NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is unnecessary to be a jingo, it is enough to be a man, to deplore the weakness of national spirit revealed in the recent Naval discussions. Such protestations of power of wit to penetrate; but on condition that this is the case, even Socialists may be patriots. Whether they are patriots of the country in which they happen to be born is, however, a matter for judgment. Blind sentiment, of course, would make chauvinists of us all; but intelligence, we can readily conceive, would in certain instances transfer the sentiment of patriotism from one's own country to another. The great struggle of civilisation being, as we say, the struggle for the emancipation of wage slaves, a Socialist has no alternative but to wish that country well whose mind is most clearly set on it and whose prospects of leading the rest of the world to liberty are brightest. From an unprejudiced point of view, that country may as well be Germany as England, or Japan as Germany, or Russia as Japan. Where the struggle is fiercest and the promise of human victory rosiest, there is the Socialist's fatherland. If, therefore, England desires to remain or to become the centre of the patriotic hopes, not only of her own Socialists, but of the Socialists of the world, she has only to prove her will to lead the world in human emancipation. We undertake to say, with all the responsibility of philosophic observers, that the country which first liberates its wage slaves will be impregnable.

We are prepared to accept the general view of our own nation that England for some centuries at least has been the pioneer of civilisation. There is no doubt whatever in our minds that over a long period England has not only led the world, but rightly led the world. On the supposition that capitalism was a phase through which humanity was destined to pass, England has both pioneered this phase and, to a certain extent, set a model in its progress. There have been civilisations built on chattel slavery in the past—some greater in respect of intelligence and culture than England, some less; but England, on the whole, has the merit of being the first nation to found a great civilisation and empire upon the basis of wage, as distinguished from chattel slavery. But signs are now manifest that precisely in this respect the continued supremacy of England is about to be challenged. Other nations are arising to profit by England's example, and also to learn of her mistakes. So far as we can see, their intention is not to do anything that England has not already done, but to do it better. And in this enterprise they have not only, as we say, England's mistakes for their guidance, but they have, perhaps, an advantage in England's virtues. For nobody can understand the spirit of England, as revealed in her literature, without realising that in some ways England has been handicapped in her leadership of capitalist civilisation by her very virtues. The character of her people has marvellously adapted itself to the institutions of capitalism and has, in fact, enabled our nation to excel the world in this form of
industry; but all the while that this system has been perfecting itself, certain English virtues have been in rebellion. We naturally do not claim that the now rising capitalist nations are without virtues; but it is quite possible that their particular virtues are not so antagonsistic to ours as the virtues of other world systems of capitalism. now that England has demonstrated its nature, may prove more suitable to other nations than it is to England herself; with this certain result, that if England remains wedded to capitalism in competition with other nations better fitted for it, England will lose her supremacy and fall into the category of national derelicts.

Without examining at this moment the challenging claims of other nations to be better capitalist communities than England, we confess we do not see in public discussions in this country any appreciation of the real situation. Either this country is to remain capitalism-supreme or it is to lose its capitalist pre-eminence. And either, in this latter event, it is to lose its capitalist pre-eminence without compensation, or it is to substitute for its capitalist pre-eminence a pre-eminence of a different nature. Naturally, if we were consulted in this matter, we should prefer that the second course should be taken. We should prefer, that is, that as England once led the world in capitalism, England should again become unchallengeably supreme. But this, as our readers know, is dependent not upon the wage earners themselves than upon the governing classes. If wages can make a conquest of Rent, Interest and Profits, the transformation of Capitalism into Socialism is complete; on that new basis a new civilisation such as the world has never seen before (Gandhi would be right) or the other hand, if our wage earners are too stupid or too lazy for this great effort, it remains with the classes of the nation are now doing with astonishing regularity, for the active and purposeful employment of her power, to keep what power they have got by the only means of keeping it, that is, by employing it for the common good. The assumption we are making is intended to be employed for active, even if not for passive, retention of capitalist supremacy. In other words, if this competition it is not at the moment for us to say; but all the while that this system has been perfecting itself, certain English virtues have been in rebellion. We naturally do not claim that the now rising capitalist nations are without virtues; but it is quite possible that their particular virtues are not so antagonsistic to ours as the virtues of other world systems of capitalism. now that England has demonstrated its nature, may prove more suitable to other nations than it is to England herself; with this certain result, that if England remains wedded to capitalism in competition with other nations better fitted for it, England will lose her supremacy and fall into the category of national derelicts.

Our reputed national hypocrisy may, it is true, be responsible for the phrases we are about to quote; but we honestly fear that they are sincerely meant. In that event, as we say, they are dangerous. That "Daily News," writing on Thursday of Wednesday's Naval debate, noted the "unreasoning nervousness" which had been produced in this country by the Ministerial speeches; and it added that the cause of this was in part the "not only at a predominant Navy, but also at a spirited foreign policy." There may be, we fear there is, something unfounded in this suspicion of Mr. Churchill's intentions; but there is nothing that we can see unjust in it, unless flattery is unjust. A foreign policy that is not spirited is certainly not a foreign policy that is likely to succeed; indeed, we suspect that it is not a policy at all. There are obligations on the possession of force at least as onerous as the obligations of nobility and property; and they consist of more than merely retaining possession. The assumption we are entitled to make of any nation that has striven, as England has striven, to obtain power, is that this power is intended to be employed for active, even if not for passive, retention of capitalist supremacy. In other words, the cat would have no interest in obtaining it. On the other hand, for the active and purposeful employment of her power, she certainly needs a spirited and not simply a passive foreign policy. Would the "Daily News" regard the creation of a United States of Europe as a legitimate and desirable object of England's power? That would be a Machiavellian to understand that England's intentions are of the highest degree. The Daily News, says, Germany, were in favour of these objects if they can be obtained without the risk of war. In other words, the cat would have a fish, but it would not risk wetting its feet. But that, we say, is not only not a spirited foreign policy, it is not a policy at all; it is simply a pious and a powerless wish.

The self-same attitude of praying negation, however, characterises the chiefs of the two political divisions of the governing classes. Mr. Asquith laid far too much emphasis for German consumption on England's desire for peace. Peace, he said in effect, profits England so considerably that we will do nothing whatever to risk war. War is the last thing in the world that England
desires or intends so long as peace is cheaper. Insurance against war, it is true, costs us now fifty millions a year in ships, but on the balance this is cheaper than war itself. And having nothing else to do with our power, were it therefore used as in the days of commerce, is only tolerably taxed, we shall say nothing. ... We know what we should do if we were Germany in reply to this. We should do what Germany is actually doing. We should continue slowly but steadily building ships, preparing defences, preparing offences, and meantime saying nothing; and in all the certainty that for every pound we spent England would spend first thirty shillings, then two pounds, then fifty shillings, and, last of all, a sovereign, in panic at the German Navy and panic at the increasing cost of her own, England’s head was completely be-wildered and she would, in a moment of dementia, com-mit suicide by some rash act. If you understand the German intention aright, this is indeed the German in-tention and the German calculation. Having got Eng-land on the defensive, Germany is well satisfied to keep her in that attitude. Mere defence—requiring, as it does, provision for every conceivable and not merely probable offence—is infinitely more costly in the long run than defence and offence. As well as in money it costs more also in national spirit. The cumulative effect of the statements successively made by Mr. Churchill, Mr. Assheton-Smith, Dr. Macnamara was, or will be, to produce the confidence in Germany that Eng-land, now on the defensive, will shortly be on the run, and in England that our governing class, for some reason or other, has lost its spirit.

There is an obvious reason, in our opinion, why our governing class has lost its spirit; and it has to do with the second of the requirements of a spirited foreign policy. If a nation, while the war is still in progress, is dealing with a foreign policy dictated by the classes of Rent, Interest and Profit on behalf of their capitalist predominance, it is, nevertheless, true that unless they have the spirit of the wage-earners behind them, the governing classes themselves can never be really strong. The class-war apart, a nation is still in many of its activities an organic whole. Our internal divisions may be great, they may be, and are, in the long run, funda-mental; but until they are manifestified, they are compara-tively less important than the national union. This being the case, it is practically certain that you cannot break the spirit or depress the spirit of a large section of the community without incurring the penalty of re-action on the spirit of the minority, and this spirit is, of the governing classes themselves. It is to our mind a simple and incontrovertible fact of spiritual dynamics that the subtraction of spirit from the wage-earning class is not a gain to the governing classes, but a loss to the community as a whole. And the governing classes will themselves suffer from what at the moment appears to be their victory over wages. This would stand to reason no less than to experience in any in-telligent community. It would be, in fact, one of the axioms of any statesman of the governing classes who desired to see his nation fitted for war and for keeping its place in the sun. Social grumbling we do not say he would cause (for popular spirit, that is what he would certainly not discourage it. But any real affront to the spirit of the wage-earners, any diminution of their real for their own emancipation, any obvious and open defeat, involving despair, of their hopes, he would allow as fatal to his own class no less than to the wage-earning class itself.

We have only to review the industrial events of the last eighteen months to realise that, in any matter of fact, the English working classes (or perhaps only their leaders) have within this period declined in spirit by several degrees. Beginning with the seamen’s strike of some eighteen months ago, the period of industrial unrest was continued by the dockers, and now (the fresh wage-earners to free themselves) opened promisingly. In consequence of the unexpected success of the transport workers, new hopes were breathed into the whole of the Labour movement. The stalled ox and the barded and bridled horse, the sheep in the meadow and the cows in the corn, all began to sniff the air of liberty while it was still afar off. In a few months the railwaymen were followed on the road as far as the canals; and these in turn were succeeded by the dockers again. We say nothing now of the rights and wrongs of the excuses given in each instance for the movement towards liberty, as the strike in the strikers themselves was of the farmers, whether in slavery, neither on one side nor on the other. The point is that, save for the first of these attempts after liberty, every one has not only been defeated—defeat is nothing—but every one has been ignominiously de-feated. This has been, between this war and the last, with a brutality that could not have been more soul-destroying if the victims were a foreign Power bent on permanent subjugation, that their efforts to free them-selves are unavailing for the present, and ludicrously, shamefully inadequate. They may have had reason on their side, moderation in demand, orderliness in action; but these counted as nothing in the conflict of their own force with the force of the governing classes. The appeal to reason, to facts, to figures, which they had been taught by the governing classes themselves to look upon as a mighty weapon in emancipation, proved, when put to the test, a painted lath. The seamen won, not because they were right, but because they were strong, and for the moment they were surprisingly strong. The railwaymen, the miners, and now, it is possible, the dockers, have lost, not because they were wrong, but because they were not strong. The lesson that estrangement along with alone matters may very well in time be learned from such experiences as these; but for the present, without the shadow of a doubt, the whole Labour movement is in the desperate slough of despond. We should not, if we were the governing classes of this country, like to venture on a war either of offence or even of defence at this moment. Penetrating the khaki uniforms of their soldiers, yes, and rotting, palsying, the spirit and intelligence of their officers, would spread the despera-tion now invading and occupying the spirit of the working classes. A more opportune moment for an attack upon England could never be given to Germany or any other Power than the succeeding months of a defeated and insulted strike movement of wage earners.

But we are certainly not disposed to throw the whole responsibility for the defeat of the strikers on the governing classes. Lord Devonport, as we showed last week, is not, in our opinion, more to blame than Mr. Tillett, and neither of them is at all to blame in comparison with the rest of the leaders. Between the Devonports and the Tillets, indeed, there is a frank, a hearty, and an open war, honourable enough to each while capitalism continues, and in no sense derogatory or diminutive to the spirit of men. When Lord Devonport announced that his action was intended to show the workmen that there were some of us employers left who were not afraid to stand up to them, the challenge was thrown down as man to man. And when Mr. Tillett, in reply, took up the chal-lenge and endeavoured to enlist God in his men’s war on Lord Devonport, everybody with a sense of truth sympathised equally with both sides. But it was the liars and trimmers and office-seekers and cowards on both sides who have really done all the mischief to the spirit of the two parties. In the railway dispute it was the lawyers who won, and the railway directors and the men who equivocated. In the miners’ dispute, again, it was Mr. Hartshorn and Mr. D. A. Thomas whose spirits were broken, while the apology for spirit that animates the legal and Nonconformist minds in equal degree was triumphant. Again, in the dockers’ strike it is the men who won, but because, say it is Mr. Tillett. On the contrary, the meanest souls in England—you may look for them in Fleet Street and in the Labour Party—can scarce refrain a cheer for the marvellous end of the strike for, face to face with the spirit of the other. But if they have not lost, neither, to somebody’s disgrace, have they yet won. The wretches who have so far won are the aforesaid liars...
and trimmers and doughfaces whose dominance in England to-day is the most certain symptom of our national decadence. We refer to the dustards among the trade union leaders and to the mass of the Labour members of Parliament.

We have probably said as much as our readers can stand of the corruption and stupidity of the Labour Party. To say much more would leave us well within the truth, but well also, we fear, beyond the capacity of most readers for facing the disagreeable facts. Target ing, therefore, to that is foolishly distinguished as constructive criticism (as if all criticism, so it be true, is not constructive, be it pleasant or unpleasant), we may begin by remarking that as an alternative and, in some respects, as a supplement of the "spirited foreign policy" of our governing classes, it is essential that there should be a spirited economic and political policy among the wage earning class. We put the economic consideration first because it is obvious that this is the order of nature. If recent events have not demonstrated to our Labour lunatics that political power is merely the index of economic power, they are lunatics indeed, and dangerous to be at large. Mr. Asquith announced the other day he would come to the end of coin resources for dealing with Lord Devonport was the voice of politics declaring itself subsidiary to economics. Admit, if you like, (that theoretically he could have impeached Lord Rosebery, of the "spirited foreign policy," as a noxious monopolist, and have proceeded to nationalise the London port. The reply is that theory is not practice. In practice Mr. Asquith could do nothing of the kind. He would have been turned out of office within an hour of his declaration. Oh, but you say, that is because he had not a majority of the Labour Party behind him. A Labour Premier would have been able to do it. Labour Premier! While a million men in all the hostels of the remaining six million, will they permit the latter to obtain a Labour premiership? Would you, Mr. I.L.P. Anderson? Would you, the wirepullers of the Labour Party? Why, at this very moment you are congratulating yourselves on having got rid of, suppressed, ostracised, the revolutionary minority who once threatened your precious official seats. And if for tuppenny offices such as these, you are prepared to cheat and lie and use every instrument of man and devil to defeat your would-be dispossession, is it sense that having done it successfully—yes, even you, and for such pils of power—the possessing classes of this country will fall in their practised efforts and in defence of all their glory; so, in fact, indoctrinating and practising the working classes in and with the solidarity of labour forces, by, in fact, indoctrinating and practising the working classes in and with the solidarity of their economic class. The objection that is often raised is thatclassed is even more difficult to obtain than political solidarity: if workers will not vote as a class, they will not organise as a class. But this is obviously untrue. Economic interests, when they are clearly discerned, are actually a bond of union. Political distinctions, on the other hand, are a source of division. It is their common economic status that, as a matter of fact, determines and cements the class of wage slaves; but the political distinctions of Liberal, Tory and Labour actually divide them. And this is shown clearly enough in the results of the two recent by-elections. At both Hanley and Crewe the workmen as members of their unions were organised and largely single-minded. At both, if it had been a political occasion we would have voted as a whole. But it is manifest from the polls that they are politically divided; and it is probable that they will remain politically divided. All hope of uniting them by political means is therefore false. On the other hand, they are already united economically; and the perfection and employment of that organisation are alone necessary.

We shall postpone to subsequent notes the consideration of other means than those just suggested. Among these it will be necessary to define the common object of economic power and the methods, organisation and, above all, the men, needed to carry it out. The assumption in all this is that until the workers themselves can distinguish between economic interests, when they are clearly discerned, are actually a bond of union. Political distinctions, on the other hand, are a source of division. It is their common economic status that, as a matter of fact, determines and cements the class of wage slaves; but the political distinctions of Liberal, Tory and Labour actually divide them. And this is shown clearly enough in the results of the two recent by-elections. At both Hanley and Crewe the workmen as members of their unions were organised and largely single-minded. At both, if it had been a political occasion we would have voted as a whole. But it is manifest from the polls that they are politically divided; and it is probable that they will remain politically divided. All hope of uniting them by political means is therefore false. On the other hand, they are already united economically; and the perfection and employment of that organisation are alone necessary.

But there is some doubt, it appears, as to the nature of economic power. If we said that a federation of Sunday schools, provided only with hymn books, could not safely be sent to oppose a German military invasion, we presume that the possession of military power to meet military power would be understood as necessary. Simultaneously, we maintain that the success the Labour movement must meet capitalists not with ballot-papers, but with the identical weapons of capitalism, we ought to be able to assume that the necessity of economic power is understood. Was it the economic power of capitalists? It is the possession of the monopoly of two of the three instruments of production; they have the land and they have the capital. But another element is necessary, besides these two, to production: it is man-labour; and of this the working classes have, if they like to exercise it, a practically complete monopoly. If they like to exercise it! But there is all virtue in that "if." If they like to exercise it, there is not the smallest reason why they should not become, at least, co-partners with capital. It is their own fault, indeed, if they do not. By no other means than possession and active use of their monopoly has capital become strong; by no other means will Labour become strong.

But the next question is: How are the wage earners to establish their monopoly? The answer is by Federation of Unions, by preparation and organisation of a General Labour Office, by trial and exercise in the solidification of labour forces, by, in fact, indoctrinating and practising the working classes in and with the solidarity of their economic class. The objection that is often raised is that this solidarity is even more difficult to obtain than political solidarity: if workers will not vote as a class, they will not organise as a class. But this is obviously untrue. Economic interests, when they are clearly discerned, are actually a bond of union. Political distinctions, on the other hand, are a source of division. It is their common economic status that, as a matter of fact, determines and cements the class of wage slaves; but the political distinctions of Liberal, Tory and Labour actually divide them. And this is shown clearly enough in the results of the two recent by-elections. At both Hanley and Crewe the workmen as members of their unions were organised and largely single-minded. At both, if it had been a political occasion we would have voted as a whole. But it is manifest from the polls that they are politically divided; and it is probable that they will remain politically divided. All hope of uniting them by political means is therefore false. On the other hand, they are already united economically; and the perfection and employment of that organisation are alone necessary.

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At first I intended to write this week on the subject of the Supplementary Naval Estimates, or on Turkey, or on China, to name the three foremost subjects of international importance at the moment; but I think that these matters have already been dealt with to a sufficient extent in The New Age, and Mr. Wheeler's letter, in last week's issue gives us one or two new points in connection with the subject of Democracy which it may be worth while to consider.

It hardly lies within my province to discuss the subject with the fulness it deserves, but it is not with Democracy, no matter what vague meaning we may give to the word, bears a very direct relation to international politics.

I take it that Mr. Wheeler's dispute with me so far is chiefly one of terms only. I have used the word Democracy in a sense to which Mr. Wheeler, rightly enough, objects. Instead of employing the word Democracy in the sense in which I explained it a fortnight ago, it would be better perhaps to use some such word as Plebiscite or Popularizing Democracy to what it expresses primarily, viz., government by the people, or, as Mr. Wheeler puts it, Government by the Consent of the Governed.

In an earlier part of his letter Mr. Wheeler forms of government dispenses more or less with the consent of the governed; but democracy makes a point of the consent, insists upon it as a condition of its own purity, and safeguards this consent by increasingly efficient devices. This is a statement on which, I am bound to say, several essays might be written. I do not mean to be paradoxical when I declare that the consent of the governed is necessary to any form of government—not merely consent "more or less," but consent pure and simple. The history of England, France, India, China, Egypt, in fact the history of almost every country in the world, shows that there is a point beyond which injustice cannot go. Even the calm, steady, quiet Hindoos have been known to take up arms against the native police, and to form themselves into vigilance committees.

Of course, what Mr. Wheeler means when he speaks of Government by the Consent of the Governed, is that the "rights" of the governed are safeguarded theoretically, either by laws or by written constitutions; and if we define democracy as government by the theoretical consent of the governed we shall probably be on safer ground. My critic puts forward two objections which he thinks I am likely to offer, viz., that "the people" are not nowadays disposed to consent to large dictator powers in their governors, and that when they do single out such governors their choice falls on inferior men. These, however, would not be my chief objections. I deny that the "people" exercise their faculty of choice one way or the other. I am acquainted with various countries where theoretical democracy is to be met with probably in its most advanced form—France, North America, the various Central and Southern American Republics, the British Colonies, and Great Britain herself. In all these places the powers of the people are nominally absolute. They may choose any government they like; they may appoint what leaders they like; and there are very few restrictions imposed on freedom of speech or freedom of the Press. Yet these are precisely the countries in which the "people" are apparently too apathetic to take any prominent part in politics at all. I have placed Great Britain last on the list, because the theoretical democracy of France or the United States, yet I am prepared to maintain that England is gradually following the example of these two countries, where the political affairs of the State are in the hands of caucaus or bosses. "Bossism" is a well-known American phenomenon with which I dare say we shall be well acquainted here before many years have passed; and as for France, I think I have already said in this paper that when a man is spoken of as having taken to politics it is looked upon as being as bad as when we say in England that a man has taken to drink.

In a word, it is a remarkable fact that the spread of democracy has coincided in every case with the spread of political apathy on the part of the masses in general, and the development of the evil system of caucaus, rings, and bosses.

There is another statement by Mr. Wheeler which may be held to have met this objection. He says: "I admit that the failure to discover the right men every time is the failure of democracy; but I claim that the failure will grow less as the experience of democracy increases." And then Mr. Wheeler goes on to speak about "educating" democracy into knowing a man when it sees him. My only comment on this is to ask, "How?" I agree with Mr. Wheeler that the existence of critical journals like The New Age is one means of educating the people. But the consent of the educated in education is no less necessary—in fact, is much more necessary—than the consent of the governed in government. And, if Mr. Wheeler includes in what he calls "Hls Bls" any part of the system of our modern educational system, then I do not think our capitlistic governing classes have any immediate occasion for anxiety. Our modern educational system has for the last generation turned out vast numbers of superficially educated young men and women who, if their "education" does at any time soar beyond the columns of the gutter Press, confine themselves to popularising pseudo-poets like Mr. Masefield, or novelists like Mr. Charles Garvice.

My contention, then, is that the consent of the people under a system of democratic government is, generally speaking, of relatively little importance one way or the other, for the people—partly as a result of our modern educational system—do not choose to exercise their powers. On the other hand, in countries which are or have been until quite recently governed by what Western Europeans might call despotism, the people have paid much more attention to the government, and have exercised much more influence on their governors than Europeans are inclined to believe. There are whole States in India, and innumerable cities, towns, villages and country districts in China, Afghanistan, Persia, and Asia Minor, where the great majority of the inhabitants can neither read nor write, and are not by any means "educated" in the European sense of the word. Yet in these places, as I can assure Mr. Wheeler, a very strict eye indeed is kept on the local governing authorities. The people are prepared to tolerate as a necessary evil a certain amount of injustice, despotism, or arbitrary exercise of power on the part of those set above them; but, as I have previously intimated, there is a limit beyond which these powers cannot be exercised. We thus reach a result which, to Mr. Wheeler and possibly to many other readers of The New Age, may seem almost absurd: in those countries, where the power of the people is nominally strongest, the people are ground down, not, I admit, by a single despotic ruler, but by the huge number of intolerable and less tolerable despots of political bosses, and, what is perhaps still worse, political faddists, such as we have in the shape of the Eugenists and those wealthy temperance reformers whose money enables them to purchase from the government in power whatever sort of legislation they feel inclined for; and, on the other hand, in those countries where the power of the people is nominally non-existent the people exercise more influence on the essential political government than is the case in Western Europe or America.

I fear I have now reached the limit of my space without having been able to deal fully with Mr. Wheeler's arguments. He may, however, have been able to carry his point by reasoning his way going, why I cannot reply off-hand to the somewhat naïve test he mentions in his last paragraph.
Military Notes.  

By Romney.  

I have an opinion which I have fortified by many careful observations, starting in the "modern side" of a rank and file of a public school, that there is a connection between the study of Natural Science and the modern deterioration of the intellect. The rule of the clergy has ended in intolerance, the rule of the merchant is ending in corruption, but the rule of the scientist is ending in the madhouse. The scientific mind is failing in the most important attribute of minds. It cannot think. It will observe, collate, and, with a success of which I cannot judge, but the powers of industry and observation do not imply the logical faculty. Rather the reverse. Women observe. They are the most observant creatures in the universe, not Kaffirs, but neither species is any great shakes in logic or science. There is an obvious explanation. Analysis demands the intensest powers of concentration. Its great exponent was Napoleon, whose awful power enabled him, as it were, to tear the heart out of a problem in the minimum time. The feminine genius is weaker, and rather than intensive. It toils and endures. It will not nerve itself to settle the business in one decisive blow. Now, there are men as well as women in whom the intellectual faculty is twofold, and it is my opinion, originally founded upon what I saw at school, that this mind of this description turn in relief from hard thinking to the industrious collection of facts. This weakness is at the bottom of many scientists, whose unauthorised excursions into religion and politics have become a distressing example of the failure of attempts to reason in persons naturally unfitted for that task.  

Of late these intrusions of the Kaffir intellect have become increasingly frequent. As in the early days of Kimberley, when diamonds lay upon the ground, the expenditure of a very little effort ensured a disproportionate reward, so in the virgin fields of natural philosophy the slenderest of reasoning faculties, supported by patience, and the cultivated powers of observation, could be relied upon for quite astonishing discoveries. But the poor public, ignorant of how the trick is done, and judging only by results, accords our scientific Barney Barnato an extravagant veneration. The sway of the newly made doctor over the dusky tribes of the sub-continent is scarcely more unquestioned than that of several well-known wonder-workers over the white niggers of the "Mail" and "Chronicle," and the sub-continent is scarcely more unquestioned than that of several well-known wonder-workers over the white niggers of the "Mail" and "Chronicle," and the other daily prints whose drowsy chants are toned to the mental somnolence of the etiolated Bantus. White niggers of the "Mail" and "Chronicle," and other daily prints whose drowsy chants are toned to the mental somnolence of the etiolated Bantus.  

The sterner qualities have opportunities in the school which they represent makes for the intensive faculty is wanting, and it is my opinion, that death becomes less terrible because the charit- able might be inclined to suppose that the matter would therefore be remedied by enforced participation in a battle like that of Mukden or Liao Yang, with seven days' action, five marches, four or five assaults, as many periods of over five hours under continuous rifle and artillery fire, and thirty per cent. losses. The sterner qualities have opportunities in such environment. On second thoughts, however, it appears we cannot let him off so easily. Worse than mere ignorance is involved in the assumption that death becomes less terrible because the machinery of death has grown more complicated. Here is a failure of the reasoner. Why should Sir Oliver, gazing at the machinery, had forgotten the move behind it, the killing or terrifying of whom is the essential fact of war; had considered, in short, a means without reference to its end, which is a very common error of your intellectual. But none the less a terrible one. It argues "mental delinquescence" and decay. The reason is the soul.  

Men like Sir Oliver Lodge, or the acuter, but not less flabby, Wells, who appeal to sweet reason as a substitute for warlike measures, err because, through some defect of logic or the imagination, they do not realise that half humanity's disputes are such as reason cannot settle. Before men argue they must be agreed on fundamental principles. Such agreement does not exist, and never has existed, between even a majority of men. Anyone who has so much as seen the Catholic and Mahometan religions realises that. But the narrow sectary that is your intellectual has not seen them. Mentally too idle to discover discrepancies for himself, the narrow cosmopolitan circle within which he moves is too limited to permit of his discovering them in others. Men of this sort are far too simplistic, as the French, to explain the world by ignoring half of it. Their folly and the ignorance have tacitly assumed that movements like the rise of the Catholic religion or the French Revolution would, or could, have consented to refer the question of their existence to a council of the powers that were, the do-nothings and the vested interests, sitting at Rome or at Vienna. God have mercy on them! They are the ruin of nations and a destruction to states, not because of any doctrines they may preach, but because of the last resort nobody believes such nonsense), but because the school which they represent makes for a certain sloppiness, or rather absence, of thought, whose end, as we have seen, is a Mongolian paralysis of life.  

Torture is to the front. The Putumayo people have got a lengthy start, but they are finding a serious competitor in the Japanese Government, which has recently been "questioning" a batch of unfortunate Koreans into implicating an American missionary in some cock-and-bull plot. The Japs have been the enviable possessor of a detestable nation upon earth, and nothing but dishonour is resulting from our alliance with them. Here is one trick which the votaries of Bushido used with great effect during the Manchurian war. Say you want to obtain information and find it difficult to get. You bag a Chinese family, a father, mother, and some sons. The sons are then sent off to the front as spies, scouts, or what not, with every chance of being hanged by the Russians if they are caught, but with the clear understanding that if they come back without the necessary news, papa and mamma will be summarily shot. Anyone who knows the depths of filial piety in China will realise the diabolical ingenuity of the dodge. Its peculiar beauty consists in the fact that the Chinese population were neither legally nor morally concerned in the struggle. Their fate is of incidental interest as showing what happens to nations who listen to the counsels of Sir Oliver Lodge.  

I am distressed beyond measure at the designs of the new French uniform. Before long, it seems, the képi will be gone. I regret the most. The képi has glorious memories. Why abolish it in favour of something like an inverted article which not even the Japanese or Japanese at Rome or at Vienna. God have mercy on them! They are the ruin of nations and a destruction to states, not because of any doctrines they may preach, but because of the last resort nobody believes such nonsense), but because the school which they represent makes for a certain sloppiness, or rather absence, of thought, whose end, as we have seen, is a Mongolian paralysis of life.  

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I am distressed beyond measure at the designs of the new French uniform. Before long, it seems, the képi will be gone. I regret the most. The képi has glorious memories. Why abolish it in favour of something like an inverted article which not even the New Age must mention—clumsy, degraded, and grotesque? Why not leave well alone? The French have a kit which suits them admirably, every national characteristic, and which, in spite of nonsense talked upon the subject, is perfectly adapted to service in the field. This craze for innovation does no good to anyone, except the tailors and contractors.
The Economics of the Wage System.

III.

The burden borne by Labour in general and the Trade Unions in particular of maintaining life during unemployment, a function properly belonging to capital, constitutes, as we have said, a charge upon the industrial fabric which must be repaid. But it is almost universally contended that wages itself is a first charge upon production, ranking in priority before rent, interest or profits. This idea is as prevalent in Socialism as in conventional economics. It is, in some sort, the capitalist’s justification for the existing wage-system. He says: “I find the money and take all the risks; but before I can pay a penny for rent or interest or take a penny in profits, I must first pay my workmen their wages. They have a first charge upon the concern.”

The seeming fairness of this contention has often proved too much for enthusiastic Socialist hot-gospelers. Oddly enough some of them actually embrace it as a propitious and happy fact. Thus, Mr. Gayford Wilshire, in criticising some comments of ours in which we remark that wages are the residue of the product after rent, interest, and profits are deducted, glibly responds: “I had always thought that the very first charge upon production was wages, but perhaps I, too, have a defective spark-plug of my own.” The reference to the spark-plug is this gentleman’s way of expounding the obvious: “Of course, it must be so or else I’m a bit mad,” is what he means. Yet it is not obvious because it simply is not true. The only semblance of truth in it is that in point of time wages are paid before rent, interest or profits. But this is not what is meant by the term “first charge.” To possess a first charge upon a property primarily implies security. Whoever else goes without, the possessor of the “first charge” is secure. If his dividend is in default, then he may seize the property and squeeze out every other interest. A first charge is, in financial jargon, a “security.” Because labour is a first necessity in the process of production it by no means follows that this constitutes a “first charge upon production.” Labour possesses no kind of charge upon industrial production because its claim is automatically discharged by the payment of wages. Wage, as all economists agree, is the price paid for the labour commodity. If, therefore, wages is a first charge upon production, labour must possess a first charge upon production, wages and labour being equivalent terms, under the express meaning and conditions of the wage system. But what security does labour possess? Absolutely none. The security of possession has finally passed with the payment of wages. Thus, if a capitalist is free to suspend, temporarily or permanently, the process of production, labour has no kind of charge upon the unfinished product, which belongs absolutely to capital. One commodity cannot in the nature of things possess a first charge upon another commodity into which it has entered. And labour, according to the existing code, is nothing but a commodity. When, therefore, Mr. Wilshire, with his defective sparking-plug, writes with such assurance, he merely proves that he neither understands the true meaning of the word “first charge,” upon production for its maintenance. Yet we have seen that the maintenance of unemployment is second only in importance to the maintenance of employment. The defect in Mr. Wilshire’s sparking-plug is that he applies a term clearly understood in one category to a condition in another category where there is no appropriate application.

Thus we see that the wage system is a denial to the owner of labour of any charge, first, second, or third, upon production. If, however, we transform the conventional conception of the economic function of labour by crediting it with its proper human attributes and rejecting the pure commodity thesis sans phrase, then we remove labour from the wages or inanimate category to the living or active category of rent, interest, and profits. This intellectual process accomplished, we have revolutionised political economy; labour is at last in a position to contend with rent, interest and profits for the “first charge” upon production. Whether it can, in fact, secure that first charge depends upon its power of economic organisation—upon its will and power to constitute productive and distributive guilds. And upon the power and capacity of labour (the human energy, not the commodity) thus to organise itself upon a sound economic basis depends the final test of democracy as a living principle. If labour, as we believe, can effectively organise itself, producing and exchanging commodities more efficiently than is done under the wage system, then we shall speedily discover that whilst wages under the present system were but a first charge upon production, organised into guilds, would have a first, second, and third charge not only upon production, but upon the industrial structure as a whole.

The problem of economic organisation is almost as important as the problem of economic resources. A community rich in natural wealth, but defective in organisation, may find its economic position inferior to a community, poor in natural resources, but effectively organised for economic purposes. This becomes more and more a truism with the growth and efficiency of transportation facilities. Thus Lancashire, which does not grow an ounce of cotton, is the cotton centre of the world. Organisation is the clue to what will prove a mystery to the historian a thousand years hence. Now the wage system is uneconomic, not only or even primarily because it is based upon a false conception of the nature of labour, but because it is the fruitful parent of faulty and uneconomic organisation. The creation of surplus value in the possession of a small class inevitably circumscribes the human area from which organising capacity may be drawn.

We have seen that the wage-system consigns labour to outer darkness, having created possession of capital and under the control of the profiteers. How stupendous is the result it is difficult to demonstrate. Take this fact: 39,000,000 out of our population of 45,000,000 receive only one-half of the entire income of the nation. This means that about eighti-
ninths of our population, living upon wages, are excluded from any controlling interest in the organisation of society. Society so organised is obviously the negation of democracy. The defects and failures, therefore, inherent in the existing structure of society, cannot be ascribed to democracy. It is true that our political system somewhat resembles a democracy, but our national economy is plutocratic throughout, and, in consequence, renders impotent our political democracy, which is only apparent, and not real.

Now, it is natural that capital should seek to retain control over its own interests. It is better, from capital's point of view, to retain control with inefficient administration than to lose control to efficient management. For example, in the will of the late Sir Edward Sassoon, his young son is admonished to attend to the interests of David Sassoon and Co., Ltd., 'so that its reputation and standing so laboriously built up by his ancestors for close on a century may not be tarnished or impaired by the possible neglect or mismanagement of outsiders.' What sanction is there for assuming that the stripling who has now entered into possession can better protect the interests of the business than its present administrators? Observe, too, that the non-proprietorial managerial class is a brood of children, servants and parasitic dependents. The succession to the control of large undertakings by youngsters by inheritance is probably the most prolific source of failure to organise efficiently. This has long been recognised, and the cure sought in joint stock administration, where competent management can often be bought by large salaries and profit percentages. But this system barely widens the area from which to draw an administrative class, its management is strictly defined in the same milieu as his employers, whose status he seeks to achieve. In this way, even a clever administrator does not make administration his dominant motive. Only a man who is the end of the procession, he, too, may become a member of the possessing class and not only its servant. But granting the existence of an administrative class, its management is strictly defined by the first condition that dividends must be earned. Dividends, however, cannot be earned save by the maintenance of the wage system, because the wage system is the only method whereby surplus value can be secured. Thus we discover that the wage system is the basis, not of one integrated community, but of two communities whose interests are divergent and antagonistic. The one community is the army of wage slaves, as much detached from the products of their labour as the farm labourer from the land. The other is composed of five in six million people, rent, interest, profits, administration, with its brood of children, servants and parasitic dependents. Now let us see the positive waste involved in this organisation apart altogether from the negative waste involved in the extrusion from commerce of untold potential administrative capacity running to waste in the mass of the working population. We will again quote Mr. Binney Dibblee:

"The town of Oldham, with 100,000 inhabitants, has spindle capacity enough to supply more than the regular needs of the whole of Europe in the common counts of yarn. To manipulate such an output and market it, as well as the other output of Lancashire, is the business of less than 900 firms. Almost all these firms are coal and cotton merchants and warehousemen of Manchester and Liverpool, not to mention the marketing organisation contained in other Lancashire towns, have a greater capital employed than that required in all the manufacturing industries of the cotton region. But the immediate question is: what is the cost of making the mouth of the Chancellor of the Exchequer water. But consider London, with its population of seven millions. Says Mr. Dibblee: 'Of industry in the modern sense, which uses 'power' for production, she is almost ignorant. The proof of this odd fact I discovered in the report of the Commission on London Traffic, still only a few years old. There were then 638 factories in London registered as coming under the Factory Act, with an average horse-power of 54. The total power employed within the London area under the Factory Act, chiefly used in newspaper printing, was 34,750 h.p. Just twice as much power as that is required to drive the 'Mauretania' through the water.' Yet the wealth of London is greatly in excess of the world, just as in former civilised towns of Great Britain. This purely financial aggrandisement, divorced from actual production, is equally observable in New York and Chicago.

So it comes to this: The existing social system, based upon wage slavery and controlled by profiteers, at this time of day, cannot sell an article for less than it costs to make. Our methods of exchange have grown grotesque; their wastefulness is a national sin; their burden has become intolerable.

We must look more closely into this!

Internationalism and Bureaucratic Diplomacy.

By E. Belfort Bax.

Like all moral persons, Socialists are sentimentalists. All morality is based upon feeling or sentiment. Sentimentalism, as the term is commonly used, simply means the moral sentiment with which the speaker who uses the word is out of sympathy. It is not, of course, to be denied that there are unsentimental persons in the world. MM. Bonnot and Garnier, of recent French police fame, were undoubtedly untainted by sentimentalism of any sort. But the Socialist as said, like the moral being that he is, is a thorough-going sentimentalist. The iniquity of the present system of society, of the oppression of weaker nations by stronger, the horrors of war, are things that touch him profoundly. They are for him things that matter. On the other hand there are pieces of sentimentality that usually do not stir the fibre in his composition. Among these latter is the sentiment of nationality, commonly termed patriotism. The fact of whether his own nationality gets the better or the worst of it, morally or materially, in its struggle with the State system of another country, leaves him cold. National or imperial glory, prestige, honour, etc., are usually for him phrases expressive of the most mawkish of sentimental twaddle. They represent to his thinking a slavish and artificial attitude of mind. His contempt for them is deepened by the evidence he has that the sentiment evoked by them is almost invariably, in the present day, the manufactured product of commercial and financial interests.

In accordance with this view the whole diplomatic machinery of inter-State relations embodied in the Chancellories of the Great Powers is the enemy to be destroyed. The abolition of secret diplomacy and the democratising of inter-State relations will be the first step in that internationalism, which is the political god of modern Socialism. With this transformation in the inter-Governmental relations of modern States the whole of the principle of the Foreign Policy, as we understand it to-day, must go by the board. The intrigues of diplomats, behind which are to-day the great financial interests of the world, just as in former days there were the great dynastic interests, of the world, cannot exist in the day.
light of publicity. Bismarck, I believe, on one occasion, replied to a demand of the Social-Democrats and Progressists of the Reichstag, that his diplomatic correspondence should be laid before the Imperial Legislature, that that would only mean that he would have to write two despatches instead of one, the first for the Chancellery of the Power concerned, and the second for the edification of the Reichstag. The implication was, of course, that inter-State relations could only be carried on through the customary diplomatic channels. This is undoubtedly true, if the end and aim of all foreign policy is to continue to be, as it has been and as it is at present, the furtherance of the interests of the dominant financial and bureaucratic rings and cliques in the various countries of the world. 

For the fall of the present system of secret diplomacy means the end of capitalism as a systematic factor in international affairs. It means the destruction of the direct political power of the great financial rings. By this it is not meant to imply, of course, that that power will entirely disappear, but its most powerful organ would be gone. The direct and uncontrolled facility of making war and peace and deciding the destiny of States would be taken from it. The masses of the various countries would for the first time have something to say in their foreign as well as in their domestic policies.

As it is at present public opinion is excited on a question of Foreign Policy and is worked up for or against any other State exactly as it suits the interests of the Foreign Office and of the financial clique concerned. This must of course be written into the foreign affairs taken out of the hands of the present diplomatic bureaucracy and made subject to democratic control, powerful financial and commercial interests might still, by means of public speeches and by their control of influential organs of the Press, fan the spark of Jingoism, always latent in the present-day public opinion, into a flame, but the fulcrum it now has in the operations of secret diplomacy being gone, its efforts would be less effective if less public.

The opinion is steadily gaining ground among political thinkers of the present day that the world will never again see a war between any two first-class Powers. Of course, there are many fire-eating bounders (many of whom have never smelt powder in their lives) who make the wish the father to the thought, who will affect to scorn this view and will trot out stale claptrap about war and national rivalry springing from eternal qualities in human nature and the like. But, nevertheless, as above said, the conviction is slowly but surely growing among thoughtful observers of the signs of the times that we have seen almost, if not quite, the last of all war among the great Powers. This does not mean, of course, that all war is likely to come to an end in the immediate future. There remain weaker States inadequately safeguarded by any first-class Power or combination of such Powers which may at any time be swallowed up. More than all, there are backward, barbaric, and savage peoples outside the range of the modern capitalist world which remain to be absorbed into it on the first convenient opportunity by one or other of the leading capitalist States. Given the continuance of the capitalist system these colonial wars must continue also until the process of the absorption of all the outlying territories of the world into the system of modern civilised capitalism is finally completed. At the present rate of progress in this direction it can hardly require many generations before such is the case. Then it is obvious war would die a natural death even under capitalistic conditions. Meanwhile the Democratic policy is not merely the prevention of any possible conflict calculated to endanger peace among the leading States of modern civilisation themselves, but also the checking of that so-called colonial expansion by which capitalism, throughout the whole of its history, seeks to prolong its life and without which it must sooner, rather than later, succumb before the forces of Socialism. In order to make its voice heard effectively such a policy of Social Democracy inexorably demands the complete abolition of the modern diplomatic system and its bureaucracy.

**The Jubjub Bird.**

By J. M. Kennedy.

The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

**Readers of The New Age** will recollect that in two recent issues of the paper I had occasion to criticise Mr. J. L. Garvin and his wiggle-wobble policy. I did this because it seemed to me that Mr. Garvin possessed a certain amount of influence which, properly exercised, might have been of much benefit to the people of this country in recent crises they have passed through. Unfortunately, Mr. Garvin is one of those men who cannot stand criticism when it is directed against themselves, and, as I expected, he took advantage of the first opportunity to "get back." The press copies of my book on English literature of the last generation had hardly appeared before Mr. Garvin whiffled through it and proceeded to burble about it in the "Observer" of July 21. The review he wrote is as contemptible as his editorials; and I refer to it here merely because it enables me to point out once more to Mr. Garvin that a little knowledge is dangerous.

I would say in the first place that a sore tail, dipped in venom, is not precisely the best instrument that can be, because when you write foreign affairs out of the hands of the present diplomatic bureaucracy and make subject to democratic control, the fulcrum it now has in the operations of secret diplomacy being gone, its efforts would be less effective if less public.

The opinion is steadily gaining ground among political thinkers of the present day that the world will never again see a war between any two first-class Powers. Of course, there are many fire-eating bounders (many of whom have never smelt powder in their lives) who make the wish the father to the thought, who will affect to scorn this view and will trot out stale claptrap about war and national rivalry springing from eternal qualities in human nature and the like. But, nevertheless, as above said, the conviction is slowly but surely growing among thoughtful observers of the signs of the times that we have seen almost, if not quite, the last of all war among the great Powers. This does not mean, of course, that all war is likely to come to an end in the immediate future. There remain weaker States inadequately safeguarded by any first-class Power or combination of such Powers which may at any time be swallowed up. More than all, there are backward, barbaric, and savage peoples outside the range of the modern capitalist world which remain to be absorbed into it on the first convenient opportunity by one or other of the leading capitalist States. Given the continuance of the capitalist system these colonial wars must continue also until the process of the absorption of all the outlying territories of the world into the system of modern civilised capitalism is finally completed. At the present rate of progress in this direction it can hardly require many generations before such is the case. Then it is obvious war would die a natural death even under capitalistic conditions. Meanwhile the Democratic policy is not merely the prevention of any possible conflict calculated to endanger peace among the leading States of modern civilisation themselves, but also the checking of that so-called colonial expansion by which capitalism, throughout the whole of its history, seeks to prolong its life and without which it must sooner, rather than later, succumb before the forces of Socialism. In order to make its voice heard effectively such a policy of Social Democracy inexorably demands the complete abolition of the modern diplomatic system and its bureaucracy.
The meaning of the aphorism and of the note attached is perfectly clear. The aphorism says: "Women's modesty usually increases with their beauty." The note says: "The opposite of this also holds good"—i.e., women's immmodesty usually increases with their ugliness. Mr. Garvin comments: "A strong wind shows the direction of the wind," and then he proceeds to make some rambling and inconsequent statement about half-hearted critics.

Mr. Garvin, indeed—I do not base my remarks on what he has said in this review alone—bears in one respect a close resemblance to Mr. Gladstone. He talks learnedly and dictatorially on several subjects, knowing no more about them than what he has derived from wide reading, unaccompanied with thought or meditation. But Gladstone was more cautious than his epigone. He talked to the artist about Homer and to the philologist about rose-trees. Mr. Garvin flings his immature opinions and speculations on paper and publishes them for the derision of the whole world. It is a more daring method, but likely to be unsafe when the writer comes into collision with some one possessing more knowledge and culture than himself. It is possibly remarkable of this fact that even Conservative circles now call the "fireworks" of the "Pall Mall Gazette" and the "Observer." The blusterer always tries to conceal his ignorance by the brazen use of a loud voice; and certainly no man of refinement can read the "Pall Mall Gazette," leaders without feeling an instinctive desire to put his fears to his ends.

In the end, the writer gains some insight into Mr. Garvin's character, which is that part of him which Indian philosophers call the idânta of which mediavial philosophers might have called the "quiddity"—we may be helped considerably by the "Pall Mall Gazette" leader of July 19. This deals with Mr. Lloyd George's financial schemes and there is a dexterous attempt to put the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the back while giving him a kick. We have a complimentary reference to "the two singularly contrasting sides" of Mr. Lloyd George's "incalculable character," and the question is hazarded whether he will be "dragged ever lower by the forces he must stoop to win," or whether he is "still capable of developing, like Mr. Chamberlain, into a statesman, without ceasing to be a democratic leader." And these are his gems:

Mr. Lloyd George denounced and disclaimed any policy which would turn the industrial masses of to-day into a parasitic proletariat, like that of Imperial Rome. It is true, as Mr. Bonar Law pointed out, that in some degree respects the Chancellor has been a scandalous and amusing sufferer against his own maxim. His electioneering methods have tended, as we have often said, to debouch democracy. But on one point his claim is just. To check for a moment to deal. That Traffic comes fairly under a Criminal Law view, a very brave and strong thing, In the interests of the financial future of the country the Unionist Party would have been wiser to recognise the importance of the Bill really inaugurates. For this is what the Bill really inaugurates. The feeling among a great portion of those who interest themselves in Man rather than in Humanity is that the time is now come for a national change in this matter they are forcibly driven under the same title is, to say the least, muddled. Many of our most estimable citizens are not in a position to distinguish one from the other, their knowledge of such things being restricted to the columns of book advertisements and station placards; the value of public opinion concerning the Bill is, therefore, weakened accordingly.

All, no doubt, agree that the White Slave Traffic should be stopped, but even here the doubt rises in one's mind whether the methods proposed will succeed, and, further, even if they would do so, whether the introduction of inquisitorial police methods is not too dear a price for the State to pay. It is not the possible chance of injustice to individuals, as suggested by various people in various places, of which I am speaking; though perhaps these fears are not unfounded. It is the irreparable wrong that may be done to the State by the institution of a bureaucratic police—for this is what the Bill really inaugurates.

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course, yet it is attempting to make a profound change by very questionable means. Under cover of the cry, "White Slave," it attempts to remove prostitution, which, in itself, has nothing whatever to do with white slavery, proceeded against at the instigation of aggrieved citizens, and to place it among those crimes of which the police may take direct cognisance; what is more, it even forces the landlord to act as an unwilling agent of the law.

It was easy to make light of the protest of employers against having to stick stamps on cards, though the protest is a very just one, and at bottom, a very urgent one; it is the protest of being forced under penalty to take on the duties of tax collector. This new Bill goes further, and will make the landlord undertake—under penalty—the duty of spy and police agent; not, be it noted, in a matter which is really criminal and about which all citizens may be called on to do their best to bring about, but under penalty, to do it in a matter which, except by emotional humanitarians, is recognised to be ineradicable and also, within certain limits, desirable and necessary if we would avoid much worse evils.

Whatever may be the rights and wrongs of the case—and among those who have a right to speak the views held are very various—it is quite certain that the proper line of treatment is in the direction of education, moral and intellectual, and not in that of repression and criminality. At a time when all civilised opinion is tending towards the belief that those who are now recognised as "criminals," deserve treatment along humanitarian lines, that they are more rightly to be regarded as fit for the hospital than for the penal establishment, it seems almost the height of folly to attempt to bring under the criminal law a class of offences which must always, except for the bigoted mind, be considered as not in which the law has a rightful place except for the purpose of guaranteeing the freedom of the individual.

It is with this side of the subject I wish to deal, for the views held on questions of sex are for most people established on very insecure bases. Few have ever even considered the subject except as one which they feel ought not to consider, and for this attitude many of the writers who treat of sex give them ample grounds.

What we want to see is whether our views are well founded or wherein they need alteration, and, next, what are the lines along which changes should be attempted in order to reach the ends we desire. For clearly, on the face of it, our present methods of repression of all things sexual are open to very grave dangers, and are also of very little use to society. In view of the possible alternatives to quasi-normal sex relations, it is a very open question whether further repression might not be disastrous, especially at a time like the present, when, in spite of and because of repression, there is through all Europe and America a concentration of the mind on Sex.

I shall, therefore, first take a general survey of the situation, introducing some aspects of various questions which are not often put forward, and then try to take up different points and afterwards treat them rather more fully.

The question is such a complex one that any treatment of it must be more by way of suggestion than by scientific method. Scientific methods, I think, wholly unsuited to the subject, for the emotions, which is what we are really trying to consider, are, almost by definition, excluded from a scientific treatment, or, if that is not quite true, at any rate the science of them has yet to be evolved.

The only real science of the emotions which we possess is contained in some of the older religions and their rituals, as devout Catholics will recognise, but the growth of intellect and the dominion of the scientific mind have pushed religion into the background and have made the emotion, which can be value entirely an ethical one. But the relation of ethics to religion is rather that of a cart to the horse, lifeless and artificial, though commodious for those who are not horsemen, and a refuge even for horsemen when, weary and worn, they are in danger of slipping from their seat and falling in the dust. In fact, any readers who remember the chapters on "Theology" may recognise a resemblance between carts and arks, which is, I think, a true one. The difference is that a cart only goes on dry land. A few minutes' consideration of the art of driving and of the use of the rein both as a restraint and as a spur, will teach us more than many ponderous tomes on ethics and morals.

When the scientific mind wishes to treat of the emotions, whether as religion, art, or sex—for these are a true series, it is inclined to use utilitarian formulae, which are only true in the world of Man the Forked Radish, and to class all who use others as pestilent fellows.

From one point of view they are so, no doubt, for they tend to upset all the nice straight lines and well-considered dogmas with which mind has mapped out the universe. Therefore as soon as possible they are suppressed again, and the universe again tidied up, and all good people again set to learn their lesson:—

Not to allow my thoughts to stray Beyond the duties of each day; Thus only can I hope to Be a type of maiden modesty.

As I am starting from the supposition that our present way of doing things is the wrong one, it may well be that my suggestions will be received with some readers, savour rather of Hedonism, which, from conventional reasons, if from no others, may be distasteful to them; but although asceticism, too, has a very important place in the subject, it is, I venture to think, a strictly localised part of it. I shall, therefore, leave the consideration of asceticism till we have to some extent cleared the ground from habitual misapprehensions.

A Gentleman.

He was a very perfect gentleman, As were his father and his father's sire; His grandsire's sire with whom the trade began, Being a brewer, was not free from mire. But of a gentleman who will inquire What soil first nourished his ancestral tree? Suffice it that A true one. The difference is that I know of dealing with it, and this only at second hand, is one called "Sartor Resartus," by a certain Carlyle (T.). Though not really in Latin, it is almost as incomprehensible as if it were; it is, in fact, a valueless and foolish work.
Forsooth, for toilsome ways he had small mind;
His broker managed all his cash affairs;
He took what fortune sent and was resigned;
His days were spent in other worthier cares;
His cultured tastes preserved him from financial snares.

An actress he adored, but could not hope
To lead her to the altar, having not
Of that rare fluid in his veins one drop
Which marks the ruler from the common lot.
His humble scutcheon had no honoured blot.

As well for some fair Countess had he yearned—
She would have splendidly set her girdle broad;
He had not even time to barter looks,
For he was keen on all the ancients penned,
And judged the time was ripe for it at last.

She might have made an early saint forget
To dream of Judgment Day and Paradise;
With later saint the task were not so great.
The iris gleam of azure in her eyes
Dazzled many to forget the price
Of such discretion shown in all of these,
The “Smiling Lady,” lately stolen away,
A Leonardo in facsimile—
A very doubtful Hals, most prized of all,
Each hero as he gracefully expired
Of current stocks
Set fire to many a heart not wholly ice.

She left the sweet grapes on the upper wall,
But he was not a foolish slave of passion;
He scanned the circle where his choice might fall,
By such discretion shown in all of these,
For he had done a deal of travelling in his day.

He rose betimes—no sluggard was our friend—
And daintily he ate of plainest fare;
He had not even time to barter looks,
To such high issues did his purpose tend,
For he was keen on all the ancients penned,
And the pleasures of the censored stage embraced.

A cloistered life he spent till noon ’mid books;
Admittance was denied his dearest friend.
For he was keen on all the ancients penned,
Set fire to many a heart not wholly ice.
And every school from Paul the Veronese
To such high issues did his purpose tend.

To politics he gave but little heed.
He scorned the wily demagogue’s oration;
His faith was strong and simple was his creed;
His gentle soul was grieved by such ingratitude.

But, for the few in strident tones who speak,
They spoke not there. For quiet contemplation
‘Tis best to ruminate in plank Greek,
Or lean on apostolic revelation,
Nor push the quest too far for life’s interpretation.

His knowledge ranged from some few hundred years
Before the flood. He knew the tale of Greece,
And Rome undone by Cleopatra’s tears,
The great Crusades, the Papacy’s demise,
The rise of Greater Britain over seas,
And phoenix-like Napoleon’s wars he knew.

In brief, the general tale of war and peace—
What in bronze, wood, marble, or in clay
Was cast or chiselled indoors or in sun,
For the few in strident tones who speak,
They spoke not there. For quiet contemplation
Their statues cumber still their village green.

He was conversant with what was best done,
Before the Troubadours invented rhyme.
In brief, the general tale of war and peace—
He saw no way such perfect scheme to mend,
As the chief of a wish—only it isn’t a wish
Exactly, because I don’t rightly know what it is what I
And as it ain’t anything in particular you might say I’m all right. Well, I’m not.

On Bucking Up.

By F. J. Osborn.

I’m going to buck up. I definitely made up my mind, see?—to buck up and try if I can’t do a bit better’n what I bin doin’ lately.
As it ain’t anything in particular you might say I’m all right. Well, I’m not.

The only thing is, I can’t make out what’s the matter with me. If it was anything in particular I suppose I should know what it was. And as it ain’t anything in particular you might say I’m all right. Well, I’m not.

I got a queer kind of a wish—only it isn’t a wish
Exactly, because I don’t rightly know what it is what I
And as it ain’t anything in particular you might say I’m all right. Well, I’m not.

The mighty destinies of his great nation
Suffused his soul with a sublime elation,
The more that he, with wealth and ease endowed,
In that first empire filled no humble station.
He was a grade above the common crowd
To whom more modest sentiments may be allowed.

His books were marvel of the printer’s art,
Bound in fine leather, soft as infant’s cheek—
Plato, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Locke, Descartes,
And all the wise who for the Answer seek.

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be gettin' on at all. 'Tisn't because I'm a wild and or anythink. I was top lef' school. I always done well at school could call special. Some chaps can't seem to think of nothink else to chip you about, whenever you're a bit quaht over your work. I sh' think if old Elf Jones has weren't nothink else anyone was ever down in the mouth cornes acrawst you can't talk sense to him.

lively chap, old Jonah, really, but when he's on that of it," says old Jonah, place, it's very good of him to be considerin' he earns the best money of anybody in our

I met the Reverent Stranks, what keeps the Brother'ood in Mafeking Road, and he caught hold of my anm and

The chief thing is,

days a week, generly, but she can't hardly go out any to live on. Of course, mother does to do. We 'aven't got a over lot of money, although seven an' six a

won't never be able to do any better. I seem to get such gettin' thinner 'an what she ought to be.

The difference to us,

He keeps them all alive. Con-

He's a

If you ain't arst 'er, what d'y' expect?

Just to be friendly with me as what he is, when he isn't chaffin'.

He's giving me a lot of advice about how to get on. The chief thing is, I got to buck up. All I want to do, he reckons, is buck up. An', funny thing, the other day I met the Reverent Stranks, what keeps the Brother'ood in Mafeking Road, and he caught hold of my arm and walked me ever so fast down the street till I was ready to drop, encourigin' me. He said I ought to buck up. I suppose I ought, really.

Professionally, I'm a packer meself. I earn as much as sixpence a week, and sometimes it's nearer a pound. My job is regular enough, and with young Erb leaving school in two years we ain't got no call to be anxious about the future—me 'aving a regalar job, you see. It's the old man what's the trouble. The old man soaks more than he should, and he ain't awf' in work now. You might say he don't work three weeks in the year. I'll say this, there isn't a lot of jobs going for a man his age: but he didn't ought to soak, not to the extent he does. What I get isn't too much for all of us to live on. Of course, mother does a bit—two or three days a week, generly, but she can't hardly go out any more'n she does, 'cause of the kids: none of 'em ain't lef' school yet. Besides, her work wants finding.

One thing I can't worry. We can manage to rub along, but it's a pity the old man doesn't get more to do. We 'aven't got a over lot of money, although I'm in a regalar thing, and the rent makes a big hole. We have to have else anyone was ever down in the mouth cornes acrawst game you can't talk sense to him.

I ought to buck up. Encourgin' me. I say I ought to buck up. I suppose I should have, if I was to buck up.

You can't help thinking sometimes you're a fool, and won't never be able to do any better. I seem to get such a lot of advice, and don't somehow profit by it like you might expect. Feller I know, name of Bob Oliver, hap-pening to meet him yes'day in the dinner hour. I

generly 'oof it about dinner-time: ain't got any cash to chuck about on luxuries, see—you can alwis have a bit extra when you get home in the evening to make up for it. If we were, I mean—and face it, but I'm ignorant or anythink. I was top o' the semph standard afore I lef' school. I always done well at school: I got some of the prizes now what I won—and at Sunday school.

No more money I come in any one day; sometimes I don't even get a farthing, and I'm ignorant or anythink.

I don't seem to get a day's holiday now and agin, but he don't mind. He earns good money while he's here. But he don't have three days a week, generly, but she can't hardly go out any to live on. Of course, mother does to do. We 'aven't got a over lot of money, although seven an' six a

only he don't know as I want somethink for somethink—somethink regalar—at as much as twenty-

big help, that is; but I reckon meself she don't eat much. I say I ought to have a flow of spirits if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—I mean if I was a little bit differ'nt somehow—

I have a day's holiday. It's in a motor works. It's true he gets a day's holiday now and agin, but he don't mind. He earns good money while he's here. But he don't have three days a week, generly, but she can't hardly go out any to live on. Of course, mother does to do. We 'aven't got a over lot of money, although seven an' six a

I don't know what it is. Nobody gives me advice really seems to know what it is, neither, though I must a'mit it's kind o' them to take the interest in me they do, specially Elf Jones. He's an awful cheerful feller, old Jones: I should like to have a flow of spirits like his. He gets on fast enough.

Buck up! Is it settled, then when you pass him in the street, or anywhere: "Buck up, ole sport! We'll soon be dead!"

I don't know as I want to be dead, exctly...
A Flirtation.

The American girl came to the pension dinner-table just as the soup-plates were being jerked away by the waiter. Her entrance made a little stir. The young Italian officer, who sat on her right, rose and, clicking his heels together, made a superb bow. The German student on the left was not so nimble, but he raised his spectacled eyes, beaming with adoration, and made a great shuffling with his chair. The waiter flew swiftly to clear his command. Ladies stared critically to see how her hair was done this evening, and what dress she was wearing. They bowed and smiled without much cordiality. Only the elderly Miss Griggs at the bottom of the table, who gushed over the lovely late-comer, made frantic efforts to catch her eye and convey admiring greetings.

Florida N. Baxter, of Oregon, U.S.A., had radiant blue eyes, an air of "style," and tiny American hands and feet. She was saved to make a late entrance at the dinner-table, especially when she had something new in the way of clothes to wear.

On this occasion she seated herself with gracious self-possession, darting a dangerous glance into the spec- tacles of the German, who straightway over-salted his meat with a perturbed hand; then she turned her bat- teries broadside on the gallant officer.

He hastened to respond with banal civilities. "Always beautiful, but particularly so this evening!" he murmured.

"Thanks." "Don't you believe it? Don't you see how the whole table is looking at you with admiration?"

"H'm," said Florida, helping herself liberally to beef. "I caught a real vineyard glimpse just now from that old lady right opposite."

"An antipathetic person!" said the captain. "What does she mean by it?"

"I don't know," answered the young lady innocently. "I will tell you," said her neighbour, fondly imag- ining he was initiating the young American into the ways of the world. "It is because she and her daughter are jealous of you. An ugly girl, that daughter."

"Oh, do you think so?"

"Per Bacco, yes! But never mind them."

"I don't mind anybody," said Miss Florida disdain- fully. "Besides, I'll pay them out. They always come to me to have their fortunes told, you know, and I pay off my old scores then."

"What will you tell them?"

"Oh, I shall foresee a stroke caused by over-eating for the old lady (she's greedy), and I shall tell the daughter she'll never get married. They have great confidence in me as a fortune-teller. That's how I keep them in order."

The officer chuckled.

Florida came as a gift of the gods to the men at Pension Tivoli. A pretty and witty American girl wander- ing over Europe alone was a wonderful specimen of the eternal feminine in the little Italian town. Miss Baxter on her side found the place just too lovely for words—so quaint, so artistic! She liked to be queen, devoted herself to her education, which was always being carried on intermittently in her wanderings. She engaged a singing-master, a professor to read Dante with her, and a tutor as a young attendant, for philosophy. Florida fully intended to become a cultivated woman-some day, either as singer, authoress, or society leader. She had not decided which.

Meanwhile, how is in with the poet that the proper study of mankind is man, and having long studied the species, she now applied herself to the genus Italian.

Dinner was the event of the day at Pension Tivoli. It was a lengthy affair. In Florida's vicinity, however, conversation never languished and laughter was fre-quent.

"Where have you been all day?" asked the German, in a momentary lull.

"Oh, out in the country to see a monastery!" she answered carelessly.

"Alone?"

"No; with a friend."

As she spoke, a dark young man, who sat opposite, glanced at her, and a look of understanding passed be- tween them. Then Florida gave all her attention to her ice.

After dinner she held a little levee in her own room. It was only a tiny room, for the fair pilgrim spent so much of her allowance on dress and her various branches of study that very little remained for the necessities of living. But it was all the cosier because it was small, the admirers said, and they crowded in joyously, for Florida had the priceless gift of making people at home. The capitano sat on a travelling trunk which was covered with a Como blanket; the German and a friend occupied the large—very large—sofa. The dark young man enconced himself on a camp stool in a corner, and sat silent, his black eyes fixed on his lost one.

Cigarettes were smoked; Florida played and sang comic songs. The great thing was to have one's fortune told. The habitues had it done every evening. You sat close to Florida and touced her hand in taking the cards and looked into her eyes, and no one else could have a word with her during the operation.

But at last the visitors dropped off. The officer had to show himself in a box at the opera; the others followed. Only the dark young man in the corner remained.

"Aren't you coming too?" inquired the officer, as he passed out.

"No," was the curt answer.

Florida's eyes brightened. She scented a dramatic situation. The young man's name was Orlando Rossi; his companions nicknamed him "Orlando Furioso." Florida thought the epithet misleading. He was such a real Italian. His large black eyes could roll wildly; his skin was olive; black masses of curls crowned his head. He was only twenty-two, and he took Florida very seriously.

This evening he was pale with jealousy.

"Well, Signor Rossi?" said Florida, when the others had gone.

She was sitting in her rocking-chair by the wood fire, and rocking lazily to and fro.

"Eh bien!" replied Orlando, standing by the mantel-piece.

"I hope—I see—you—well?" said Florida, speaking slowly, in order to vex the young man by suggesting that he could not understand. Orlando was vain of his English.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"How silent you have been all the evening?"

Orlando replied in Italian:

"Have you designed to notice it? I am surprised.

"Why should you be surprised?"

Florida put out her hand for a fan.

In fact, why should one be surprised at anything done by a woman?" began Orlando, in tones of cold steel. "Woman is an enigma. The heart of woman is inscrutable as the Sphinx. One should not be surprised at anything a woman does."

His eyes met hers, and Florida's eyes brightened and smiled.

He became more excited. The veins on his temples swelled. Rage suited him; he reminded her of Othello. He raved wildly about fickleness, coquetry, the coldness and ambiguity of women's hearts.

"What are you angry about?" asked Florida innocently, when he had run down for want of breath.

"Have you no idea?"

"No—unless it is because I talked to the others."

"At last," said Orlando. "Yes, signorina! It seems to me that when a woman understands that a man loves her, when she goes into the country with him for a whole day, when she seems to have sympathy for him, and when she is then equally amiable with others—she is a coquette. Our women—"

"Oh, your women!" exclaimed Florida impatiently.
“I am not one of your women. Don’t imagine that Americans are like your Italian women! We are different! We don’t consider ourselves beneath you men; we don’t submit to be treated like children or dolls; we—”

“Pardon, signorina. I do not wish to discuss the relative merits of American and Italian women. I only want—”

Here Orlando fell on his knees by her side, passionately kissing her hands, her dress, shedding tears.

“You are a woman,” he said, “you coquette like other women. And you have a heart, but you stifle it. All you English and Americans are like that. You are cold. We have hearts, we have warm blood, we—”

They quarreled idly. The weather was getting hot.

Then a brilliant idea struck Florida. It was getting too hot to stay in town, everyone was going into Villa Mademoiselle Lulu. Why not go to some lovely, cool spot and let Orlando come too? For she would have missed him too much!

She went to a little watering-place and Orlando speedily followed. The life of Pension Tivoli was continued. Together the two walked, read, sketched, frequented the Casino. People looked askance at the intimacy and then concluded that to Americans all things are possible. Florida ignored people sublimely.

As for Orlando, he would have been grieved if they had known how Florida kept him at a distance. But after a fortnight or so, when they walked out, there began to be long silences. Florida felt Orlando’s glances at the pretty women who passed. Could he be growing weary of her? Vanity forbade the thought. She did not realise that the Italian is nothing if not sentimental.

“Do you love me—yes or no?” Orlando demanded.

“Perhaps,” she murmured.

“Then I may hope?” pleaded Orlando.

She smiled at him, and said that he Hope made life beautiful. Later on Orlando went off jubilant to the café on the Piazza, where he sat until midnight dreaming dreams and swallowing many consommations of raspberry vinegar.

Meanwhile Florida sat before the fire, twirling her fan and rocking.

“I wonder if I shall really fall in love with the boy? He is very young. I am three—no, four years older than he. Well, I always think of old age when I am young. I think, after all, I like young men best—they mean it more and believe in you more. Well, these Italians always look older than they. Well, these Italians always look older than they.

Then she asked herself a more difficult question. She asked herself one day when she had a headache and felt sentimental.

She was pleased for a moment, the situation seemed so real, so serious, and she had always lived on the surface of things. She tried to feel deeply.

“Supposing it is to end in real love? Is he worth it? Is anybody worth it? Is he worth anything? Can he be trusted? Does he mean it? Does he know how to love? Does he mean it? Does he know how to love?”

Then she said, “You do love him.”

“Do I love him?” she retorted. But it was the wrong moment.

“You can’t understand a woman like me.”

“You know you are angry.”

“You are just like any other woman, only you try to be something more. Your high horse is just like the high horses of the others. Vanity is your ruling passion, you are sexless, arid. Everlasting coquetry, flirtation, playing friendship—how can it satisfy you? You are incapable of making up your mind to be either wife or mistress. The cocotte takes her stand, but YOU—”

Late in the afternoon, when she was weak from the insulting things he said—he shall take them back, she almost believed she did love him. She shall not have him. I never liked any one so well after all—and the insulting things he said—he shall take them back,
they must not be said to me! Oh! I shall conquer him again—when he comes back. But Orlando never came back. On the morrow he appeared in Madamessile Lulu's retirée. And two months later his family arranged a marriage for him, with a certain plain little cousin who had just left school. "All women are alike," said Orlando, "and this one is of my own family at all events." And he was never weary of quoting the Italian proverb about choosing: *Vino donna tuo pesce.*

**Views and Reviews.**

It is to be regretted that Baron d'Ambès was too modest to put his proper name to this book: we might have given it a careful consideration to his memoirs had we been assured of their authenticity. But, however satisfied with the reasons for pseudonymity the French editors may be, we, being ignorant of those reasons, cannot share that satisfaction. A dead man has no right to fear, even from the eloquent public, if he avows his loyalty to the second Empire; and his real name might be a guarantee of good faith. In the absence of it, we are forced to look for internal evidence of his authority; and, in this case, the text offers little proof of the writer's intimacy with Louis Napoleon.

We know that in the lamentable fiascos of Strasburg and Boulogne, Louis Napoleon was assisted by every intimate friend; and in both cases those who shared the dangers shared the imprisonment. Baron d'Ambès asks us to believe that he was there, that to him was devolved the task of raising the populace to rebellion and of being the only escaped arrest; but was not even sought for by the police. Either Baron d'Ambès was not there, or he did not do his duty; for we know that the French monarchy was cognizant of the projected rebellion, and was acquainted with the persons concerned in it. The presumption is that Baron d'Ambès was not there.

This presumption is strengthened by another admission. The coup d'état of December, 1851, called into activity every intimate friend of the little Napoleon; yet Baron d'Ambès records the fact that he was not acquainted with its details, and was ignorant of the date appointed. It may be supposed that this fact establishes the bona fides of his author, that a man would not record a fact damaging to his own prestige in a diary not intended for publication unless it were true. But would such a man hide knowledge from himself; knowing, as he so often says, that no eyes but his own will see this record, would such a man hide such knowledge in a secret diary? "This question of the succession is preoccupying the Prince. It is not difficult to see that it implies an Imperial marriage. But who will be the Empress? I do not believe that the dream of the Grand Duchess will be realized. There are other eyes that take the fancy of him who is now the Emperor. Whose eyes? He has not confided in me as to this, but I can guess. The presumption that he knew no more of the Emperor's mind, if he did the rest of the public is strengthened by the fact that he did not disclose the name "Montijo" until the Emperor had proclaimed it.

There is another reason for doubt. Did Louis Napoleon ever have a friend who made sacrifices for him and did not receive his reward? The Baron d'Ambès declares that he was such a one, that neither honour nor enmity did ask he accept. Yet this pure and unselfish spirit the Napoleonic principle became a financier, and he asks us to believe that, like another Romeo, he only wanted to be a candle-holder, and look on, while the plunder was being divided! Marvellous man! It is more than ever to be regretted that such virtue should be attached to a pseudonym, that such a light should be hidden under such a bushel of newspaper cuttings and imaginary conversations as this book contains. For, failing to provide any real evidence of his own existence, to say nothing of the existence of Napoleon III., the Baron d'Ambès invents two characters, Smith the financier and Delagrange the fanatic, to illude the Second Empire that is not corrupted by hero-worship. The effect is to destroy the illusion of the secret diary, and substitute that of the historical novel.

That the intention of the author must have developed as his collection proceeded is shown by the structure of the second volume. The Baron may well say in his preface: "I, an author! I laugh at the notion in my white head." So do I, but there is no doubt that cacoethes everlastendi did afflict him "as much business, as much business, as statesman, and scholar," as he describes himself, when he had finished his first 400 pages. How else can we explain the long descriptions of Italian scenery in the second volume, the ululations of art criticism, the declamation of the Emperor's good intentions, the frenetic denunciations of the Parliament and the advisers of the Emperor? Were he an author, we should call this "padding"; and we cannot call it anything else, although he is not a man. Why should a man "pad" a secret diary?

We might have been willing to waive the question of authenticity if the Baron had really anything new to tell us. But to justify the Empire by arguing that it was the best possible for France, we cannot admit that France needed a man to quell disorder and to command obedience to the dictates of reason and glory, and then to argue that not Napoleon, but his advisers or his Parliament, more particularly that dreadful Opposition, are to be blamed for the disasters that befell the country, is to play fast and loose alike with psychology and political theory. If Louis Napoleon could not govern, he must have been mad to thrust himself into the breach and perhaps as much truth is in the page of this "impartial" memoir, as was true, in Bismarck's declaration that he did not make war on France, but on the Emperor. Even if we admit that France needed an Empire, we cannot admit that she needed an Empire that could not maintain itself; if we admit that she needed a man, we cannot blame a populace that had many times acclaimed his existence of Napoleon III., the Baron d'Ambès in-vents two characters, Smith the financier and Delagrange the fanatic, to illude the Second Empire that is not corrupted by hero-worship. The effect is to destroy the illusion of the secret diary, and substitute that of the historical novel.

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We arrive, then, at the conclusion that Baron d'Ambès can only tell us that Napoleon III. was a fine man because the Napoleonic ideal is a fine ideal. True, we have in addition the assertion that the Empire might not have come to ruin if Napoleon had listened to the advice of the Baron d'Ambès; and the Baron, admirable man, confesses some jealousy of Persigny. But we wonder why it was that the Emperor did not accept the advice. Was it ever tendered? Did Baron d'Ambès ever get near the Emperor? Did he, at Dover, when Louis landed on his way to Chislehurst? "He caught sight of me, and our glances crossed. I read his looks—we do not need words to interpret our thoughts. Our belief is shattered by the statement that not Napoleon, or one of his friends, but the mystical Smith informed Baron d'Ambès that the Emperor had left Wilhelmshöhe. Even at the last, this 'intimate' friend was told: "The Emperor receives no one!" and although Clary wired to him on the last day, he "did not ask to go in." Really, one would like to know the name of this extraordinary man.

We all go to our graves lamenting unless his name was Legion. On the face of it, this compilation bears no signs of authenticity. The Napoleonic megalomania affected many a person; and it is easy for any-

**August 1, 1912.**

*Stanley Paul. Two volumes. 245. net.*
reads most agreeably to a New Age critic. And finally, there is, we believe, not a word about Euripides. The "Poetry Society" has taken to studying English poetry.

**The White Slave Market**

By Mrs. Mackirdy and Mr. Willis. (Sunday, May 26.)

An evilly sensational epitome of this evilly sensational world. We have never come across any novel to beat this for low excitement, pretentious sentimentality and degradation of the English language. The authors have padded in other people’s vice; have, on their own showing, spent half their lives in scrapping up stories of an order so absolutely unfitted for a vulgar pair as they are, they have spiced these yarns for the taste of the vulgar public, and taken the liberty of addressing their disgusting volume to the Speaker. The book is nothing but a novellete of brothels, but the name of Jesus Christ pressed into its service enables it to escape the censor, and will pass into the bourgeois homes of England to befoul their atmosphere, already none too salubrious. There is humour in it for people who know the world, since the authors have evidently been the sport of the demi-monde, but as a novel issued to circulating libraries, the thing is an outrage.

A certain Madame V., a brothel-keeper of twenty years’ experience, seems to have had a glad afternoon entertaining Mr. Willis. The young lawyer got himself introduced to the "bad house" by Madame’s lawyer, a man clearly too smart to offend by a refusal where something might be gained for his client. So Mr. Willis persuaded Madame to let him have a look at her, and to the best of Madame’s business not to be drawn, she allowed the missionary-man the satisfaction of believing that he was getting on famously, and as he "plied her with wine, treble-priced champagne, she let her wits fly away before his very eyes, and, in short, became most vivacious and confiding. At last, having made her company as expensive as possible under the circumstances, Madame told Mr. Willis her past. Marguerite, plats and all, more hoary, and more mysterious stranger to the village: dénoncé, in Singapore or somewhere—a white slave!

"I rose to go," writes Mr. Willis, after solemnly setting down every word, even to some verses which Madame vowed "touched me as fine poetry has failed to do":

"I met her in a house of Blank: Her face was pale and white. She looked like a flower not yet in bloom; she had missed the road to right."

"I rose to go. With outstretched hand I said: 'Good-bye, madame. Only one word: where is your money?' 'Why, you poor thing!' exclaimed the wretched woman. 'Do you not know what you ask! I am chained to a stake with the devil’s links.' A flood of tears stopped further talk [her face was pale and white]. Madame was completely unnerved. [She had missed the road to right]." Nevertheless, she talked for quite a while, adjuring Mr. Willis to "crush the pimps." She had not misunderstood what the gentleman to whom at first she had spoken of pimps as "consolers, protectors and amuses." Mr. Willis had given her the cue, however: "Yes, and he takes her money! He’s a mug---it’s outright. Yes, yes, we women are infernal fools—we always believe in our man." A witty female; and the type to defy destruction to the end of the world. If the police were taken off, the courtesans would be well enough policed by such as Madame V. But then the Traffic missionaries would be out of a job: so we see them fighting for more power to the police and for persecution of Magdalene and her protector, in the name of Jesus Christ. The pseudo-Christians, Willis and Mackirdy, want inspection for the women and the cat for the men. Mrs. Mackirdy, naturally, is out for the vote for women, amongst other sensations. With the usual imbecility, she gives away her case on earth and in heaven. For if out of a mass of novelistic padding we extract the following story: A married woman went abroad to live the life of shame and with the money she did mop, they took a little
London shop, all in the husband's name. And then he turned her out and she could not get justice from the Law of England! Votes for Women! No names are given, needless to say, and many incidents, including Madame's alleged relation of the murder of a white man, are obviously invented. As for their assertion that more police power is needed—the joint authors themselves quote a "notorious" case in Singapore where the police contrived to exonerate for their assertion that more police power is needed—by having them transported to London, and lent to London financiers at rates lower than could be obtained by money brokers to earn their living by some intelligent occupation; but would do even them no further harm.

**Britain's Dilemma.** By M. de P. Webb. (P. S. King and Co. 7s. 6d.)

Perhaps the most valuable part of this book is its indictment of the Secretary of State for India. He is charged with having misapplied the Indian Paper Currency Reserve, the Indian Gold Standard Reserve, and the floating cash balances of the Indian Government, by having them transported to London, and lent to London financiers at rates lower than could be obtained in India. The injustice to India, the injustice to India, when we are told that the Secretary of India lends Indian money to English financiers at less than 2 per cent, and borrows money from English financiers for Indian purposes at nearly 3 per cent. The injustice to England, the injustice to England, is that the English market becomes overstocked with gold, with the consequence that prices rise faster than wages, and strikes occur to the detriment of trade. The dilemma is that high prices produce strikes, and dear money produces stagnation. We have had a phenomenal output of gold, so that compared with fifty years ago the addition to the world's stock in a decade has trebled, and there is every prospect of a still increased production. Unless real production of gold, England, with its free gold market, has very small reserves of gold to meet its world-wide liabilities. The United States Treasury has about £2,700,000,000, while the Bank of England has added during the last ten years: the Bank of England has about £40,000,000. It is something to shake one's faith in the universe to discover that the Post Office Savings Bank of this country, with the Bank of England, owes to depositors about £200,000,000 keeps as a reserve only about £200,000. The business of the world is practically carried on by credit, and the sooner we admit this, and drop this nonsense about the necessity of gold, the sooner we shall have arrived at a true and sensible view of our difficulties. It is absurd to pretend that gold is necessary to discharge liabilities when no one country could discharge its liabilities in gold. The variation of exchange value between gold and other commodities would bother no one if gold were not legal tender; and no extension of the use of gold can add stability to our commerce, or increase the blessedness of the poor. But the legal demonetisation of the metal, and the arranging of exchanges of value accordingly, is an ideal unit, as proposed by Mr. Kitson, might compel the money brokers to earn their living by some intelligent occupation; but would do even them no further harm.

**Cameos of Indian Crime.** By H. Hervey. (Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d. net.)

The author says in his preface: "Thirty-five years of an adult life passed in India, for a large part in a branch of the Government service which has thrown me into contact with a heterogeneous people, not only in cities and towns where the Western exotic is a familiar figure, but also in remote villages and jungles where the sahib is well-nigh unknown, have given me many opportunities of becoming familiar with the character and habits of the natives by ingratiating myself with them, conversing with them in their own tongues, and assimilating myself with their life." We have to suppose, though, that Mr. Hervey has become an Indian criminal: on the contrary, he takes a highly moral attitude, and argues that the white people should set a good example to the poor degraded blacks in matters of morality and temperance. For Indian crime is strangely similar to European: their vices seem to be just those that our stay-at-home moralists denounce in the West. Murder, robbery of all kinds, lying, prostitution, are all associated with the city; while in London you cannot escape from solitude and vice, as you can in remote villages and jungles. But the legal demonetisation of the metal, and the arrangement of exchanges of value accordingly, is an ideal unit, as proposed by Mr. Kitson, might compel the money brokers to earn their living by some intelligent occupation; but would do even them no further harm.

Mr. Lewis does little more in this book than publish the views of various Syndicalist writers, and summarise the history of the movement in Europe. Into the confusion of ideas he introduces no order, unless his distinction between Italian and French Syndicalism can be regarded as a synthesising principle. He says that Italian Syndicalism has for its object the regulation by the workers in each trade of their own industries; and that French Syndicalism is distinguished from it by the fact that the object of French Syndicalism being the regulation of the production of their own locality by the workers of all kinds in each small locality or commune. But as he has so admitted that the workers in either country do not keep rigidly to the last formulation of the "sacred right of revolution," for it attaches itself to no system of philosophy or government, it looks not beyond the abolition of everything but the working class. It regards everything, including democracy, as its enemy, and is not so much the creed of the Irreconcilables as of the Irreconcileables. The business of the world is practically carried on by credit, and the sooner we admit this, and drop this nonsense about the necessity of gold, the sooner we shall have arrived at a true and sensible view of our difficulties. It is absurd to pretend that gold is necessary to discharge liabilities when no one country could discharge its liabilities in gold. The variation of exchange value between gold and other commodities would bother no one if gold were not legal tender; and no extension of the use of gold can add stability to our commerce, or increase the blessedness of the poor. But the legal demonetisation of the metal, and the arranging of exchanges of value accordingly, is an ideal unit, as proposed by Mr. Kitson, might compel the money brokers to earn their living by some intelligent occupation; but would do even them no further harm.

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**The New Age**

August 1, 1912.
The Art of the Orator. By Edgar R. Jones, M.P. With a Foreword by the Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P. (Jack. 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Lloyd George's perfunctory "foreword" of some dozen or so stilted and formal lines is presumably the best that can be said for this book. Without by any means saying the worst, we may add that the book is superfluous as well as wooden. There may, as the author pleads in extenuation of his offence in publishing such work, be few books on the subject of Oratory; but unless a writer can improve on those few he is not bound merely to fill the shelf. After all, Plato, Aristotle and Cicero have each said something on the subject, and for a modern treatise, including "scientific" psychology with which Mr. Jones professes to deal for the first time, there is the famous work by Schleiniger, translated into English some two years ago.

Aspects of the Irish Question. By Sydney Brooks. (Maunsell. 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Brook's has written an interesting book, which certainly tends to prove that Home Rule, although not a solution, is a necessary condition of the settlement of the Irish question. The settlement itself can only be determined by the Irish themselves. Whether a nation that has been oppressed and coerced by a foreign Power until its population contains a larger percentage of old and insane people than that of the sister islands, can rise to a normal level of prosperity is really the only question. Mr. Brooks, like Mr. Green in "The Awakening of England," looks to the results of co-operative farming as a good omen. There is plenty of encouragement to be derived from the way in which Sir Horace Plunkett's schemes have succeeded; and with the passing of the Home Rule Bill the obsession of politics will probably vanish. Mr. Brooks makes a rather pathetic appeal to the Irish gentry to do their duty to their country at last; but otherwise, he writes sanely enough about the people as they are and what they may be.

A Lost Legionary in South Africa. By Colonel Hamilton Browne. (Werner Laurie 12s. 6d.)

"Maori" Browne's book deserves the high praise of ranking with Hyatt's "Diary of a Soldier of Fortune" among the first of its kind. That it is good reading, therefore, goes without saying; but it is also of no small value to the student of history, military and otherwise, for it is from these raconteurs, writing without hope of promotion or other disturbing motive, that one most often gets the truth. And a funny truth it is. "By the grace of God," Browne and many like him are outside the moment when uninstructed persons like Mr. McCullagh are circulating nonsense about the bloodthirstiness and politrooney of the Italians in Tripoli. Firstly, we are told that after Rorke's Drift the British and Colonial troops passed in organised "drives" through the mealie fields, finishing off as many wounded and exhausted Zulus as they could lay their hands upon. Secondly, a description of the very dangerous panic in which the younger regiments proved liable before the Zulu rush brings it home to us that Anglo-Saxons and Dagoes are very much the same at bottom. This is, of course, no news to soldiers, who are perfectly aware that armies will not stand torture and massacre without retaliation, and that it is not only in Southern Europe that regiments of young, untrained troops are apt to get demoralised. But journals list forget that it is necessary to remind them. Here is the occasion for frank revelations like those of "Maori" Browne.

The Civil War of 1915. By J. Twells Brex. (Pearson. 15.)

This book appeared as a serial in the "Sporting Times," for whose columns it must have been admirably suited, and ever left there. There is a lot about the Black Death and the wicked Socialists. On page 159 she saw him, and stood there, and her arms groped towards him.

Pastiche.

AN ALLEGORICAL FRAGMENT.

It came to pass, once upon a time, that a company was formed called Closes, Ltd.—a very philanthropic affair indeed, for, however large were its profits, its shareholders only took Five per Cent.

Wasn't that kind of them!

The object of Closes, Ltd., was the Reformed Housing of the Respectable Poor—at least, those of them, of course, who could pay a reasonable rent. And Closes, Ltd., was successful—for Mr. Peonl, who had all sorts of slum areas, such as Mayfair and Wimbledon and Kensington, bringing with them their pitiful little sticks of Crippendale and other old, shabby, and unfit motor-cars that soon a subsidiary company was formed, called Closes, Ltd., and Closes, Ltd., built yet more houses for the quondam slum-dweller (those of him who could pay a year and had only two children, or £5 a year if he had one), and he arrived, with his pathetically treasured stock of Goodness and Suburb, his grand piano, and his Norland nurse—he arrived in such numbers, indeed, that, lest the wretched soul should go roofless, Still Closes, Ltd., was foisted, with the laudable aim of constructing habitations for those of the genuinely certified Respectable Poor who had no offspring at all and, being honest British working folk, were ready to pay a paltry rent of a hundred a year.

And presently there was such a lot of money left over, after distribution of all the Five per Cent, that the cost of the army of masons and tilers and carpenters and plumbers required to keep the houses in repair and replace bricks which had crumbled away and bits of roof that had fallen off and floors that had cracked and window-sashes that had warped, and after providing salaries for the charming gentlemen whose business it was to go round assuring the inhabitants that true neighbourliness was enhanced by the delight of hearing the conversation of the next-door family through the partition wall—there was such a lot of money left over that Closes, Ltd., was capitalised, on the profits, to erect Bijou Workmen's Homes at £150 a year.

A time passed and passed and passed; and one day 'Arty from 'Oxton appened to be traversing the district, and as his eye fell upon these edifices he remarked: "Lor, wur 'ouses, wiv their winders all lookin' inter each uvver! W'en shall we get a Act of Parliament to abolish these 'ere slums?"

"Now wot they en'lyor' are built in a pine like this was a bally Goodin' Suburb which was silly of him, because it was a Garden Suburb." W. M.

THE GLORY OF OUR PRESENT PRIVATE CAPITALIST SYSTEM.

(Overheard on Hindhead.)

She (in plaintive, worried voice): By God, do you want that you want to be in with a lot of doctors to get patients.

He (in cross, bullying voice): Well, be in with the doctors. Do you want to be here and get lost, or be hustled (as the speaker perceived that he was overheard).

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

XIV.—THE DAILY MAIL.

TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKE IN KENSINGTON.

HORRIBLE HAMMERSMITH DISASTER.

Announcements of Births, Marriages, and Deaths appear on page 6.

THE LABOUR PARTY AT IT AGAIN.

BY OUR PARLIAMENTARY CORRESPONDENT.

[M. Mr. Frank Dilnot, already appointed to the editorship of the coming Labour organ, "Daily Citizen."]

Mr. McKenna sat smiling, doggedly waiting for the storm. The Opposition maintained that perfect calm for which it is noted; but once again the Labour members were on their feet, trampling the tradition of House under foot, howling and screaming with rage, waving their arms and foaming at the mouth, yelling defiance at the Chair, exhibiting, indeed, none of that reserve and dignity that should be discovered when dealing with a question so important and so ruinous in its results as the Waitresses' Apron Act.

SPECIAL LAW REPORTS.

AMUSING DIVORCE CASE.

(Detailed Account By Our Special Correspondent.)

(Two five columns.)
A BLACKGUARDLY ASSAULT.

... In passing sentence, the judge said he was satisfied that a blackguardly assault had been committed.

PERSONS’ DISGUSTING LIES.

... The judge said he was satisfied that the prisoner had come there prepared to tell a pack of disgusting lies. Two years' hard labour.

THE STRIKE IS DEAD.

... This is NOT true.

THE LETTERS OF AN ENGLISHMAN.

And so long as we are all unhesitatingly agreed on the point in question, so long shall we correctly regard the Herculean superimpression of a debased Press as a national asset, to be joyfully considered, with Greek, as the generating matrix of an infinitely bright future. And will you, I wonder, sincerely deny that "fresh fields" and novel grafting grounds cannot otherwise be attained save by a due observance of the salient features of journalistic stereotype? And...

AN ENGLISHMAN.

THE LETTERS OF A MONGREL.

There stand, look gentle and little lady come. Regard gentleman’s boots. How black (if unnatural)! Must taste that jolly nice blacking, perhaps same used bloved King Queen. I run quick, fall down on grass, lick big

YOSHIO MAKINO.

THE OLD SCHOOL.

BY DESMOND COKE.

"You know I'm in old Mr. Blinky's house, don't you, James?" says Harry to his companion as, arm-in-arm, blue-benned and white flannel-trousered, they take their way across the old quad. "Yes," replies James, punching a small boy's head, "and I hope you haven't forgotten that the school breaks up to-morrow."

LORD NORTHCLIFFE.

He sells our pens for a kindly look. He wasn't precisely a gentleman born. So, friends, let me praise in my twice-weekly bawl, the parvenu cad who makes cads of us all.

TOUCHSTONE.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A TWO-HEADED CERBERUS.

By H. Hamilton Fyfe. (Book as advertised.)

Suppose a man were to tell one that a "Daily Mail" book reviewer and half-day tripper had once written an article in a Socialist rag explaining how these same reviews are paid for by publishers at good business rates. And suppose he were bent upon assuring one that I was that man. Would it not indisputably intrigue one?

Says doute. Yet it would, of course, be perfectly true. Here is, indeed, a most unusual phenomenon, happily, for twentieth-century men and women—a all round inept venturing to catch upon what he really is familiar with! So my instinct argues hence...

THE PUPPY BOY'S PICNIC.

By Solomon H. [Anonymiser.] 6s.

It is peculiar to find a novel without charm, without plot, without characters, without sincerity, and without sympathy, and the total absence of all these qualities is wonderfully well suggested in "The Puppy Boy's Picnic." The only advice we can give our readers is—buy it at once, mentioning the "Daily Mail."

CRICKET.

"Humanly speaking, the Australians are in an impregnable position with a total of 448 and only three days' play..."

LAURANCE WODEHOUSE.

[Is it not obvious that Mr. Wodehouse writes the leading articles?]

THE NEW AGE.

AUGUST 1, 1912.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"STATE CAPITALISM."

Sir,—Will you kindly explain why we have almost as much contempt for State Capitalism as an ultra-Tory? It is to the tactical advantage of our anti-Socialist or anti-State Capitalist ruling classes to rule the Government departments badly so as to make people loath to increase State commerce or trade or whatever you like to call it. But if these rich classes were taken out until there were no longer any ex- cessively rich in the British Isles, and could not be, would not all then set to work to make our Government departments decent? Have you learnt your wisdom that the workers in each department ought to have considerable say in the matter as to how their work should be carried on? But is it not wrong to lay the simple blame on the Socialists? Suppose we had a very much bigger quantity of State Socialism, with a Socialist Cabinet in power which had enormously clipped the wings of the private capitalists by means of income taxes, would not the private capitalists see that their game was becoming played out and that they were having to work more and consume less, and would they not then see that, as they had to live on more equal terms and under practically equal conditions with the crowd, it were better for their own sake to make State service and the conditions of the crowd good? Indeed, such patriotism as this would be the only way of getting power if the private capital dodge were ruled out. R. MEYNELL PEARSON.

WHERE DOES RENT COME IN?

Sir.—Once, when a child, I started to "do" what we then called simple algebra, and was, with some satisfaction, able to execute the first two or three moves of the puzzle. I am told, think it necessary to add "jig-saw." Now, it was a cold, wet afternoon, the fire was hot, and I was sleepy. All these were reasons why I could not find the peculiar bit I usually began with. I wasted much sad time ere I suddenly discovered that this was the other puzzle, for I possessed two of these provoking treasures. This one had ceased, owing to its lack of the peculiar bit, to be the favourite. Reading my New Age, as we are all, these weeks, more or less patiently and docilely doing, I feel I repeat this absurd experience. The bit I start from in turning over my puzzle of life—that represents and is, I am quite sure, far less mysterious than you or they probably care to see. You see, your constructive ideas, as recently unveiled to us, are not merely, in certain vital aspects, new. They are also extraordinarily exclusive, a trait whereby you betray your English breeding, but not necessarily in an endearing manner. The censured Webbs may, at any rate, claim that they have not ignored elements which, if constructively ignored in any practical reconstruction of society, will inevitably contend with and wreck any such scheme as that you are cheerfully devising. They may be hampered by an inability to forget them. The planters of America were, at least, assured that a looser class—in that instance of another race—was reserved to them by their foes.

I am prepared to grant your vital criticism of our present social organisation as, in the main, just. More, I think, of your readers go so far as that with you than the grosser sections may imagine. But I return to my earnest complaint, which need not, surely, among writers and readers of such lamentable intelligence, be elaborated. Your social plan is, unless I am a helpless fool over the puzzle, unthinkably exclusive and far too simple. The classes whose future you are calmly declining to consider are accustomed —to pity or true— to exclusiveness, and not, oh, not, as applied to themselves! You are producing, believe me, in many breasts sheer stupefaction and something of an admiration bordering on affection of you. But is it not, after what I have been through, perhaps an inexcusable phrase to say the puzzle is back-jumped by Wages, why, where do I come in? Am I to lie in the ditch when thrown, and ebb my little life away? Was I not written up to Whisky and soda? I want more of it!" To pal: "Yes, yes. Just going out. Suit me nicely. Rotten following, these papers, etc." Exeunt reader and pal. (Mumurr for a genuine hum in the New Age, lying a triffe tosked off of club table: "Now, where's the use?..."

Very good paper, by the way, but not quite good enough, may I note, for the knocking about it receives! I am Rent, poor Rent!

R. MEYNELL PEARSON.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

Sir,—I was much interested to see, in your issue of July 18 ("Notes of the Week") that, in your opinion, when wage-
slaves realise the importance of economic emancipation, they
will not be slow to act upon it; but that women, when they
realise, will discover that, after all, is not their true
desire.
This is a more definite pronunciation of your views on
women's emancipation, and I have some
connection with it I should like to ask you the following ques-
tion: On what grounds of philosophy, or on what supposed
facts of science, or, failing that, on what grounds of common
observation, do you base your opinion?
The present failure of wage-slaves to recognise the im-
portance of economic emancipation is, I suppose you will
agree, a matter that is inherent in their nature. In the
case of women, do you assert that it is a natural
instinct to desire economic independence, and that
women have a feminine instinct to desire economic independence, and that
"Freewoman" (July 18) contains in its editorial the follow-
ings. Much the same sort of thing has been said over and
again in its pages. Moreover, most of us, I imagine, must
doubt whether women make their demand for freedom with a full knowledge of its
significance.
What grounds have you for suggesting that these cases are not
rarely the exception? You are aware that THE NEW AGE
have set your faces against sentimentalism in any form,
and rightly so; but your extreme nervousness on the point
is rather surprising. Really, you are becoming as sensitive
about your virility as an old maid about her modesty.
If, sir, you believe that economic independence is the
key to women's freedom, it is your business to rub it in
with the same determination—if I may call it that—by which
you display in the case of wage-slaves. The patronising con-
tempt with which you treat the subject, whenever you con-
descend to treat it at all, can only have the effect of
assisting in the destruction of a living idea. That the
idea may survive without your assistance does not absolve
you from responsibility—more especially since that assist-
ance might be so valuable.
* * *
J. R. W. TANNER.
* * *
"THE NEW AGE" AND THE PRESS.
Sir,—In a discussion of "the Guild-Socialism of THE NEW
AGE," Mr. Gaylord Wilshire, in the magazine of his own
name for August, contributes some pertinent as well as im-
pertinent remarks concerning both yourself personally and
THE NEW AGE. His comments, I am sure, on yourself will
have no interest for you, though I may say that they are
so far from being abusive as to aim at being jocularly
friendly. When I assure you that their humour is American
you will not be surprised that it would be different from the
remarks on THE NEW AGE, however, are of slightly more
interest. Your proposal in particular for co-management
between the State and the unions strikes this Syndicalist
as impracticable—not, as one might expect, because
the unions will never be equal to it, but on the absurd
ground that Labour will one day be so strong as to refuse to
give the State their mastership. I am sure Mr. Michael Davies
will credit history, perhaps his own eyes will
carry conviction. I make the following perfectly serious offer:
Having raised the ghost between us of a Syndicalist
self shall stand in any public spot and enlist the first ten
Christians and ten Jews that come along to engage, for
50 per hour, in a meeting with facts—Jews frame
ity. I doubt whether Mr. Davies will be able to get a team to-
gether; but if he does, I am willing to bet another 50 on the
result.
R. S.
* * *
PEACE IN EUROPE.
Sir,—I am fully convinced "that there is such a thing as
an Australian view in foreign and Imperial affairs"—that
Great Britain does not "speak authoritatively for the whole
Empire"—that the Australians "detest their present diplo-
matic dependence upon Great Britain"—how complete is
the cleavage between Liberalism in England and Liberalism
in an overseas British commonwealth like Australia.
Those are facts which M. Grant Hervey proved beyond any doubt in his able and exhaustive article in the
* New Age,* June 21. But facts need to be explained—"mere facts are useless
without the light of the idea." Facts have no value by themselves; the fact that the
Australians are completely independent of the British does not mean that
they are free. It is the idea or theory relating to the facts and
explaining them which is of real importance. Even in
experiments for success the scientist does not stop there
which proves is the reasoning based on facts and explaining
them. "In experimental science, as everywhere, the real
criterion is reason," says Claude Bernard. M. Grant
Hervey professes the same conclusion when he writes: "Why
does Great Britain pursue a policy, domestic as well as
foreign, that compels Australia to look more to Germany
and less to England for an example of strength and cour-
age?" The answer to a "why" or a "how" is given by the theory, the more or less general idea, which in its turn must be based on a principle; without the latter the explanation is not complete—not scientific, but only empiric.
M. Grant Hervey gives himself an answer, an explanation to the question he raises, in Germany the "Austrians are deserving an appreciation, in our opinion, as the safeguard—not the menace—of Europe. Germany is the one country in Europe that, pending the discovery of the next non-German, takes the business of empire seriously. When the great
struggle arrives—the conflict between the white races and the
brown—we shall prefer the German ally with the bayonet
to the British moralist with the bathos and the bun." I
would say: Germany is or seems the stronger. That is true.
The answer is given by M. Grant Hervey, but it
while Germany, but it does not go far enough; it does not reach the prin-
cipal, primary reason—why it is so.
M. S. A., in "Foreign Affairs," July 11, goes a little
further, but not yet far enough, when comparing England
and Germany. He writes: "Germany has planted herself
firmly in Europe, and gained at once the respect and envy
* THE NEW AGE, "Notes of the Week," July 11, p. 245.
replied, had been duly received, but as an inquiry had been
I may say, was held by the chief culprit himself, and was of
for order to avoid both despotism—be it from one
larly interested individuals into the horrors Of the Congo.
Pointer put down a question to which Mr. Potts had already received an official negative. The Petition, Mr. Harcourt
Harcourt must surely bave been acquainted with the
Commons concerning the administration of these islands,
Columns a fortnight ago. On Wednesday last, July
the Law of Reason as applied to
pauperism of England makes "Great Britain a positive
vading the whole social body, actually "pauperism makes
ment of intelligence, and the spirit of free criticism per-
question is: Those soldiers—will they be for the State or
a crowd is entitled to his own opinion on matters of grave
State import chaos always results.”
For the rest I should have been seriously discomfited had Mr. Kitson’s view of my paper been anything other than it is.
* * *
EDWARD R. PEASE.
* * *
GOLD AND STATE BANKING.
Sir,—Will you allow me to correct one misstatement in your recent review, Brussels. (Dr.)
For the rest I should have been seriously discomfited had Mr. Kitson’s view of my paper been anything other than it is.
* * *
THE GILBERT AND ELLIS ISLANDS.
Sir,—Questions have again been asked in the House of Commons concerning the administration of the islands, and the Petition for an Inquiry addressed to the King and Mr. Asquith by Mr. T. C. T. Potts, as summarised in your column on June 24. Mr. Pointer put down a question to which Mr. Potts had already received an official negative. The Petition, Mr. Harcourt replied, had been received, but Government had not been moved to act, and Mr. Potts’ charges were then declared to be baseless, no further action was necessary. But Mr. Harcourt must surmise the nature of that inquiry, as well as with the crushing criticism it instantaneously received at the hands of Mr. Potts. The inquiry, I may say, was held by a official committee of no more independent value than similar inquiries by simi-
like interest of others into the horrors of the Congo. Mr. Harcourt, I am certain, knew this very well indeed.
otherwise he is simply a careless and incompetent person.
The reason for his inaction must, therefore, he sought in the fact that certain high and mighty persons are involved, whose influence is a sort of blackmail paid to keep Mr. Harcourt’s mouth shut. The facts, however, remain and are on record for those who wish to investigate the matter. Not only is it true that a concession of almost priceless guano deposits was made in 1901 by Mr. Chamberlain to a com-
pany, the chairman of which was Lord Stanmore, an ex-
Commissioner of the Pacific, but it is also true that this con-
cession was made practically for nothing and as a free gift to Lord Stanmore and his friends—for a royalty of 9d. per ton reserved to the Crown is a mere fleabite in the selling price of guano to-day. But worse even than the handing over of Crown property to private individuals was the abandonment of those lives with the nation’s interests as to make
the democratic nations draw back.” Even this “axiom” is not a scientific explanation, but an empiric one based on observation and experience.
I fully agree with M. Grant Hervey that “the Law of Let
reason, accepted, and ap-
plied, the only way to keep order, to keep the social body alive, is the Law of Force. No man of sound mind likes chaos, disorder, lawlessness; even despotism is preferable.
I do not think the expression, “the enemy inside,” which I used “unfairly sums up the attitude of the unsatis-
ified workers.” I agree with M. Grant Hervey that “they (the workers) are driven because they do not get enough to
eat”; also that the paupers are against the State because the State is against them. But I do not agree with M. Grant Hervey when he says that is the highest aim of modern statesmanship. To give food to the man is not enough; you need to give them a common moral ideal and a common economic interest. It has been said: Man does not live by bread alone.
True, “poverty does not make the best soldiers”; but the question is: Will they be against the State or against the State? Actually the State represents only the wealthy, the ruling classes, notwithstanding all that has been said and written to the contrary. The workers and the wealthy have, actually, quite opposite interests, and State and workers can only be in the position of foes. Therefore, if the State were to feed the workers well, it would be feeding its one enemy. I agree that the development of intelligence, and the spirit of free criticism pervading the whole social body, actually “pauperism makes a nation, not paupers.” Mr. Arthur Kitson’s view of my paper was anything other than it is.
* * *
WHERE SOCIALISM FAILED.
Sir,—In noticing Mr. Stewart Grahame’s book, “Where Socialism Failed,” your reviewer mentions that real com-
prehension of the “impossible Tolstoyan Lane” is missing from it. That is a phrase which has wrapped up Lane so often that I am sure he would not use it carelessly, but it does not seem to me enlightening or accurate. Your re-
viewer knew Lane. I did not: but I knew many of the men he influenced and moulded, and some who went with him on his unfortunate journey. The impression of him was that he was a man with a genius for organisation and far-seeing in the management of practical affairs, and this corresponds to the record of his industrial activities.
The truth is that, when Lane set out for Paraguay, he was a tired and dispirited man. For the previous eight or nine years he had been trying to vitalise the Australian labour movement and to set its feet on the right path. No one saw more clearly the side-tracks into which it was likely to lead, or the waste, sweepings over the whole world; it would be the fall of our civilisation and a return to barbarism. Therefore I deem it the duty of any thoughtful mind to study existing conditionsmically.
If you will allow me, sir, I shall later on offer an exposi-
tion of the Law of Reason as applied to all those facts; how that law interests history, and what that law prescribes for the future in order to avoid both despotism—be it from one or from several, the tyranny of military force or of the capitalistic force.
With my sincere esteem for the good and useful work you are doing with your Review,
GILBERT AND ELLIS ISLANDS.
(Dr.) VICTOR LAFOSSE.
Lone’s power waned after 1890, when a series of bitter
and protracted strikes had dulled the cutting-edge of the workers; not the failure of the different strikes that disqualified him. He was too humiliated by the intrigues of the politicians who were then springing into being to be successful, and his influence was gradually sapped. In truth, he had no political aptitudes. He was too alive to actualities to breathe freely in the political atmosphere at all, and by that time he had exhausted his reserves of physical and mental energy. The launching of the Paraguay expedition was a sign that he had withdrawn from the ring, and certainly there was no very inspiring glimpse of his prospects. As an experiment in communism the failure of a handful of farmers, torn up from their comfortable roots and dumped down in a foreign country, was easy of explanation, and made it necessary to postulate any impracticability on the part of their leader.

* * *

VANCE PALMER.

"NEWS FROM NOWHERE."

Sir,—In your last issue J. A. H. challenges me on one or two points of fact. He says, for example, "I do not think it is true that Morris ignored the State." I can only quote Morris in reply: Chapter XIII, "News from Nowhere."

"Said I: 'How do you manage with politics?' said H. M. Queen Alexandra. 'The most perfect form of cocoa."

J.

"How do you manage with politics?' "

Sir,—It seems that I have, for once, pleased an author, and at the same time justified my criticism. For I said that Mr. Davies had attained the style of an office-boy and the mental attitude of a music-hall comedian, and he has kindly written his letter to prove the truth of that statement. Like a triumphant barrister whose opponent has just given his case away, I say in reply to his pleading: 'That is my case.'

Your Reviewer.

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—Guy's Hospital Gazette.

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