and jest. I listened and looked and cared not. Several times the women arose to admire the loathsome remains of that the Spirit had conquered my aversion and

When morning dawned only Kitty and I were awake. I saw her thrust a man's arm from a female's body and draw the shawl across the woman's breast. Then she made the fire and began to prepare coffee. She brought me a cup before awakening the sleepers; there were six of them, three women and two husband drunk. "Drink ut," she said; "I'll send 'em off now. Praise God the child is safe." I arose and looked at the dead child. Its face was covered with drops of sweat-dress of which several for a shroud was polluted from the touch of foul hands. I washed the face and spread a handkerchief over it, and Kitty brought holy water and resprinkled all about where I leaned glowering beside the dead. Immediately the undertaker fumed aloud with rage at the violation of the coffin. It "I'd ha' loosed more folk to wake her," she whispered to me. "But the Blessed Mother knows I couldn't get any wan besides." We shrank away from each other as the sleepers stirred on the floor. I did not return to my corner, but remained standing quiet and respectful in the presence of the dead. I did not return to my corner, but remained standing quiet and respectful in the presence of the dead. At last it was done, and presently some of the mourners returned, dressed and sobered. Then the Father entered; and the people stood quiet and respectful in the presence of the Church.

The young, fair priest read and prayed. I knelt when they knelt. Then he went home and we went out into the snow, following the undertaker. There stood a cab. I got in. There was a halt, and the undertaker jumed aloud with rage at the violation of some idea. Two men and a woman—not Kitty—were to go with me. It was late in the afternoon when the coffin was laid across my lap and we were driven rapidly through the streets. I did not know where the cemetery was; I do not. I have never been there again, nor ever wished to go. They bade me hold the rope to lower the coffin. I saw that the sides of the grave were wet, brown and unseemly. I wished not to see Kitty any more. I sought to embrace the coffin and clutch it away; but the woman took my arm and stood with me among the snowy graves until we were called to leave.

I wished not to see Kitty any more. But I conquered my aversion and I returned to her room. I found her blind with weeping. "Ochone!" she explained. "I've seen it all over the woman. I know where she caught her death and ye're green wi' misery, woman dear, an' all they folk tormentin' ye who warn't belongin' to any thim. Say ye'll be doing it if I'm goin' mad I'm goin' my wicked neck this night. But I swear t' ye I took her away straight with I knew the cholera was infected. .."

I soothed her somehow, and I said that it was better that the child was gone out of it all. And I promised to write to her when I should have found work again. Then I said good-bye, and she followed me out into the passage and leaned against the door, crying, with her arm thrown across her face.

Views and Reviews.

The eighteenth century has suffered so much at the hands of historians that Frederic Harrison did a daring thing when he wrote his essay in its defence. We may agree with both parties, and yet be unable to feel much enthusiasm for the period. The eighteenth century was dull, even though it did produce Voltaire, a man whose sixty plays and innumerable writings of other kinds are unread, and who is remembered only by a few epigrams and gibes at Christianity. It might have been the century of all the virtues, but for its virtual absence of all virtues, and yet have failed to be held in honour by succeeding generations. Certainly one of its most remarkable products, the man Emanuel Swedenborg, attracted less attention than the contemporary Cagliostro, and to this day his forty bulky volumes are practically sealed books for us. I confess that I have not read them: I shudder at the thought of reading them, even as I shudder at "Sordello"; for the curse of the eighteenth century is upon them. The eighteenth century was the age of reason; and the consequence was that even revelation became expository, and matters of faith were treated as matters of fact, and were built into scientific systems.

Swedenborg, as he is best known, was not a messenger from God. He brought no new faith, made no revelation: he was simply a commentator on the Scriptures, an inspired theologian who built a new Church. That he comprehended more of the Gospels in his creed than was customary at that time may be admitted; but "faith without works is dead" is to be found in one of the epistles of St. Paul. The same is as much as any text that kind needs no comment. That he introduced the doctrine of correspondences to the modern world is much to his credit; but that he should have so perverted the maxim of the alchemists, "As above, so below," that his heaven and hell differ from earthly only in degree of intensity, shows that the most illuminating ideas may be darkened by passing through a theological brain. Christ at least freed us from the fear of the Eternal Feminine. "In heaven," he said, "there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage." Swedenborg would have marriages celebrated in heaven as on earth; but he must have shocked the stricter believers in the indissolubility of marriage, for cohabitation, although resumed in his heaven, is not necessarily permanent. But what shall it profit a man if he gain his own soul and find his wife in heaven? Are we to suppose that he will, like another Touchstone, present her to the Lord with the remark: "A poor thing, my Lord, but mine own?"

The writer of this book, Mr. George Trobridge, ascribes so much to the genius of Swedenborg that I am afraid that Swedenborg would have considered as the first man of modern times to revive the doctrines of reincarnation and Karma. These doctrines are more intelligible and more important than Christian or any other eschatology; and they need no laborious exposition for their understanding. That Swedenborg was an evolutionist of the best type, that he was perhaps the first man in Europe to recognise that evolution is impossible without a spiritual influx, and is not therefore a product of natural selection, ranks him with the keenest minds that the world has produced; but that he should have omitted all mention of these two doctrines is a proof that even Bibliolatry is not the way to revelation. For a scheme that presupposes that one life on this planet is enough for the purposes of the individual is evidently based on the Christian conception of a moral universe. It supposes that we are here simply to show whether we prefer good or evil, and for which army of the disembodied we are eligible. But with Nietzsche rose again the doctrine of the will; and as none, except an entirely successful life, which is impossible, could satisfy it, the need for more than one life becomes apparent.

Although Swedenborg is most familiar as an exponent of the Scriptures, and the author of a new
theology, it is as a scientist that he will probably attract most attention in these days. He wrote many works which either have not been translated or are out of print; but I understand that they are shortly to be published, and, if what Mr. Trobridge says of them is true, many reputations of originality will be shattered. I say nothing of such mechanical inventions as a taut stove; but the versatility of the man will be under- stood when it is claimed that he invented the undulatory theory of light (although I understand that Sir Oliver Lodge was the first to propose that the corpuscular theory had received some confirmation from the phenomena of radio-activity), that he originated the nebular hypothesis, that he localised brain functions, and that even the localisation of brain functions was first made by him. On this point Mr. Trobridge is not very explicit. Swedenborg wrote a book of four volumes on "The Brain," and Mr. Trobridge does not give us even a list of his anatomical discoveries. All that we know is that Dr. Max Neuburger, of Vienna, said: "He [Swedenborg] leaped a whole century ahead of his age by the announcement of another discovery, for he was the first one to show that the cortical substance of the brain is the exclusive seat of the higher psychical activity, and the seat of attack of the soul." The remark, "a century ahead of his age," suggests that Dr. Neuburger is unacquainted with the discoveries of Mr. Gall; but it will at least be interesting, when the last volume of "The Brain" is published, to see whether the ignored Swedenborg forestalled the equally ignored Gall, and how far their works are corroborative.

Swedenborg was a geologist, a metallurgist, and to him has been ascribed the origin of the science of crystallography. He seems to have forestalled Mr. Herbert Spencer in the theory that the motions of the ether contributed to the production of the sense of sight. Indeed, his opinion of the ether so corresponds to modern opinion that the point is academic, for he was the first one to show that the ether was made in England, and admit its Swedish origin. After this, his inventions of an ear-trumpet and the mercurial air-pump seem mere trivialities.

In addition to these multifarious activities, he was a politician, with a seat in the House of Nobles. He forestalled Mr. Lloyd George in his desire to abolish the drink traffic, and at the same time to raise revenue. His principle was different from that of Mr. Kitson, for he wanted to abolish all general loans on fixed or silver; certificates of indebtedness should not be allowed, for the purposes of the State, and upon gold and silver; certificates of indebtedness should be legal tender, and banks should increase their store of bullion. I cannot examine these proposals here, and compare them with those of the Banking and Currency Reform League; but Mr. Kitson will doubtless be pleased to learn that his originality alone is left unchallenged.

It may be asked of Mr. Trobridge, in conclusion, whether there should be all this bother about the origin of these various discoveries. Does it really matter whether Laplace and Kant, or Swedenborg, invented the nebular hypothesis? What would be of value to this generation would be a comparison of the two theories to show which provided the most complete explanation of the facts that have been collected, and indicated the most promising lines of research; or a comparison of his localisation of brain functions with that of Gall, showing which was the more complete and accurate, would have been valuable. But this claim of priority, without any proof of the evidential value of the ideas, is simply an assertion that the New Church had for its founder an Admirable Crichton. If Swedenborg's discoveries do not make obsolete our present scientific knowledge, or do not extend it, it is rather a waste of time to bother about the correct historical attribution of scientific discoveries.

A. E. R.
Socialism As It Is. By W. English Walling. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

Only those who have laboured in vain to bring home to others the distinction between one theory and another will realise the desperate relief with which the expositor occasionally turns to practice for his proofs. I can't prove it in words to you, he says; but if you will look here and there and here you can see it for yourselves. The distinctions in theory between Socialism and Collectivism, Socialism and Social Reform, Socialism and Syndicalism, while plain enough to the exceptional student, are distinctions without a difference to the ordinary student. For the latter there remains only the hope that given these theories in practice he may learn to know them by their fruit.

Mr. Walling is a past-master in this second form of exposition. Turning his back on theories of what Socialism ought to be, he sets himself to describe Socialism as it is and as it actually embodies itself in the Socialist movement of the world. The Socialist movement, he maintains, is the best exposition of Socialism. It is, moreover, a critical and at the same time a constructive exposition. Certain guiding principles of selection (known to the thinkers but only sub-consciously present in the minds of the rank and file) determine the content and, therefore, the definition of Socialism at any given time. And these guiding principles serve both to reject what proves in practice to be contrary to the spirit of Socialism, and to accept and incorporate in the movement what is really native to its spirit. But to catalogue the rejections and selections of the Socialist movement, taken as a whole, and by this means to arrive at the definition of Socialism, require a prolonged study of the movement wherever its exists; and this, by good fortune and a praiseworthy determination, Mr. Walling has been able to give to the subject. Readers will find in his work the best account yet written of the actual working of the Socialist movement in Europe, America, and Australia; an account, moreover, as luminous, as detailed and exact, and as lucid and subordinate to the purpose of the work as fair-minded. For the sections devoted to the exposition of what Socialism is, indeed, no praise can be too high. The student has only to read them to understand Socialism as no amount of theorisation can make him.

But when Mr. Walling turns to defining the methods to be employed in altering Socialism and to conceiving Socialism as it will be, he is, in our opinion, less thoroughly reliable. He is even somewhat vague in his sketch of the means to be employed—sometimes advocating political action and sometimes denying its utility. On the other hand, his realisation of the industrial means is quite inadequate. Quoting from Bebel to the effect that Socialism will only be possible when Socialists have complete power, he allows us to conclude that political power alone is under discussion; and this is confirmed by his remark that "Trade Unionism translated into politics is not Socialism." We agree, but neither is Collectivism translated into politics Socialism.

In his speech introducing the Insurance Act in England, Mr. Lloyd George, like his forerunner in Germany, Bismarck, laid emphasis on the fact that the expenditure would prove, and had proved, profit-able to employers. The most interesting chapter of the present work contains the evidence of this taken down from the lips of representative and leading German employers. Practically without exception, the chief employers of Germany are convinced by experience that an expenditure of some 4 per cent. of their wages bill on the health of their workers pays in efficiency, spirit and general satisfaction. Thus Mr. Lloyd George's appeal to employers is supported by the best available evidence; and only stupidity, we should say, prevents English employers from accepting the boon now offered to them. But while we have never denied the value to the employing classes of Compulsory and Universal Insurance, the value to the employed is a horse of a different colour. Admitted that, on the whole, the general health of the working classes in Germany has been improved by the agency of the Insurance laws, their status as proletariat has not been in the smallest degree changed; and it is furthermore probable that even without deductions from their wages, their employers would have been compelled in their own interests to institute similar if not even superior conditions of hygiene. In other words, it is probable that enlightened capitalism itself would have undertaken entirely at its own expense the profitable burden of insurance, and thus have given the workers their mess of pottage without demanding in return for it the loss of their birthright. In England, in particular, which affords only a partial parallel with the conditions prevailing in Germany when Bismarck inaugurated his State Socialism, this work of social hygiene at the expense of the employer and the State has already been well begun. Every Council has now its Public Health Authority, charged with the prevention and, in some instances, with the cure of disease. It was, therefore, highly probable that this system would have continued to extend and to take into its organisation the majority of public hospitals and at last to form a State Medical Service. Mr. Lloyd George's Act, however, has nipped this promising development in the bud. Going back twenty years to Bismarck's plan, he has ignored the water that has flowed under the English bridge in that time, with the consequence that the health of the workers is now to be improved at a vast and extravagant expense, by an organisation newly created, and at the price of the workmen, of a fixation of status which will assuredly need a revolution to change. Mr. Dawson writes as a frank advocate of Compulsory Insurance both in Germany, where he has seen it in operation, and in England, where he has hoped to see it. But in no part of his careful statistical work does he discuss the bearings of the subject on the problems above suggested.

The Railways and the State. By Frederick W. Pim. (Unwin. 5s. net.)

As chairman for twelve years of the Dublin and South-Eastern Railway, and one of the expert witnesses before the recent Viceroyal Commission on Irish Railways, Mr. Pim brings practical experience to weight his advocacy of nationalisation. The railways, he admits, affected by the abolition of competition are so considerable as, in fact, to dictate unification in the near future; but the nature of the ultimate authority is still under discussion. The answer Mr. Pim's expert argument for unification, his view that not the State Syndicate or Trust is the preferable controlling authority, may be neglected for two reasons. He admits that he has no special knowledge of State railway working abroad; and he admits further, that only the example of the State-managed post office predisposes him to reject Railway Nationalisation. But we may fairly say that the origin of the faults in postal administration is now known; and it is even less likely that we shall conclude, however, in strongly recommending Mr. Walling's book as the best guide we have yet seen to Socialism as it was a few months ago.
Pastiche.

DEAD SEA FRUIT.

I walked through an alley of fruit stalls, between stacks of strawberries, all the big shining ones in front, all the small squeezed behind them, where they set you for them from. I did not desire strawberries all that day. I met them in the afternoon, with cream, under circumstances in which it was impossible to avoid them.

"I adopted strawberries and cream," said the newly-born infant of twenty.

"I find them rather tedious," I murmured in a voice carefully modulated without apparent intention to the hostess' ear. My mad desire for strawberries in early May seemed now but a fevered dream. "Yet," I added yearningly, "with wine—red wine—they are tolerable, pleasant even.

"Aise," I corrected, helping myself with pleasurable anticipation.

"No, Burgundy," said the goddess.

I let it pass and fell to. It was certainly some considerable time ago, but—was my memory faulty, or the wine? Probably the wine. I scanned the table anxiously for some clean fruit and a cream-jug; but the alternative was absent. I was once almost Willie's. It was election day, and the Liberal candidate had driven up to the polling-booth to see me record my vote. Everyone was shouting for the Liberal candidate, which he forgot when I told him it was a proud moment, for I had faith in Liberal candidates in those days, and thought that they were amongst the elect. Then it was found that they had not record, there was an untraceable Removal, or something of the sort. I had never been conscious of attaching any value to my vote before, but I think I would have died for it then. I got it back long before the next election, and have kept it under lock and key, so to speak, ever since, even on polling days. It may be a source of gratification to me to know that it is there, but I doubt it. Perhaps it is the same with women. Will they want it when they have it? As a suffragist fairy to avoid meeting the lady in question. I could multiply instances of hope turning to ashes and the gathering of dead sea fruit. Who cannot? Desire, satiety, disgust, and new desire—how else shall the rusty old cog-wheels of life be made to turn? How else shall fresh illusions spring from the dust of crumbled dreams? ARTHUR T. COLMAN.

"I adore strawberries and cream," said the newly-finished hostess.

"It is lovely"
The Sonderbund Exhibition at Cologne.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

When I finally turned my back upon the Sonderbund Exhibition of pictures at Cologne, only one question filled my mind, and seemed to press me with ever greater insistence for a reply. It was how on earth the public and critics of Europe could be so utterly dense and indifferent as not to see that in the new municipal building at the Aachener Tor something of the most depressing and at the same time most prophetic, and that these highly sensitive men who have never understood it so.

One feels one can shake them out of their souls' paradise, or rouse them from their empty slumbers; and yet all the while one wonders why the ear-splitting roar and thunder of the battle that one knows is raging does not seem to make the smallest impression upon them. And in this exhibition, which are the bullet-pierced standards, the spiked guns, the spent shells, and the whole arsenal of the Grandest Rebellion that has ever been seen on earth. A Grand Rebellion that is still at its height, and that has lasted, if you please, one hundred years!

Only a public utterly ignorant of the meaning and purpose of art could hear of such things with equanimity. Only a Continent that has forgotten that art is prophetic, and that the changes that make and unmake nations, could possibly remain indifferent to these things for one hundred years.

I admit that there is no one to call them to their senses, because the critic is also of the public nowadays. But does art not really matter so much, then? Our Grand Rebellion in politics, here in England, lasted not more than six years; it was a matter of Roundheads and Cavaliers, of people who were Puritans and negative to life, against people who were Pugons and positive to life. The Hundred Years' Rebellion in art also has its Roundheads and its Cavaliers. The question is, Who are winning? Which side can show the greatest number of victories? For it will be understood that, if I am really speaking the truth, this is rather an important matter. We must know with whom we are dealing. With all the insensate chatter about line, colour-schemes, values, chiaroscuro, the incidence of light upon form, etc., etc., the main issue, the most important thing of all, is left entirely in the lurch. And the most important thing of all is to know how the cause of ascending, positive life has fared in this Grand Rebellion.

Nobody who has followed the course art has pursued since the Counter-Reformation can help seeing the full force of the parallel which I have drawn.

Art, previous to the Counter-Reformation, was understood to mean practically life expressing herself consciously, or a certain kind of life expressing its own will. But after the doctrines of a life who received his brief direct from life herself, or else he was life's opponent who had his brief from life's adversary. In any case, however, his pleading had some direct relationship to life and to its fundamental passions. This was the Holy Catholic institution of art. All the world understood it so, all the world always had understood it so.

The effect of the Counter-Renaissance, the effect of Protestantism, was Separation. Once man's religious devotions were divorced from the law, and were allowed to take their direction and their colouring from each individual man's whim, his whiteness or the actual or the apparent relationship of religion to life began to be set in doubt. Religion was able even to turn against life herself—not any longer consciously, but with conscious justification and with the help of the hilt, and with incensatory bunsen, different sects to split hairs about the manner in which it should be done.

So it was with art. Once it had been divorced from the tradition that was the very essence of life expressing its own kind of life, expressing the very life itself, there was no end to the chaos and the muddle that resulted. There may not have been five hundred sects, as in Protestantism; but there were certainly a hundred. For who doubts that the Impressionists, the Neo-Impressionists, the Post-Impressionists, the Futurists, the Cubists, the Synthesists, the Pointillistes, and their ancestors the Transcriptists, Naturalists, Pre-Raphaelites, etc., are anything else than the Puritanical Bapists, Anabaptists, Methodists, Wesleyan Methodists, Plymouth Brethren, Quakers, Unitarians, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists of a Grand Rebellion in art? He who doubts this wants guidance. He who denies it wants enlightenment.

But there are nuances. One touches all these people with gloves. From Rodin to Renoir, from Whistler—what that great Puritan with a grand style—to the Cubists and Futurists. There are the last of the technique-maniacs—one feels that they are a riotous, disorderly, and despiseful band. But here and there there is a ray of hope. A Pagan strain shows itself. A strain of the old painter-stock comes to light—mostly, by-the-bye, in that sect known as the Post-Impressionists. And with Gauguin and Van Gogh, all of us who are watching this Rebellion with bated breath, and who feel that its result will be but a forecast of coming events in the concrete world of politics and national life, cannot feel that at last the Cavalier element is beginning to recover some of its former strength. Or is our burning hope perhaps only the conjuror of this thought, and is it in itself an illusion?

Personally, when I left the Sonderbund Ausstellung a week ago, I had a feeling that the fortunes of battle were turning. Gauguin and Van Gogh made me think so. I knew, of course, that beneath all this fight about mere technique and questions of form life herself was still speaking—that is to say, impoverished life—life, shorn of her instincts and her passions, was revealing the fact that it was more, perhaps, than any other discipline capable of understanding the mass of people. For it was life's opponent who had his brief from life's adversary. In any case, however, his pleading had some direct relationship to life and to its fundamental passions. This was the Holy Catholic institution of art. All the world understood it so, all the world always had understood it so.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

GUILD-SOCIALISM.

Sir,—To put a literary foot within your columns, it seems (under the dazzling light of "Present-Day Criticism"), one would need self-esteem as to operating a debating front to a Fabian audience; yet my honest and keen craving to discuss pressing questions of social policy for to-day, to-morrow, and the next day emboldens me thus far.

I must begin by owning that I have in mind the need of united action so strong in my own thought that I am not prepared to be negative or, at any rate, indulgent in critiquing mere modes of speech where the genuine world-mending instinct is discernible. This is, I believe, a condition that "a poet" or any other name would accept—though this would not excuse me for carelessly or misleadingly calling it a poppy! I admit that clearness of speech is none the less commendable as inducing definite and effective cooperation in action.

The NEW AGE, I understand, has now a constructive policy to advocate and assist; it aims not at mere journalism, but at promoting action. Therefore, its unsigned and uninstalled articles may be supposed to embody conclusions (by whomsoever written) derived from one central standpoint or plan of campaign. Seeking to elicit from your various contributors the essence of this plan, I gather that—in part of the abolition of wage-slavery, the method being the acquisition by Labour of "economic power." Political action, you suggest, can be no factor in its production.

The abstract term "economic power" bewilders me. Does it mean higher wages? Hardly, since wage-slavery is still wages which have been hit by the law. Does it mean the exemption of wages as a social factor, leaving Interest or Profits and Rent (the other partners in the money world as "property of God," for the greatest practicable equality of enjoyment belongs, by right, exclusively to the producer of the general wealth. If you do not cause the powers to exist, you are, to my apprehension, no more a producer than is the pen with which you record your thoughts. To judge from your own writings, which I shall quote, you agree with me as to the producer's claim to his own property, though you ignore the underlying claim of Syndicalism, based on ignoring the problem of the producer.

I agree with Mr. Clifford Sharp that what is important is not so much "control" as that all sorts of workers are assured of "their fair share of the general wealth of the community" which I advocate as a moral duty as well as a legal right, the question being: What is the fair share? If a man produces his mental and bodily powers his fair share is what they enable him to appropriate to his own use: if he does not produce those powers he has no rights whatever, but as claims derivative from observance of rights as exclusively as allegiance to the law. With this criterion, then, of his "fair share" is what distribution of the general wealth is consistent with its administration as belonging, by right, exclusively to the producer of its powers. As Equalist, I advocate for this purpose of honest administration of the producer's property the nearest approximation in the common interest to some middle standard of individual monopoly in terms of income.

Obviously, your system will necessitate, as a preliminary, disposition of people who own by warrant of law, ignoring rights as the producers' and asserting them as men's; I override the law by asserting rights as men's merely to repeat the wrong on which the law is based. I do not credit that such universal can be accepted without entailment more misery and degradation on the people than they now suffer. As we shall see by what I am going to quote from your writings, you were in agreement with me you ignore the agreement in your advocacy of subservial.

Now for the citation from your generous reference to my work in your issue of May 1st, although subservial to this common submission of all men to a standard external to each of them is plainly merely pull devil, pull baker. If what right, save force, do the existing capitalists maintain their possessions? And by what right, save force (called euphemistically Parliamentary, democratic, or what not, by whomsoever written) derived from one central standpoint or plan of campaign?

The co-operators have learned to be their own employers and to absorb their own profits, but that has not enabled them to comprehend the potentiality of individual monopoly in terms of income: as to the teaching of Jesus Christ and intellectual demonstration that his sayings and teaching are based on a perfect demonstration of which is none the less commendable as inducing definite and effective cooperation in action.

To meet the NEW AGE I must begin by owning that I have in mind the need of united action so strong in my own thought that I am not prepared to be negative or, at any rate, indulgent in critiquing mere modes of speech where the genuine world-mending instinct is discernible. This is, I believe, a condition that "a poet" or any other name would accept—though this would not excuse me for carelessly or misleadingly calling it a poppy! I admit that clearness of speech is none the less commendable as inducing definite and effective cooperation in action.

Sir,—One word constantly appearing in your "Notes" and in letters from your correspondents is a standing incitement to my satirical reflections on the fashionable intellectual flabbiness that "excludes metaphysic as causal science, as a practical concern for the epoch."

In your articles on "Guild-Socialism," in Mr. Clifford Sharp's letter in your issue of July 11, in all the current Socialist literature I have read, the "producer" is mentioned as familiarly as though he or it were unquestionably identified as might be a mug of ale. Really, this literature has no producer; no one observes the appearance of the other side of the moon, or settled the question whether the moon has another side.

You claim for certain people that, as producers, they should control—to what extent and in what particular manner I have not yet gathered from your columns—their industry, and you ascribe above all to the worker some causal agent through the agency of which or whom the mental and bodily powers of each human being exist. If you, sir, cause to exist admirable ability manifestly inherent in the "Notes," you are, to my apprehension, a producer. If you do not cause the powers to exist, you are, to my apprehension, no more a producer than is the pen with which you record your thoughts. To judge from your own writings, which I shall quote, you agree with me as to the producer's claim to his own property, though you ignore the underlying claim of Syndicalism, based on ignoring the problem of the producer.

Sir,—In the "Saturday Review" of July 13 Lord Alfred Douglas refers to THE NEW AGE in a letter to the editor concerning Mr. Masefield's work and the "field school of criticism" is THE NEW AGE rather than the "Saturday Review." Surely this is an inverted sort of remark, since it was precisely Mr. Masefield's "field school of criticism" which was first criticised and has been most consistently classed among inferior versifiers. I do not, of course, suggest that Mr. Masefield, whose view of criticism, the "Saturday Review" has attacked, is inferior to Mr. Masefield's view of criticism from your columns and has attacked your journal to conceal his theft, but THE NEW AGE was first in the field by some months, and Lord Alfred, at best, only brings up the rear.
Turning, however, to more important persons than the late editor of the "Academy," in a recent "Daily Herald," Mr. Russell Smart has an article on "Syndicalism," in which he expresses THE New Age conclusion that a combination of Collectivism and Syndicalism is the Socialism of the future. Syndicalism, he says, will form part of, but cannot dispossess, the State. In a letter to the "Labour Leader" of July 23, Sir Thomas Hanley as follows: "It is useless for the Labour Party... to fight the Liberal Party unless they have an essential difference. The... What is the essential difference be... the substitution of an industrial democracy in the form of... In reply to "Guild-Socialist" and other correspondents who object to the attribution of Guild-Socialist ideas to THE NEW AGE, Mr. Webb explained that... 3 years ago, in opposition to... I have long held the view... the consent of the governed this consent by increasingly efficient devices, Now, if... The sweeping statement of "Romney" that, in the opinion of "every soldier," etc., Jews do not make good soldiers, the distinctions won by them must have been obtained, in "Romney's" eyes, by false pretences. The other undeniable "fact"—that Jews were not allowed to enter military service or to hold rank in the French Army—was inspired from your "Academy," in a recent issue... "Armies," which was taught to blackball Jewish and Protestant... land of birth and adoption was here exemplified by the... before that Dreyfus affair showed the evil influences which... large number who took up arms as a profession; this it... abilities which should have qualified these Jesuit protèges as aspirants for military service. Devoid of the necessary... He was the Merciers, Billots, and the other clowns who ruled the French Army a few years and after 1858, and who reduced France to a second-class Power. It was with the help of the "Masonic and Jewish Junta" that she reinstated Dreyfus and placed his courageous defender, Picquart, head of the army...
have come forward, I crave the favour of the Parliament.

Sir,—I hoped to have seen in your last issue that someone had a word to say for William Morris and "News from Nowhere." As I find that no one better qualified than myself has come forward, I crave the favour of the Parliament.

As far as "News from Nowhere" being, as your reviewer says, already old-fashioned, it has appeared lately as if some parts of it might have been written last year. Twenty-one years ago Morris foresaw the futility of the political action to which the Labour Party are so-day wedded, and prophesied that many of the leaders of the workers would prove to be self-seekers. Whether he too hoped to see the realisation of the "Utopias" of which he foresaw, and of which we now see the beginning, is a question that time will answer.

A. E. R.
a deep sigh of relief and mourned the first line of that hymn of my childhood, commencing "Oh Gawd, our yelp in ages past." For I had expected a severe slating at the hands of your reviewer, instead of which I received what for him is praise. In fact, Mr. Editor, will you kindly demonstrate with your reviewer? It is becoming almost monotonous, week after week, to read the indiscriminating praise he lavishes upon books, bad, bad, and well... 

The only complaint I have to make personally is that your reviewer takes seriously a remark of mine to the effect that my book was a "masterpiece"—this in a book claim (however true it may prove) to be a humorous work. Perhaps, however, it is not your reviewer, but I, who am to blame; for I should, of course, have added to the above remark: "This is a gosh!"

Until I read your reviewer's note I was not aware that a tribute to the perspicacity of one's wife was unthinkable and a dreariness (this is not a "goak"). Surely there is an omission here, for your reviewer's statement is incomprehensible. Is it not the case that he has not read my book? For instance, in my "Songs," but is familiar to all lovers of Middleton's work; these lines are all taken from a single poem "To Althea.

"... From out the hopeless fight
The souls of men seek forlorn burial,
And eyes that praised you range the eternal night."

"... Made pagan by
A hundred years hence will be without a
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