

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WE used the romantic term illusions in writing last week of the political creations of the Press; but illusions is scarcely the word to apply to the Press' comments on the Manchester election. That election has given a fresh proof of the unpopularity of the Insurance Act and of the determination of the nation to escape from it if the opportunity offers. Not on a single occasion when question has been made of public opinion has public opinion replied in favour of Mr. Lloyd George's demented legislation. In private conversation, in any public assembly of persons, by petition, by ballot and in every possible way except by active resistance, the Insurance Act has been repudiated; and nothing now remains but for a few thousand people to be prosecuted to put an end to an Act that should never have been passed. Clear, however, as this is, we have had both the Unionist and Liberal Press during the last week conspiring to reduce the importance of the Insurance Act as a political issue to the position of fourth or fifth plank in the party programmes. Observers at close hand of the topics of discussion at the Manchester election agree unanimously that Insurance swallowed up all the rest of the conjurers' rods. Nevertheless, in his conversation with the "Times" correspondent, Sir John Randles, the successful Unionist candidate, declared that the election had been fought on Home Rule and Disestablishment, with Tariff Reform as a pleasing background; and the "Manchester Guardian" was so foolish or so dishonest as to declare the election a "blow to Free Trade." But the result of the election is neither a blow to Free Trade nor a blow to Home Rule. We should say, indeed, that no part of the Government programme is really unpopular save the Insurance Act; and as for the contention that the Unionist Party is becoming more popular with the decline in power of the Liberal Party, it is preposterous. The Unionists may be said at this moment to have no policy, no programme and no men. If their candidates receive votes—as they certainly will—the reason will be neither their merits nor the comparative demerits of the Liberals as a whole, but the unpopularity of the Insurance Act, whose repulsive nature time, we are convinced, will not diminish.

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It is difficult to arrive at the truth of the political situation; but it is even more difficult to believe the truth when it is stated. For our part we have invariably discovered our readers to be most incredulous when we ourselves have been most certain. And we

have no doubt that the rule will hold good of the following statements. First, it is a fact that the Unionist leaders have no intention whatever of repealing the Insurance Act in any single important particular. Their moneybags were cognizant of its ulterior purposes and fully approved of them long before the Bill received the Royal assent. It was only, indeed, after consultation with the great employers of both political parties that the Bill became an Act, and the Act was subsequently rushed into operation. We cannot give our evidence of these facts, but we can point to confirmations and indications which should satisfy the reasonable inquirer. Of all the employers of the thirteen million insured persons, for example, how many have offered more than a paper resistance? No large employer in any part of the country has refused to work the Act; and even Sir Charles Macara's loud resistance has died down to a positive though feeble support of the Act's operation. There is also the attitude of the Unionist Press from the "Times" down to the "Morning Post." It is useless to turn to these newspapers for genuine news of the resistance movement which is, nevertheless, we calculate, two million strong. With the utmost difficulty will any of our readers procure the admission into Unionist journals of facts relating to the breakdown of the Act. Unionist editors simply refuse to admit them, or, when they are compelled to do so, cancel them by faked news on the contrary side. The organisations for legal resistance, of which there are several, cannot even procure the publication in Unionist journals of the address of their offices. The "Daily Mail" itself has, as we said it would, damped down the ardour of its readers by judicious sprays of cold water. But the most convincing evidence of Unionist intentions is to be found in the fact that no Unionist publicly promises to repeal the Act. When Mr. Bonar Law, in a fit of honesty, undertook to do so, he was instantly compelled to withdraw his promise; and since that date, in whatever straits a Unionist may have found himself, he has never committed his party or himself to a frank promise of repeal or even of drastic amendment.

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The second fact for which we anticipate incredulity is this: that the Unionists have no desire to turn out the Government and to assume office. There is, we affirm, no member of the House of Commons and no political journalist of any intelligence who does not know that this is the real truth. But the public is encouraged to believe that both parties in Parliament are really engaged in a life and death struggle for the retention or the capture of power. This myth is perhaps losing ground in the minds of a minority of readers, but in the minds of the majority it is fixed as a dogma. Yet on several occasions we have had it demonstrated to us that the Government holds office

by the emergency votes of its Unionist opponents, and will continue to hold office until the leaders of both parties—the Labour Party in subsequent collusion—are ready for the exchange. But if this is the case, what becomes of the frothing party discussions of the partisan Press? Obviously they are designed to disguise the facts and to keep the public ignorant. The hard thing, however, is to believe that these journalists can possibly be so dishonest. Their names and even their personalities are in some cases familiar to the public, and by long association an acquired respect has been attached to what they write. The Spenders and the Wilsons, the Garvins and the Bentleys, for example, the Sidney Darks and the Douglasses—who would dream that these people deliberately for policy write what they know to be untrue? Yet they do, and think mightily of themselves for their astuteness. To such a pass has intellectual honour, never a sensitive quality in Englishmen, now come! All this, however, our readers may say, is familiar; they know it all. But they cannot possibly believe it all. Otherwise a change would begin to show itself. We do not observe that, in consequence of this knowledge, our rascally politicians or our rascally journalists are losing caste. Both, on the contrary, appear to us to be increasing in confidence, and therefore in impertinence, daily. With increasing approval they increase their pretensions at the same time that their malignant ignorance displays itself more openly. In the struggle for existence among both politicians and journalists it is the more vulgar who are now becoming the more successful. Could this possibly be the case if the intellectual minority—of whom we have been writing—not only know the facts, but believed and realised them? We cannot think so.

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We confess that we have uppermost in mind at this moment the Insurance Act. Here was a measure which, to the best of our recollection, was opposed by every publicist of any standing in the United Kingdom. We will allow that Mr. Lloyd George's introductory speech swept a number of social thinkers off their feet; but, the first Celtic wave over, the opposition was unanimous among the minority of the intelligent classes. But what has been the effect of that opposition? From first to last, Mr. Lloyd George and his equally impudent lieutenant, Mr. Masterman, have simply ignored it. They have not openly met it and replied to it as best they could; they have not even privately set their friends to work to reply to the intellectuals for them; they have brutally, openly, and silently ignored it, as if reason did not exist. But they could not possibly have done this in a country where reason was either sincere with itself or, as a consequence, commanded sincere respect. Had a Bill been brought into the French or the Italian Parliament, and met with the opposition the Insurance Bill met with in England, does anybody dream that the Bill would have been carried? In England we had all the literary publicists, without exception, opposing the Insurance Bill. Mr. Lloyd George had not a single pen on his side. The scientists were against it. The doctors were against it. Every independent journal was against it. Every Socialist organisation was opposed to it. And the opposition was in no single instance partisan, for party had been taken out of the Bill by its reception in the House of Commons. The opposition, on the contrary, was as free from partisanship, as disinterested, and as variously derived as any opposition could conceivably be. It was, in fact, national. And, further than this, it was reasoned and detailed. We need not give ourselves the trouble of recalling all the demonstrations and forecasts we made of the working of the Act; but we will simply challenge the contradiction by events of a single one of them. Everything, literally everything, that we said of the Bill itself is now proving true of the Act. What, however, has not proved true is our prophecy, or rather our hope, that the Act would be killed by the combined efforts of the workmen and the thinkers.

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The fact is that we have flattered both these forces by attributing in anticipation more sincerity to the one

and more spirit to the other than either yet possesses. Of the "intellectuals" of this country we are now disposed to take a most pessimistic view. They can be bought and sold like sheep. Whether it is a large faith that is lacking in them, or whether the accursed sterilising doctrines of modern thought have corrupted them, we need not now inquire; but the obvious fact is that none of the great economic powers of the land takes them or their power seriously. And why, in heaven's name, should they? There is scarcely a man of intellectual repute living whose services cannot be obtained for money by Lord Northcliffe or anyone like him. It is all very well for writers like Mr. Wells and Mr. Shaw, Mr. Stephen Reynolds and Mr. Sidney Low, to pretend that they insist upon saying what they please and have only a preference for a large circulation. The spiritual fact—of which none of these particular writers is really ignorant—remains that their services have been enlisted and can be dismissed by a wealthy man whose sole authority to command them is his money. They can, it is true, say what they please in the "Daily Mail," when what pleases them also pleases Lord Northcliffe; but let them try to have published in the "Daily Mail" what pleases them, but what does not please Lord Northcliffe; they will soon discover their real relations with him. The actual conclusion—and a very disagreeable one to the honour of intellectuals—is that they are permitted to write Lord Northcliffe's opinions in Lord Northcliffe's journal, and to act as his gold-nibbed pens. Simply that and nothing more. When he has used them, he pays for them and puts them down. Is it likely, we ask, that mere pens of this kind, however gilded, can command respect as well as money? It is not; and by the constant association of thinkers with journalists, both journalists are puffed up with conceit and thinkers are correspondingly degraded. In England, at any rate, no literary man should write in any newspaper under penalty of being expelled from the Republic of Letters. Until this or a similar standard of intellectual taste is established, the intellectual in England will remain what the Insurance Bill has proved him to be—the ineffectual.

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Regarding the wage-earners, it is unfortunately true in our opinion that the recent Industrial Unrest is now over. A succession of ill-conducted strikes has temporarily broken the spirit of the men and, for the present there is scarcely enough courage among them to resist any act of oppression. But when, in addition to this, it is remembered that practically all the Union leaders supported the Insurance Bill, the resistance of the men to its robbery of their wages was and is improbable. On the other hand, now that the horse is gone, some of the Union leaders are wishing they had locked the door. For they are beginning to discover that the effects of the Insurance Act on Trade Unions and on Friendly Societies are likely to be disastrous. We always said they would be; and we always said they were intended to be. The last thing in the world of which we should accuse Mr. Lloyd George is simplicity or directness of mind; and when he ostentatiously allowed the Trade Unions and Friendly Societies to imagine themselves to be the apple of his Act's eye, and, moreover, while he was quite as eloquently assuring the employers that *they* were the apple of his other eye, we had no doubt that the Act had an ulterior motive unfriendly to the Trade Unions. But it was in vain that we defined our suspicions of the nets spread in the sight of the Trade Union leaders. As leather-headed as leather-lunged, the vast majority went tumbling headforemost to their doom; and now it will take a greater act of courage to get them out of their mess than ever it would have taken to keep them out. But what exactly is the form their discovered grievance takes? It is that commercial societies like the Prudential are drawing from the Union membership, potential as well as actual, a good part of the friendly cement. Well, that is precisely what was calculated on by the longheads among insurance companies and the large employers. Two of the leading shareholders, we are told, of the Prudential Company, are Rothschild and

Sassoon, both notoriously in sympathy with labour—we don't think! Between their twenty thousand paid agents and their thousand thousand unpaid colleagues among the employers, the gathering into the Prudential such of the working classes as prefer present benefits to future liberty is absolutely assured. Not all the protests of the too-late Union leaders will stop it now. "J. J. M." of the "Labour Leader," who, during the passage of the Bill was loud in its support, now in the "Daily Herald" is weeping with rage at the betrayal, as he calls it, of labour's interest. Betrayal! There has been no betrayal of labour by employers. Labour has been betrayed by its professed friends, of whom, to the extent of his poor ability, "J. J. M." has been one of the foremost. As useless, we prophesy, as our appeals to his intelligence have proved will prove his appeals to the readers he is now addressing. Even if they grasped the meaning of the Act they have not now the power to reverse it.

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We should like some time to lay before our readers a conspectus of the Labour situation as it reveals itself to a close and a wide observer. Certain demarcations appear on the large contour of the industrial map, of which, apparently, but a few of the Labour spokesmen are aware; for if they were aware of the real configuration of the country they could not pursue their present strategy. In general we are now in a position to estimate accurately the relative positions of the main civil combatants. The Insurance Act enables us to grasp in detail the dimensions of the wage army and the dimensions of the employing army respectively. Of wage-earners with no more economic security than a week's wages there are, it appears from the insurance figures, some thirteen millions; and these we may suppose are in the employment of some one million private employers. Now this, we do not hesitate to affirm, is the most important fact in English sociology at this moment. We beg our readers to make a note of it and to apply this classification to every social theory, every political measure, and every political or social proposal that comes before them. By keeping our minds steadily fixed on this one fact of social geography everything else will drop into its right perspective. To begin with, it is clear that so far as these thirteen million wage-slaves are concerned, Parliament can only operate on them indirectly and through the medium of their million employers. All political action, therefore, as between the thirteen millions of wage-slaves and Parliament is reduced in the last resort to the measure of the consent of the million employers. Even supposing that the parliamentary representatives were all as pure in their zeal for labour's welfare as Mr. MacDonald is for his own, their action on wage-slaves would still be subject to the winnowing and straining process intermediately performed by the employing classes. Not an Act would pass through to the wage-class that did not first secure the consent or the approval of the employing class; and no Act would secure the consent of the latter that did not promise at any rate to prove to their class interest. Thus we have the economic structure of society as distinct from the political structure. Politically we are all equal; but in economic fact, thirteen million persons at least are under the complete economic control of a million.

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We have said that politicians could do nothing for labour contrary to the interests of the employers even if they were so disposed. But notoriously they are not so disposed. On the contrary, nine out of ten of them are employers themselves, or of the employing class. They owe their political position—always an expensive luxury—to the money of the employing class; and it stands to reason that being both paid and disposed by nature to capitalist service, they are efficient servants of the million employers already defined. Of what does their service consist? It consists of bringing into Parliament and passing into law Bills which no single employer or federation of employers could privately pass. Over and above the regulation of their own workshops, the right of employing and dismissing men,

etc., etc., employers collectively desire to exercise a more general control of their workpeople. They desire, among other things, to see them *fairly* educated, *fairly* healthy, *fairly* content, and fairly (in the sense of moderately) a lot of other things. But they have neither the organisation nor the prestige nor the force to establish these out-of-workshop rules by themselves. They must create another and a special organ for that purpose; or turn to that purpose an organ already existing. And what better organ could they have chosen than the State itself? Conceive the State, then, employed by the employers for the regulation of their wage-slaves' unoccupied time, and you have at once the key to the politico-economic position. What wonder is it that the dice being so loaded the numbers invariably fall in favour of the employing classes, no matter by whom thrown? Let a Cabinet formed of the N.A.C. or the I.L.P. be created, its results would be little different from the results now produced. At no time could such a Cabinet *force* a million employers to employ without profit. At no time could they legislate detrimentally over the heads of the employers. Every Parliamentary measure destined to benefit the working classes would have first to pass through the needle's eye of the employing classes. And there, as surely as we are human and cannot act contrary to our own interests, its burden of benefits would be dropped. If this were really understood and not merely read and passed by, we should hear no more of political action being superior to economic action. Political action, even when it results in social reform measures, means the administration of Acts of Parliament by the employers. How can it mean anything else? Thirteen million wage-earners feed daily by permission of one million employers. Actually they are children of the latter, or slaves, if the word is not offensive. Economically they are minors, and as minors, whatever political rights they possess, they can no more exercise them effectively than infants can exercise rights against their parents.

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We may now review briefly the social work of the Parliamentary half-session which has just closed. Setting on one side as legitimately political the Home Rule Bill and such like measures, there remain to the "credit" of Parliament two Acts of a designedly labour and social character, the Insurance and the Minimum Wage Acts. Now it is to be observed that both these Acts had to a certain extent been advocated by self-styled reformers before they were brought in as Bills. The Minimum Wage Act, in particular, had its advocates and still has them. But in both instances it was forgotten by the "reformers" that the Acts would have to be administered by the employing classes. "I don't mind," said Walpole, "who makes Members of Parliament if I am free to deal with them when they are made." Similarly, our employing classes may say: "We don't mind who makes the laws if we can administer them." In the case of the Insurance Act we are certain already that all its benefits, without exception, will go to the employing classes, while its whole burden will fall on the wage-earners. This, as we have emphasised many times, was never our guess merely; and it need be nobody's guess to-day. There is not a village, a city street, or a workshop, or a shop, in which it is not now known that the Act is a tax on wage-earners for the benefit of their employers. And only its first fruits have yet appeared. Only its first fruits, "J. J. M."! You talk about breaking up the Poor-law; what else is Mr. Lloyd George's Act designed to do but to break it up at the expense of the poor themselves? Fifty per cent. of State pauperism was due, we are told, to ill-health. Very well, in future fifty per cent. of State pauperism will be concealed under the form of Insurance; by which, moreover, State pauperism will cost little less but private pauperism will cost a great deal more. For it must not be supposed that the cost of Poor-law administration will fall by the extent of the national expenditure on Sickness Insurance. It will not. Bureaucracy never gets cheaper. But to the rates and taxes now levied publicly for the Poor-law will be added

the taxes now gathered individually for keeping the poor out of the hands of the Guardians. What a happy stroke of devilish genius! Tax the poor for work-houses and then make them so intolerable that you can tax them again to keep themselves out.

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This is the main product of the Insurance Act; but its by-products will prove little less disappointing to its few honest advocates—if ever it had any. We will not enumerate them all at this moment, for space will not allow. Moreover, we should only be accused of inventing them. But we may now, with the full concurrence of the Trade Unions, affirm that the destruction of the friendly side of Trade Unions and the total destruction of the Friendly Societies are merely matters of time. To this terrific blow to the working class movement we may add pains and penalties of a more distributive nature. Child labour between the ages of thirteen and fifteen will now come into redoubled demand. Already in several villages we know, every eligible girl between these ages has gone to domestic service within the last few weeks; and old age pensioners likewise find themselves in unexpected demand. Brutal it may be of employers, but it is unfortunately natural. The fault lies with those who were told what would happen and deliberately ran the nation into it. Again, wages will certainly continue to fall by the amount of the employers' levy. Impossible, said Mr. Masterman; employers have no more power now to lower wages than they had before the Bill was passed. But a universal tax, any economist knows, can be passed on even if a discriminating tax cannot be. The Insurance tax is universal; it will be passed on. And as it usually happens that employers as a class are shrewd, not only will the levy be passed on by means of a reduced wages bill, but it will be added to prices as well. Prices, said the "Westminster Gazette," on the authority of one of the Insurance Commissioners, may be raised by employers to meet the new demands. And they are being raised. Set against these certain economic losses of the working classes any conceivable gain in health that may improbably arise, and the balance is still a tremendous loss. By accepting the Act they have sold their mess of pottage for what should be their birthright.

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So much, for the present, of the damnable Insurance Act, a measure whose author deserves to occupy the lowest circle of hell. But there is the Minimum Wages Act as well; and the Railway Settlement of last August; and the forthcoming Arbitration Act; and God knows how many more of these fiendish devices for robbing the poor and keeping them quiet during the operation. We observe that that little lay-preacher, Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., of the Railwaymen's Union, has been lecturing his men again on the subject of beer. At Peterborough, a fortnight ago, he told his hearers that, if he thought the labour agitation would put a couple of shillings a week more into the men's pockets to spend at the public-house, he would leave the movement to-morrow. Why, oh, why, did not someone jump up and assure him that it would? Even a lie would be excusable that should induce Mr. Thomas and his pious brethren to "clear out" of a movement which they only exploit to their glorious infamy. Last week this same individual had his wife's baby christened in the crypt at Westminster, thus inoculating the brat into the Parliamentary decorum of its father. Is it conceivable that a member of the wage-earning class, still less one of its chosen leaders, should be so servile in spirit as this event proves? . . . But our discussion was of the Minimum Wage Act and of its associated measures. Writing of the effects of the miners' forced legislation, the "Times" Financial Supplement remarks: "On the whole, the miners have not only failed to secure the rates they demanded locally, but even those which had been scheduled for each district and represented to Parliament as 'irreducible.'" As if this result were not bad enough, the "Times" adds that "a larger measure of control has been secured by the masters than they have

possessed for twenty-five years." We will not pretend to be able to decide whether the "Times" is correct in either of its statements; but the "Times" has nothing to gain by concealing any benefits the men might have received; and its report, moreover, is confirmed for us from many private sources. Nevertheless, the same leaders who brought about the disaster continue in control of the Unions—Mr. Thomas being one of them—and they continue the same policy of alternately bullying and misleading both their men and the public.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

DURING the holiday season, as it is called—the season when the froth of the nation rushes to the Continent, the seaside, and the mountains, and the remainder swelters in factory and slum—it is hard to interest the reader in international politics. It seems to be taken for granted that because there is "nothing doing" at home there is likewise "nothing doing" abroad, and this opinion, existing though unexpressed, is baseless. But holidays, after all, are an unnatural monstrosity, a modern capitalistic dodge for making the higher classes of wage slaves contented with their servile lot. In more primitive and healthier ages, when our modes of existence were not sedentary and our minds less hurried, our lives were too regular to render holidays necessary. This desirable state of things still prevails in a few countries where capitalism, as yet, counts for very little, and among such countries are Turkey and China. Here at least the progress of events will not pause until the jaded Britisher returns from Lucerne or Biarritz: things go on just as if holidays had never been invented and the name of Lubbock were not known. And in one country, which has the distinction of being in theory the most democratic and in practice the most capitalistic on the face of the earth, an event has just occurred which may possibly give The Hague Tribunal something to do—the United States Senate, when dealing with the Panama Canal Bill, rejected by 44 votes to 11 an amendment providing for the omission of the clause exempting American vessels from the payment of tolls.

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About Turkey and China we can perhaps speak only in general terms, if we except the squabble over the dissolution of the Turkish Chamber. But the United States has provided us with a specific cause of complaint. Everyone who has taken any interest in the Panama Canal knows perfectly well that no preference of any sort was to be extended to American vessels—words could not have made this plainer in the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. That Treaty, in view of the preliminary arguments over the question of preference for American ships, has lately been studied and commented on in every State in the Union, and by all classes of American society. Few persons knew it better, both in letter and in spirit, than the very Senators who have just so glaringly and cynically disregarded its provisions. Yet they did disregard these provisions, and in doing so it must be acknowledged that they had no small amount of support from the American people. One Senator, as the Washington correspondent of the "Telegraph" recently reported, summed up the situation pithily by saying, "Our dollars built the Canal, so to hell with the Treaty!"—a financial point of view which may be of some interest to the followers of Mr. Norman Angell.

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I should be a hypocrite if I expressed surprise at all this; for I have seen too many Treaties broken in my time to worry over the breaking of another. But I am at liberty to express disgust at the action of the representatives of a collection of psalm-singing hypocrites, and I hereby do so. The best newspapers in the States have been pointing out for weeks that the proposed exemption of American ships from Canal dues is a

gross breach of faith, a gross disregard of America's sworn word, a gross piece of unfairness. No matter, the Senate's view is that no one can do anything and that America in consequence can do what she likes, so yet another important piece of paper, with signatures and seals, is consigned to the limbo whither Orangemen regularly consign the Pope. As I know that the still small voice of THE NEW AGE reaches even to Washington, I may state the position thus: the voting did not lie between dues or no dues, but between national honour and dollars. Dollars won by 44 to 11. There was much less brazenness when Austria tore up the Treaty of Berlin in 1908; but the Austrians are gentlemen, taking them big and large.

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We shall, nevertheless, still hear—need I say it?—references to our "cousins" and to "the great nation that speaks our language" and to the "kindred institutions" and "ties" and "bonds" and all the rest of the comedian's patter that serves some writers for the language of diplomacy. But the fact remains that the Americans have long ago ceased to be any relatives of ours, however distant. The descendants of the original English immigrants are becoming fewer and fewer, and their places are being filled by some of the lowest elements in Europe. It may be taken as a general axiom that the best European people now remain at home and that the worst of them emigrate to the United States. I shall have more to say on this subject when the question of the Panama Canal again comes up for discussion.

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In dealing generally with international affairs, I have found a certain satisfaction in noting that, however much financiers try to shape the policy of a country, they are often brought to a sudden halt by the traditions of the people. I say nothing of the anti-traditional Insurance Act; for this has not yet had time to touch the English people on the raw, and, besides, our old traditions may really have been swept away by the capitalistic flood of the last century—I hope not; but you never know. In China, however, they are all right, I fancy. A determined attempt was made by an international group to force a £60,000,000 loan on China some time ago, as I mentioned in a former issue of THE NEW AGE, and the bland, ceremonious, polite firmness with which it was repeatedly declined was really quite funny. This sort of thing always puzzles capitalists; for they are usually men of little imagination when taken out of their ordinary routine. But observers and critics of social phenomena such as one naturally associates with this journal ought to be interested by it. A non-capitalistic and agricultural country presents an element of uncertainty which I find almost fascinating. Englishmen made political history in pre-capitalistic days; in capitalistic days they made poor-laws and workhouses. Pre-capitalistic France made the Revolution; but capitalistic France lost a couple of provinces. Pre-capitalistic United States drew up the Constitution on which modern Americans expropriate.

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Capitalism, in short, destroys the finer traditions of a country, dispossesses the masses of the people, enslaves them in practice while leaving them free in theory, and renders them incapable of practical action. Possessed of land, a man can live a social and spiritual life; and a spiritual life does not necessarily presuppose the ability to read and write; but, possessed only of a "job," a man who is liable to be turned into the gutter at an hour's notice—well! such a man cannot think of the rights of man. International politics means to me, and, I am sure, to readers of THE NEW AGE, more than mere Treaties, broken or unbroken. May I, therefore, ask them to keep, with me, an interested eye on Turkey and China? If English history of the next five years means simply the history of a few English capitalists, the history of the Near and of the Far East is not governed by finance and all that finance stands for.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

THE lower degrees of criticism may perhaps be easier than the lower branches of creation, but it is certain that there is nothing rarer than a first-rate critical faculty. There are so many poets, and so few great critics. In England alone we have a score of the former from Shakespeare to Swinburne, and of the latter barely half a dozen. There are so many great generals, of whom the United Kingdom by itself has generated two, Marlborough and Wellington, with innumerable lesser leaders, such as Crauford, More, and Lake, whom European opportunities might have gained a European reputation, but of military critics worthy of the name—critics, that is, who can analyse facts as well as collect them—only two, and those in the last half century, when lengthy peace has forced the most unlikely men to thought from action. Colonel Henderson and Colonel Maude are the first and last names in British military literature. There are others who successfully collected facts, but, unfortunately, had not the brains to use them. Such light as they were able to throw upon the subject was borrowed, like the light of the moon and the stars, and that very feebly. Shakespearean criticism is the same. About a hundred years ago a man called Hazlitt and a man called Coleridge saw some things in Shakespeare for themselves, and from that day until the recent works of Mr. Frank Harris no other person has seen anything Shakespearean at all. They simply repeated, with variations, the remarks of Hazlitt and Coleridge.

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"Ulm" (Geo. Allen and Co., 5s.) forms the last issued of a trio. "Ulm," "Jena," and "Leipsic," in which Colonel Maude explains the steps in the development of the Napoleonic strategy. Good generals are born, not made, in the sense that certain qualities of mind and will must be present from the beginning. They may be increased: they cannot be created. Such qualities, however, even when far developed, must be studiously educated, and no one is unaware of Bonaparte's famous advice to "read and re-read" the campaigns of the seven great commanders. Napoleon's extraordinary powers of analysis enabled him to grasp the essentials of a problem and to solve it in a moment, but even so there is no doubt that he learned much from books and more from experience, and it is the especial merit of Colonel Maude's three studies that they trace with clarity and detail the growth of his strategical skill from its first imperfect, albeit successful, stages to that period at the end of his career when he had made it in reality what it has often been in words—an exact science. The errors of Ulm were not repeated at Leipsic—still less at Waterloo.

* * *

History of this description is the first need of the British Army. That service, which up till recently has relied more than any other upon empirical methods, is precisely the one where empirical methods are the most certain to end in disaster. The German Army has fought and will fight only in Europe. In its case, therefore, it might be reasonable, though it would not be safe, to rely upon rule of thumb and the immediate experience of practical men for a solution of problems as they occur. But the experiences of our own Service have far too variegated a quality for that. Generals who are fighting one day in South Africa and the next in Afghanistan could not count upon what they had learned in those countries to carry them through the totally different conditions of a campaign in Europe without meeting the fate of the Bonapartist generals in 1871, who adopted, against the Prussians, the tactical formations of Algerian warfare, with disastrous results. The confusing variety of our experience renders it more than usually necessary that we should possess a firm grasp of first principles, unless we are to be blown about by every wind of opinion, and unless exceptional experiences, such as the South African "police raid,"

are to upset in our Service just ideas which have originated in the tactical experience of centuries. And it is here that we are confronted with that unfortunate mental inertia—that firm refusal to get to the root of matters—which increases as a national characteristic from day to day and is likely to prove the ruin of the British nation.

* * *

The first need of the Army is unity of military doctrine. This can only be achieved by the creation of a historical section of the General Staff, similar to that which exists in Germany and in France, whose researches shall guide the thought of the Army upon sound lines. At present, without a knowledge of German and French, such guidance can hardly be obtained.

* * *

The unfortunate general who at Ulm was in command and was not—Mack, whose name has become a byword for irresolute incompetence—receives a rehabilitation at Colonel Maude's hands. Though not a genius, the man was unquestionably a vigorous and able soldier, who had even grasped some of the secrets of Napoleonic success, but, as is usual in the Austrian Service, his subordinates "let him down." Those who are inclined to exaggerate the military value of aristocracy should remember that Austrian annals contain the two most striking and disastrous examples of military anarchy—the anarchy which ruined Benedek at Sadowa, and the anarchy which ruined Mack at Ulm. Yet Austria is not a democracy. Aristocracy and anarchy are twin sisters. The military value of the aristocratic principle must be sought, not in any advantages of discipline, but in the superior vigour and initiative of men born to command.

* * *

It would not be so very untrue if one were to remark that in democratic armies indiscipline, where it exists, is found in the subordinate ranks, among privates and corporals, whereas in aristocratic forces, whilst the men are imbued with a natural and firm respect for their officers, these in their turn are apt to imagine that they can do anything they please and to act accordingly. In Poland, which is the classical example of an aristocracy ruined by indiscipline, there is no evidence to show that the serfs and hinds contributed to the general confusion by revolting against their lords. The confusion was occasioned by the lords themselves, who, whilst exacting the strictest obedience from their subordinates, failed to render the same to the central power. I do not say that in all aristocratic peoples such anarchy exists, but I do say that it is aristocracy's ever present danger, and as it is not an obvious one, we are very apt to forget it.

The Economics of the Wage System.

IV.

WE have repeatedly emphasised the fact that the community is charged two rents, two sets of interest, and two sets of profits—a fact the significance of which is not appreciated unless we approach the economic problem through the gateway of the wage system. The wage-earner, although a serf because he has sold his interest in production by his acceptance of wages, is, nevertheless, the real producer of wealth. As a producer, he pays the manufacturer's rent, interest and profits. But as a consumer he again pays the distributor's rent, interest and profits. The orthodox economists clump together these two sets of economic plunder. They tell us that the costs of distribution must be reckoned as a charge upon production; that the machinery of distribution in the final analysis is part of the machinery of production. Therefore, it is argued, if the community were to take possession and control of land and machinery, it would be compelled also to

take over the distributive machinery. No doubt the average State-Socialist would fall into the trap, because his scheme of life contemplates the purchase of all machinery at its capital value and the payment of interest upon that capital value—an interest guaranteed by the State. As we have already proved, this method involves the continuance of the wage system, because without wages there can be neither rent, interest, nor profits. But the Guild Socialist and the Syndicalist are agreed that any such solution means a mere superficial modification of the existing industrial system; there can be no fundamental change without the abolition of the wage system. The truth is that the distributive elements in economic society, so far from subserving the real interests of the producer, actually blackmail the producing capitalist, extracting from him the maximum amount of surplus value—"what the traffic will bear," as the American railway directors grimly phrase it. If the blackmail stopped there we might be content to accept the dictum of the orthodox economists and simply regard the producing and distributive capitalists as the same body, the same neck, but two heads. But the facts do not warrant any such easy assumption. For two reasons: (a) because possession of the created wealth passes from the producer to the distributor, from the manufacturer to the merchant; and (b) because the distributor, having gained possession from the producer, proceeds to levy still further blackmail upon the consumer. How is it done? The reasons are rooted in history. The merchant of to-day, in league with the banker (formerly they were one and the same person) is the true lineal descendant of the original entrepreneur. He it was in the old days who actually "assembled the parts," paying cash for the products of the home industrialist, who had no capital, and making his profits by selling to the consumer, directly through his own organisation or indirectly through local merchants. To this day, the small manufacturer, notably in Lancashire and the Midlands, depends upon the merchant, not only for the distribution of his product, but for the capital to carry on his business. Broadly speaking, the successful manufacturer is he who has worked free from the dominance of the merchant. But to achieve this, the manufacturer has to acquire capital equal to the requirements of both production and distribution. To attract capital for production, it is imperative to prove effective demand. This once accomplished, the banker forsakes his natural ally, the merchant, and ranges himself with the manufacturer. Be it always remembered that this struggle between manufacturer and merchant is absolutely contingent upon the capacity of both sets of exploiters to extract surplus value out of the products of labour—of labour purchased in the competitive labour market as a commodity. Suppose this labour commodity, like the slaves of a former day, were to say: "I am no longer a commodity; I am a living entity; you can no longer command me; henceforth what I produce I shall control," where, then, would be the manufacturer and the merchant? Tradition has it that when Moses crossed over to dry ground, and looking back saw the Egyptians struggling in the water, he raised his hand to his nose, elongated his fingers and shouted aloud: "Pharaoh! Pharaoh! Where are you now?" Labour, transformed from the inanimate to the animate, would find itself on the vantage ground occupied by Moses.

Now the plain fact is that the labour commodity theory—to wit, the wage system—is a direct incentive to the merchant to expand his profits. Depending upon the so-called iron law of wages, and having squared the manufacturer, he is in a position to rob the community in every direction. Number one middleman, commonly known as the merchant, is not content with less than 20 to 30 per cent.; number two middleman, commonly known as the retailer, wants another 30 per cent. Thus the consumer bears the middleman's depredations at one end and the manufacturer's at the other. In this way there has grown up on the foundation of the wage system a gigantic superstructure, the burden of which upon labour is now too heavy to be borne. One simple fact will illustrate the enormous extent of this distribu-

tive burden. Mr. Binney Dibblee estimates the advertising annual revenue of London publications alone at £10,000,000. He thinks it moderate to estimate the annual advertising expenditure at £100,000,000. The estimate for America and Canada is £250,000,000. Altogether, the total expenditure upon the modern industrial system of America and Europe is not far short of £600,000,000. Obviously, the consumer pays for this, and pays through the nose. Is it any wonder that real wages are falling? Is it surprising that rent, interest and profits are advancing by leaps and bounds? From 1900 to 1910, the Board of Trade Wages Index Number rose only 1.2 per cent., whilst the Retail Food Index Number rose nearly 10 per cent. During the same period the amount of income reviewed for income tax advanced by £217,000,000—an increase of 26 per cent.

It would be easy to write a considerable volume upon the economic waste involved in these profoundly significant figures. Consider the positive and negative waste in an expenditure of £100,000,000 a year upon advertising—the charge upon the producer and the consumer, the misapplied labour which might otherwise be put to genuinely productive purposes, the brain-work wasted upon “publicity,” the spiritual and intellectual debauchment of the community by newspapers that thrive upon these advertisements, and whose “message” to their readers is conditioned by their advertising revenue. We must leave it to the satirist and the seer.

But the question remains: Has the merchant any real economic function? We unhesitatingly reply that, whilst commercially his position cannot be challenged, he is, economically considered, a fruitful source of frightful and oppressive waste. The manufacturer we can utilise to good purpose; the railways may be counted as genuine factors in production; but the merchant—he is the pimp of industrial prostitution, the most powerful factor in maintaining a white slave traffic, of which the “white slave traffic” is a very small integral part. The function of distribution has been perverted by its divorce from production, and so far as can be humanly foreseen it can never be brought into true relation with production until organised production deals direct with organised demand. But neither production nor demand can be economically organised upon the basis of the wage system, because out of it springs surplus value, and surplus value is the apple of the economic struggle between the capitalist producer and the capitalist distributor. Between them there is not and can never be “economic harmony.” Thus we see that out of a false premise grows an endless sequence of false and artificial conditions. The false premise is the old classical illusion that labour is a commodity with a commodity price based upon a sort of Dutch auction of competitive subsistence. The economic “pulls” of which Mr. J. A. Hobson writes merely amount to this: whether this or that economic group has a greater or less grip upon surplus value. The moment animate labour decides that there shall be no more surplus value, at that moment these “pulls” become ineffective for the simple reason that they are gripping, not a substantial surplus value, but the void. They grip at the void; into the void they disappear.

Although the facts warrant our condemnation of existing distributive methods, we are the last to undervalue the supreme importance of effective distribution. There is probably more than meets the eye in the contention that it is the distributive classes that stimulate invention and variety of production. Assuming that labour rejects the wage system and takes control of production, what will be its attitude to the thousand and one demands made upon it by a highly educated and increasingly fastidious army of consumers? Will it ossify into conservative methods, rejecting variety as conducive to increased labour energy? That it will welcome labour-saving inventions we may be confident but will it willingly meet the demand for an infinite variety of product—the inevitable requirements of a more highly civilised community?

The question is not easy to answer. But we may first remark that the benefits of variety, of high qualities, do not touch the wage earner under the existing régime. Our present standards and canons of beauty and craftsmanship are false because they have grown in an atmosphere of false economy and artificial conditions. There will, likely enough, be no encouragement for Bond Street, for Bond Street depends not upon beauty, but upon exclusiveness of price. In any event, labour to-day produces what Bond Street demands, and what labour has done labour can do again. Nevertheless, it is highly probable that labour will rightly regard as wasteful much that to-day is regarded as beautiful and in good taste. But the craftsman's innate passion for creating beautiful things cannot fail to be stimulated by his increased capacity to enjoy for himself the work of his hands. It was under the mediæval guilds that craftsmanship reached its highest development; we may be sure that the spirit of craftsmanship will continue to express itself. Nor will it be necessary to spend £100,000,000 a year to bring the craftsman and the lovers of beauty into touch with each other. The guilds will be the means whereby labour conquers the production of wealth; we may rely upon a widely extended development of general culture to render life not only spiritually but materially more beautiful.

We are now in a position to sum up the economic bearing upon the national life of the wage system. We see:—

i. That the wage system is the spine of the existing industrial anatomy.

ii. That it condemns the wage earners, who represent four-fifths of the community, to complete economic proscription, leaving the instruments of production and all surplus wealth in the absolute possession of rent, interest and profits.

iii. That wherever wages rise above the subsistence level, as in the case of the skilled or organised trades, the margin is practically absorbed by the burden thrown upon wages of maintaining the reserve army of the unemployed.

iv. That by the power conceded to capital to purchase labour as a commodity, a vast uneconomic army of middlemen has arisen, which expands surplus value to such unhealthy proportions that distribution has ceased to be a factor in production, but constitutes a separate and dangerous interest, having exactly the same relation to the producer that the shearer has to the sheep.

v. That, in consequence of these conditions, the industrial structure of Great Britain is artificial and dangerous to the economic health of the community.

vi. That the only way to abolish rent, interest and profits is to abolish the wage system. No wages, no rent; no wages, no interest; no wages, no profits.

vii. That economic power is the progenitor of political power. From this it follows that the political power of the Labour Party is strictly limited by its economic power; that inasmuch as wages involves the sale of economic power to the possessing classes, labour cannot possess economic power, and in consequence its political power is “passive,” whilst the political power of the possessing classes is “active.”

Finally, we see that the real solution consists in a fundamental reconstruction of the system of wealth production; that it now only remains for the wage-earners with one accord to proclaim that they will no longer work for wages. Out of the ruins of the wage system will spring a new economic society, and in that society we shall discover new conceptions of wealth, of value, of art, of literature—a new scheme of life. To this new order of society every wage-slave must look for emancipation; to it fervently looks the artist, the craftsman, the writer. Dead are the industrial ideals and dead are the spiritual conceptions of existing society; dead is its religion and paralysed are its devotees. After a decade of troubled sleep, the pioneers are again on the march. A new hope inspires them. Will the main body of the army respond to their signals and follow? Will it? If it would!

Belfast and Poverty.

By St. John G. Ervine.

I HAVE brought Mr. Stirling so far in agreement with me, in the course of this controversy, that I do not despair of bringing him into complete agreement with me. The fact that he does not make any mention whatever of those precious rates of pauperism of his, or of my exposé of them, denotes, I take it, that he has abandoned the contention that they prove to an admiring world what a paradise for workers Belfast is. Without those beautiful rates, whereby, to the simple-minded, Dublin was made to appear three times more poverty-stricken than Belfast, Mr. Stirling is a lonely figure; I had almost written a naked figure. But Mr. Stirling is not going to escape easily from the punishment of quoting statistics foolishly. I wish to impress upon your readers how easy it is for a Poor Law Authority to publish figures which seem to show that pauperism is small in the particular district. The Belfast Board of Guardians could, if they so chose, still further reduce the rate of pauperism in that city: they could refuse to give any outdoor relief at all. When the Poor Law Commission was receiving evidence in connection with the administration of relief, Mr. Jones, one of the investigators appointed to collect information on that subject, stated that the Belfast Union was one where "for many years a policy of offering the House as against granting outdoor relief has been vigorously pursued." The Bishop of Ross, in giving evidence before the same Commission, stated that the Belfast guardians "give very little" outdoor relief. The effect of so restricting outdoor relief is to intensify poverty among the decent poor. The guardians, intent solely on keeping down the rate of pauperism, care nothing for that. However, we will not pursue that matter further. Mr. Stirling has climbed down, and there's an end of it. Now that he is down, however, I suggest that he should consult his good friend, Dr. Baillie, on the subject of the rate of infantile mortality in Belfast among babies under one year. It may astound him to learn that the rate in Belfast is as high as, if not higher than, the rate in Bethnal Green, a plain, unvarnished slum. Perhaps it is not too much to ask that the well-meaning, but uninformed, persons who write to ask me what I have to say about "the rate of pauperism" will now, like Mr. Stirling, desist from so doing.

Although I have brought Mr. Stirling a long way towards agreement with me, I have not yet, however, brought him to full agreement with me. Your readers will remember that I asserted in my first article that Dr. Baillie, the medical officer of health for Belfast, had published a report which revealed so frightful a state of poverty and sweating that the Belfast Corporation actually suppressed it. Liar, said Mr. Stirling! I repeated my statement, and asked certain questions of Mr. Stirling, none of which were answered by him. He simply said again, liar! His not to reason why, his but to give direct the lie. Mr. Stirling and I have been writing on this matter now for some months, and I begin to have an affection for him, but I cannot allow my feelings to interfere with my duty, which is to inform Mr. Stirling that my original statement is quite true. What follows will, I think, prove that.

Dr. Baillie issued his report in 1910. It created a great sensation, so great that the Corporation, in alarm, refused to issue further copies of the report. On August 18, the Public Health Committee of the Belfast Corporation sat to consider the report of their medical officer, and they then decided to hold a special meeting, which was done on the following day. The Press were excluded from the meeting. On August 29, another meeting of the Public Health Committee was held, from which the reporters were again excluded. The report was discussed at length, and Dr. Baillie agreed to delete the word "the" from line 9, page 169, of his report. The effect of this was that the sentence which in the original report ran as follows:—

Much the same scale of pay is found among workers at the various processes of the linen trade,

was altered to:—

Much the same scale of pay is found among workers at various processes of the linen trade.

This was an extremely adroit alteration, for it meant that Dr. Baillie, instead of stating, as he had done in the original version, that the scale of pay (which I will quote later) applied to *all* the processes of the linen trade, applied only to *some* of them.

Here are some of the rates of pay. They are taken from Dr. Baillie's report:—

In the last week of December, for instance, a woman was observed embroidering small dots on cushion covers; there were 300 dots on each cushion, and for sewing these by hand she received the sum of one penny. She said that for a day's work of this sort she would have difficulty in making sixpence. Nor is this an exceptional case. Quite recently our inspector was shown handkerchiefs which were to be ornamented by a design in dots. These dots were counted, and it was found that the worker had to sew 384 dots for one penny. Other classes of work are as badly paid. The finishing of shirts, which consists of making the button-holes, sewing on buttons, and making small gussets at the wrists and sides of the shirts, may be instanced. In each shirt six or seven button-holes have to be cut and hand-sewn, eight buttons have to be sewn on, and four gussets made. This work is paid at the rate of sixpence for one dozen shirts. Nor is this a cheap class of goods, permitting of scamped work. The sewing has to be neat and well finished, and the button-holes evenly sewn, the shirts being of a fine quality, for which the public buying have to give a good price. The making-up trades in general pay very poorly. Among the various kinds of badly-paid work noticed may be mentioned children's pinafores, flowered and braided, at 4½d. per dozen; women's chemises at 7½d. per dozen; women's aprons at 2½d. per dozen; men's drawers at 10d. per dozen; men's shirts at 10d. per dozen; blouses at 9d. per dozen; and ladies' overalls at 9d. per dozen. From these very low rates of pay must be deducted the time spent in visiting the warehouse for work, the necessary upkeep of the workers' sewing machines, and the price of the thread used in sewing, which is almost invariably provided by the worker. After these deductions are made the amount left to the workers is so extremely small as to make one wonder if they are benefited by the work at all.

I break the quotation from Dr. Baillie's report in order to accentuate the remainder of it. It is from this passage that the article "the" was omitted by Dr. Baillie at the request of the Public Health Committee.

Much the same scale of pay is found among the workers at various processes of the linen trade, those workers constituting the larger proportion of out-workers in Belfast. One penny per hour is the ordinary rate, and in many instances it falls below this.

Dr. Baillie can authorise Mr. Stirling to nail that to the counter as an unqualified falsehood until he is blue in the face, but his authorisation will not authorise it away.

There were in 1910 at least 8,393 outworkers in Belfast. There probably were a great many more, but Dr. Baillie was unable to obtain complete statistics owing to the trickery of the employers, some of whom sought to evade their responsibilities under Section 107 of the Factory and Workshop Act, 1901, by dismissing from their service all outworkers for a short period at February 1 and August 1, when the lists are due. "One firm," wrote Dr. Baillie in his report, "sent in a list having 80 per cent. of the names and addresses given incorrectly." Assuming that there are only 10,000 outworkers in Belfast, surely these alone, with their dependents, constitute a very remarkable contribution to the ranks of the poverty-stricken in a city of about three-quarters of a million inhabitants. Are we to infer from Mr. Stirling's article that these 10,000 persons are employed simply out of the goodness of their employers' hearts.

Mr. Stirling a few months ago wrote an article in the "Sunday Chronicle" replying to one by me in the same journal on this subject. The following is an extract from that article:—

The portion of the report in which the "sweating" references appeared was written by a lady sub-inspector, well known for her Socialist views, who has since got a well-paid post under the Insurance Act. Dr. Baillie admitted afterwards to the City Council that it had escaped his attention,

and that the facts of the case did not, in his opinion, justify the statements made by his subordinate. His report was amended accordingly.

It will be observed from this quotation that Mr. Stirling virtually admits that the original report was suppressed in favour of the amended report. But observe on what grounds it was done. We are asked to believe that so able a man as Dr. Baillie allowed himself to be bull-dosed by a woman into signing a report, of the contents of which he was ignorant! I wonder whether Dr. Baillie authorised Mr. Stirling to make this statement!

I am sorry to have occupied so much space in THE NEW AGE in discussing this business. I shall not occupy much more. It will be sufficient to repeat in reply to the remainder of Mr. Stirling's rejoinder to me what I said in my previous article, namely, that the question of the amount of poverty in other cities is not the point under discussion. The Belfast man denies that there is much poverty in his town, and asserts emphatically that there are no slums except in Mr. Devlin's constituency. I named a number of streets in Protestant parts of Belfast which I definitely described as slums. Mr. Stirling does not deny that these streets are slums, and so again he is on my side. On the whole, his rejoinder to my article is a contradiction of all that he had previously written; and since it contains valuable support of what I have stated in THE NEW AGE and elsewhere, I shall treasure it. May I add that I am grateful to Mr. Stirling for his offer to send a copy of Dr. Baillie's report to me. I accept his offer gladly. My address is 9, Arcade House, Temple Fortune, Hendon, N.W.

Problems of Sex.

By M. B. Oxon.

III.

It is a difficult thing to decide what we really want—to understand our emotional needs—even if there are no artificial difficulties in the way, put there by convention and education. In fact, except in some special conditions, almost the only means of discovering what we want is by experiment or experience. Even when we have thus discovered intellectually what "we" want, the knowledge is not always strong enough to direct our actions, and an intellectual decision in one direction, with an emotional or physical one in another, is the secret of most of our diseases, whether of body, soul, or spirit. The body wishes to go to bed; the mind observes that it is not quite ten o'clock, or whatever time it has fixed on as the magic moment; and, unless the emotions are strongly in favour of body's views, there is no bed till the clock strikes. Cranks may, of course, do otherwise; but any "normal" man's body is expected to eat when it is ordered to, at the bidding of the clock, and so on. "But," someone asks, "are you proposing that man should be a slave to his body?" No, a thousand times, but almost better so than that he should be a slave to his formal mind. For formal mind is not the whole of man, as it now poses to be, causing thereby so much sorrow. Man is one of two things, as we choose to look at him. Either he is the "unconscious" will whose orders are absolute, and, in fact, so much unquestioned that for most people they do not exist, or he is the whole of the warring and complex bundle which cannot be subdivided and graded as we can grade gravel. Or, rather, just as the different grades of gravel are not one better than the other, but one more fitted for this and one for that purpose, so it is with all the parts of man. Hence at one moment body should be supreme, and at another moment some other part. The true secret of life, as of the State, is to learn to permit this without friction, that all the parts may work together for a common end—the fullest expression of which they are capable—and that the interaction between them which decides the temporary supremacy should be mutual and "civil." From this point of view, we want no foreign orders. Jones's ethical pronouncements carry no weight in my city, however use-

ful they may be for interstate purposes, or as suggesting new lines for home legislation. Moreover, Jones's pronouncements probably carry remarkably little weight in his own city, and, in fact, date back to a time when men were only an adumbration of what they are now.

That the main outline of the last paragraph is true can hardly be denied, I think, by anyone who will spend a few observant hours with himself. How far the deductions from them which I have implied are valid is another and an open question. As supporting them, we may notice the change which has come over the status and bearing of the younger generations during even the last half-century. The whole tendency has been towards self-development, towards experiment, while authority has steadily decayed. In the dark ages of the eighteenth century it seems that brute paternal authority carried some weight with small boys at least. The only authority which now has any value is that of sympathy and understanding. And so the quite unsympathetic and formal decisions of Parliamentary Acts can hardly be expected to increase their hold on the people by an increase in their formality and lack of sympathy. In fact we know that their authority extends no further than the power of the law can reach, unless public opinion endorses them, and public opinion only endorses sympathetic Acts. Some portion of the public no doubt endorses any Act, either because they do not understand in themselves what it means, since they have only read the words intellectually, or because they think it will be very good for someone else, or will save themselves some annoyance, but such scattered sympathy is not enough for success. In common with the intellectual decision of the individual man, the intellectual decisions of the State are based entirely on convention. This must, in fact, always be so to some extent until the child is father to the man exclusively, though, as this condition is fast coming along in the family (if we except the small detail of procreation), it seems that the possibility might also be recognised in the State. Conventions are interstate arrangements, not civil laws, and are a bondage. They are an evidence of crystallisation, which is a sign of death. The more real and rapid the growth, the less chance is there for habits to degenerate into conventions. Conventions are an acknowledgment of lack of sympathy or understanding, either between states or individuals, an acknowledgment that the state or the individual feels itself too weak to venture outside the shell. But continued residence in a shell does not increase its strength, and only makes more perilous the day when, under the increasing outside forces, the shell breaks. To break the shell too soon is a cruel thing to do, but not so surely destructive as is to prevent it from breaking when the life inside needs to expand.

As long as the bliss of ignorance and isolation is real, there is no good in being wise and sympathetic; but to think that ignorance is a synonym for bliss is clearly not true, unless, perhaps, we only mean intellectual ignorance. Intellectual knowledge, dealing as it does almost exclusively with "unreal" things or appearances, is clearly not to be desired, except as a just complement to all the other kinds of "knowledge," which are based on awarenesses of (comparative) "realities." Owing to the belief that formal mind is Man (which, if it were true, would make him really indistinguishable, except in degree, from the ape), all the wisdom or sympathy of the other parts of him is ignored, and is, in fact, not usually understood as included under the word. If sympathy with the Everywhere is Wisdom—the Wisdom of God—then this must include all the different sympathies and wisdoms of all the parts of man in due proportion; otherwise we arrive at a condition, at which, in fact, we have now arrived, with a State teaching only outward formalities and a Church preaching politics and ethics which have no business there, being no part of religion or the sympathy which will bind us again to the Everywhere, but only utilitarian and artificial relationships with our neighbours.

To be able to live true-ly to himself, and so to other men, a man must first recognise the extent and

multiplicity of himself, and then the needs of all his parts—the real needs, and not those imposed either by repressive conventions or by a formal mind which leads them astray for its own purposes. The ordinary conception of a Man is really a very strange thing. The one certain fact is that he has a body. This everyone believes. Wiseacres have pointed out that he has a mind, and most people believe that they have discovered it in themselves, and that it differentiates them from animals, for the reason that a pig who can add two and two together is a rarity fit for a music-hall stage, while almost all men can do so. But though Mind is held to be synonymous with Man, and praised as the lord of all, yet at the same time it is really regarded as almost a non-existent thing.* The activity of mind is not admitted to exist, except in so far as it eventuates in words or acts. The power of an unspoken "thought," both on the thinker and the world around, is quite ignored. So long as a man or woman is all prunes and prisms to the world at large, they are considered good citizens, and fit persons to direct the conduct of others. The language which such people sometimes use when under an anaesthetic would be a revelation to their admirers. The bedrock of all convention is Fear—fear of realities, and the most fearful are those with most to fear. The belief that by not mentioning real dangers they cease to exist is a great delusion. Everyone knows, if they will think a minute, that the endeavour to avoid mentioning a thing usually means a mental concentration on it—the same concentration as results from wishing to mention a thing. But in the latter case, no sooner are the words said than the concentration is over, it may be for ever, while in the former case it is a continuous state. Many a man has gone mad from not being able to say things which little boys in the street can say and have done with. Many a good woman has gone mad from not being able to do things which a factory girl would think nothing of. They have spent all their lives sitting on the safety-valve. When they can do so no more, they are removed to an asylum so as not to frighten the rest of the world into leaving their heroic position. It is the story of Jekyll and Hyde, and people may well be afraid of letting Hydes loose in the world; but it must be remembered that Hyde was always more villainous after a period of forced inactivity, and that Jekyll's downfall was the result of a life of intellectual repression. There is no doubt that a sudden abandonment of all conventions would be disastrous, and would, in fact, result very shortly in panic conventions more stringent than ever. The alternative to this is not to believe foolishly that increased repression will annihilate the Hyde in us, but to try gradually to teach the distinction between true needs and vices which are untrue needs or a wasting of energy; to introduce a true morality of the whole man and not a conventional morality of a part only. This is, no doubt, hard to do, but it is the only thing which will save the situation. Any other course of action is only putting off the evil day, and ensuring that, when it comes, it shall be as bad as possible. Even those who are sure that this is the right road are not without fears as to what the transitional period may be like. For there will be a transitional period; things have been left too long for anything else to be possible.

The hopeful sign is that in all branches of man's activities there are such marked evidences of a longing to discover true needs and a recognition that action is a means of salvation, as may result even sooner than we expect in a more comprehending outlook on life, in which bodily Sex will take a less prominent place as one among many creative needs and instincts, and not even as *primus inter pares*. In the meanwhile it

*Though not perhaps quite in place here, I would suggest that this estimate is perhaps, in truth, very well founded; that, in fact, what is called "mind" is only the "Greatest Common Measure" between the parts of man's bundle, a thing of quite a different order of reality from all the rest of him, and, *in so far as it also measures his inheritance in the Everywhere*, of very great importance. But if it does not measure the Everywhere, it is only a coercive majority under whose hide-bound rule no real justice is done.

is no use pretending that bodily sex holds anything but a very chief place in the realms of Civilisation, and this in a way which makes any attempt to displace it by repressive methods not only futile but dangerous. Such action is only putting a fresh coat of whitewash on the sepulchre.

Greece and India.

By J. M. Kennedy.

SERENITY is surely more difficult of acquirement in this age than in any other. We have almost forgotten the thing represented by the word. Our inner life has grown more and more complicated, though not in a spiritual sense. Three centuries ago we might have been deep in Calvinism, talking earnestly about the ways and means of seeking the Lord; and this, although dismal enough theology, would have been better than digging our fingers into the entrails of our domestic animals in order to find out how to breed the superman. The Eugenists are much more learned than John Knox; but John Knox was at least concerned with man's spiritual welfare. And what shall it profit the human race if we improve a man's body and overlook his spiritual side? Scotch and German metaphysicians have done their worst with us; and the modern mind is a hopeless labyrinth as compared with the straight paths of the Greek.

There is a norm, a level, an equilibrium, in spiritual things. The modern tendency is to neglect it, to overturn the balance. The liberty of the subject—there is a touch of irony now about the fine old English phrase—is interfered with to an extent that in former times would have been inconceivable. Yet barely a dozen pens and tongues move in protest; and the middle classes, "the backbone of the nation," never for a moment realise that they are in the throes of a greater revolution than could be brought about even by the nationalisation of land. Their thousand and one sports, at home, in the field, on the river, stand as mute witnesses that our outward life has become more complicated in proportion than our inward life, if such a thing could be imagined; and it is doubtless legitimate enough to conclude that the introduction of various mechanical devices—railways or the telegraph—did away with the remaining vestiges of our concentrative powers and the ability of the human species to think and reason.

This human species, however, this marvellous instrument of "progress" and "reform": has it changed so essentially since the first primitive man felt anxiously and found to his surprise and alarm that the last stump of his prehensile tail had vanished? Do our aeroplanes, our typewriters, our fountain pens, silk hats, and rapid-firing guns distinguish us very greatly from those fierce ancestors of ours who hurled themselves across the Pamir plateau and founded not one but several empires? Nay, do all these things distinguish us from those even more remote ancestors of ours who eked out a miserable existence in caves and satisfied the primeval spiritual gropings of the human race by devising strange names and duties for the stars and the winds? What do all our philosophies and "movements" in art directly and indirectly amount to but so many desperate attempts to answer those three questions that must have been asked at the very beginning of humanity's long journey: "Whence come we? What do we here? Whither must we go?" A birth that risks the death of another; an existence beset with difficulties and anxieties; a ghastly skeleton; a handful of dust—and this, too, the lot of prince or Labour member. Well may it be asked: "Is this all? Is that the end?"

Whether we know it or not, these three questions are dinning themselves into our ears, day and night. They influence our thoughts and actions to a degree that the average man cannot readily understand. And moments of contemplation must come to us all, whether

such contemplation is high or low in its significance and intensity. The drunken tramp, no less than the philosopher and the artist, must have his glimmerings of spiritual light; must ask himself, in his own uncouth jargon, what his place is in the scheme of things, why his life has been lived. And why, indeed, should the lives of any of us be lived? Here, perhaps, we have the three questions concentrated into one. Should life be lived at all? Is it good or bad? Shall we say Yea or Nay to it?

Fundamentally, only two philosophers exist: the one that has said Yea and the one that has said Nay. The whole difference between East and West, it seems to me, lies there: Asia alone has said Nay; Europe and Europe's colonies in all parts of the world have said Yea. But Europe has sinned against the intellect by her spiritual falsity; for she has said Nay in theory and acted Yea in practice. The Christian faith is at one with Hinduism and Buddhism in renouncing the world. But the Hindu does make an attempt to renounce the world: he is an agriculturist, his wants are few, "progress" (rightly enough, from a spiritual point of view) is anathema to him: he looks with indifference on the railway or the telegraph, and the whirl of Western social life would only arouse his risibility. His theory and his practice correspond. The European, however, keeps his renunciatory faith for church on Sundays; hardly even for this short space. In theory he abhors the world, the flesh, and the devil; in practice he takes full advantage of the first, indulges the second, and fraternises with the third. But why is this possible if his faith forbids? If he does these things, what is his philosophical basis for his actions?—for philosophical basis he must have, though he realise it not.

Now, this question provides us with two most interesting philosophical contrasts. We have on the one hand the ancient (as well as the modern) Hindu and his renunciation, carried out as it was in practice as well as in theory. The world, to some of them, was simply the creation of Brahma, who was in turn an "emanation" from the neuter chaos of Brahma—for the Hindu was curious to know who made God, as well as what God himself had made. And all the "humans" that went to make up the race were likewise "emanations" from Brahma, the Universal, the Absolute, and to this, after a series of transmigrations, they might return, and thus obtain their "moksha" or deliverance—only, however, after having acquired merit in their earthly lives, the number of reincarnations varying with the merit. But the acquisition of merit meant renunciation of the world with a vengeance: the devotee had to be as poor as the followers of St. Francis, and his time was spent in lonely meditation. The power of this faith, which I have touched upon only in the briefest outline—for I have not mentioned Maya and those who regard the world as illusion—may be conceived, even if only faintly, from the number of saints that have existed in India from the very dawn of history, and from the fact that even now the Indian people in general have not been contaminated by the feverish "progress" of Western civilisation.

Then there is our contrast. The Greeks, even in name, conjure up realms of spiritual achievement and endeavour, in which Europeans have for centuries found an inspiration. And, if the mere name of the Greeks can uplift us, how must we feel when we survey the priceless marbles and read the written works that they have left us? What effect must they not have had on countless generations of our ancestors! These Greeks, however, show us the reverse of the medal; they accepted Life and all it had to offer; and they were proverbially curious, eager for novelties, as enthusiastic as Parisians in the search for something new and strange. Archimedes practised with odd-looking screws and other mechanical devices, and Euclid's diagrams have long been the terror of schoolboys. Nor are these the only names that can be found in this connection. Must we assume then, that the Greeks, although they have left us a magnificent spiritual legacy, bequeathed us also—"progress"? Perhaps. But I may be permitted to devote another article to this aspect of Greek thought.

At the Rich Man's Gate.

In Feudal England of To-day.

By "Caravanner."

TOWARDS the end of our caravanning holiday, when we had been enjoying the hospitality of a farmer who allowed us to wander at will over 700 acres of land, we reached a country parish where a very different reception awaited us. It was a large parish, chiefly consisting of land given up to the rearing of pheasants, and for two hours we travelled along an open heath road without seeing a cottage or human being; but when we reached a fir wood, and drew up by the roadside to let our mare have her midday rest, we were watched by a gamekeeper, who peered at us from behind the trunk of a tree and afterwards followed us along the road. Presently, we came to an old trackway which has always been a public road, but which the keepers, acting under instructions, have done their utmost to keep people from using because of the game preserves bordering it on either side. Along this trackway I rambled for a few hundred yards, and then came to a keeper's cottage, near which lay a big black dog. Directly it caught sight of me it came bounding towards me, barking furiously and behaving as if bent on tearing me to pieces. Commonsense told me that no game preserver would dare to have a dangerous dog loose and uncontrolled by the side of a public road, and the secret of its fierce behaviour was soon revealed to me. It was kept there to frighten people who made use of the road, and to give them the impression that it was loose, it was fastened by a ring and short chain to a wire stretched for fifty yards between two trees. So, for the length of this wire the dog could come bounding towards the traveller along the road, and it had been trained to display at the same time an apparent ferocity likely to alarm any timid person who saw it. As I walked back to the van I thought it strange that the people living in the district allowed this mean and dangerous trick to be played on them; but before the end of the day I learnt that they had good reason for doing nothing to put a stop to it.

There were one or two interesting places we wished to see while in the neighbourhood, so we looked for a camping ground near a small village on the border of the heathland. It was towards the end of the afternoon when we entered the village and, leaving the van in the driver's charge, I went in search of a meadow in which to spend the night. The first man I approached shook his head and went away muttering something I could not understand. The next person I asked, a woman, said she could not let me use her paddock, but she advised me to see the keeper of a small shop who had a meadow near his house. The shopkeeper was affable enough while I was making a few purchases at his counter, but disappeared into a back room as soon as I mentioned the matter of the meadow, leaving me wondering if some crime had recently been committed in the village and I was suspected of being the guilty person. By questioning a boy I learnt that another village tradesman had the use of a meadow; so for the fourth time I made my request for a camping ground, at the same time explaining that I was travelling for pleasure, and producing a certificate of character in the shape of a letter written by the Deputy Chief Constable of the county, instructing village constables to render me assistance if needed. This second tradesman proved more approachable than the first. If the matter rested with him, he said, I might stay in his meadow as long as I liked, but—and then he went on to explain how it was that he could not give me the required permission, and to account for the strange behaviour of the other persons to whom I had made a like request.

The entire parish, I learnt, belonged to a rich man who had bought it because he wanted a large game preserve. With it he had bought every house in the village, and, my informant said, "everybody who had to live in it." Nine out of ten of the villagers had never seen their wealthy landlord, but most of them

were well acquainted with a formidable personage known as "the agent," without whose permission they might not live—in that village. There were, as I could see, very few cottages, and if a young man married he had to find a home elsewhere, or, if his services were required on the estate, someone had to "move out" to make room for him. No new cottages were built, for cottagers were not wanted in the parish; the land was for the pheasants. Neither the shopkeeper nor anyone else in the village dare let me draw my van into a meadow; anyone who did would probably be turned out of his house. Several men, who had saved a little money, had wished to buy small pieces of land in the parish in order to build houses for their own occupation; but not so much as a square foot could be bought. Although most of the land was good enough for cultivation, it was allowed to become waste, except here and there where a little corn was grown to feed the pheasants. Finally, my informant said that to find a camping ground for the night I must go on to a small town a few miles away. There, he said, much of the land belonged "to small owners who had no reason to fear the consequences of doing someone a good turn."

There was nothing else to be done. Night was coming on, and we must find a camping ground of some kind; so, with a "G'up, Lady Betty" to our mare, we started on the road again, feeling that we were "undesirables" who had no right to venture upon the rich man's land. In other villages we had passed through the cottagers had often shown some interest in us, but in this village, we could not help noticing, even the children seemed afraid to be seen speaking to us, while their fathers and mothers kept out of sight except when they peered at us for a moment from their cottage windows. We asked each other how much better off than serfs were the peasant inhabitants of such a place. Yet even then we did not know the worst of their case. That we were to learn, not from their own lips, which were sealed by fear, but from those of some of the fortunate "small owners" who could call their souls their own.

That night, when we had found a spot in which to pitch our "wandering tent," I discussed the state of affairs in the rich man's village with the owner of the land on which I had made my camp. He said that only people who lived in such a place knew how easy it was to give offence to the landlord or his agent, but there were several such parishes in the neighbourhood, and their labouring folk were little better than slaves. "I know a place," he went on to say, "where no villager dare have a friend from another village spend a night in his cottage without first obtaining the consent of the agent, and even a well-to-do farmer there is not allowed to keep a dog. All over that parish you may see pheasants walking about like hens in a farmyard; they're so tame they'll hardly get out of your way; but you may walk over hundreds of acres of land without meeting anyone except a keeper. They call England a free country, but nobody can call the people of — free. If they complain to the agent, they're told that they're free to leave the parish, and that's all the freedom they've got. I've sometimes heard such places as — called 'model villages.' All I can say is that if all our villages were such model villages the country wouldn't be fit to live in."

On the following Sunday afternoon I walked back to the village. Its few cottages were neatly kept, so far as I could judge by their exterior, but I missed the signs of individual ingenuity and taste which in most villages distinguish one cottage from another. Few young children were to be seen—probably they were at the Sunday School—but on a low railing bordering a meadow some dozen or more lads and young men were seated, amusing themselves by throwing stones at a tin can. It was a fine day with just enough breeze to make walking pleasant, and I wondered why those lads and young men, instead of loafing in the village street, were not rambling about the country. My acquaintance of the previous week appeared on the scene and explained why they were not doing so. There was, he said, *nowhere for them to go to*. The big plantations

and wide, breezy heathlands were closed to them, and as the parish consisted of little else but plantation and heath the only walks they could take were along dusty, monotonous roads. Although they dwelt in the midst of a district containing miles and miles of waste land, they had actually less space to ramble about in than the London slum-dweller who lives near a public park. I asked what harm they could do on those broad tracts of fern and heather, and I learnt that "they might disturb the pheasants!"

The Sir Roger de Coverleys of the eighteenth century were bad enough, but with all their exaggerated ideas of what was due to them as country squires they took a real interest in their dependents and had a concern for their welfare. The rich game preserver of the twentieth century often knows nothing about the men and women living on the land he has bought. They are left to the tender mercies of his agent and the agent's stewards or bailiffs. So long as pheasants are plentiful and beaters available when he entertains a shooting party at the hall, the landowner cares little about what takes place on his wilderness of an estate, where pheasants are everything and men and women nothing. When the matter of the depopulation of rural districts is under consideration, the significance of the fact that thousands upon thousands of acres of land are owned by wealthy game preservers is rarely appreciated. In East Anglia there are many parishes in which practically the whole of the land is given up to game preserving, and the decrease of their respective populations during the last thirty years has, almost without exception, been greater in proportion to the number of their inhabitants than has been the case with cultivated districts. The meaning of this is, that in the pheasant parishes men, women and children are no more wanted than hawks and stoats. The land is allowed to lie waste, and so long as there are cottages enough for the gamekeepers and a few other dependents, no others are built. When the time comes for the boys and girls to go out to work, they must generally find it beyond the bounds of their native village.

Views and Reviews.*

THE life of Henry Demarest Lloyd should be of peculiar interest to Englishmen just now, for there is not an aspect of the social and political problem, except perhaps Eugenics, that he did not reveal. He was prolific in all but the provision of effective remedies; and if nations can be said to suffer from the diseases of individuals, his life was symbolic of America's dementia præcox. He was cursed with versatility, a fatal fault in a politician; and although he was always quoting Emerson's fine saying: "Good nature is plentiful, but we want justice with heart of steel to fight down the proud," his own heart was too soft to allow him to do his enemies the justice of hating them. He said himself that it was dangerous to meet one's enemies too often, as one always ended by loving them; and there must have been something wrong with a revolutionary who never joined the Socialist party because they believed in the "class war" that he preached, and whose tenderness was such that he was likened to Christ. Never before was Nietzsche's advice more necessary: "Above all, brethren, become hard": for Lloyd seemed to have all the gifts, all the knowledge, except the courage to take upon himself the powers of life and death. In a word, he preached revolution by evolution.

He was as clear in his diagnosis as Leonard Hall. Monopoly, not competition, was the enemy, and his first campaign was in support of Free Trade. The party became of sufficient importance to hold a national convention at the beginning of the Presidential campaign of 1872. This convention was revolutionary enough in its proposals. It advocated the restoration to the States of the powers usurped in the war by the Federal Government, which, in plain words, meant the

* "Henry Demarest Lloyd." By Caro Lloyd. (Putnam. Two vols. 21s. net.)

dissolution of the Union; and general amnesty, civil service reform and tariff reform were the other items of the programme, or planks of the platform, as the Americans prefer. The New York response to this call for a convention was signed by Horace Greeley, and the most bitter opponent of Free Trade accepted the programme for Machiavellian reasons. The New York delegation of which Lloyd was a member had arranged to nominate Greeley as Presidential candidate, and to vote solid for him. Lloyd refused, and the delegation erased his name from the roll of its members. Greeley's nomination was voted in accordance with the rules of the American caucus; and the convention, as the biographer says, voted itself out of existence. Lloyd "bolted," and called the reformers to another meeting. It was decided to hold a secret conference, so that there was "a bolt within a bolt." There was a possibility that the conference might furnish a candidate for the Democratic Presidential convention in Baltimore. Lloyd, of course, was an all-important person; and the reporters saw him "nibbling his nearly visible moustache" in his efforts to keep secret the doings of the conference. The New York delegates justified their action in supporting Greeley, and the conference adjourned sine die. Lloyd "bolted" again, called a meeting of twenty-five members, and nominated two candidates. That was the end of his bolting from a bolt within a bolt.

That was always the way. Lloyd was clever enough in fighting running rearguard actions, but he never captured the citadel. There was, and is, always the excuse that the people are not yet ready for heroic measures; and Lloyd was quite sure, at every stage of his career, that the people had not suffered enough. What he really meant was that he could not dare enough; his heart was always too tender. When he said, as he did quite early in his career, that the "wages system must go," it was "because the heart of man has grown too tender to endure the miseries of the wages system." That his tenderness of heart deluded him is seen by his approving quotation at a later date of Thorold Rogers' dictum that "revolutions are born of prosperity." History, which he was always calling to his aid, proves just the opposite of his sentimental conclusion that "the people had not suffered enough." They never have: the capacity for human suffering is illimitable, for there is no known limit to human adaptability. The people had not suffered enough to make the reign of Charles I. unbearable to them; for Cromwell could never command a majority in the country. The people of France had not suffered enough to make the return of the Bourbons impossible. The people never have suffered enough to make any tyranny unbearable, be it beneficent or maleficent; and in that simple fact is much instruction.

With this radical defect in his nature, it is not surprising that Lloyd was a practical failure in everything he attempted for the emancipation of the people. The man who could say: "There is something better in this world than success," might be of much value to his generation; but not as a politician. It was for this something better that he struggled, and for which he did valiant service. He was a currency reformer, with the full programme of the Banking and Currency Reform League, including the ideal unit, in his young days of journalism. He was the first to expose the theft of the American land by the railroad companies, to point to its disastrous consequences, and to argue for nationalisation of the highways. He worked as the man with the muck-rake to expose the tyranny of the Standard Oil Company; and his book remains the authority on the subject. The Standard Oil Company, of course, has been abolished; but its death will probably resemble that of Tammany, of which Lloyd said: "Tammany was killed for the first time in 1871. I was one of those who patriotically determined that Tammany must die, and in the hackneyed phrase of Artemus Ward, we saw to it that the corpse was ready on the day appointed for the funeral. . . . It was one of those deaths which it periodically suffers, but which never succeed in extinguishing all its lives."

In the 'nineties, he invented a New Theology of the Man-God, similar to that of Ibsen and Dostoeffsky, and I remember Shaw lecturing on this theology a few years ago as the latest thing in divinity. The theory is quite simple. You accept the atheistic doctrine: "There is no God"; and the daring declaration of the reverent agnostic: "I don't know what you mean by God." You also accept the idea of evolution, and base on that a hope that some day man will be a god. You find an unintelligent universe peopled by fools, and you prophesy that the whole realm of Nature will some day thrill with the ideas of man glorified, resurrected, and divinised by his own efforts. Humanity, in short, is made the basis of Divinity, the body, of the soul; and the Prince of this world becomes the only possible forbear of the King of the next world.

After inventing this, which certainly renders unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, but does not render unto God the things that are God's, anything might happen to a man. Anything did happen to Lloyd. There was not a political or social reform that he did not encourage or investigate. He came to England, studied the co-operative movement, and went back to America fired with a new idea. He certainly denounced the Co-operative Wholesale Society, and regretted the fact that the movement had degenerated to a great extent into a system of working-class capitalism. But he none the less thought it possible to transport a communal idea into a capitalist society, and yet preserve it from the effects that he had witnessed in another capitalist society. He went to New Zealand, and was inspired with the idea of Compulsory Arbitration. He wrote a book about it, and Roosevelt adopted the suggestion, and enforced it by unconstitutional means at the time of the anthracite miners' strike in 1902. Lloyd declared that the men got what they asked, and as I have no other information, I accept the statement; but whose purpose compulsory arbitration would be likely to serve in a land where, as he pointed out, the capitalists own the land, the railways, the banks, the law, the Press, the pulpit, and the schools, needs no explanation. In his zeal to encourage everything that superficially promised reform, and avoided revolution, Lloyd forgot that the first condition of success of any of these reforms is the abolition of capitalism. It is a significant commentary on the value of his work that he broke down and died fighting the Chicago road-car monopolists; and they secured an extension of their monopoly to perpetuity by the use of provisos in their charter. Lloyd got a good funeral, but Chicago did not get municipal trams.

A. E. R.

A Fifth Tale for Men Only.

By R. H. Congreve.

I.

THOSE who have proved their industry (to use no more daring word) by following the episodes of our group to the present story may still need to be reminded of our common purpose: it is to form a communal mind which, by its nature and powers, shall constitute a new order of being in the hierarchy of intelligent creation. The conditions of this creation are well enough known though hitherto for various sad reasons they have always failed to be fulfilled. The sodality of Pythagoras at Crotona was, I imagine, an attempt in the art we have undertaken to practise. The Academy of Plato and the Lyceum of Aristotle were similarly early adumbrations of the idea. To the credit of the Western Church also must be placed a fairly clear and certainly an earnest attempt to found communities magically unified in spirit and therefore transcending, in what may be called their colonial individuality, every individuality contained within the skin of any single man. But all these attempts, some of them glorious, came to grief by reason of brute accident, still more brutal circumstance, or, in the last resort, of an insufficient realisation of the means necessary to success. I

count it an accident, for example, that put an end to the lives of Anastasus and Polydamon while their group was still in process of formation. As esoteric scholars know, both these promising creators were treacherously murdered, the one after a pseudo-judicial trial, and the other by assassination, and both at the instigation of women who naturally resented a proposed trespass on their miserable natural monopoly. In the case both of Pythagoras and of Plato the political current of their day proved too strong for their respective disciples. Within a few years of the former's death the Pythagoreans were supplying Greece with statesmen—the best, no doubt, of their kind, but what had Pythagoras to do with the economics of the belly? As for Plato, he himself set a fatal example by writing "The Republic," and, still more, by his absurd exhibition of political vanity in Sicily. This politicising weakness of the Pythagoreans and Platonists had an even worse parallel in the communities of the Church. The Church substituted religion for politics as the main object of its groups, with the result that over all its efforts there lay the dead hand of a creed, suitable, of course, to the populace, but utterly inimical to the edification of a group of friends of intelligence.

It is now our turn, after all these centuries, to attempt to succeed where these, our predecessors, failed. I am quite ready to admit that the task is, even still, impossible. The world may not be ready or we may not be ready; but we shall, at least, avoid the avoidable mistakes of our ancient friends: we shall be neither politically nor religiously minded. The friendship of intellect, a single-hearted devotion to truth and beauty, unworldliness without other-worldliness—these are the conditions we lay down for ourselves. Thus far our greatest enemy has proved to be women.

Among the members who may be said to be on probation merely in our group the most interesting to me personally is Transome. Whether it is because his natural gifts, which are many, appeal more strongly to me than to the rest—who, indeed, enjoy the same to some extent; or whether the trouble I have had with Transome disposes me to think him particularly worth trouble, I leave for the moment. The fact is that with all my admiration, hope and friendship for him, he nevertheless occupies a seat among the doubtful in my own mind at well as in the judgment of the group. This is all the more strange when I relate that the conversion—if I may so call it—of Transome from common humanity to aspirant superhumanity appears for the moment to have all the marks of permanence. Nothing, you would say, distinguishes Transome from the rest of the completely accepted group in spirit, in direction of endeavour or in intellectual integrity. Nevertheless, having been the means of his conversion, and comparing his present somewhat too forcible protestations with his previous conversation, I am disposed to allow the label of doubtful to hang on him for some months longer.

Transome, I may say, made his first mark among us as a scholar. Invited by Weingott, who found him at the British Museum one day poring over the Babylonian text of the Garden of Eden story (a prototype, by the way, of our sodality, though an esoteric one), Transome came to one of our informal gatherings and instantly won our minds by his manifest profound scholarship. He was only about twenty-five or twenty-six in years, but his genius for research had already exhausted most of the ancient languages in which there is still a literature to be read. A member of several learned international societies, an incessant student and an accomplished as well as ardent explorer of unmapped fields of scholastic knowledge, he would certainly have degenerated with the tribe of the merely learned into pernicketty pedantry if he had not possessed the two saving virtues of lightness and reality. It was his lightness that enabled him to carry his monument of learning with an air that completely concealed its weight. Like Samson who bore away the brazen gates of Gaza as if they had been straw, Transome revealed no trace of effort in his carriage of the British Museum. Further than this, he made it evident to us

that knowing with him involved living—imaginative living, that is. Precisely as boys playing at Red Indians in a wood persuade themselves for the moment that they *are* Red Indians, and in their hearts on such occasions bring all time and space into the present so that the onset all abreast of Roman soldiers, Fiji islanders, African dwarfs, Greek heroes, would not occasion them more than a stir of romantic surprise, so Transome, in his complete intellectual play among the antique civilisations, realised them as still living, though unhappily removed by time from most of us. This realisation of history, together with his lightness in wearing his knowledge, drew our group instinctively to Transome as the possible scholar of our enterprise.

What was it, then, that gave us pause in accepting an apparently so welcome addition to our group? It was an expression or two, dropped by him in the course of the evening, in which our ear detected a suggestion of salacity if not of downright vulgar-mindedness. He would employ sexual and gynecological images in his conversation when to our taste they were absolutely intrusive; and he did this with a slight air of archness which called vivid attention to them. For instance, he once or twice used the word pregnant when significant or promising would have served the purpose of the discussion more exactly. Pregnant, besides being an offensive image to apply to events, is also inexact and misleading. Time has no womb, events do not procreate. The imagery is anthropomorphic and false. But worse even than Transome's lapses of taste in metaphor was his air in uttering them. Constrained by his company—for, of course, such metaphor did not fly quite at ease in our group's atmosphere—he insinuated into his use of them a suggestion that under encouraging circumstances he could multiply, elaborate and coarsen them. Only timidity and unfamiliarity with us, he made it appear, prevented him from positively tropical jocularity on sexual subjects. Over our silence, in fact, he attempted to convey by a flick of his images that he was, as well as a scholar, one of the boys, and only awaited a word of encouragement to prove it. I instantly made up my mind to give him the chance.

II.

I cannot too often warn my unintended readers that these hints of tales, rather than tales, are for men only, and not for women, materialists, moralists, or other infants of idealism. These latter I do not despise, however. We are all, perhaps, as that inflated frog Victor Hugo said, the tadpoles of archangels; and in another æon or so the clay of to-day may be the potter. In deciding to give Transome the chance he appeared to desire of showing himself off (for I was convinced it was no more) as a gay dog, I had also to decide to risk appearing in the same disguise to him. But touching pitch without defiling oneself is an art that can be learned, if one has no desire to practise it; and I remembered that Plato's most trustworthy guardians were occasionally allowed to give their charges rein and even to spur them in their impulse to bolt. Woe betide, however, the intellects that bolted! Their guardians returned without them, having accomplished a good riddance.

We were just breaking up our first meeting with Transome, and Weingott was saying: Rub this bottle (meaning Transome) and the djinn will appear who will transport you through all space and time, when Transome, a little unfamiliar with the enthusiastic compliments of friendship, turned and caught my eye. I deliberately gave him a knowing wink such as I saw conveyed to him the notion that I, like him, was constrained in that high air and would fain stretch my legs in easier company. He instantly responded with another wink, and we took possession of each other on leaving Barringer's rooms.

Rather serious in there, don't you think? I said, indicating the meeting we had just left. What do you say to getting over the effect at my Club?

Transome had no comment to make immediately on

the discussion, but he assented with an almost canine Right O! suit me very well, to my invitation. Taxi? I asked, and ordered one as if it were the most usual thing in the world. We got in, and, under the influence of the tawdry romance of the motion through London streets, Transome inquired whether I would not prefer a tart to the club. Tarts, do you say? I replied; there'll be time enough for them after we've had a chat at the club; I can even give them a miss one evening, if you can. Oh, I shouldn't feel happy in depriving you, he said. One for me and two for yourself, I jauntily questioned; Who are you living with? In a pension, he replied, with plenty of lady visitors; they come and go, my boy, with unfailing regularity. You're all right, then, I said, but this poor devil has to pick up crumbs in the street. There goes a lively little bit, Transome remarked, indicating a passer-by. Hi, cabby! he shouted (though with no intention of making the driver hear), put me down at the next one like that. If this is your state, Transome, I then said, we won't go to the club, but I'll take you round to some friends of mine; what do you say? Friends, friends? he queried, this is luxury—how far away? Only a quarter of an hour's run, I said—though, of course, without the faintest notion of their geographical situation or of their existence. For the fact is, that I had begun to draw conclusions about my new acquaintance. His excessive dogginess was a monstrous pose! There was nothing to it, as they say in folk-speech. Transome's bubbling references to nocturnal adventures with the visitors to his pension were spurred out of him by the digs into his mind of some foreign novel or other. He could not possibly be so gauche in his conversation with a comparative stranger unless, firstly, he was anxious to impress that stranger with his own indubitable virility; and, secondly, he was totally unversed in the manners of the accomplished man-about-town. I suspected, indeed, that his effusions of salacity were designed as a protective resemblance to some person who expected salacity of him, and that in actual truth he was in practice as innocent as on the day he was born.

Tending to confirm my guess was his obvious assumption of worldly tedium in his decision that the quarter of an hour to my imaginary friends made the expedition fatiguing; we would go to the club, he said, for once. In our long chatter there, in which we were joined by a number of men whom I selected with care, Transome allowed himself to be played upon like a fiddle of one string. About all his knowledge of the classics nobody even by chance drew one word from him, though several of the company were not dullards and ranged wide in their talk. It was only when the conversation turned on wine, women, and song that Transome really dropped his naturalness and assumed the past-master's air of complete initiation, which more and more gave away his secret. His reception of the filthy stories which pass round at every club of men was, if I may so express it, a carefully rehearsed reception. Between an almost imperceptible disgust and the temptation to overdo his public appreciation of obscenity, he had apparently decided to receive such stories with careful indifference. Nothing, he wished to convey, could possibly shock him. On the contrary, a man like himself could shock the veteran if only he had the mind. This last weakness, indeed, betrayed him, as it always betrays the novice to the expert. Under the stimulus of a marginal story, well told and thereby just escaping the censure of clubmen (who, to do them justice, know exactly the capacity of the club stomach), Transome began a story and told it badly, which, I could plainly see, disgusted the circle of men. With no comment made, the conversation was felt to have got beyond the bounds of possible humour, and instantly changed to politics, personalities, and business.

I was curious to see whether the natural delicacy of Transome had perceived the sudden change and realised the cause of it. If it had, he concealed the symptoms very well in the satisfaction he experienced in having, at last, shocked real men of the world. There, I heard his idiotic mentor with the spur saying to him, these men cannot possibly doubt that you are of the breed of Cellini and other veritable men; you have

demonstrated your essential manhood; Adam is not ashamed of you. And all the time I seemed to hear the whisper of Transome's own mind protesting against these protests.

For the rest of the evening we talked on various topics, the sexual direct remaining excluded. Transome, however, managed to continue his doggy attitude and reminded us by an occasional bark of allusion that he was emphatically one of the boys. While seeing him to the door, and about to say good-night to him, I took occasion to ask again what he thought of the discussion at Barringer's rooms and of the group. I liked it immensely, he said, with profound earnestness; Weingott's last remark has been ringing in my ears ever since. They are a splendid set of men.

What a damned humbug you are, Transome, I said, and hastily retreated into the club, leaving him to his own reflections.

(To be concluded.)

M. Anatole France and the Revolution.

(Translated by P. V. Cohn from an article by M. André de Chauméix, in the *Journal des Débats*, June 16, 1912.)

"THE life of a nation," wrote M. Anatole France in "L'Ile des Pingouins," "is a mere succession of miseries, crimes and follies. This applies to the Penguin nation as to all others. Apart from this, its history is admirable from beginning to end." Some time after these gloomy maxims, M. Anatole France summarised the history of the Revolution as follows: "At the close of the age of philosophers, the old régime of Pinguinie was overthrown from top to bottom; the King was put to death, the privileges of the nobility were abolished, and the Republic was proclaimed in the midst of the disorders and during the shock of a terrible war. The Assembly which governed Pinguinie at the time gave orders that all the metal work in the churches should be melted down. The patriots outraged the tombs of kings." He added that, the sovereign people having retaken the lands of the nobility and clergy and sold them at a low price, the middle-class and the peasants judged the Revolution good for acquiring land and bad for keeping it. This made them wish for the coming of a government more inclined to respect individual property.

It was scarcely to be feared that after these cynical remarks, M. Anatole France, when he came to write on the French Revolution, would err on the side of indulgence. "The Gods are Thirsty," with its title resonant of antique fatalism, is a terrible book. The revolutionary period, towards which one might have imagined the author to show some leanings, is painted with an unsparing hand. Humanity as a whole there appears to consist of brutes. And the peculiarly human qualities, reason and conscience, which appear in Evariste Gamelin, the hero of the book, a member of the revolutionary tribunal, only add to the bestiality by giving it the outward show of logic and the art of regarding itself as virtue. M. Anatole France, with a light hand, has traced an appalling picture of the period which M. Aulard's manuals for the use of schools represent as the dawn of real life.

Not that anything in the book smacks of polemics; M. Anatole France foregoes, in this book at any rate, the desire of proving anything. He is content to paint, and as history seems to him an art rather than a science, he is at pains to give fresh life to a number of miniatures which, taken together, will call up the whole epoch. No great slab of history, no epic, no yelling and excited crowds invade the pages of the books; we are far from the lyricism of a Michelet. M. Anatole France

notes trifling facts, and tries to present them in their simplest aspects. He does not offer them to us pompously like historical events. On the contrary, he enjoys representing them as they may have struck a contemporary. It is the way in which Stendhal narrates the Battle of Waterloo. And it is the way in which M. Anatole France himself has always recounted things of the past, thus depriving them of the fame which they have acquired after the event. Hereby he achieves his art.

In M. Anatole France's book we see men and women living in 1793, and with much the same desires and cares that occupy humanity in all ages. The Terror, indeed, slightly disturbs the order of things, for men are continually hearing that one friend is in exile, another on his trial, another to be put to death; and these hazards threaten everyone at any moment. But life goes on, and, as is fitting, each man follows his bent. The engraver Desmahis, is a handsome fellow fond of shopgirls. Passing over the Pont Neuf, he sees one whom he finds charming, and he eagerly follows through the crowd her straw hat and her fair hair. A procession separates him from her; he rushes between the horses, the guards, the sabres and the torches, to find her again. And this inconvenient procession which he crosses without even seeing it, do you know what it is? It is the first revolutionary tumbril. The engraver Desmahis, at the moment when the first man condemned by the tribunal was passing, saw nothing of importance in the universe but his shopgirl. And you can imagine that this touch delights M. Anatole France.

There are many others of the same kind. You will read the description of a charming country excursion organised by Citizen Blaise. It is an idyllic story, reproducing the gaiety of all the guests and the rustic tastes of an impressionable society. This Citizen Blaise, a bookseller by profession, is a philosopher in his way. He utilises events, and anxiety about public affairs does not prevent him from thinking of his petty interests. He has ideas on the Revolution, and, knowing his fellow-men, he feels that it will come to an end. To Gamelin, a thoroughpaced revolutionary, who proposes him "civic" games of cards, he answers rather rudely that these inventions are absurdities, and that one must return to pleasant scenes. "The ardour of citizens for reform," he declares "grows lukewarm as time goes on; the Revolution is lasting too long; it becomes tedious. But men will always love women." These maxims form one of the clearest conclusions of M. Anatole France's book.

The portraits in "The Gods are Thirsty" will give particular pleasure. The revolutionary history appears like a series of often hideous accidents. What interests the historian is to know how each man reacts, how circumstances give characters a chance of displaying themselves. Evariste Gamelin, a painter, the pupil of David, is a terribly serious and virtuous young man; Mme. Gamelin, his mother, complains that the new age increases unhappiness, but Evariste is an ideologue; he is ready to suffer all and make all suffer for the happiness of the human race. Handsome, serious, gloomy and passionate, he errs with a heavy conscience; he believes with all his might that virtue is natural to man and that society is to transform itself for the good of all; he is a theological animal, infatuated with purity and fearfully blood-stained. As he is, he finds favour in the eyes of young Elodie, daughter of the bookseller, Blaise, an impressionable young soul, infinitely more subtle than he, although she does not always realise it. He also finds favour, but for other reasons, with that curious Mme. de Rochemaure, of whom M. Anatole France has drawn so amusing a portrait. Coquettish and scheming, Mme. de Rochemaure feels the need of having a finger in every pie, and it seems to her that history would miss something if she were not in relation with all the powers. She is a woman who would acquiesce in any government, and she cannot endure that Gamelin, having become an important revolutionary personage, should not sup at her house. It is a necessity to her to

act, to combine, and always to fancy herself on the eve of great things: in return for which she will be guillotined and will even cause the death of some friends compromised by her.

M. Anatole France has used all his charm in depicting Maurice Brotteaux, an ex-noble, fallen on evil days and reduced to manufacturing puppets for toyshops. He who formerly gave fine suppers now makes crape on the Quai de la Mégisserie; but his humour remains unchanged. He is a philosopher who, under all circumstances, remembers that life is not wholly bad, that there is beauty worth looking at, and knowledge worth acquiring, and that death delivers us from every trouble. A libertine, an Epicurian, a disciple of Lucretius, his form of philosophy strongly resembles that of Jerome Coignard and M. de Bergeret. He has lived much, he has even lived with some enthusiasm and some sensuality. He has known the delight of living in an age when life is said to have been more charming than at any other time; he retains a tender memory of it and a vague gratitude towards Nature. Forbearing to complain for fear of becoming more unhappy, he is a great arguer; he delights in the subtle game of the mind that plays about ideas, analyses them, contrasts them, compares them, and finally dissolves them. A clean-living man for the pleasure of being so, he recalls in the kindness of his heart the young Athenais. An Atheist, he hides in his house, at the risk of his life, the magnificent Father de Longue-marre, a Barnabite monk, who will die superbly, unhappy only at the thought of being confused with a Capuchin. Tolerant otherwise, and resigned to everything, he will be courageous with simplicity.

M. Anatole France has lost nothing of his admirable art, or of his scepticism. It seemed of late that after having long-felt doubts of ever finding any certainty, he had suddenly attached himself through despair, or through passion, to the most intolerant and improbable dogmas. He paints us no flattering picture of the Revolution. Perhaps it is because he finds it insufficient and hopes more of the next. Perhaps it merely is that he has looked at it, and that in spite of the uncertainty of many things, there are all the same truths of experience which impose themselves. Read after "The Gods are Thirsty" that curious book of Doctor le Bon on the French Revolution. You will there find remarks such as this: "The Revolutionary assemblies justify all the known laws of the psychology of crowds. Impulsive and timorous, they are dominated by agitators and most often act in a contrary sense to the individual wishes of their members. The founders of the Revolution tried for the first time to transform men and society in the name of Reason. Never was enterprise started with such elements of success. Nevertheless, in spite of its power, in spite of the Draconian laws, in spite of the repeated coups d'etat, the Revolution did nothing but heap ruin on ruin and end in a dictatorship. . . . The facts of the Revolution teach that a people liberated from social restraints, the bases of civilisations, and abandoned to its instinctive impulses, soon relapses into its ancestral barbarism." The novelist agrees in his judgments with the philosopher. Where, perhaps, they will cease to be at one is in methods of action. M. G. le Bon, whatever the acumen of his critical faculty, believes in the virtue of action, if it be suitably directed and if it inculcate experience. M. Anatole France is an absolute Nihilist. What dominates his book is the art of disintegrating things, of successively stripping history, men, even reason, until nothing is left in the world but the welter of great instincts that remain rudimentary in spite of civilisation, the cruel game of love and hunger. The sole superiority which M. Anatole France seems to recognise is that of pleasure, which vanishes so quickly and has continual need of fresh fuel, and that of intelligence, which delights in the sterile joy of seeing everything reduced to ashes. And it is by virtue of this that the master, so long a follower of the tradition of French literature, seems isolated from his age, which has gained more energy and more faith.

REVIEWS.

Rhythm for August. (Swift. 1s. monthly.)

The present number is a little flushed. Mr. Frank Harris writes of Richard Middleton in that Soho style: "He was not taken by the popular idols; Tennyson, he thought, had only written half a dozen lyrics, and 'Dowson, you know, left three.'" And again, in a style we thought was long since given over to frumps: Middleton had sent in some poems to "Vanity Fair." Too free, the sub-editor reported; he was afraid they would shock Mrs. Grundy. "Needless to say," vows Mr. Harris, "that made me eager to read them." You might conclude from this article that poor Middleton was a man for youth to envy. The best things for youth to be told about Middleton are that he threw up a living too confidently, that he failed as the great artists never fail, and that he died most miserably out of a world where his flatterers still survive.

M. Picasso has a drawing of what looks like a famine-stricken father sitting on a studio block, nursing a baby; his shoulders start out of his skin, his knees and hands are in robust health, but his thighs are either swollen or over-drawn. Mr. W. H. Davies—but we know—the lies of last night—green hedges and the Muse. Mr. G. Cannan has a little play-boiler: Act I, the yard at night; Act II, the kitchen; a page telling you precisely how to set the stage; Ellen and Miles inform each other of things both know quite well; Ellen shuts the window. Miles: "Open to me . . . I can 'ear ye . . . and you 'ungry for every word that comes fro' my lips . . . and I can reach up and pluck a star out o' 'eaven for to shine in yer 'air." All peasants can nowadays. Miss Anne Estelle Rice interrupts the rustic drama rhythmically with some wall-paper and two fluffy figures, and a thing you may take for a box-ottoman with a pillow tied round to imitate a head. Mr. T. Moulton has two commonplace verses with the olden refrain concerning a town and a tomb and a dear friend sleeping: these sentiments need to be cut in marble or out of the heart: "light laughter" of little sea-waves and "deep, joyous laughter" of big waves is too curious detail for a threnody in eight lines. Mr. J. M. Murry tells the tale of "A Little Boy," a little nervous boy to whom Mother Thompson said, "You little devil, I'll tear your eyes out!" Mr. J. Stephens fills up the page:—

I met a little man dressed all in green,
Who stopped and asked me was my mother out,
So I said, yes.

Ah! one certainly need not fear that such a poet may commit suicide. Nothing could goad him to do so. And over-page we get on to the tiles. Mr. Fergusson makes a study of a naked woman, very daring—oh, dreadfully!—a great black patch is scribbled over the inferior abdomen, and you are to become paralysed with—well, with what? The artists have rejected that black patch as destructive at once of line and of seriousness in the æsthetic spectator. The female is much of a dowd, and dowds are proverbially daring. Miss Mansfield, too, has gone dowdy: three tales without humour or charm. This is what passes for the wit: "The crazy thought jagged in her brain—it's like a white sauce with spots of melted butter." For drama: "Feodor was passionately fond of poetry . . . suddenly he saw an old man . . . who, with infinite care . . . spread a book open . . . soft as a cat, Feodor seized the book . . . 'an old man—found on the beach this morning, dead and cold as a stone.'" The ubiquitous Miss Rice rounds up the harmonious page with some small figures dancing in Lord knows what costume, and pertly calls it all "L'Après Midi d'un Faune." "Les Ballets Russes" still continue, and yet once more we are told that "M. Bakst is the greatest innovator of the pictorial art of modern stage-craft." A dirty little sketch of a dirty-looking child, and Mr. G. Cannan is turned on again to fill up the extra pages added to this number: "I know several stokers in London, and there is a horrible sameness about their lives. They keep restaurants and their wives are hostesses."

Flushed, fluffy, and dowdy, but something else of all that is vulgar. There is a dramatic criticism of the "Well of the Saints" under the heading "Jack and Jill Attend the Theatre," and signed "The Two Tigers." Once we saw in some theatrical newspaper an advertisement: "Tykes and Tykesses, turn up for a tear-round at the 'Three Tars' to-night."

The African Times and Orient Review. (August Number. 158, Fleet Street, E.C.)

We congratulate the editor on this, the second, issue of a journal destined, we hope, to do for the coloured races of the world what THE NEW AGE is attempting to do for the white wage-slaves of the world. The two problems are in many respects identical, and a comprehension of the one acts and reacts on a comprehension of the other. To the present issue excellent articles are contributed by, among others, Mr. Charles Rosher on Morocco, Hon. W. Morgan Shuster on the Philippines, Mr. Booker T. Washington on Tuskegee, Hiroku Hayashi on Oriental economics. The remaining contents are equally varied and equally authoritative. Our praise of new magazines is rare, but in the few instances that we can accord it it is sincere.

Tripoli and Young Italy. By Chas. Lapworth. (Stephen Swift. 10s. 6d. net.)

Nothing is more futile than a book obviously written to order. It simply puts the reader's back up. The Italians in Tripoli have a good case, especially against the foolish and dishonest gang that engineered the agitation about the "massacres," but the public will look for it in vain in this compendium of silly, indiscriminating praise. Mr. Lapworth is almost as foolish as Mr. Francis McCullagh. Surely there must have been amongst the Englishmen in Tripoli at least one man of sense who can give us the truth.

The Evolution of Educational Theory. By Professor John Adams. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

We are not disposed favourably to a writer on the subject of education who makes no reference in a text of 400 pages to Matthew Arnold, yet finds occasion to quote Bernard Shaw, Mark Twain, Professor Herkomer, and Sir Edward Burne-Jones. It is not that these latter may not be, for all we know, educationists; Bernard Shaw and the late Mark Twain both professed metaphysics and philosophy without anybody in particular being aware of the fact; but Matthew Arnold was pre-eminently an educationist, and the modern history of educational theory that omits him omits one of its chief characters. Again, Professor Adams' taste both in the matter of style and in vocabulary is far from impeccable. Like the new race of Oxford dons, headed by Professor Gilbert Murray, Professor Adams aims at a popular style unfamiliar to his ordinary reading and thought. The result is a strange and unpleasing compound of technicalities and colloquialisms. Of his choice of words, his selection, after a tedious attempt at justification, of the word "educand" for "pupil" strikes us as pedantic. He should have accepted the verdict of the genius of English which dropped this word after Petty had made an attempt to give it currency.

We dwell at the outset on Professor Adams' style and taste, because in a work on education these things are decisive. There is no science of education and there never will be. We have no idea of what life is for, either in the large or in the narrow sense. Educating a child for life is, therefore, in the majority of cases training it by guess-work for a future, both immediate and remote, which itself is a matter of guess-work. The exceptions (and even this applies only to the worldly future) are cases in which a child is definitely trained for a particular career; and, as what is called democracy develops, these exceptional cases become fewer. But if both the means and the object of education are largely guess-work, the place of science in education is limited. In fact, education is an art rather than a science; and for this reason demands artists for its expositors. Professor Adams is no artist.

In the matter of the successive theories that have

dominated educational practice, Professor Adams, we think, is himself labouring under a false theory. He attempts to maintain (pp. 95-6-7) that educational theory actually manifests progressive evolution in point of time from Plato and Aristotle to, let us say, Professor Adams. But except in relation to a known end which might serve as a criterion of progress, the very gauge of evolution is missing in educational theory. Organic evolution we can understand, but the evolution of the mind of men who can understand or discuss within the limits of a few thousand years? We ourselves see, at least, no progress between Professor Adams and Plato, either in conception of purpose or in means of carrying it out. On the contrary, and without making invidious comparisons, the theory of education held by Professor Adams appears to us to differ in kind from the theory held by Plato.

But because no progressive development of educational theory can be traced, the history of educational theory might nevertheless be written. History, we say, not evolution. And its history would consist of the record of the successive theories current among educationists at different periods, and an account of the conditions under which these theories were developed. The tabula rasa theory of comparatively modern times, with its accompanying adaptation to practice in cramming, arose naturally from the psychology of Toche. It was followed in practice by the "vegetable" theory (as it used to be called by teachers), which regarded the mind as an organism in process of unfolding. "Eliciting" was its adaptation in practice. This in turn is now, we understand, deposed and a new metaphor reigns in its stead. The history of all these theories might be interesting, but to attempt to establish progression among them would be misguided. And not all Professor Adams' learning can erase this impression. In his concluding chapter our author attempts a forecast of the education of the future; and we confess we are not impressed by it. In a deal of padding we discern, we think, the few ideas which Professor Adams has to offer; and, if we are right, they are not only few, but unoriginal and banal. That education in the future will tend to become more "vocational" is the natural desire of capitalists, but hardly, we should have thought, the ideal of educationists. Nor is this prospect made pleasant by the pious affirmation that "the education of the future will not neglect preparation for the leisure of life." What evidence for this hope exists in educational theory, let alone practice, to-day? Professor Adams himself indulges the hope only in the belief that a little culture will be necessary even to the practical man who is obviously his hero. "The successful practical man," he writes, "needs a tincture of the Nietzschean culture in order to be a complete man." We are reminded of Plato's contempt for educationists who patronisingly admitted that a little philosophy set off a Philistine.

The Awakening of England. By F. E. Green. (Nelson. 2s. net.)

This is an eloquent plea for the revival of agriculture in England. Mr. Green, following the example of Cobbett and Krapotkine, has gone about spying out the nakedness of the land, and, being a practical farmer himself, he not merely laments the rural decadence, but is able to see the possibilities that lie before the art of agriculture. The results of the Small Holdings Act seem to him in every way admirable, not only as showing what the men can do, but as showing of what the land is capable. For, with one of the best soils in Europe, our product is nearly the lowest, amounting only to £4 per acre, while the Belgians produce £20 per acre. But like everything else in England, to make one reform effective it is necessary to reform everything else. Even if access to the land is given (and it is frequently denied by local authorities, there being, at the end of 1910, 127,256 acres applied for and not provided), the need of capitalising agriculture becomes apparent; for men must be trained to new methods, more labour to the acre must be provided, and the scientific processes cannot be applied to agriculture without a capital outlay. Co-operative farming de-

mands co-operative banking; just as the distribution of products demands co-operative transit and marketing. For of what benefit is it to the farmer to increase the productiveness of the soil if the railway company penalises him with high rates, and the market salesman robs him of the residue? In short, unless agriculture is organised according to the guild system, and finds its place in a State that produces for use and not for profit, no improvement in the methods of production will benefit the producer. Mr. Green, indeed, hints as much; for his Socialist sympathies are apparent, although not expressed. That he should have confined himself to exposition was only to be expected: Krapotkine's book has almost been forgotten, and the partial acceptance of the Small Holdings Act has provided a new ground for hope. That he should preach co-operation is a very good beginning, as he also reveals the fact that there is no passionate desire for the ownership of land. "We learn, too, that only 1.8 desire to purchase land, which proves that with security of tenure freedom can be purchased more economically as tenant than as owner." It is not necessary to tell him that co-operation within a system of production for private profit will not solve any or all of the problems; but it cannot fail to introduce a new principle to the psychology of tenant farmers, teaching them class-consciousness, and making plain the need and means of reform.

Initiation. By Annie Besant. (Theosophical Publishing Society. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Theosophical movement, in England, is under a cloud. In the attempt to popularise certain mystical doctrines, there has been a continual degradation of the subject-matter. Theosophy has become a catchword and a cure-all; and in this book, the great mystery of Initiation is merely an opportunity for Mrs. Besant to indulge in some personal reminiscences. It may be of interest to admirers of Mrs. Besant to know that a voice proclaimed to her the early advent of the Light, and that shortly afterwards Mr. W. T. Stead sent her Blavatsky's "Secret Doctrine" to review; but the Initiate will smile at this matter-of-fact interpretation of a mystery. This revival of interest in her own autobiography shows us that Mrs. Besant is still only at the beginning of the Path, that she has not surrendered her Self; and we have one more illustration of Christ's phrase: "Many are called, but few are chosen." For the rest, the quotations from Tennyson's "In Memoriam" and similar verse convince us that Mrs. Besant has lost such grip as she ever had of the mystical nature of truth, and has condescended to compete with the more literate class of mission-hall preachers.

Lee the American. By G. Bradford. (Constable. 10s. 6d.)

As biographies go—especially American biographies—this is excellent, for it possesses the virtue of discrimination, which is by no means common in a country where a certain insularity and passion for national advertisement would manufacture Titans from some very tuppenny celebrities. Lee is a peculiarly difficult subject for a biographer. No account of his life yet written has succeeded in depicting him as anything except as a rather irritating prig—something after the style of Washington—and yet we know from the devotion with which he inspired his contemporaries, from the record of his achievements and the verdict of all who knew him, that he was not only a fine soldier, but also a very great and noble character. Such men probably possess a personal magnetism and obvious natural goodness which enable them to "carry off" a perfection of deed and word that would be unconvincing, and therefore annoying, in lesser men, but the impression of which it is hard to convey in cold print. Mr. Bradford has felt this difficulty, but has not overcome it. None but a poet could. He meets with far greater, if incidental, success in the case of Stonewall Jackson, upon whose character some of his remarks cast much-needed light. It seems a pity that this far more human personality was not made the centre of the book.

Pastiche.

A FRAGMENT.

TIME: A few months hence.

"In regard to the spread of bee distemper throughout the country, Mr. Runciman states that he hopes shortly to introduce legislation to deal with the question."—"Evening News."

Mr. Runciman, at the end of a closely reasoned speech introducing his Bill, expressed the hope that members opposite would regard the measure from a non-party standpoint. The presence of distemper among bees—a hitherto contented class of workers—was traceable to the larger problem of labour unrest. The disaffection among the workers could not be treated lightly or dealt with in a single measure.

It was the intention of the Government to deal with the problem sectionally, and he hoped that the Prevention of Distemper Amongst Bees Bill would be followed by constructive legislation of a like character. (Loud Ministerial cheers.)

It would, of course, be necessary for the Government to have the services of a very large and competent staff in order that the greatest possible benefit might accrue to the community through the efficient working of the Act. He was pleased to be able to state that this would entail no additional drain on the finances of the country, for, owing to the regrettable failure of the Insurance Act—(Opposition laughter)—there were large numbers of Government employees who had nothing to do, and, with few exceptions, these had expressed their willingness to serve as Bee Bunglers under the new Act without any extra remuneration. Such self-abnegation was worthy of the highest praise.

Mr. Lloyd George, in rising to support the measure, said that he agreed with his hon. friend the President of the Board of Agriculture that this was part of the problem of labour unrest. He had hoped to bring in a Compulsory Co-partnership Bill, but the base tactics of members opposite in wilfully misrepresenting the Insurance Act had set back social reform for an indefinite period. He regretted to say that he knew of no real remedy for labour unrest. The action of the workers in refusing ninepence for fourpence proved clearly that a rise in wages was no solution. (General cheers.)

However, as the bees appeared to have no labour organisation, he did not despair of success in their particular case. He understood that there were large numbers of queen-bees who did nothing towards garnering the honey and were clearly a part of an old and vicious aristocracy, reaping where they had not sown. (Cries of "Limehouse.")

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, in supporting the measure, said that it was legislation of this kind that the Labour Party would welcome with open mouths. He considered the bees were the worst-off class in the community. The hon. member drew a startling picture of the bee's life in its dark and narrow hive. Yet he declared there had been no strike. That calamity had been averted; the bees had fulfilled the most gentlemanly instincts of the working-classes. He was proud to say that they looked to Parliament, and to Parliament alone, to ameliorate their condition. He pleaded for the enfranchisement of the bees.

Mr. Stephen Walsh opposed the Bill. He confessed to having a sweet tooth. Honey and lollipops and teetotalism were the only things he placed before citizenship. He hoped no one would drag trade unionism into the debate.

Mr. F. E. Smith suggested that a referendum of the people should be taken, as the Government had no mandate for such a measure. He deprecated the action of the Government in introducing such a highly contentious measure before the House of Lords was reconstructed.

The hon. member for Blackburn had asserted that bees had no vote and pleaded for their enfranchisement, and yet how many of the members opposite came down to that House with bees clandestinely concealed in their bonnets? (Loud Opposition cheers.) He regarded the measure as a device of the Government to save their face over the Insurance Bill and to create posts for their followers who were thrown out of employment through the failure of that unpopular measure.

Sir Philip Sassoon said that he was proud to belong to that section of the English race that came from a land flowing with milk and honey. He was of the opinion that the problem of bee distemper might be solved by introducing more Jewish bees into the country. There were a large number here at present, and they were very successful in gathering honey.

Mr. Josiah Wedgwood opposed the measure. He believed the bee distemper was caused by the general shortage of clover due to the Government's policy of playing pigs in clover on every conceivable occasion. The National Telephone swindle and the "Titanic" inquiry—(loud uproar

and cries of "Order, order," amid which the hon. member sat down).

Sir E. Carson wished to know whether the Bill would apply to bumble bees, as, if so, the Government were pursuing a policy provocative of civil war. There was no distemper amongst bumble bees.

A. W. G.

THE HILLS OF SOUL.

O, my heart is torn in the rabid strife
Of a Brute that shrieks for an Angel's life—

Of a Brute conceived of the thunder's roll,
And an Angel-shape from the Hills of Soul.

O, an Angel sighs for the heart of me,
But a Brute has lured me to apathy;

And my heart calls out to the Hills of Soul,
But a Brute drags down to a garish goal.

Yet I yield betimes to his sweeten'd pain
Till my heart calls out to the hills again.

For the Hills of Soul are array'd in light,
But the depths below are the haunts of Night.

May my riven heart yield its last pulse whole
To an Angel-shape from the Hills of Soul.

TOM SEFTON

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

By C. E. Bechhöfer.

XVI.—"THE THRONE."

WHAT IS SOCIALISM?

BY COMYNS BEAUMONT, JOHN FOSTER FRASER,
ARNOLD WHITE, OR OTHERS.

Socialism is a dream. It is impossible, because all men are not created equal and never will be so, despite the efforts of firebrand bureaucratic anarchists like Messrs. Lloyd George and Ramsay MacDonald and other Socialists to make them so. If A is a busy, prosperous merchant, enriching his country by a yearly expenditure of several thousand pounds a year, whereas B is an idle, beer-guzzling, wife-beating Socialist, and A and B's incomes are added together and divided out equally to-morrow, what will be the result? In a week's time A will be doing his duty to the nation as patriotically as ever, whereas B will be busy Sidney-streeting and inciting his lazy, out-of-work brothers to strike against the industry of the country, just as hard as the drunken ne'er-do-wells who manufacture the non-existent "labour unrest" solely for their own personal profit will allow them.

Unfortunately, the Press of this country is muzzled by greed and Mammon. It is under the thumb of the so-called Labour leaders, and it dare not say what it could. We find it almost impossible to understand how these sycophant journalists can continue, week after week, to disseminate news, with their tongues in their cheek, which they know to be utterly and deliberately false. Personally, I would rather die than be a liar or any other such kind of Socialist. But Mr. Reginald McKenna has no backbone. He prefers to abjectly truckle to his Socialist masters, whose votes hold him in the hollow of his hand . . . (etc., ad nauseam).

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

In our issue of a fortnight ago it was hinted that . . . "The Throne" had not the least intention of reflecting unfavourably on the bona fides of . . . We accept without reserve their statement, and can only regret that anything appeared in our columns which even seemed to reflect on . . .

Without disrespect to Mr. —, we cannot help remarking that, to us at all events, . . . [See apology in next number.]

THE WORLD OF ENTERTAINMENT.

BY SYDNEY H. STRONG.

I am continually being blamed for decrying every new play as it is put on, and thus preventing it from succeeding to—as the Americans say—"make good." But this is really quite untrue. I cannot remember a single play of recent date that I have not "praised with faint damns," to invert a proverb *populaire*. That, of course, is obviously my job.

THE LIBRARY: WEEK BY WEEK

BY FRANK A. MUMBY.

"What books shall I give for Christmas presents?" is a question that assails me rather frequently just now. Let me mention, from Messrs. —'s list, the following thrillers . . .

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

GUILD-SOCIALISM.

Sir,—I am inclined to regard myself as a NEW AGE Socialist. Your phrase "Guild-Socialism" impresses me as containing a sound idea—an idea necessary to make Syndicalism fruitful. What a pity that "scientific Socialism" should degenerate into a narrow, academic, doctrinaire pose, instead of an alert readiness to encourage and interpret every impulse springing from the ranks of the labourers.

I would interpret your phrase "Guild-Socialism" by one of my own, "institutional rationalism," coined before I knew anything about Socialism, which means that the complexity of modern society demands a greater complexity of institutions than now exist. My phrase grew out of my futile efforts to express and realise "my own individualism." Would not this last phrase be a better translation of Max Stirner's "The Ego and Its Own"?—which I am just reading.

There is one criticism that your comments on the British Labour Party have suggested. Can a political party be fairly denounced for lacking political power until it wins control of the Government? Are the Syndicalists justified in repudiating political action as useless to the workers before a majority of Labour votes have been cast for a Labour Party? Is not economic power transmuted into financial and political power as fast as the possessors become really conscious of it? "Really conscious," that is, an evolutionary educational process must obtain before a new status can be established. The main purpose of the Socialist movement is to aid and abet this process.

T. J. LLOYD.

* * *
"REVOLUTIONARY" AND "EVOLUTIONARY."

Sir,—A few weeks ago I was at a meeting in Trafalgar Square. Mr. Mann, Mr. Tillet, and others prominent in the current "social unrest" were among the speakers. The gist of the orations was advocacy of the rights of the manual workers and denunciation of the wrongs committed by the rent, interest, and profit taking classes. So far as I gathered, the speakers took for granted that the former classes were robbed, as producers, by the latter classes, as non-producers; and that the former should turn the tables on the latter by dispossessing them of plunder they had acquired as non-producers. Such a subversal, it appeared, was considered by the speakers to be "revolutionary," as distinguished from "evolutionary."

As you permitted me, in my letter in a previous issue, to discuss the question of the producer, I ask the hospitality of your columns in order to remove what, from my standpoint, is popular misconception regarding the "revolutionary."

First, I may repeat, with amplification, the gist of what appeared in my previous letter regarding the producer. It is a matter of intellectual demonstration, in the same sense that the mathematically ascertained quality of a triangle is such a matter, that no human being produces anything whatever, because he does not cause to exist the powers of mind and body through which he accomplishes anything whatever—from seeing, hearing, to weaving a fabric, wheeling a barrow, using a machine, writing, or painting a masterpiece. It is a matter of intellectual demonstration that God only produces anything. Consequently, it is a matter of such demonstration that, if any individual claims, or any number of individuals—say, as "society"—claim to own by right anything on the ground of producing it, the claim is baseless, because the individual or the society produces nothing.

The Bible asserts the same as does this intellectual investigation of the problem of production. The teaching of Christ—"resist not evil," "turn the other cheek," "give up your goods to the robber"—asserts it. If we submit to Christ's teaching and intellectual demonstration regarding the producer we shall claim nothing as ours by right, except what is ours by warrant of a social system based on exaction of ownership-right as exclusively God's—exclusively His because He produces, or causes to exist, all that we can possibly monopolise. From this standpoint, it will be clear that claims to own by right, whether the claims be by the manual workers or by the interest, rent, and profit takers, fall to the ground. Neither class has any right, on the ground of producing anything, to own anything.

But both classes do practically own. Why? Because ages of consent and precedent (originating and still maintained on the baseless assumption that men's powers of mind and body and the products of their exercise belong to men by right) have resulted in the power of what we call law. Though its origin and maintenance implied and imply this false assumption as to production, this law does not professedly raise any question as to production in guaranteeing present ownerships, but guarantees solely by warrant of itself as nationally established consent and precedent.

This guarantee is quite valid until the question of production is intellectually solved. So soon as it is intellectually demonstrated that men are not producers, the guarantee of the existing law becomes void, and we must find a guarantee of law conformable with the demonstration that men are not producers. Such a fresh law, when it supersedes the present law, will be "revolutionary," as distinguished from "evolutionary." If, as you suggested, in referring to my work, the "challenging proletariat" seized present private property by, say, the force of a majority vote, though this would involve new law, it would not involve revolution, but only evolution. The fundamental implication of the new law would be essentially the same as that of the old law, both being based on the same fallacy as to production.

The present law, involving demonstrable repudiation of God's rights and Christ's teaching, is the warrant through which the exploiting or capitalistic classes own. Now, the hand-toiler, writhing under the torture of this law-given ownership, is trying to subvert it on the very same false assumption through which it originated and is now maintained—the assumption that man is a producer. The worker—as collier, mechanic, dock hand—urged out of his mental lethargy by the rhetoric of fanatical emotionalists such as Mr. Tillet and Mr. Mann, is now trying to overthrow the law-given monopoly of those who have come to own through the very same false assumption regarding production (or causing to exist) as is now being laboured on behalf of the victims of the "wage system." So we get the "class-war" as written up to date—the sordid struggle for "flesh-pots" which has been going on ever since men associated together as communities.

We are told that this present conflict is something fresh—"revolutionary," as distinguished from "evolutionary." Really, it is "old as the hills"—the primordial effort of the "have nots" to oust the "haves," on the ground of rights as appertaining to men as monopolists of the means of sensual satisfaction. Attempts of the "haves" to obviate the difficulties for themselves of this uprising of the "have nots" result in the current expedients, involving what is called "social reform," of politicians whose concern is to maintain the present anti-moral, anti-religious, brutal system of "everybody for himself, and devil take the hindmost." That you, sir, see through this political device and "nail it to the counter" as "false coin" is proved by many of the "Notes." But such exposure is not enough for the times. We now need a positive, constructive, intellectually valid message to the people. This message can only come via religion and its intellectual confirmation as causal science dealing with the problem of the producer.

This message is as small-pox to the "haves"—meaning by the term those whose monopoly of the general wealth is totally inconsistent with its distribution as God's by right. Nobody in this world, I think, has ever had a more vivid experience of the pestilential nature, to the "haves," of a revolutionary message than I have. With this message on my lips and pen for about twenty years, I have practically won anathematisation by the "haves." They are quite content—notably as £10,000-a-year bishops, who are beginning to pipe in my key—that I shall "stew in my own fat," if I have any in stock after giving the message. Those bishops make it difficult for me to pray—as I do every night—"Forgive all, my God!" As to the "have nots," they are—I hope the case may soon be different—hardly more responsive to this message than is the iron they manipulate. When they become more effectively responsive, that fierceness to which you alluded in your remarks on my work will be abroad, and there will have to be what I may term the Great Renunciation of the "haves," and the first Real Revolution will be above the horizon.

We now want the manual workers to be revolutionary, not evolutionary—to claim real, not bogus, rights. The "writing on the wall" is now "God's rights or social ruin." Syndicalism, Socialism, on present lines, will merely precipitate the ruin. They are merely means to an end. If the end is to exact rights as men's, these expedients are merely means of accelerating social catastrophe. For this epoch the prime consideration is motive, not means. Given the motive—the goodwill—for what you term the objective standard of justice, there will be no difficulty as to means of realising it. As Archimedes is reputed to have said: "Give me a fulcrum, I will move the earth," I say: "Give me the motive for that standard" (honesty to the producer), "I will move humanity."

We now want all these agitations for material readjustment to concentrate on the single object of exacting the principle that ownership-right exclusively appertains to God, and on the practical realisation of this principle as the nearest approximation in the common interest to equal distribution of God's property—the general wealth. The means of effectuating this right distribution—whether through the current system of individual ownership and control, control and ownership by the community, control by the State in conjunction with the industrial worker—is

merely a matter of expediency. The vital matter is of motive—to exact rights as exclusively appertaining to God.

Failing this sole moral and religious motive, the practical realisation of which embraces all that the people are now pursuing as what they call their rights, I see no hope for this civilisation. For twenty years my mind, body, and pocket have been applied to the one purpose of establishing this, the only revolutionary motive and principle, expressed in my phrase: "No rights but God's!" Guild-Socialism, State Socialism, Syndicalism, Equalism—any sort of penalisation of individual affluence involving robbery of God—is a matter entirely secondary to that of establishing the moral motive and principle. When we, as a nation, are organised according to this motive and principle, we shall co-operate with other nations similarly constituted to establish the Empire of God. Then war will be justified to effect the World-Revolution.

To advocate expedients, ignoring motive and principle, is now the way to national ruin. When the workers adopt this moral motive and principle as their sanction for revolution there will be no need for strikes, general or sectional. All that will be needed is to see that no representative goes to Parliament without courting penal servitude or the gallows if he does not work there for the Real Revolution.

Without fraud on God, repudiation of Christ, stultification of intellectual demonstration of right morality, no man can monopolise abundance while another has not the wherewithal of bare subsistence. No man, by the religious, moral, intellectual canons, can monopolise, as material well-being, what is inconsistent with distribution of the national wealth as only God's by right.

I hope that Mr. Mann, Mr. Tillett, and others who have the ear of the multitude will consider the foregoing. While appreciating their zeal, I venture to assure them that their underlying object of championing rights as men's will sterilise their efforts, and that what they need is the principle outlined above. At this juncture society cannot afford to ignore the fact that merely altering material conditions is not revolutionary—that there can be no real revolution but as motive, and that there is now no salvation for this nation but as Revolution.

H. CROFT HILLER.

[We agree that the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, and that all property, natural and "produced," is held by men conditionally. But so also is the power that, among other things, takes and re-takes property. A real revolution would result from a general recognition of the fact that Power is one of the holy Trinity. Men rightly strive for wisdom and love—why not for Power to complete them? Isolated, we agree, each of the Persons may be a devil.—ED. N.A.]

THE MEN OF THE TOWNS.

Sir,—The Insurance Act has taught the general public many things, most of them things that we half knew but would not admit, as, for instance, that a man would accept £1,000 a year under the Act in order to bully and dragoon his fellow citizens and tell you with a smile that he wonders they put up with it, or that a canvasser for an industrial "approved" company—society, I beg pardon—after confiding that "of course he thinks it a rotten scheme" would proceed to terrify a body of girls to take his cards under threat of the £10 fine, so that he may pocket the 1s. 3d. a head with which the Government allows the company to buy his soul. These things we all knew dimly, while refusing to accept them in our English fashion. Now we know them clearly as facts of everyday life and can "thank God for another illusion gone."

What we did *not* know was that when the time came—that rare time when a strong job is waiting for strong men to undertake—there would be no men left in this country to do it.

If there is one thing that English people want done urgently, one thing that it is vital to our continued healthy existence should be done, it is that the Insurance Act should be broken. If you doubt it you have only to go up to any group of working men and ask them if they have got their cards to see how ashamedly they will pull them out of their pockets and say they "don't want the beastly thing, but they can't get a job without it, so what can they do?" You have only to ask any average small employer whether he is a stamp-licker to get his apologetic admission with a shrug of his shoulders and "What can I do?" That is the universal phrase.

Now, mark you, both sets of men have known for nine months that they would have to stick stamps and get cards. Both sets of men have known for more than a year that all parties in the House of Commons agreed with the odious principles on which the Act is based, and, therefore, that there was no hope of repeal, even if there was hope of a change of Government. But *neither* set of men has lifted a finger to check or break the Act, and this thing that most needs doing, this battle against bribery and corruption, political dishonesty, and political tyranny has been held for

nine months by the cooks and housemaids and general servants and their small mistresses. So valiant has been the battle of the domestic servant that the farmers and agricultural labourers are now beginning to revolt, and the few industrial and commercial resisters have craved the protection of her cap and apron and have amalgamated with her organisation to form a National Resistance Association. They will give her strength, and she is glad and grateful for their co-operation.

But this question remains:

Where are the men of the towns?

Answer: Sticking stamps on cards.

Now, Sir. There are thousands of Tory squires and gentlemen who ought to have retained enough independence of spirit to refuse—in bullet-headed fashion—to stick stamps at the bidding of an under-sized Welshman. There are thousands of Liberals who ought to have retained enough independence of spirit to break with their party when their party broke with the first principles of its faith.

There are millions of working men who ought to have retained enough independence of spirit to put up a fight for their liberty and their right to their wages in full.

Where are these men?—Sticking stamps.

It is the cook and the housemaid who are getting the sack because they refuse to get cards, it is a "daily girl" who is refusing to go back though her late mistress now offers to pay the whole 6d. if she will only accept a card. It is a housemaid who writes me that she will send me 2s. 6d. every three months until we have broken the Act, and a woman who is having 3d. deducted from 2s. a week who writes that she "will try, no, *will* send 6d. next week."

The men, I regret to tell you, Sir, *the men of the towns are frightened*. The men would resist in thousands if one could guarantee that they should not lose their job, or, if employers, that the cost of prosecution, defence, fines and even arrears of contribution should be paid up for them. In fact, we have come to this, that these men of the towns will not fight without a signed guarantee that they shall not be wounded! Was ever battle fought in such fashion before? I am not at all rich, but I should scorn to ask the association of which I am one of the original members and hon. secretary to pay my fine, so would Lady Desart, who runs a heavy risk.

And so because one little man has said "the Insurance Act is now the law of the land" and another, whose appearance alone belies his words, has uttered the phrase "If I were dictator," for this these men of the towns lie down and lick the dust—the stamps, I mean. As a Newbury farmer said last Thursday, "England has never been so frightened since the days of the Spanish Armada. You men are so frightened that if the law said that after licking the stamp you had to lick Lloyd George's boots you would go and do it. I know you would."

You may think, Sir, that I am making too much of the stamp-licking, but I hold that this rite is the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual degradation; it is the visible proof of the acceptance of a measure notoriously unjust, notoriously unpopular, notoriously undemocratic, passed by unconstitutional methods and in deliberate and insolent contempt of the people by their paid servants. Therefore, I hold that everyone who sticks a stamp in full knowledge of these facts commits an action he should be ashamed of, and in nine cases out of ten he *is* ashamed. But why does he do it?

Why is it that it is left to women to organise this movement? Why is it left to women to make speeches, take the chair, to write the leaflets and the posters, to do the dull work as well as the hard work; to address the envelopes and write the receipts, and the thousand things that go to the making of an organisation numbering some 50,000 people? Why have I had to travel over 1,000 miles in a week in order to keep pace with the demand for meetings? Why have I alone, an unknown and completely unimportant person, had to speak at over 200 meetings this year? Why, whether one goes to Newcastle or Portsmouth, whether one speaks to dockers, farmers, tradesmen or servants, whether at a street corner or in the full dignity of Birmingham Town Hall, does one always find the same enthusiasm, the same ready cheer? Not because one speaks with the tongue of either a man or an angel, but simply because one is trying to say the thing the people feel and want to say themselves. Mr. Belloc, who has made great sacrifices in order to carry on this fight, can confirm every word of my experience.

Now what I want to know as the outcome of all this talk—for which I apologise humbly—is this: Why has the "daily girl" got more pluck than the ordinary citizen—the man in the town?

MARGARET DOUGLAS.

JEW AS SOLDIERS.

Sir,—"*Romney*," in stating that the Jews have never been soldiers, is simply ignoring their ancient history, which teems

with enough stories of battles and bloodshed to satisfy the most exacting fire-eater. They certainly gave a pretty good account of themselves when fighting against the Greeks, and Romans found them no easy task.

When dispersed in small communities over Europe and held in bondage behind the Ghetto walls, their activities were curtailed in the field as in every other walk of human life. "Romney" draws too much on his imagination in comparing their case with that of the Irish Catholics. He forgets that the Irish found refuge with people of their own faith and were not treated as social outcasts, which was the lot of the Jews. The Jew once he left his people and desired to enter the larger world without had to do so at the cost of his religion and identity. Even the French Revolution, which gave liberty to every other race and religion, denied it to the Jew; and it was not till forty years after that anything like a modicum of liberty was given them. It is only with the decrease of tolerance that the Jew could proclaim himself as such and take his place as soldier or citizen, and that he has not been false to his ancient tradition is seen by the fact that he gives more than his quota to every army.

As to "Romney's" sporting offer, I can only recommend him to take his gladiators to "Wonderland." Of the few pretty things Jews have newly cornered "Romney" has omitted to mention the prize ring. But I do not believe that mere brute force should be the only qualification of a soldier. What says Ulysses?

"Hec non in corpore nostro pectora sunt potiora manu; vigor omnis in illis."

MICHAEL DAVIES

* * *

THE EMPIRE.

Sir,—The time has come when all clear-headed men should frankly recognise the fact that we are living in the last days of the British Empire. All the well-known signs are present. Not many years ago Mr. Chamberlain boasted of the "splendid isolation" of Britain. Anyone who spoke that way now would be manifestly a fool. Britain now lives by alliances, by keeping the barbarians divided. A few years ago the British Navy was supreme in every sea; now it is supreme only in the North Sea. Perhaps the best evidence of decay is that Britain will no longer even pay any attention to the greatest dangers. Once every move of Russia was watched with suspicion. To-day she can do whatever she likes, if only she does not unite with Germany. It is the universal opinion of Canadians, Australians, and New Zealanders that the main attack on the Empire will come from Japan and China; but it is quite impossible to get the British people to give even a thought to that subject. They are completely hypnotised by Germany, and cannot see that there are many Germanys.

As nothing can save the Empire, the task of wise men should be to bring it to an end in the most humane manner. Empires do not usually end pleasantly. If the British Empire is ended by force, there will be a huge war indemnity, great loss of life, and a vast number of widows and wooden-legged men. Of course, all the British territories abroad will have to go. If Britain will now make up her mind to abandon her territories, she can avoid all the rest. Stripped of her possessions, Britain would be as safe as Sweden or Switzerland.

The Mother Country should, therefore, frankly inform South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand that she can no longer defend them, but that she will try to make as good terms for them as possible with other Powers. It would be very easy to arrange for the peaceful surrender of South Africa to Germany. If Australia and New Zealand would agree to pass under the Japanese flag, and adopt Japanese as the official language, no doubt it could be arranged that they should retain a large measure of home rule. India and Egypt should at once be given home rule, under a guarantee from the Powers. Canada is in a very favourable position, for the United States will undoubtedly protect her from foreign conquest; yet I think annexation will be insisted on in exchange for this protection. That will not hurt Canada much, however.

All this sounds unpleasant, but would really work out very well. No people was ever made less happy by the loss of an empire. Athens had more freedom and peace after the loss of her empire than she ever had when she was "great." Spain has advanced more, intellectually and morally, since the Spanish-American War, than she did in the preceding four hundred years. Denmark and Switzerland have more freedom and fewer burdens than Germany. Britain will have her happiest days after her empire is gone. I am sorry for Australia and New Zealand, but it would be a monstrous crime to sacrifice forty-five millions of people in a vain attempt to save five millions.

British Columbia.

R. B. KERR.

* * *

THE GILBERT AND ELLIS ISLANDS.

Sir,—Really your correspondent, Mr. Mervyn Roberts, seems to be somewhat naïf in his ideas as to "what the

Empire is." Does he really think that the elegant dude who now presides over the Colonial Office is seriously going to interfere with the praiseworthy efforts of the Pacific Phosphate Co. to "develop our Imperial patrimony"? As for his base insinuation against the late Lord Stanmore, ex-Commissioner of the Pacific—well, really, what on earth is the use of being a member of the Governing Satrap Class if one is to be prevented from paying natives (blessed word) a royalty of sixpence a ton for phosphate selling in Europe now at 52s. per ton. If our Bureaucrats are to be subjected to petty persecution of this nature, we shall soon have no Bureaucrats at all, and for all we know they may take to honest work in sheer despair, and what is to become of the "Hempire" then, doncher know? By the way, to show the contagious effect of good example overcoming mere National Boundaries—our French neighbours have within the last two or three years been successfully "developing" the island of Makatea, north of Tahiti. A French company has been formed to "exploit" (appropriate word that) the phosphate deposit in that island, and the natives who had the bad taste to lay claim to the land of the said island receive royalties from one to two francs per ton for phosphate worth in Europe about fifty shillings, say 62 francs. Instead of carping criticism ought we not rather to admire these companies who thus give a practical proof of their detestation of the pernicious system of royalties by cutting the same down to zero—or as near thereto as they can get?

In the meantime let us recognise that it is very kind of Mr. Harcourt to negotiate with the Pacific company for the payment of a further contribution for the special benefit of the natives of Ocean Island, who have no right there at all.

F. I. S.

* * *

Sir,—The elaborate game of bluff now being played in our name by Mr. Harcourt of the Colonial Office was further displayed on July 29 in Parliament, when, in reply to Mr. Pointer, the Colonial Secretary admitted that he knew some of the facts stated by Mr. Pointer, "but not others." But there is no doubt that Mr. Pointer's facts, whether known or unknown to Mr. Harcourt, are all real facts; and they constitute one of the most damaging indictments of our Colonial administration. Among the concessionaires of the valuable phosphates of these Islands were the late Lord Stanmore, an ex-Commissioner of the Pacific. Now that he is dead we can distinctly state that it *looks* at least as if he had spied out the land while still a Government servant and turned his knowledge to account for himself and his friends when he hastily retired. Others of his colleagues were, or are, Sir W. H. Lever, Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence, Lord Balfour of Burleigh and another ex-Government official. These gentlemen still pose in public life as purists of one kind or another. The public little guesses the source of part at least of their incomes. In further reply to Mr. Pointer, Mr. Harcourt announced that inquiries would be made of the Company itself. How very obliging! But what should we say if King Leopold had graciously offered this reply to our Congo reformers? Mr. Morel would have been jumping in all the papers, and another Liverpool man, Sir W. H. Lever, would have subscribed for the purpose. (By the way, you know that Sir W. H. Lever has now concessions in the Congo—was *that* the Reform our English Reformers had in prospect?) The facts about the Gilbert and Ellis Islands are as simple as they are shameful. For a beggarly 6d. per ton of phosphate, paid to the Government, a private company, founded and now partly run by ex-Colonial officials, is allowed to make out of the forced labour of the natives an annual profit of £300,000 on a capital of £50,000—a profit that is five hundred per cent. Meantime, the administration of the Islands costs the English taxpayer vast sums every year. *They* get the profit; we and the natives share the loss. If Mr. Harcourt cannot inquire further into the matter, he is no gentleman, however beautifully dressed he appears in Bond Street.

MERVYN ROBERTS.

* * *

MODERN EDUCATION.

Sir,—May I call the attention of readers of THE NEW AGE to an article by Mrs. Florence Barclay in the "Women Teachers' World"? As if from a sort of pedestal of authority, this writer addresses a message to the teachers of the young. I had thought that the age of childish vapourisings in the public Press had gone by; but, apparently, I was mistaken.

Mrs. Barclay, it is true, has established for herself among certain of the reading public here in England—but chiefly, I prefer to believe, in America—a reputation as a writer of fiction, or the washy sentimentality which passes for fiction. Of Mrs. Barclay's merits as a novelist, however, it is not my intention to speak here. But I do desire to say a word apropos her remarks on education.

At the present time there are new and splendid opportunities presenting themselves to teachers throughout the world. The cheapening, and ready accessibility to all, of the most important literary classics and of knowledge generally are particular aspects of the desire to cater for the democracy. Rather than indicate the significance of the newly presented opportunities, Mrs. Barclay, in her article, strings together empty platitudes about "love" and "influence" and "little children," which are so obvious as to be unworthy of record in print. "Every great man was once a little child," she says. This type of truism Mrs. Barclay would do well to reserve for the infant school in the parish where her husband ministers.

What we do want at this time is less "sloppiness," greater vigour, more virility in education and in articles dealing with education. Empty wordiness as to the need of sowing something or other in the "fertile soil of the human mind" will avail nothing. We are all agreed that it is the teacher's business to "impart." It is only as to the best methods of imparting knowledge that we are disagreed.

J. F. H.

* * *

SNAPSHOT IMPUDENCE.

Sir,—Some time ago you published a what I may call stinging article on the snapshot photographs taken by the yellow press. Have you seen the "shot" of the Prince of Wales in the "Daily Express" of the 2nd inst.? It is caught in one of those shadowy poses to which we are all liable, and, upon my soul, it looks like a sucking-pig, and an imbecile sucking-pig at that. Ought not this sort of brigandage, in the good old "Punch" term, to be "stopped"?

TORY.

* * *

A QUESTION.

Sir,—Will you allow me to raise the question of why the Hon. Miss Maude Lawrence should practically (though nominally there are Mr. Bruce and Mr. Selby Bigge) be the *sole* person to appoint every single woman inspector under the Education Board (Secondary Teacher)?

Who and what is she?

And why on earth is she appointed and a woman absolutely unique alike in her scholarship, enlightenment, insight, and fine qualities for examining others, as Miss Agnes Ward, once of the Maria Grey Training College, be left out and ignored. If *she* were on the Board, as she ought to be, we shouldn't have the inconceivably stupid test enforced that unless a woman has a Degree she cannot be an inspector. Many of the women, mellowed by experience, have applied year after year to be inspectors, women worth a hundred of the *crude* Newnham women. But any way, who and what is Miss Lawrence that she has this enormous power entirely in her hands? I assure you, whatever protest is made, the choice is *absolutely* in Miss Lawrence's hands.

QUERY.

* * *

THE WHITE SLAVE MARKET.

Sir,—I have now made myself acquainted with your publication. Had I seen it before, I would not have troubled to write to you. I have been ill so much and am only just getting over a very bad nervous breakdown, so I lost my temper on seeing your disgusting notice of a book I partly wrote—for a definite purpose. I see now, after having carefully read your print, that *anger* is not the emotion it ought to inspire. My solicitor and Mr. Marshall Hall, to whom I wrote by the same post as I wrote to you, are both away and I am going away now for a much-needed rest. However, I made inquiries about your publication, its circulation, financial standing, the names, etc., of your contributors—I need say nothing more now.

You will soon have ceased to exist.

Such work brings its own reward. I hear another author is taking action against you. You might also publish this letter.

OLIVE MACKIRDY.

* * *

FROM THE AUTHOR OF A POSSIBLE BOOK TO A POSSIBLE REVIEWER IN "THE NEW AGE."

Sir,—How dare you criticise my book in these columns as you have done? Your purely personal (the only thing that is pure about you) venom is proved by your calling me "vulgar." I, who am known quite well in the parish church and at Blexhill, I, who am considered to be most worthy and excellent by numbers of persons very much better able to judge of such matters than you can possibly be.

I, to be termed vulgar, by you! No one in this law-abiding land is permitted to call upright citizens names. I call you simply putrid, so now you know. I have telegraphed to all the leading K.C.'s to take up my case and teach you to call me names, you putrescence of criminality. Pray, who made you a judge of vulgarity or purity, or anything else? Your place is to review books in your nasty

paper which I, who am so well known in my parish church and at Blexhill, should never dream of reading. Who reads your rag? I don't. Who knows you at any church or any hill, Blex or otherwise? Vulgar! Why, you poor low worm, I have letters from all the new peers and some of the old ones, so what do you say to that? Don't you yet know that when you review a book you should first of all find out whether it is by a gentleman or a lady? If it is by a lady then no man, except a low hound, ever writes otherwise than charmingly of a lady, and whatever she may try to do. Besides, think of my parish church and Blexhill, where I am so well known, what do you suppose they think of your loathsome, slimy, degraded, suppurating mind? You'll have to pay up, and with the money I shall build a church where the Gospel of meekness and forbearance will be preached, it is of no use you making any attempt to come to it because I shall give orders in Blexhill (where I am so well known) to have you ducked in the pond, and horse-whipped, and "BEAST" branded in your forehead.—Yours in Christian love,

ARTHUR HOOD.

* * *

Sir,—Herewith I enclose cutting from "Glasgow Evening News" (August 8).

J. H. B.

Mrs. Archibald Mackirdy, "Founder of the Shelters for Women and Girls in London," and Mr. W. N. Willis, "for sixteen years Member of Parliament in Australia," have, in "The White Slave Market" (Stanley Paul & Co.), produced a work which will have no more effect on the "White Slave" traffic than a seedsman's catalogue. It is conceived and executed in the worst possible taste, a display of human vanity and egotism almost as painful as the social corruption with which it is concerned. Mrs. Mackirdy may have done good practical work with her London Homes and Hostels for Women, but she would be wise to leave the writing of books about such grave and difficult subjects to more judicious pens. A sensitive reader, sympathetic with Mrs. Mackirdy's aims, is repelled immediately on opening her book by her amazing conceit. "The publisher put before me," she says, "the social duty, and the flattering but inconvenient reminder that the British public know me well and respect me, and that thousands in this country love me for some small service which it has been my happy fortune to render to my fellow-creatures who have been less happily placed than I am. He said, 'There is no one in this country who could present these terrible facts to the public as you could without offending them—without antagonising them; yet so truthfully and strongly they would want to do something to help.' It is not after this fashion the writers we—"know and respect" or love, introduce themselves preparatory to enlisting our interest in solemn affairs; this is the fashion of the peddling amateur busybody, and of the self-advertiser. If Stanley Paul & Co. really consider that "no one in this country" could present the "terrible facts" so tactfully as Mrs. Mackirdy, I am sorry for them. Of the terrific difficulties of the problem she so airily tackles: of the profound physiological, historical, and social problems with which it is inextricably entangled, she seems to know no more than a child. All she can do is to narrate a number of very unpleasant things quite well known already to "The Honourable the Speaker and Honourable Members of the House of Commons of Great Britain in Parliament assembled," to whom she dedicates her book. She might as appropriately dedicate a poem on the Lesser Celandine to the Royal Horticultural Society.

Though Mrs. Mackirdy may have done excellent and useful work among London women—and I know nothing about that—it should not be allowed to influence honest criticism on her work as a writer of books. Yet I find the "Daily News," in a half-column review of another new book of hers—"A Year and a Day"—warmly recommending that work to its readers, though the reviewer is apparently unable to discover in it a single feature of which he can approve. He seems to find nothing but crude enthusiasms and unwarrantable diatribes ("surely 'Hells on earth called Nursing Homes' and 'You employ a doctor; he brings in a woman, sometimes a creature of his own,' are strong expressions even for Mrs. Mackirdy?"); grotesque inconsequence, as in describing her last home-coming with her husband ("It was very sweet, the babies were in the hall to meet us, and splendid fires were in all the rooms"); the agony of bereavement mitigated by the fact that "General Booth and the Bishop of London at once telegraphed to me"; and half "A Year and a Day" made up of panegyrics on well-known commercial firms; yet the reviewer, simply because the lady is a philanthropist, shamelessly temporises, and says there are "real qualities" (whatever these may be) in her book, though "her gifts lie outside literature." There is much good reviewing in the "Daily News," but that sort of thing is unpardonable. I have said nothing of Mr. W. N. Willis's share in "The White Slave Market"; it would take at least a column to express my sentiments regarding that extraordinary man.

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SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.