THE NEW AGE
A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We long ago gave up the hope of being able to influence the women's movement by criticism, friendly or otherwise. From the moment that they abandoned the attempt to win the cause by reason and persuasion, The New Age, being nothing if not reasonable, and disliking partisanship as intellectual immorality, had nothing to do but to allow force, or what the women themselves regarded as force, to have its little day. Its day, we believe, is now nearly spent, and while awaiting a new lead and a new impulse, we may profitably examine the results that force, or rather the abandonment of reason and women's instincts, has produced. Nobody can support the theory, that, taking it as a whole, the women's movement has made little or no progress during the last few years. Events of a certain kind, statistics of membership in suffrage societies, subscriptions and elaborate organisations, even the amount of Parliamentary and general discussion of the suffrage, might possibly be cited as evidences to the contrary. But weigh them, sum them up in the mind as indications of real and living forces, the conclusion is that there is even less force in the women's movement to-day than there was three, two, or even one year ago. In actual energy the spiritual dimensions of the movement have appreciably lessened. There is not now the same confidence in the tone either of the leaders or of the rank and file. They shout more and they do less; and the smaller the total of their energy the less inventive collectively do they become and the more melodramatically and ineffectively desperate and demonstrative as individuals. This may or may not be due to the withdrawal by conversion (or shall we say reversion?) of many of the original leading suffragettes. The names of several of these may be recalled as of women who two or three years ago were enthusiastic suffragists and have since left the movement, not only in name, but in fact, even, in some cases, becoming active anti-suffragists. The loss of these may well be one of the causes of the decline in the movement, as it certainly is one of the phenomena of its brief career. But it is even more significant to our mind that the decline has begun long before the opposition to women's suffrage has either realised itself or developed more than a fraction of its potential strength. It is natural for the women's leaders to exaggerate both their own strength and the sum of the strength actually exerted against them; but in each estimate they are miles away from the truth. Their own strength has been absurdly over-estimated and just as absurdly they have under-estimated the reserve strength of their opponents. We have not been within measurable distance of women's franchise within these last three or four years; and, consequently, the general public, both moral and intellectual, has never had occasion to call upon its reserves. If, however, that occasion had come, nobody would have been more staggered than the leaders of the W.S.P.U. at their under-estimate of the forces against them. The fact is that the general public, after its own occult fashion, examined the women's movement and watched its conduct for some years without coming to any conclusion at all. During that period, therefore, there was no general resistance, but, on the contrary, a general inclination to discover the meaning of the movement, and a general disposition to allow it an ample platform. The women may say now, if they please, that they have been met by active opposition from the outset; but the statement is simply not true. The difficulties with which a genuine emancipation movement was met in America in the case of chattel-slavery, or the difficulties with which the emancipatory movement of wage-slaves in England is met, are not to be compared with the trifling difficulties encountered by the pioneer women who published and conducted their campaign and propaganda in the Press, on the platform, and in the streets. It is not often that we have a word to say for English "man-made" tolerance of new ideas; but the suffragists at least have no excuse for complaint. While they were developing their theories they were given an attention, if disproportionate, we always thought, to their social importance, and of what may fairly be called a chivalrous, if not a reasonable, character. Men, let us admit, are a bad race of animals; but in this instance they behaved as well as any naturalist would ever expect them to behave. Within their limits, they are to be congratulated on it. But having once examined and, as we say, in its occult fashion, weighed the movement, the conclusion to which the general public came was that there was little in it and little, therefore, to come out of it. And from that moment, we contend, the public has ceased its active interest for or against women's suffrage, and has left the whole matter to Mr. Asquith to deal with in as quiet, but in as summary a manner as possible. How he, with the active or passive consent of Parliament and the public, will deal with it we venture with small fear to forecast. Regarding the franchise itself we have no doubt whatever that women will not obtain the vote either in this Parliament or the next. Regarding, however, the problem of ending the present method of "agitating" for it, we shall have something to say a little later.

Now the causes of the failure of the women's movement do not lie, we think, primarily in the methods the women have employed. Political methods, like all other
methods, merely reveal the motives and intelligence of the movement concerned. Whatever their character, persuasive, threatening or violent, the only criticism we would have against any is of theiciousness of the means in hand and the end in view. If motive, means and end all dictate force, then force is not only legitimately, but its employment is a duty; and to refuse to employ force under such circumstances is mere weakness. On the other hand, if the movement is of such a nature that neither its motive is sufficient to create the means, nor its means, when forcibly employed, are sufficient to bring about the end, a grievous miscalculation is made in attempting to utilise this instrument of propaganda. It is not, as we have said, that violent methods in themselves are of necessity wrong; or that women, as women, are arbitrarily denied the right of adopting them; it is that in the hands of women, they have proved to be unworkmanlike instruments of their purpose. But this miscalculation of means, again, can be traced to more profound causes than lie simply on the surface of our prejudices. It is true that violent methods do not suit women's temper; it is true that a violent woman is inevitably ridiculous in men's eyes and in women's no less. But we have to inquire why this miscalculation should ever have been made that led the women to adopt a method which, in the first place, runs contrary to the whole of their nature and, in the second place, has actually proved to be useless and worse than useless in their hands. We can. only conclude that something was wrong in the ideas, the principles and the instruments had been so miscalculated that the consequence of the movement concerned. Whatever their character, whether attempted, but its employment is a duty; and practically identified with each other. The suffrage movement on the one side has in its vocabulary, in its general public appeal, and above all, in its actions, insinuated itself into the Labour movement and persuaded the latter to accept it as a genuine economic and political ally. And the Labour movement (or rather its leaders) on the other side has not been backward in keeping the women's successes. But, well as the two movements have not only been compared, but practically identified with each other. The suffrage movement on the one side has in its vocabulary, in its general public appeal, and above all, in its actions, insinuated itself into the Labour movement and persuaded the latter to accept it as a genuine economic and political ally. And the Labour movement (or rather its leaders) on the other side has not been backward in keeping the women's successes. But, well as the two movements have actually nothing in common save the vocabulary, the identity of which is easily explained by the origin of the principles of the movement concerned. When it is remembered that Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughters, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, were members of the Labour movement before they were Suffragists, their ability in the Labour vocabulary is natural. We have, however, to remark that either they did not understand the meaning of the economic terms when they were in the Labour movement, or, like the present Labour leaders, they, being Suffragists, do not understand them now. For one thing is quite certain, that the emancipation of women (we will explain our view of it in a minute or two) has nothing essential in common with the emancipation of labour, at any rate in the sense that the confusion on both sides has arisen; and it is by mutual misunderstanding that the two movements continue, in spite of reason and events, to imagine themselves to be on parallel lines.

Whatever may be the difficulties, perhaps impossibilities, of the movement for the emancipation of labour from wage-slavery, nobody can deny either that the object is quite specific or that the wage-slaves desire it to a sufficient extent to be actually be happier emancipated than bound. Nor is there anywhere absolute, either in nature or in racial habit (which is much the same thing) to say nay to the attempt or to the success of the attempt. On the contrary, nothing is more clear, more definite, and more concrete than the precise meaning and value attached to the terms, both of what may be called the theory of economic emancipation, and of the plan for carrying it out; and nothing is more certain than that every wage-slave has only to grasp the idea to call it his own. At the risk of a digression, the place of which is properly another issue of The New Age, we may remind our readers of the theory and plan of campaign we have recently been laying down in these pages. Every wage-slave, we contend, naturally desires to become economically independent of an employer—not of a master, be it observed, in his own trade, but of a profiteering employer. To free wage-slaves from the competitive wage-system and to emancipate them from the category of raw material in industry are, we say, the common and accepted conceptions of the meaning of Labour emancipation. The means, the obstacles and the subsequent emancipation are no less clearly real—-we do not need any particular rank file of the Labour movement or instinctively by their present leaders, but, at any rate, by the Labour thinkers, whose leadership is momentously delayed. Nor, in means, it is not well with causes, but mainly economic; the enemy is the capitalist; and the system which will supersede wage-slavery—if we succeed in abolishing wage-slavery—is Guild-Socialism or an active partnership, for industrial purposes only, between the State and the workers' unions.
We may contrast this definite and fully conscious movement of economic emancipation with the movement for emancipation among women as a sex. We challenge any of the women’s leaders or thinkers to define in intelligible language the particular system or grievance, as distinct from men’s, from which they desire to be emancipated. As wage-slaves, as workers, as some of them, the women engaged in industry naturally desire to be free economically exactly as the men wage-slaves desire to be free. (At least, we will assume so for the moment.) But in wageslaves, there is no distinction of sex. In so far as women are wage-slaves in the industrial system their cause and the cause of men are one and the same. Everything, in fact, we have said of men wage-slaves applies to women wage-slaves in an equitable degree—the get economic power, we say, by establishing a monopoly of your labour and by exerting your collective strength, and all the rest will follow. But it is plain that the wage-earners among women are not really the dominant factor in the women’s movement for emancipation. Had that been the case, Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughters would never have left the Labour movement; nor would the wives of capitalists have joined in the movement for the emancipation of women. Do not capitalists joining with Labour—why should capitalists’ wives join with Labour’s wives in a movement that is also economic? But if the object of women’s emancipation is not economic, what, we ask, is it? We hesitate. Lord Cowdray with Miss Annie Kenny that at the same time fails to unite Lord Cowdray with Miss Annie Kenny’s brother now editing the “Daily Herald”? We shall return later to this question, but for the moment we are engaged in wondering that whatever the common object of Lady Cowdray and Miss Annie Kenny may be, that common object is not economic. In consequence of this, we really do not see any excuse for the Labour Party, at any rate, supporting the women’s movement on economic grounds.

But before passing on to consider the second fallacy in the suffrage propaganda, let us clearly realize that not only is the women’s movement not economic in the sense that the men employ the term, but it cannot be. We have allowed a paragraph or two back that women wage-slaves may naturally be expected to desire the same kind of economic emancipation that men wage-slaves desire, as far as the cause is identical with that of Labour in general. But there is everywhere a ground for doubting whether this is really the case. Olive Schreiner has recently claimed all labour for women’s province equally with men. But her claim is not so much that women are in the same situation as men, as that in so far as the women do two totally different things, women, we may say, so far from taking all labour for their province in industry—to the extent that they are under protest and against their will. Not only is their demand for economic emancipation feeble in comparison with that of men, but it is not nearly so strong as their demand, made in a thousand feminine ways, to be emancipated from the industrial system altogether. We are not, as our readers will observe, bringing forward this statement as an accusation of women. Their instinctive prejudices on the subject are probably wiser and more beneficent than Olive Schreiner’s. But the fact must be contrasted and not merely compared with the corresponding fact in man, namely, that industry is his very invention and the whole system of it is his own contrivance. It follows, therefore, that while a man finds himself at home in industry, loves it for its sake (orders with appropriate and desires nothing better than to be engaged as a master in it, women feel themselves in industry to be not at home, they certainly do not love it, and there is no honour in it. Of course, the last fact, surely the escape from industry into marriage which many women make and most women would gladly seize is sufficient proof. There are few women in industry to-day who would not be married if they had the chance; and married, for preference, to a man who could afford to keep them out of industry for ever. With this difference, however, in their hearts, it is improbable, we say again, that the women’s movement can be economic in character.

But with this misunderstanding and confusion of the real object of women’s emancipation, the movement has gone a corresponding misunderstanding on the means to be employed. As has been said, the means on which the women profess to rely exclusively are political—Parliamentary. The demand for political power has arisen in women precisely at the moment when the economic movement of men wage-slaves has shown signs of dropping political action altogether. For the first time in the history of Labour, men are now in the position to estimate the value to them of the political vote, and they have estimated that its value is very small indeed. Against economic forces the only force that is likely to prove effective is economic force; for our experience of Parliament, starting with Gladstone and all the will in the world, it cannot raise wages by a single penny. What warrant is there for supposing that, if women’s votes were added to men’s, the effect on economics would be any the greater? So long as a small class possesses a monopoly of the main instruments of production, so long, whatever Parliament may say, will they command the economic situation.

Lastly, it argues a serious defect in instinct for women to imagine that they can obtain by force what they fail to obtain by any other means. They simply cannot. It is conceivable that, as a result of their intellectual improvement, or as a result of their spiritual development, women may one day be able to command the respect of men to have the vote, or its equivalent, thrust upon them. But it is not conceivable that they can obtain the vote from unwilling men by force presumably. In the first place, in actual force of every description men are obviously superior to women. To assert this is not to institute moral comparisons between the two sexes, but simply to state an undeniable fact. If the decision of the extension of the franchise to women is carried to the arbitration of force, then, if it is not the smallest doubt of the result. That particular Caesar’s verdict is a foregone conclusion. The women may say, if they please, that they have not even yet employed all the weapons of force in their armoury; behind the hammer lies the revolver, and behind the revolver lies the bomb. Be it so. But these weapons, even if the women are demented enough to use them, will prove as powerless as stones themselves. The Russian revolutionaries have certainly been more militant than the women in England can possibly be; yet what has been the result of their methods of violence? Both the economic and the political constitutions of Russia remain pretty much what they were before a single bomb was exploded. Until, we say, the men of England consent of their own free motion to extend the franchise to women, the conquest of the franchise by the militants is a hopeless endeavour. And not to have
realised this argues, in our opinion, a derangement of instincts in the militant women. But not less fallacious is the belief that irritation and importunity will accomplish what reason and persuasion have not done and what force alone cannot do. It is intensely annoying, but it is no more, when militant women interrupt public and private meetings, waylay Ministers, and create street-head scenes in the public streets. Annoying and worrying as these things are, they are no more, in our opinion, a derangement of the instincts of men. For men, whose minds will not be changed by mere nagging and nagging on a subject already decided by them. On the contrary, they will maintain their attitude even to the point of giving a little martyrdom for it. Individual men, here and there, may yield to feminine importunity; a percentage of homes have been ruined, indeed, by this weakness; but men in the mass have not only no intention of yielding; but they would cease to be men if they did. The conclusion is that neither by force nor by besetting can women obtain the vote; and their militant methods, in consequence, are a profound mistake.

The existence of three such fallacies as we have examined in full blast in the women's movement amply explains, we contend, the failure of the movement to make any progress. But worse even than making no progress at all is to produce a reaction or a progress in the direction of inactivity. Let us try to destroy our strong premised inclination to believe that, far from having advanced the women's cause, spiritually or economically, the women's movement, under the direction of Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughter, Mrs. Sylvia Pankhurst, and Miss Christabel Pankhurst, has actually militated against it. Our evidence, we admit, is not susceptible of production in a court of reason; but in a court of taste it would, we think, be decisive. Let any of our readers, women as well as men, weigh in their minds their judgment of the value of the women's movement to-day against their judgment of its value three or four years ago. And let them then apply the result to their honest estimate of women's status to-day, as compared with women's status a few years ago. There can, we believe, be no doubt what the conclusion must be if the values so compared are fairly discerned and estimated: women as a sex have lost ground. Three or four years ago there was in the public mind in regard to women an expectation and a hope of which the literature of the day was only a pale reflection. Ibsen's dictum that the future was to workmen, women and women and men and women and men and women one and all, is that neither by force nor by besetting can women obtain the vote; and their militant methods, in consequence, are a profound mistake.

Along with this evidence of declining status, however, we may observe a spread of sentimentality in men, of a sentimentality that is not costed in the women's movement. The existience of three such fallacies as we have mentioned is a profound mistake.

We have already mentioned the ex-orientation of instincts revealed by women in their mistaken choice of means and ends in their propaganda. This is a serious matter, both from their own and from society's point of view. The assumption we may make is that Nature, when it created a world of differentiated sex, did so in response to specific needs and in adaptation to specific, and not merely to the economic conditions of the world this happy surprise for humanity and the initiation of a new order of society. We are not examining now the issue of the workmen's movement for giving a positive-loss to women, as they have become more womanly, become more emancipation, they become discontented with themselves and the world, and profitless to both in the same degree. Discontent with a decree of nature, in fact, is the predominant emotion of the women's movement. At bottom they are revolting, not from man or from social organisation, but from nature itself; and since such a revolt can only arise when, from some cause or other, the instincts have not been satisfied, the conclusion is that, before even the women's movement was begun, the seeds of its subsequent fail and failure had been sown in men's minds. If women's interests, or, rather, the instincts of men have shown signs, under the influence of the women's movement, of following suit. We have had constantly for some time the spread of sentimentality in men, of a sentimentalism that can only be regarded as effeminacy. We have not doubt only the choice between marriage, illicit and illicit, and industry; and into one or other of these occupations the majority of women must certainly go. Of the two occupations, however, there is no doubt in our minds that one is a vocation and the other a astringent occupation in the majority of cases—occupation, moreover, in which women are distinctly inferior to men. Thus it is that whatever the workmen's movement takes precedence in importance over the reform of the economic conditions of unmarried women, and should have been advocated in preference to the latter. But, examining the facts as they stand at this moment, we see that not only has, in fact, no economic position is the same—they, like the men, are wage-slaves, and their wages are fixed competitively, and therefore lower even than men's—but what may be called without offence the marriage market has dwindled in its demands. Just at the very moment that the women are engaged in making extravagant demands, the effective demand for their services, either as wives or as wage-slaves, is going down. But on a falling market of this character it is quite impossible to raise status by ordinary means. Extraordinary means might conceivably have been employed. If, for example, some hundreds of thousands of women had become nuns devoted to asceticism and charity, the economic as well as the spiritual effect would have been considerable. But as it was, and with ordinary means, they added to the impediments of their marriage by their new demands, and at the same time deprived the economic market for men of competitors. Is it possible for women to raise their status while they are being driven more and more from marriage and more and more into the lower branches of industry? * * *

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whatever the cause to which we must attribute this. It takes women to make men; and while in our society women and men are playing the respective part on men at large is similarly disastrous. The effeminate both alike are symptoms of a declining type. There is no other hand, whether supplied on which the militants depend largely in the hands of women who are not yet actively militant themselves and who may therefore be said to be not entirely lost to reason. For these, indeed, reasoning should be continued and persisted by people whose opinions carry weight. Sir Almroth Wright's letter, for example, in the "Times" was a terrific anti-suffrage thunderbolt. Such men should be encouraged by the Cabinet to continue that type of enlightenment. But there remains the problem of what should be done with the women who make a public nuisance of themselves and even, in some instances, a public danger. Of all the methods to employ against them certainly the methods employed by the Government have been the worst conceivable, the least intelligent and the most ineffective. If the militant movement is killed, the credit of ending it will assuredly not lie with the Liberal Government. On the contrary, to the extent of their ability they have by confusion of mind connived at, and, in a way, encouraged militancy from its earliest to its latest phases. And they have done this by the simple method of treating militancy as a criminal offence under any circumstances not only does not allay the nervous trouble, but flatters it into an aggravated form. Our militants, on the whole, become more militant with each successive dose of McKennism and, what is even worse, attract more sympathy as the doses are increased. We say at once that no Home Secretary of Mr. McKenna's proved poverty of ideas is capable of handling the militancy movement as it should be handled. A medical statesman might do it or even a philosopher with a sense of humour might manage it; but a raw Philistine and "an Edwin boy grown heavy" is plainly the last person for a task requiring both statesmanship and psychological finesse.

The actual facts of the situation are simple enough. In the first place, there is no criminal intention among the militant women even when, as a spoiled child may, they attempt to fire theatres, burn houses and break windows. These things are disagreeable to the sufferers, but they are not criminal. The imprisonment of those women is the punishment of an opportunity, they attempt to fire theatres, burn houses and break windows. These things are disagreeable to the sufferers, but they are not criminal. The imprisonment of those women is the punishment of an opportunity, the agents. To regard their agents as responsible and deliberate criminals is to magnify their state of mind and to distort it as well. Under no circumstances, we suggest, should militants for any pseudo-criminal offence be sent to prison or made to pay a fine or, in fact, treated as if they were what they were not. On the contrary, they should be treated as what they are—namely, women suffering from nervous disorder whose actions are temporarily beyond their normal control. What is, then, the treatment this fact dictates? Sentence to residence in a sanatorium, a private hydro, a home of rest, or abroad for a holiday under medical advice. Simply that and nothing more. And, in the second place, it should be recalled that the number of active militants is really small. There are not, we calculate, more than about a hundred; and this number would certainly be reduced if the first batch were deprived of this type of martyrdom of an enforced holiday. For the militescent women now on the verge, perhaps, of militancy, a means of restraint has already been mentioned in these columns. The proper police for women are women. The Duke of Abercorn has organised a body of industrial bash-bazouks for industrial order. Let some anti-suffrage society organise a similar body of women to keep suffragists in order.
Current Cant.

"All the liberties which dignify our island life, which are the envy of every foreign people, which have followed the British flag all over the world, depend upon that combination of early and late restrains, that true sense of patriotism, that capacity for practical compromise. . . ."—Winston Churchill.

"Prices are increasing and wages remain static, whereas, as Mr. Bonar Law has said, the greatest of all social reforms would be a rise in wages. . . ."—Morning Post.

"Indignation and resentment ran like wildfire through the Liberal ranks; that an ex-member should take upon himself to name his successor was bad, but that he should seek to hand over to the Labour Party a seat with the traditions of leadership and with venerated memories of Mr. Gladstone was worse."—Daily Mail.

"But the chief weapon used to-day against the State and the party which stands for it has been the engine of class-hatred."—Bonar Law.

"Trade union tyranny proves two things: (1) that our system of education is radically wrong, since the majorities dare not think for themselves; (2) that the employers' side of labour questions needs plain, forcible, and incessant advertisement."—Vanoc (Arnold White).

"The King leaves London to-day for the North for the opening of the grouse-shooting season. Their Majesties and the Royal children attended divine service yesterday morning in the private chapel. . . ."—Daily Mirror.

"Lady Douro, looking very happy but rather delicate, was in a gown of champagne colour and a coat to match, with a touch of blue at the throat. . . ."—Daily Mail.

"Mr. Buxton has collected material which goes far to prove that, in the long run, would, in fact, result in increased capacity, and the real change will be in employers looking for the most efficient, instead of the cheapest, labour. . . ."—News and Leader.

"Liberalism, as a power capable of generating enthusiasm, is not a mere name or label, but an idea, or set of ideas, too often denounced by its opponents as 'sentimentalism.'"—Professor E. G. Browne.

"We have discovered that the workmen have quite an extraordinary knowledge of the provisions of the Act; and we have also to acknowledge that all the great employers have rendered us every possible assistance in carrying out the Act."—Daily Chronicle.

"We are not yet fallen to be slaves. . . . The Radicals in the constituencies know well that the demands of labour only grow more ominous by concession."—Morning Post.

"Life on loan is an expensive business, the price is expected when capital and interest are repaid. That is the problem now facing thousands of dockers."—Daily Express.

"South America will again deserve, in a more real sense than in the time of Spain's greatness, the description of a treasure house of the world. There is, therefore, a great work for the church to do."—Daily Chronicle.

"So when I have any special work to do I run up to New York, put up at an hotel and stay there till I have done it. I think I write best of all in a room in an hotel with the door locked."—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"The new ('Million Mother') poster will do immeasurable good, if only in placing so fine a specimen of drawing and painting on the not too artistic hearings of the large towns."—Daily Chronicle.

"The condition of things on the lower deck at present is satisfactory and the men are in every respect as devoted to the service, if not more so, than at any time in our history."—The Standard.

"I think 'Hindle Wakes' is a bit of real realism. It is not the realism of Blake. . . ."—Richard Whitting in the Pall Mall.

"Mr. Louis Parker, one of the most dignified and erudite of our dramatists. . . ."—GEO. R. Sims.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdak.

It has been impossible for me to refer to Austria's intervention—for it amounts to that—in Turkey's affairs until this week; for, although we have known for weeks past that pourparleurs were being entered upon, no one knew definitely what proposals were being put forward. Few know even now. The particulars that follow have been furnished to me from a competent source and may be taken as representing the present views of Vienna and Berlin.

Count Berchtold, the Austrian Foreign Minister, has been negotiating with the Porte, with St. Petersburg, and with other capitals, since early in May. His first vague plan was that help, and help, too, of a substantial nature, should be given to the authorities at Constantinople. Then the weakness of the Young Turk Party became more and more apparent, and it was clear that a change of Government was inevitable. In view of a possible reactionary movement, the Austrian Foreign Office had to reconsider its plans. With the Young Turks in power, a centralised form of Government would have suited Austria excellently; but with Kiamil Pasha, in practice, if not in theory, at the head of affairs—a Conservative of Conservatives and a friend of Great Britain to boot—a centralised administration would have seriously interfered with the plans which had long been maturing for Austria's future welfare.

This altered situation led to an altered policy at the Ballplatz. When Said Pasha felt it necessary to resign, Count Berchtold came to the conclusion that the 'nationalities' should be supported. Few New Age readers, I am sure, need be reminded that assisting the nationalities means to break up, gradually and immediate, of the power of the Turks, and consequently of the Turkish Empire. Friends of "Liberalism" would doubtless be delighted if autonomy were granted to Albania or to Macedonia; but the delight, it is greatly to be feared, would not last long. The absorption of the small Balkan nationalities by the large and powerful neighbouring States would be only a question of time. From this it will, I think, be clear enough why Austria should wish to support the smaller nations now included in the Ottoman Empire.

There are naturally various factors that complicate the situation. What actually constitutes the indefinite territory known as Albania has always puzzled statesmen, especially as ethnologists have not been able to decide precisely what constitutes an Albanian. To guide us, however, the Austrian Foreign Office has been kind enough to let it become known semi-officially that Albania, when autonomous, is to comprise the large district at present known by that name, and that the Albanian "zone of influence" shall, in addition, include the four vilayets of Skutari, Koshovo, Monastir, and Janina. But this plan, while admirably suited to Albania and the Austrian Foreign Office, does not find much favour among certain other States, such as Servia, Russia, Bulgaria, and Montenegro. Albania is working with Austria, and indirectly for Austrian ends—so far back as the summer of 1910 I had occasion to refer to the assistance given by the Austrian Government to the Albanians, who were then in revolt. The States I have just referred to have their own ideas regarding territorial expansion; and Russia has many reasons for supporting Bulgaria and Montenegro.

To sum up: Austria wishes to see Turkey divided into two portions, two portions being sufficient for the present. One of these is to be Turkey proper and the other is to be the new and enlarged Albania, which will ultimately be absorbed in Austria, bit by bit. This plan is opposed by Servia, Montenegro, and Bulgaria, all of whom want pieces of the proposed new Albania; and it
The Transition from the Wage System.

We have now proved beyond all peradventure that the abolition of the wage system is no mere economic abstraction, but the most practical and urgent issue in the struggle for economic emancipation. By conviction and correspondence we have discovered that the very simplicity of the issue makes it difficult to be underestimated. The idea of wages once penetrated out minds and consciences that their abolition is apt to be incomprehensible. Let us then again remind our readers that the wage system involves two false assumptions: (i) That labour is a commodity pure and simple; (ii) that the seller of labour, having sold, has no kind of economic or social claim to the products of labour. Obviously the second assumption is based upon the first. Both assumptions we have smashed to their original atoms. It is surely now evident that no social revolution is possible that assents to or even adapts itself to any wage system. In a generation from now our children will study the wage system with precisely the same horror and curiosity that we regard the slave system.

Now, then, are we to escape from the slavery of wagedom? We have had to consider another aspect of this problem in the course of our inquiry. We have found that economic power is the dominant factor in the political sphere; as we have shown, time and time again, economic power precedes political power. Therefore, it would be futile to look to the surface play of politics for release. We must resolutely face the necessities of the situation: the battle must be fought in the economic sphere, for where wealth is produced, there and only there are the wage slaves in their true element; there and only there must the great change be effected. If, then, the revolution is to be economic (the political moon subsequently reflecting the light of the economic sun), what material has the wage slave wherewith to fight? He can only control two factors: (a) labour power; (b) labour organisation. He is the absolute possessor of labour power until he sells it for wages; the wages he gets are modified by his capacity for trade organisation. Therefore the struggle must proceed on two parallels: first, the determination, final and considered, never again to sell labour for wages (this determination involves proprietorship of the ultimate products of labour); secondly, the complete organisation of labour upon a footing of industrial war. And anything less than complete organisation spells failure.

Having precipitated the determination to end the wage system, all that remains for us to do is consider the plan of campaign. Let us, then, frankly confess that the difficulties are mainly in our own ranks. For example, it is painfully apparent that the political Socialists and Labourists are prompt to chortle with glee every time a strike fails. “Just what we told you,” they say, smiling, and rubbing their smooth hands in invisible soap; “the day of the strike is over; you must entrust your affairs to us politicians.” Of course strikes are failures. They fail because as yet there is barely a vestige of effective organisation; they fail because in most cases the leaders are inoculated with the political virus; above all, they fail for want of a true objective. The present position is just this: an army of one million, well provided in every respect, is surrounded by an army of thirteen millions, ill-equipped, lacking in unity and combat morale. The result is that every engagement is merely an affair of outposts. The belegued army is content to remain where it is. It is well provisioned, well equipped, and life within its lines is distinctly agreeable. Therefore the attack must come from the besieging army. To succeed, the attack must be the result of thorough organisation. But you cannot get thorough organisation without willing co-operation amongst the waged. What happens to-day is that there and there a sectional attack
The main body of the labour army knows nothing about it until it is too late. The political section sneers at these forlorn hopes, and calls for parley with the establishment. They think that the existing army of the working class is sufficient. They think that the possessing army will capitulate to the honeyed phrases of a MacDonald, a Snowden, a Keir Hardie. This is what comes of the Biblical tradition. They apparently do not realise that modern warfare is conducted with much more effective weapons than the jawbones of asses.

Of the hopelessness of sectional fighting we have scarcely the heart to write. It is the most stupendous folly imaginable. Before us, as we write, are the official facts of strikes and lock-outs: there are thirty-three thousand million working days lost. During the same period, there were 4,557 disputes, involving 2,210,487 workers, who fought for 44,376,707 days. Fought for what? God knows; nobody else does. Will some person of plain common-sense seriously consider what would have been the result had these forty-four million working days been devoted to some definite objective? How much nearer should we be to the destruction of the wage system had there been an intelligible objective? But mere disputes about the amount of wages, the hours of labour, or the conditions of wages lead nowhere, and are waste of time and money. The political Socialists are right in this; they are the fools in assuming that sectional and well-directed strikes must prove equally futile. During the ten years under review, the trade unions spent £2,354,370 upon these disputes. But during the same period, a result of the wages system, the racketeers and profiteers walked off with £12,000,000,000 (twelve thousand millions) of plunder.

Thus we see that organised labour has as yet no conception of the magnitude of the battle. For is it conceivable that any body of intelligent men would fritter away their sinews of war upon four thousand small and ineffective skirmishes if they realised that by effective organisation they could emancipate themselves from wage slavery and keep to themselves twelve thousand millions of wealth, which they themselves had created?

What, then, is the stumbling block? Sectionalism and nothing else. An examination of the list of trade unions reveals an appalling condition of sectional organisation. In the building trades there are no less than fifteen separate and autonomous unions: the Operative Carpenters and Joiners, the Amalgamated Stonemasons of England and Wales, the General Union of Operative Plasterers, the National Amalgamated House Plant, the United Builders' Union, the Associated Carpenters and Ship Painters and Decorators, the General Union of Operative Carpenters and Joiners, the General Union of Operative Plasterers, the National Amalgamated House and Ship Painters and Decorators, the General Labourers' Union, the United Builders' Union, and the United Builders' Labourers. It is true that in various ways some of these unions are federated, but, taking a broad view and having regard to the future struggle, this is not organisation; it is disorganisation. Turning now to mines and quarries, we find no less than sixteen different unions. It is true that their federation is, on the whole, reasonably efficient. Nevertheless, the last miners' strike made it clear that local sectionalism proved to be the undoing of the miners. We learnt that one district could hold out two weeks, another district was good for thirteen; that in one district the men got so much strike pay, and in another so much more strike pay, that whole districts of miners benefited not only from the cessation of the strike, but from the celerity of the dispute.

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The political Socialists are right in this; they are the fools in assuming that sectionalism is infinitely more effective than any form of organisation, because its success demands a single stroke of genius, whereas the train of events leading to sectional victory is precluded by the multiplicity of separate and autonomous unions. This system of organisation is based upon the raw material of the wage-earner, and so is the plan of campaign-leadership, strategy, and tactics.
of sabotage and the release of a new guild enthusiasm on the part of the workers, but from the watchful protection and militant co-operation of every trade union worker in every capitalist plant as well.

"Too long has the struggle been hinged on according to rules devised by the exploiter. A new ethics must develop out of the new conception, and that ethic will supply the morale of the army of wage earners when it has taken the field for the final engagement.

Not the Caste of Vere de Vere.

By Kosmo Wilkinson.

"One of the Liberals?" lifting her eyebrows as if surprised, a certain fine lady celebrated by nineteenth century diarists was reported as saying, "I suppose, then, they have something to do with vegetarians, teetotallers, Dissenters, and other odd people of that sort." The exclusive socio-political tradition thus indicated periodically reasserts itself long after the reality to which it once corresponded has gone. So, too, it is with other superstitions of the same sort—notably that in obedience to which the prorogation is generally confirmed before the statutory opening of the grousse season. The moors, for which M.P.'s are still seized with an irresistible impulse to be off, are of course of most of them very much on this side of the Tweed; they are far more the Margrave of Brandenburg, his children have long been pining, and whither mater familias has announced she will conduct them alone if her better half talks more nonsense about the summons of the division bell.

The greatest master of Anglo-Saxon effects who could always keep an audience in the Victorian House of Commons, John Bright, could not for many years live down the social consequences of a small slip in pronunciation. The first syllable in the name of a great pack of hounds, to which he had occasion to refer, was given by him as "pitch"—Pitchley instead of "pye"—Peitchley. The backbone of the elective chamber was from the first the county member; collectively St. Stephen's still likes to think of itself as primarily recruited from the country gentlemen of England. Suitably enough of an assembly like this, Henry St. John, before he became Viscount Bolingbroke, could say, "the one thing these men insist upon is being shown sport."

On the Conservative side the pastime most acceptable has been apt to resemble the diversion found by Saturn in devouring his own children. It is an ancient usage of the Tory back to turn round upon their leaders when they cannot secure as many portions of the fox as they would like. This was the fate of the Wiltshire squire's son who, as the Stuart Minister, made his followers feel a real part of the Restoration, and who, as Lord Clarendon, was wounded by them to his fall. He might have been warned by the earlier tragedy of Wentworth, the first man of genius who commanded the Tory squires at Westminster. The younger Pitt narrowly escaped destruction by a like ingratitude, thanks to the saving pressure of foreign war. When Queen Victoria had completed her first half-century the same destiny, but for his horse's fall at Constitution Hill, would have awaited Peel; and about Wenlock there still lingers a belief that the Protector forlorn hope's champion, Lord George Bentinck, would not have perished by a sudden and mysterious death but for the complete desertion of his nominal supporters. His biographer and successor must repeatedly have succumbed to a similar strain but for the inconquerable stuff of which he was made. Less than ten years before his euthanasia in 1881, he had said at Manchester, "As I am told, the Conservative party is dissatisfied with their leader, they can get rid of me at once; only the chief of an Opposition is the choice not of the party but of the country." The man who filled Disraeli's old place in the House of Commons, Sir Stafford Northcote, only fell a victim to party worries. But for such annoyances and others connected with them, Lord Randolph Churchill might at this moment be as much alive as his son. Mr. Arthur Balfour was wise enough to bring his experiences to a close in good time.

Mr. Bonar Law will recognise in passing murmurs of discontent: only so many ratifications of his place in the Conservative succession. Within whose familiars is a son, heir to a squirarchy or peerage, he belongs to an order that fills in the social system the place once occupied by those landed classes that, till 1832, caused the popular chamber's personnel to be very much that of the Upper House co-hereditary acres which then supplied the representatives as well as those who managed them. It is the professional class that have now established their title to an importance that it is more than doubtful. To that class belongs Mr. Bonar Law by paternal descent, in exactly the same degree as there belonged to it also the younger Pitt himself as well as Pitt's earliest successor of marked intellectual power, George Canning. The Pitt family by Mr. Basil Verney, Pitt, Chatham's grandfather, a commercial adventurer from the East, familiarly known as "Diamond Pitt," and owner of the historic gem bearing his name. Canning's Glasgow business which so soon as unhappily struck a blow he rescued, his father, for marrying an actress, but one of whom came forward in his infancy to save mother and son from the workhouse, as well as afterwards to send the boy to a paper. This is the sort of which the connection with titled aristocracy came through marriage with Miss Joan Scott, the Duchess of Portland's sister and co-heiress. This lady made his subsequent career possible, just as without the help of Mrs. Lewis's fortune Disraeli, from an attorney's clerk and bad women of a Jew dandy, would never have risen to the tutorship of nineteenth century Conservatism.

Without any of his immediate predecessors' fortunate family associations Mr. Law is, like Mr. Balfour, aScotsman of the middle class. His father came of an ecclesiastical stock that between 1543 and 1545, when the Establishment was Presbyterian, had supplied the National Church with some of its chief ministers. He gave his son in Canada an education neither better nor worse than that picked up by Mr. Basil Verney of Vere de Vere, and other superstitions of the same sort—notably that which the Balfourians own, with an irresistible impulse to be off, are of course for the Bristol traders who quarrelled with their relation, his father, for marrying an actress, but one of whom came forward in his infancy to save mother and son from the workhouse, as well as afterwards to send the boy to a paper. This is the sort of which the connection with titled aristocracy came through marriage with Miss Joan Scott, the Duchess of Portland's sister and co-heiress. This lady made his subsequent career possible, just as without the help of Mrs. Lewis's fortune Disraeli, from an attorney's clerk and bad women of a Jew dandy, would never have risen to the tutorship of nineteenth century Conservatism.

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Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill as he may be about to overhaul. Of course these discontent will come to nothing. Less obscure than Mr. Balfour, more emphatic than Mr. Walter Long, more direct than Lord Lansdowne, and more concise than Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Bonar Law is not only unrivalled in the demand for him on Unionist platforms throughout the country: he is at present the only possible Unionist chief in the House of Commons.

The Socialist Movement: Dead.

By Richard Maurice.

The body lay on the demonstration table in the theatre of the Technical School, and the Head-God, ascending the tribune, proceeded to deliver the following discourse:

"Gods and Gentlemen,*

Of all the different movements that we have been called upon to construct, the one that lies before you is probably the most remarkable we have ever produced, if only from the fact that it reached its maximum growth in about fifty years from the time of leaving our hands, and succeeded in that short period in spreading itself throughout the world.

I do not propose to-day to deal with the reasons which led us to manufacture this sprawling female Colossus; this creature, which is all "arms and legs," has a heart (a very large heart, gentlemen) but no body, and plenty of brains, though no head. Nor is it my intention to refer to the many remarkable characteristics of its life, deferring all such matters to subsequent occasions.

My object is simply to show you that this movement which you, gentlemen, believe still to be alive, because it has the semblance of a living thing, and you have not yet learned to discern the dead from the living, this creature which you still regard as living is for all practical purposes dead.

Death, gentlemen—and Gods—is the absence of Life. Life means growth and achievement. This movement has ceased to grow, as you may verify for yourselves by an examination of the numerical strength of its members. . . . I hear several gentlemen exclaim "Germany." I will deal with that interjection in a moment. . . . But if we take France—whence this movement derived its principal—if not its sole—imaginative impulse; if we take Great Britain or the United States of America where—if anywhere—the economic conditions should have provided a suitable soil for its development and growth—in both these great wealth-producing centres of the world we find the same condition of stillbirth.

Moreover, in spite of the influence that France has exerted, if we turn to the other Latin countries the result is even more deplorable. In Spain the movement may be said to have never existed. In Italy, where at one time it appeared to flourish, we find it of such an amorphous character as to have been incapable of assimilating one of the basic principles vital to the system upon which the movement was constructed—the principle of Peace.

Gods and Gentleman, when first we framed this movement to suit the needs of the human race as they were represented to us, gentlemen, by you, we made it to have purposes. We proposed to-day to deal with the reasons which led us to manufacture this creature whom we still regard as living is for all practical purposes dead.

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As one of you gentlemen suggested by your interrupt-

tion, however—may I say without offence that it is a common mistake amongst members of our race to confuse fat with muscle?—the numerical growth of the movement in Germany would appear to the superficial observer to indicate life. Growth, not only without achievement, but of a purely sterile nature, is the dead-

llest of all forms of disease. It is cancer; the prolifer-

erous formation of body destroying tissue. You will find, therefore, that in Germany the movement has not succeeded in the most elementary and commonplace of all its functions. It has failed in the world-wide work of democratising by ever so little the most menacing autocracy still existing in the world.

Gods and Gentleman, the first, the most essential, the vital function of every political movement, the very soul and essence of its existence, is the production of men, new men in a never-ending stream, but here we find ourselves in the presence of a visible death stalking abroad in all its barrenness. Impotently impregnated by every variety of human genius—artistic and scientific—esthetic and materialistic—during a half a century this creature has brought forth no new men for the last twenty-five years.

I do not think it possible to name one man in the movement in any country in Europe, belonging to a new generation, who has exercised any formative influence on its development or sustained it by any original contribution to its stock of ideas.

This is the first female movement of which I am aware—I will not speak to you now of the other—and we counted on her being prolific. She was to fructify and replenish the Earth. . . .

At this point a young man, whom I learned was called Fabius, rose, and addressing the Head-God with the presumption which caused considerable amusement amongst the Gods, asked how it was he had not dealt with the remarkable achievements of the movement in the realm of municipalisation, particularly in Great Britain—where of the Gods whose laughter greenest, this allusion was so thunderous that it was some time before the Head-God was able to resume as follows:

I must thank my young friend for his interruption, because it enables me to make perfectly clear to you men that this machine which we designed by your desire could not by any means perform the function for which you destined it.

Gentlemen, all the political movements manufactured by us to serve our instructions have been intensifying it is only for this object that we are at your service—for the removal of some form of injustice arising from the inequalities which you men—relying upon us instead of upon the development of your own powers—seem incapable of eradicating from the organisation of your affairs.

The Socialist movement was created for the removal of economic injustice. Where is that economic injustice now? More strongly entrenched than ever in the stronghold intended to destroy.

We followed your indications and made a political movement to remove from the face of the earth what you call private property—namely, the very thing which political movements since the world began have been created to preserve, strengthen, and consolidate. No other movement has done or can do otherwise. You have a saying that "a handsaw is a good thing—but not to shave with." Gentlemen, political movements have served a purpose, but they never have, and they never can, be capable of rectifying economic injustice which such movements by their very nature can only intensify.

The procedure which your friend has referred to supplies an illustration of the operation of this law, and it always has been applicable proof that our movement was dead and that its carcass only is being used for a purpose for which it could not have been employed had it been alive.

As one of you gentlemen suggested by your interrupt-

* This word was pronounced as if it were "two" words, and it always seemed to me as if there were something of contempt in the emphasis with which the word "gentle" was stressed.
Fabius that this is verily the work of your Socialist movement has been engaged in—then not only will you do what is necessary in order to make it clear, but its tenets will still stick in your nostrils that you will burn it for very shame.

As far as we are concerned, I think I may say that you must look to us to manufacture any more political movements for you. We have done with them now and for ever. In future we shall place ourselves at your disposal for the construction of purely economic movements when you can see, as we do, that in that direction a study of our being able to help you towards the mastery of the world!

Problems of Sex.

By M. B. Oxon.

IV.

In order to consider the subject we want some sort of an outline or framework on which to arrange it, and so, although facts are very difficult to get, and can, at best, only be personal impressions, I will put the case as it appears to me that it is only true.

The proletariat and lower classes, including workers in factories. These are subdivided into two, those who have not been in the education of the streets and the bourgeoisie and artisan, followed by (4), the upper middle class, which also can be divided into two parts, the Strenuous and the Non-strenuous. The Strenuous are almost indistinguishable at first sight from class (2), except that they are not really so much at home in it, and seem sometimes to wonder what they are doing in that gallery. The Non-strenuous, who are really the salt of the nation, are beginning to recognise the futility of hedonism, and are looking for something more satisfying to their souls. Unfortunately, together with the futility of hedonism they are given to surmising the futility of everything, and seeing the ways by which the ungodly prosper, they are inclined to retire from the strenuous life as a life the methods of which are distasteful to them. Being less sure of Things in General than those who know less about them, their voice is not so loud as those of the educated, and generally passes unheard in the racket. They are, I think, only waiting for a strenuous leader of their own breed to do great things. Obviously, the above divisions are to some extent continuous, and the greater trouble taken by the parents to provide for the daughters is a result of this strictness, the great majority of semi-prostitutes come from this class. The largeness of the class might be considered in itself to be a sufficient cause for the number of its outcasts, but a comparison with the conditions in the proletariat class, where I think, my suggestion. The majority of prostitutes probably come from this class, too, and for many of them the same cause is responsible, for those, namely, who are not really adapted to the professions, but who having been driven into the streets for “disgracing” the family, have to earn a living. The others who really like the life will, of course, be there under any circumstances.

Another is in the condition of the parents, owing to causes, which we need not now consider, partly educational, partly emotional, the younger generation in this class especially are out of touch with their parents. There is a lack of understanding between them. The daughters are less interested in household duties, and, having more leisure and no means of employing it, they tend towards amusements of all kinds. This tends to disappear as we approach the proletariat, while it is more marked the nearer we come to the upper middle class, which, as a matter of fact, is to some extent continuous with the last. Here, however, the increase of servants permits the mother to give more attention to her daughter’s amusements, and through her greater intimacy instilling more surely the value and sacredness of convention. The greater similarity of education in succeeding generations makes this intimacy more complete, whereas it is possible to hand on more easily the inner meaning of things, whether real or merely conventional. There are also to be noted the increased amount of entertaining done by the upper-class family as such, and the greater trouble taken by the parents to provide satisfactory men friends, with the result that the girl is less left to her own devices. In one direction this class is continuous with the Best Society, and another with the upper division of the class, this depending chiefly on the type of the mother. Throughout this class and the bourgeois class there is a tendency for the women to go up and the men down the scale for the satisfaction of their sexual needs, and also to keep this part of their life separate from their class life, while with the other classes this is not so. Hence the provision by the upper-middle-class parent of men friends of their own class is to some extent a barrier to too great intimacy. As a result of this, coupled with the taboo, many of the women of the upper middle class are sexually and emotionally starved. This bore a generation ago, with passive indifference, impotent against the fig-leaf and all that it covers from its pedestal in Feminist ideals. Then came the turn of the pendulum, free thought in science demolishing religion, and free thought in art, heralded by the Pre-Raphaelites and Aesthetes, bringing along gradually a certain decay in the taboo as far as emotions were concerned. Although this liberation of the emotions was a step in the right direction, it has entirely replaced the fig-leaf as far as society is concerned. Another of the great difficulties of our subject is that it has, in common with most others, many aspects, and many are now so much forgotten or confused as to make any clear ideas impossible. Many of them are
not even accepted or recognised, or if they are so, are
dubbed utilitarian and practical or religious and imagi-
nary, according to taste. But all things in the universe
are practical, even if we do not see that they are so, or
if they are not present to the mind. For example, few believe that there is a real basis to mar-
rriage, and either put it down to utility or to priestly
craft. Is there then a real objection to prostitution or
only a utilitarian one? One very important point is
the right meaning of love and sex. Eros is the oldest of
the gods, as Hesiod wrote (possibly he created the world), and in that form he is well worthy of worship.
And if they are not adapted to the present moment. For
the gods, as Hesiod wrote (possibly he created the
world), and in that form he is well worthy of worship.
and in that form he is well worthy of worship.

"Sex," as the philologists recognise, means a
division, and is in fact the name applied to the state
of things when parthenogenesis ceases, but this divi-
sion goes far deeper than the mere mechanism of repro-
duction only. In the body, for example, certain diseases or
certain incidences of disease, are almost exclusively
confined to one or to the other sex, without any ap-
parent reason, while, despite the Feminists' contention to
the contrary, the intellects and the emotions of the
two sexes are quite different, although they do no

doubt overlap to some extent. Man is entirely subor-
dinated to his brain; woman, as a well-known gyneco-
ologist once said, is an appendage of the uterus. And
the folly is to think that one is a more honourable state
than the other. Man is equally evidence of in-
completeness and nothing more. The time will no
do come, as has been foretold by many thinkers
who have reached the same point from very different
directions, when a neutral sex will gradually appear,
and the Feminist movement is possibly the first troubl-
ing of the waters. But the Feminists make the mistake
of thinking that this is to become at once the
condition of things for all women, and also in think-
ing that when it really comes it will be clearly obvious
to all the world. For this is a true Mystery, and, as
with all true mysteries, the very pass-words cannot
be even uttered by the profane.

The Dream.

Born the walls and the floors were of black marble, and
round the walls at a certain height there ran a fresco
illustrated with delicate drawings in black and white.

A hideous crash of thunder and a shrieking wind. I
stood alone upon a stone-built noisome flight of steps
that mounted through the impenetrable darkness of
space. My brow was colder than the frozen rain that
beat upon it, and my limbs were trembling with a
sickening fear. Then came a flash of lightning, and in
the ghastly whiteness cast about me I saw God and the
devil linked by the arms to a naked mortal, and I heard
their laughter.

DURAND.
Present-Day Criticism.

Yet again, the "Poetry Review" makes good reading. The most uncommon experience of a present-day critic, even of one accustomed to defend the mind with humour while studying contemporary work, is to walk through a magazine and come away refreshed, to win through without psychic loss. One is everywhere confounded by style and matter of a coarse almost infernal in its sordidness. Humour only keeps hope alive. What an exhaustive spectacle, in the instance of these lines of M. Rolmer's poems which least expresses the dancing mood of Aphrodite's attendants or the simplicity of the lily of the field. He has taken the "Ode to the Comet." We ask leave to present it here with a paraphrase which we are humbly conscious is far from reproducing this profound and sonorous poem.

L'ODE A LA COMETE.

La nuit monte et descend l'échelle du silence;
Je vois comme Jacob les ombres véhémentes,
Et puisque la musique éclaire la souffrance
J'espère dans la nuit qui semble étinceler.

Ah! sais-je seulement quelle est cette espérance,
Si j'attends le salut des anges du ciel noir
Ou d'un autre soleil une autre délivrance... . .
Ah! sais-je seulement quel est mon désespoir?

Je n'ai pas vu l'azur de toute ma journée,
Le ciel a son hiver comme j'ai ma douleur,
La terre a son linceur comme ma destinée.
Mais, à vautour, pourquoi me rongues-tu le cœur?

J'appelle le Sommeil sans doute pour renaitre,
Pour pénétrer mon mal et me purifier,
Pour chasser le démon qui ravage mon être,
J'appelle l'Infini pour pouvoir m'oublier.

Mon âme est le tyran dont la voix m'expatrie,
Le soir pèse à mes bras comme un triste fardeau,
J'ai jeté loin de moi les plaisirs de la vie,
Je suis comme un berger qui n'a plus de troupeau,

Je suis le voyageur penché sur un cratère
Qu'on fuit les alcyons du jour effarouchés;
En bas, la ville danse et j'invoque la terre:
Les noms de ma voix se brisent aux rochers.

Une fumée emplit l'atmosphère et m'encense;
Quelle assurance main vaine me rende étrange?
Me faudrait-il laisser tomber ma conscience?
Je veux cesser de vivre ou cesser de mourir.

J'ai l'angoisse du monde, et l'exil qui m'opprime
Tremble d'aimer un jour ce qu'il devrait haïr.
O déesse de lumière, ô glaise de l'âme,

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O déesse de lumière, ô glaise de l'âme,

Mon âme est le tyran dont la voix m'expatrie,
Le soir pèse à mes bras comme un triste fardeau,
A Fifth Tale for Men Only.

By R. H. Congreve.

III.

The following evening, as I expected, there was a letter for me at the Club from Transome. My dear Congreve, it ran, I can read riddles in Chaldee, but not, it seems, in English. I spent some hours from my sleep in trying to discover why you called me a humbug. Having failed to find it for the sake of my reputation, I intended for my congé from your group—in which case it might have been better done—I can only suppose you had something either very serious or very light in mind. Pray decipher for me.

There were several satisfactory and one unsatisfactory point about this note, which I examined with care. The satisfaction lay in its immediate demand for an explanation of my critical comment on him. A fig for your men of such honour that they can wait a week or so on the chance of the next meeting to receive apologies or explanations for a slight upon their integrity. There is no pride like that of the whole soul, which, though never fussy and never cognisant of slight from inferior beings, at the sight of a word of unity in the word of the instant. My calculated retreat into the Club after my smack at Transome's self-esteem had robbed him of the opportunity of hot redress; and the fact that he did not know whether I had compulsorily him further was at least to the Club. But I did not know that he had written the letter in his mind on the way home; and the post-mark was eighty-three a.m. It was also satisfactory that Transome spoke of our group with genuine respect. His appreciation was not obtrusive, but what else could be demanded of a man who might imagine himself deliberately excluded and could not therefore appear by excessive praise to be begging his apology? To wear his mask with absurdist contempt, and for being positively relieved at the discovery that it was a mask? To wear his mask with as much self-respect as though it had been a genuine mask and for being positively relieved at the conclusion I perhaps hastily expressed. Both at Barringer's and when mentioning the discussion afterwards, I did not doubt that Transome was in, up and at breakfast. Yes, I was to be shown into his room.

Transome, however, was not alone. He was breakfasting with a youngish-to-middle-aged man whose fresh complexion instantly announced him to be an incorrigible idealist. I thought, here's one of the parasites, and very well indeed he looks on his diet. Mr. Lessing and I were introduced by Transome, and we all three began chatting. For the present, I was more concerned with the new man than with Transome himself. Transome could wait; also, it would do Transome no harm to see his acquaintance as others saw him. Lessing had taken Transome in his hand, and felt his weight. It was not a matter of consideration that I would be alarmed at the prospect of a dialectical encounter. Transome, of course, could have beaten him with one lobe, so to say, if there had been no inducement to weakness.

I soon became aware of Lessing's identity, it being the philosophy of that colossal pasticheur Nietzsche. Lessing had persuaded himself—and there must have been something in his blood to account for this direction of his credulity—that not only did Nietzsche equate the aristocrat with the virilist, but he invented the terms aristocracy with the virilist, and equated the virilist with the aristocrat. All kangaroos are animals, as Barbara's sister has told the logicians, but not all animals are therefore kangaroos. Virilism may be, for all I will dispute at this moment, a characteristic of some aristocrats, but these are not aristocrats of the spirit (or, let me say, of taste) even if they are of the mind. Lessing, it was obvious to me after some laboratory work in conversation, was or wished himself to be an aristocrat. Like many Irishmen who treasure musty documents proving their noble descent, Lessing treasured such traces in his mind of nobility as his favourite philosopher could point to: contempt for the plebeian, hatred of manual labour, fastidiousness in manners and dress, the profession of the connoisseur in women. Each of these qualities which Nietzsche somewhere or other noted as aristocratic virtues Lessing had quite ludicrously, to my mind, cultivated in the hope that it would seem, that his noble descent might become visible to the naked eye.

Let me say at once that Lessing, despite his effort to be a Nietzschean, had charm; and it was to his charm that I must attribute the influence he had exercised over Transome. Transome, as I have indicated, pos-
sessed as yet no charm, for how could one expect charm of a mind with a wen on it? The foreign body of doctrine which had become attached to his soul would certainly impede his intellectual movements, and thus accounted for the singular gaiety with which he played the part of goat. Lessing, on the other hand, was, if I may say, a goat natured. And between ourselves, Castaglione still more modelled men have lived, and, perchance, still another type, unknown either to him or to Plutarch, has appeared. Nietzsche himself, you would not say, would have found his way into either? Oh, but I cannot abandon my classic and Renaissance man so easily, said Lessing. The ancients are our masters in the art of life. Nothing will ever displace them from their pedestal.

Yet he, I said, distilled and purified Plutarch, for which, according to your reasoning, there should have been no need. But surely in the interval between Plutarch and Castaglione, if there was no change of ideals, there were new exemplifications. Castaglione wrote, for example, of the perfect courtier; the office was unknown for a time, but Pasqualino, and between ourselves, was, if I may say, a goat natured. And between ourselves, Castaglione still more modelled men have lived, and, perchance, still another type, unknown either to him or to Plutarch, has appeared. Nietzsche himself, you would not say, would have found his way into either? Oh, but I cannot abandon my classic and Renaissance man so easily, said Lessing. The ancients are our masters in the art of life. Nothing will ever displace them from their pedestal.

But have you, I railed, no pedestals for unknown gods, you disciple of the philosopher of the great Perhaps? Il y a tant d'aurores qui n'avaient pas encore lui! Up, lo, I teach you superman! Man is a being who must be surpassed!

Lessing smiled, as Transome did too. Then Lessing said: The first condition of becoming a Superman is to be a Man. Out of the perfection of Man Superman will arise.

If there were no graves there would be no resurrection, I quoted. Superman means the death of Man—no doubt about it. The contrary is a Nietzschean heresy, which I am surprised to find you holding. Did you suspect him of this heresy? I asked, turning to Transome. I do not profess to understand all Lessing, thus deserted, renewed his defence.

Nietzsche, he said, discriminated among men. There were aristocrats and there were the mob. He despised the latter and certainly regarded their extinction as necessary to Superman; but the former he looked upon as the seeds of the new type.

Again, I quoted: Unless a seed be cast into the ground and die—Christian morality! interrupted Lessing. Indistinguishable from Nietzsche, I remarked; but never mind, you have omitted from his division of men one type, which (and not the aristocratic) was his preparatory school for Superman: the philosopher-scholar-artist. You have not forgotten him?

But he is merely the fine flower of the aristocratic virtues, said Lessing, as they in their turn are the flower of many virtues. As in the Indian boxes, Nietzschean ideas lie one within the other.

Thanks for your metaphor! And how save by putting the outer box off will you get at the inner? Lessing was at a loss for a reply, for now his own chosen metaphor had turned against him. Pursuing my advantage, I proceeded to draw up an indictment of the Nietzscheans. Like the Christians whom you despise you also try to make the best of both worlds. They would prosper in this world and thereby merit the next, success here being the coupon of success there. Nietzscheans, also, would be both Man and Superman. Manly virtues, they hope, will lead to supermanly nature. The accursed ladder with never a leap necessary! Oh, I know you careful climbers, standing solidly on many rungs while your hands and voices only are reaching out for the sky! I tell you, on the authority of Nietzsche, that man is your obsession. You must deny man to become Superman.

I was working myself up to purple patches of rhetoric (with some truth in it, however) after this style when Transome intervened with this comment: Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian; and Lessing added: Or a woman.

But why either? I asked. Are the alternatives to man so few that you can only think of these two? Why, I believe both of you are more afraid of appearing unmanny in the eyes of women than desirous of becoming supermanly. Barbara again I invoke: To be supermanly is to be unmanny, but to be unmanny is not necessarily to be a Christian. And between ourselves, you suspect him of this heresy?

I said these words, I looked straight into the eyes of the man before me. The first condition of becoming a Superman is to lose the courage of your natural chastity. Barbara again I invoke: To be supermanly is to be unmanny, but to be unmanny is not necessarily to be a Christian. And between ourselves, you suspect him of this heresy?
eyes of Transome. For a moment his eyes quivered; I saw a shawl of doubts, like fish in a muddy stream, swim rapidly through his mind; then the mud cleared and Transome's eyes met mine like crystal. I got up to go. Lessing was a wee bit sore, I fancied, but his politeness remained uncracked. We must discuss this again, he said. Transome showed me to the door, and at leaving said: Having discovered my secret, it's no longer a secret; may I now join your group? You have already joined, I replied.

(The End.)

Views and Reviews.*

The publication of this book heralds, let us hope, a new era in biography. We have had enough of the compilation of facts, of muck-raking and white-washing, of the so-called psychological studies that transformed the artist into a subject for sexual pathology. The importance of an artist is due to his art, and is confined to it. Whether he were celibate or profligate, saint or devil, matters nothing to those who do not live with him; to us, he is so many pictures, poems, books, etc., and all that we need of human interest is the knowledge of the genesis and development of his art. Biographers have followed Mrs. Browning too long, supposing that with all artists, as with her husband, their genius is the least remarkable thing about them. Their genius is the only remarkable thing about them. Voltaire said to Congreve: "Had you been only a country gentleman, I should not have come to see you." Had Sandro Botticelli not been an artist, Mr. Anderson would not have bothered about him; nor would the rest of the biographers have described him variously as a deeply religious man, a semi-pagan, a philosopher despairing of reconciling Christianity with classicism, an ignorant person who knew nothing of the classics, a deep student of and essayist on Dante, a careless fellow with no thoughts beyond the jest and the bottle. Such a derangement of epitaphs suggests that Sandro Botticelli was the whole Renaissance in his own person; but the fact is that the biographers were ignorant of him.

The first condition of biography, as I said some months ago, is that the facts have been ascertained and do not need to be proved. The only facts of Sandro Botticelli's life that concern us are his pictures; and experts have reached something like agreement in the attribution of his most important works, and have established the chronological order of their production. But a chronological table is not biography; the facts must be vivified and made personal if they are to interest us in the man. The facts themselves are of little importance; we must know what they mean in terms of history and personality. That Botticelli painted St. Sebastian in 1473-4 does not much matter; but that Pollaiuolo painted St. Sebastian in 1473-4 is an obvious attempt to surpass Sandro's picture, coupled with the facts that Sandro had previously left Pollaiuolo's bottega and that the work of the two men reveals such a difference as to prove rivalry between two methods, quickens the imagination. The mind must go further: it must know all about Pollaiuolo as well as Botticelli. All that is known of both of them biographically must be called in to explain the rivalry; and the scene re-created by the help of the imagination.

That is Mr. Anderson's way. Sometimes, as in the case just quoted, he uses his imagination too quickly; and makes Sandro paint in competition before he actually did. But the book does not pretend to be biography: it is properly called a "romance," since it is the history of a soul, and Mr. Anderson gives, when necessary, the facts in his notes. Certainly, the anticipation is not justified. We must discard again, he said. Transome showed me to the door, and at leaving said: Having discovered my secret, it's no longer a secret; may I now join your group? You have already joined, I replied.

* The Romance of Sandro Botticelli. By A. J. Anderson. (Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)
nature by his own character, for not everything can be said to everybody. Certainly, the worst was hidden from Botticelli, for he never went to Rome; but one would never gather from this book that Botticelli lived while Lodoico the Moor was plotting and achieving the invasion of Italy by the French troops. All the politics of the period left the man untouched; and although Botticelli became a Piagnona, the sacrifice of Savonarola is strangely remote from him in this book. Mr. Anderson has used his art to present a picture of Sandro Botticelli with peculiar skill, for all that conflicts with the general impression is omitted or is veiled in the background. As an example of the re-creation of a personality from his works, the book is worthy of all praise. Imagination applied to the facts has given Mr. Anderson scope for the exercise of his art, and Sandro Botticelli, or, as Horatio would say, "a piece of him," is before us.

A. E. R.

Coal.

Where! How it blows, and cold. I shouldn’t like To be outside on such a bitter night. I’m better off here, sitting by the fire. And feeling snug. But now I’ll get a book— Labourer tho’ I am, I have got books: Real ones, not thams—a few that bear that mark.— Have books and time to read them. I confess It brings me near the grasping hand of law, Till amended Trucy Act—what’s the latest date? Those hours I steal from sleep, and so you find My master of my fullest strength and thought. The fire must be replenished first with coal. Ugh! it’s an ugly, black lump you are; Dirtying all you come in contact with. Where are those things? I’ll have you white-washed yet As railway companies do at their depots. How strange that fire applied to that black lump Should make it blossom, bowling flowers of light And heat. I wonder oft who found you, The wonder oft who found you, Who first gave you the chance of birth again, Making you flourish after countless ages. Marco Polo tells us folk burned stones Real ones, not shams—a few tho’ near that mark. As railway companies do at their depots. That left his "foot-prints on the sands of time"; Saw giant spider set its trap for fly; Felt round your roots that bitter fight for life. That battle started only forty million Years ago—I must consult my books. Alas; I always find if I require Exact details they haven’t got them. Why In works, see x. y’s lot, supposed to be The acme of instruction, information,— See the bill,—I can’t find what I want. They do not give particular details. And why? Ah, there’s the rub. But this I know— That fight, that was before your time, was with You then, is now, and evermore shall be. The hungry canibals of ocean fought Before your day. The saurian raste of size So huge, the Plesio—Bronto—Ichthy—Sauro And Pterodactyls chawed each other when You first were being crushed, fermented, broken, Twisted, kneaded, into what you are. A question I should like to ask of you:— Which of your denizens grew primal man? Come, was it fishes?—some are fishes yet. Or was it beasts?—some prefer that now. Or was it reptilian?—reptile man is common. What was of aves? Did it fly?—Tut, tut! But I forget. Some fifteen million years Had to be passed ere Archaeopteryx. First mouled feathers. I’m afraid that it Is buried in that heart of yours; that heart As dark as death, and red as blood. It will Bring a secret there whether it wish or not. In your triumphal progress, watched by eyes That had the steady glint of hunting beast From men and women, boys and girls, who In procession followed you, watchful and eager, Rushing precipitately forward should The smallest fragment fall, and snatch it up, Then follow on as eager as before. Now, could you have believed that such transpires? We read that Lazarus stove with hungry dogs For crumbs that fell from Dives’ table.—Is That right?—Let’s see. Or was it not the rewards Of Syro-Phenician woman begging charity Of the New Life for Gentiles? Eh?—But here Are modern ones that catch at crumbs of coal Right in the middle of a city’s surge. But I’m all right; why should it trouble me? I don’t require to hunt you thro’ the streets. I’m quite content to sit sere, smoke, and read. I ponder on your greatness. Coal!—King Cole, As says the rhyme we learned in childhood’s day.— True secret of our nation’s greatness. Not That common History says that, Oh, no. It says it is the Bible; pictures so Of Queens Victoria giving it to some Black-visaged despoil. Not the colour!—But Those Economic Eddos tell that Coal Is It?—No Coal! No Empire!... Makes one think

Of James the First, and he was in the right; Of Image with the feet of clay.—Observe; 'Tis plain that "Clay's a mistranslation here; "Coal" is the word.—An Empire based on Coal, Finite in quantity. The idea is fairwell To all our greatness; prophecy fulfilled. That image with the golden head—but sure The cheeks were brach—breast and arms of silver, Belly and thighs of brass, and legs of iron. And those awful feet, the feet of clay. And brought to dust by means of stone that was Cut out without a hand and struck its feet; Its clay feet. Who but us, alas, is meant? And when our last big lump of diamonds black Has been transmuted into Diamonds white Shining upon the bosom of the Trust- Manager’s Missus—for the time, we fail. Become as Nineve, a text for preachers. Ah, but the magic in it. Carbon; carbon: Black to white. There’s alchemy for you. This, coal; that, diamond; servent for the change Being sweet and blood. Alas! King Coal! Alas! Blood is not new to you. In your life As Lepidolendron, Sigillaria, Gigantic Fern, and Calamite, you saw Archaeopteryx chase Labyrinthodont. That left his "foot-prints on the sands of time"; Saw giant spider set its trap for fly; Felt round your roots that bitter fight for life. That battle started only forty million Years ago—I must consult my books. Alas; I always find if I require Exact details they haven’t got them. Why In works, see x. y’s lot, supposed to be The acme of instruction, information,— See the bill,—I can’t find what I want. They do not give particular details. And why? Ah, there’s the rub. But this I know— That fight, that was before your time, was with You then, is now, and evermore shall be. The hungry canibals of ocean fought Before your day. The saurian raste of size So huge, the Plesio—Bronto—Ichthy—Sauro And Pterodactyls chawed each other when You first were being crushed, fermented, broken, Twisted, kneaded, into what you are. A question I should like to ask of you:— Which of your denizens grew primal man? Come, was it fishes?—some are fishes yet. Or was it beasts?—some prefer that now. Or was it reptilian?—reptile man is common. What was of aves? Did it fly?—Tut, tut! But I forget. Some fifteen million years Had to be passed ere Archaeopteryx. First mouled feathers. I’m afraid that it Is buried in that heart of yours; that heart As dark as death, and red as blood. It will Bring a secret there whether it wish or not. In your triumphal progress, watched by eyes That had the steady glint of hunting beast From men and women, boys and girls, who In procession followed you, watchful and eager, Rushing precipitately forward should The smallest fragment fall, and snatch it up, Then follow on as eager as before. Now, could you have believed that such transpires? We read that Lazarus stove with hungry dogs For crumbs that fell from Dives’ table.—Is That right?—Let’s see. Or was it not the rewards Of Syro-Phenician woman begging charity Of the New Life for Gentiles? Eh?—But here Are modern ones that catch at crumbs of coal Right in the middle of a city’s surge. But I’m all right; why should it trouble me? I don’t require to hunt you thro’ the streets. I’m quite content to sit sere, smoke, and read. I ponder on your greatness. Coal!—King Cole, As says the rhyme we learned in childhood’s day.— True secret of our nation’s greatness. Not That common History says that, Oh, no. It says it is the Bible; pictures so Of Queens Victoria giving it to some Black-visaged despoil. Not the colour!—But Those Economic Eddos tell that Coal Is It?—No Coal! No Empire!... Makes one think

J. T. Fife.
A Visit to "Ye Olde Globe Playhouse" at Earl's Court.

By William Poel.

The obsolete but picturesque phrase "Ye Olde" has perhaps something in it fascinating to the modern aesthetic temperment, but it would be just as well if those responsible for educating public opinion at Earl's Court about matters relating to the Elizabethan stage did not take it up. To the Elizabethan "Ye Olde Globe" was a new building, in fact a new invention; there was nothing "old" about it. What, then, the authorities mean is "The old Globe Playhouse," a definition that can mislead no one. There are some merits attached to the design, but also several errors, notably on the stage, in the position of the traverse and in that of the staircases and in the use made of the side boxes as approaches to the stage. The faults in these details are of no interest to the general public, and it is not necessary now to dwell upon them, though exception might be taken to the movement of the costumed figures who are supposed to impersonate the "groundlings."

The programme tells us that these vagaries are drawn from Dekker's "The Gut's Horn-Booke," a satirical pamphlet published in Shakespeare's time, which can no more be seriously accepted as criticism than can a description in "Punch" of a modern theatrical performance. The "excerpts" presented by Mr. Patrick Kirwan on the assumption that three hundred years ago there was anything like so much drama tics, actors, and audience as there is found among them to-day, whereas the opposite is nearer the truth, than in vogue, so that at an Exhibition ostensibly organised to raise funds for the memorial to Shakespeare we find his playhouse held to-day.

"Ye Olde" has a dignity of the representations given at the "Blackfriars." The handling of these incidents in the auditorium at Earl's Court have the appearance of being planned by one who is only superficially acquainted with the period and not in sympathy with the conditions of theatrical representation then in vogue, so that an Exhibition organised to raise funds for a memorial to Shakespeare we find his playhouse held up to ridicule, notwithstanding the fact that between 1590 and 1610 the finest dramatic literature that perhaps the world ever created was being written in London, a circumstance that is inconceivable had the method of presentation been so unintelligent as it is shown to be at Earl's Court. Everything has been done on the assumption that three hundred years ago there was a less amount of brain power existing among dramatists, actors, and audience than there is found among them to-day, whereas the opposite is nearer the truth, and a Shakespearean performance at "Ye Olde Globe" on Bankside was then a far more stimulating and intellectual achievement than it is on the modern stage to-day.

To illustrate this point it is only necessary to witness one of the "excerpts" presented by Mr. Patrick Kirwan at Earl's Court, the one he calls "The tricking of Malvolio." Now we may presume that this actor involves criticism by the publicity he gives to his labours, for on one small printed page his name is "starred" five times in capital letters against the parts he impersonates. We can find no record of a similar keenness for publicity from any Elizabethan actor. But unfortunately this is the least remarkable illustration of Mr. Kirwan's Elizabethan modesty, for it is hardly conceivable how so many mistakes could have been crammed into a single scene of "Twelfth Night" by anyone who had carefully read the play. Of Shakespeare's plays it was said in his own day that they erred from sloth and that they lacked art; that is to say, there was nothing theatrical about them. The persons he put on the stage in their speech, costume and manner so exactly resembled those the audience understood in life that it was difficult to believe that the characters had not been transferred from the street to the stage. Now in "Twelfth Night" the central figure in the story and the one round which all the other characters revolve is Olivia, a young lady who is plunged in the deepest grief by the loss, first of her father and then of her only brother, and we are told that because of this grief—

The element itself, till seven years' heat.
Shall not behold her face at ample view.
But, like a cloister, she will veiled walk
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine.

We may presume, therefore, that, as in the custom of Elizabethan times, she is dressed in the deepest mourning, and wears a black veil to hide her sorrowing face. Next in social importance, in Olivia's house, comes her uncle, Sir Toby, who as a blood relation (Olivia's father may have been his brother) also wears black, and being a knight, would wear velvet and a gold order. He is out of humour with his niece for the way she parades her grief and shuts herself away from all company. To relieve the monotony of his existence he brings a fellow knight into the house, calls back the clown who had run away out of sheer boredom, and gives himself up to eating, drinking, and singing. Maria, who marries Sir Toby at the end of the play, is a lady by birth and breeding attending on the Countess and, therefore, as one of the household, is dressed in black, and so also are the servants, including Fabian and Malvolio. These latter would all wear black cloth liveryes, and Malvolio, in addition to white stock and a gold order, a gown not unlike that worn by a beadle, a badge on his arm showing his mistress's coat of arms, and a plated neck chain, as a symbol of his office. It will be seen at once what a shock it would be to Olivia's sense of propriety, for the view of her recent bereavement, for her stiletto to turn up unexpectedly in coloured stockings, especially when she had reason to believe that he had more regard and compassion for her sorrow than anyone else in the house, and had attacked his company because of his staid and solemn demeanour. It is not unlikely, besides, that Malvolio, in anticipation of his certain promotion to the ranks of the aristocracy by his marriage with Olivia, had donned, besides yellow stockings, a velvet doublet and trunks, without which the cross-gartering that he had put on in imitation of the fashionable young noblemen at Court who wore silk garter-sashes crossed above and below the knee, would not have been in character. An anticipation of his social advancement he had been heard to say "sitting in my state . . . in my branched velvet gown . . . to ask for my kinsman Toby," an impertinence that makes Sir Toby furious. Here, then, was Malvolio, prepared for the part he was to act, and that was not so much comic as audacious in its daring imitation of the only man suitable in rank to marry a rich countess, that is, an earl.

The environment, then, of the play is this: a house of mourning against which all its inmates are in rebellion with the exception of the Countess and Malvolio, the latter, who is a time-server, seizing his opportunity to ingratiate himself with his mistress by his pious and correct behaviour and the sternness with which he suppresses mirth within the house. All this information Shakespeare gives us in the text of the play, and yet how does Mr. Kirwan avail himself of this knowledge? Malvolio, the Countess's butler, whose imitation of the character impersonated by the leading actor, it is but natural to find mistakes in costume representation, could not have been more correct. Like the Prince of Wales in "Twelfth Night" the central figure in the story and the one round which all the other characters revolve
Maria not in black, but she is not even attired as a lady attendant—such a one as would wait on a countess—but she wears the dress "of a kitchen-maid; nor yet is she the happiest creature in the comedy! What would any modern author say if such liberties were taken with his play? But equally unintelligent is the reading of the text. For Malvolio to inflect this sentence thus, "to ask for my kinsman Toby," is to miss the humour of the situation. It is the pleasure of Kirwan imagines—his assurance carries everything before him and makes him turn the Countess to his own advantage, and this self-deception is kept up with unflagging animation until he flings his final words at his tormentors, "So, hang yourselves all! You are idle, shallow things: I have no wishes, no element; you are not of my element; more hereafter." But this rendering of the scene entirely misses fire at Earl's Court.

It would be ungracious and invidious, under the circumstances, to indulge in criticism of this kind, without examining in the origin of the errors we have tried to point out. They are nearly all traditional. Mr. Patrick Kirwan is not the real culprit. If one appealed to him for an explanation his answer would be, "What is good enough for Sir Herbert Tree is good enough for me," and Sir Herbert Tree might say, "What was good enough for Macready satisfies me." In the production of Shakespeare on the modern stage our actor-managers show originality and novelty. In the interpretation of Shakespeare's characters, and in the intelligent reading of his text, there seems to be no progress made and no individuality shown. In these matters we are still in the middle of the eighteenth century, the age in the history of Shakespearean drama as a consequence Shakespeare's plays are not taken seriously by actors of to-day. To them his characters are theatrical types that are not supposed to conform to the conditions that govern human beings in everyday life. They do not recognize that Shakespeare's art and his characters were as true to the life of his day as is the art of Shaw or Galsworthy to our own. Yet because the construction of his play is unsuited to the modern stage, therefore it is contended that Shakespeare is a bad constructor of plays and any liberties may be taken in the matter of reconstruction that are convenient to the producer. And because his plays are written in verse, a medium we do not now use in modern drama, therefore it may be spoken in a way no human being ever did or could speak his thoughts.

So it comes that there is always an apology on the actor's lips for Shakespeare's shortcomings whenever the actor wants to take liberties with this author. It is Shakespeare who is always in the wrong, and never the actor. Ask the actress who impersonates Olivia why she is not wearing a black dress, and she replies without a moment's hesitation that black is not becoming to her, as if it were an imperfection on Shakespeare's part to expect her to wear black. What havoc is made with the story and the sense of it that is of no consequence. "Oh, hang Shakespeare!" was what a popular Shakespearean actor once said to the present writer.

That is the normal attitude of mind of the actor towards Shakespeare, and one that will remain until public opinion can be aroused to insist that the exponents of his plays on the stage shall assume a more reverent and loyal attitude towards the world's greatest poet and dramatist, and not use him merely as an instrument to exploit their ignorance and their vanity.

Unpleasant and ungracious as these remarks may appear to those who look to the Earl's Court Exhibition as a means for raising money for a national theatre, they are not unnecessary. From all parts of the country visitors, comprising many teachers and their scholars, come to this exhibition expecting to receive a correct impression of Shakespeare's "Globe" and of the method of representation then in vogue, and what they see cannot inspire them with confidence or belief that dramatic art at that period was not the same as it is at its high-water mark. This is because the spirit and the intellect of Elizabethan times are wanting. They have not been transfigured into the actors nor into the performances. There is nothing to be seen but the dead mediocrity of modern stage methods, which no more fit the Elizabethan stage than would the Elizabethan methods fit the modern stage in the "Enchantment of Titania," the costumes, business, and action of the modern stage are wholly reproduced on the open platform. In Shakespeare's time the actors did not scamper all over the stage and in and out of the private boxes, while they were saying their lines, nor was music played during their speeches. Then, again, actors were not reared in the Cross-gartering of the brigand in Italian Opera, as Mr. Kirwan imagines—his assurance carries everything before him and makes him turn the Countess to his own advantage, and this self-deception is kept up with unflagging animation until he flings his final words at his tormentors, "So, hang yourselves all! You are idle, shallow things: I have no wishes, no element; you are not of my element; more hereafter." But this rendering of the scene entirely misses fire at Earl's Court.

How intense! How hopeless! How superhuman the self-imposed task of the nation! How sublimely vain the belief that it shall live nobly or act perilous! False again, the fabled link between the grandeur of art and the glooms and virtues of the State is not an adequate foundation upon which to build the "The Merchant of Venice" in the poverty and meanness of its appointments and costumes is a libel on the "Globe" representation. It is only necessary to consult the stage methods of the First Folio to recognize the fact. Bassano then came on the stage dressed like the Earl of Essex, with three or four retainers. At Earl's Court he comes on unattended in a pair of patched leather boots and worn suit, looking more like a bandit than a nobleman. There is not a single indication given of his superior rank to which so much importance was attached in Shakespeare's time. Indeed, those who are labouring to revive an interest in the Elizabethan Stage, and who urge its claim for recognition, must make their protest against this travesty of drama that was written and spoken in an enlightened age, or else see their aspirations defeated.

Cant at the Tate Gallery.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

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Mr. Whistler had to speak in this way. Had he spoken differently, he would have denied himself and the whole value of his art. Probably the shrewdest painter of his day (from the "arrivate" point of view), and aware, as he undoubtedly was, that art was in a terribly sad plight, he nevertheless beamed optimistically upon his audiences in London, Oxford, and Cambridge, and said: "Therefore have the grace to be merry!—and to cast away all care—resolved that all is well—as it ever was—and that it is not meet that we should be cried at, and urged to take measures.

And why had everything to be well? Because Mr. Whistler was there. No age could really be in a bad way that had Mr. Whistler as its guiding star, or, if the age were undeniably in a bad way, then Mr. Whistler was a proof of the fact that the artist and his age, as also the civilisation from which the"spunge," are in no way related."

I will try to be temperate, but there are occasions when temperance literally amounts to insincerity. I confess that in the present case all the considerations I may display will simply reveal the extent of my powers of dissimulation.

To begin with, then, that which is called great in one age is often called mediocre or insignificant in the
next. It depends whether the men of the first age are stronger or not, or their descendants. If they are the stronger, then everything of theirs, however weak, becomes strong in the eyes of their progeny; if they are weaker, then everything of theirs, however strong, comes to be regarded as weak in the eyes of their children.

Now let us ask ourselves, Who in the England of the eighties could have faced Mr. Whistler as his equal or his superior in matters of art? There were two men—Ruskin and R. A. M. Stevenson. The former, however, was well over sixty, when hard fighting and youthful vigour were the only possible things that could have stood him in good stead against the wily American, or that could have helped him to understand and relish; and the latter, to judge from his books on Rubens and Velazquez, took up a position so similar to that which Mr. Whistler himself assumed that any idea of serious opposition could never have been entertained, while, as to the other critics, they all died like flies in Mr. Whistler's deadly and— I will not deny it—powerful vinegar.

The failure of the 'eighties need not necessarily prove the dogma of the year 1912. If Mr. Whistler met no one who wrote stoutly and strongly in 1885, I see no reason why he should be regarded on all sides as unanswerable.

Immanuel Kant, to whom, by-the-bye, Mr. Whistler, in his art, has often been compared, was, as many moderns, was, not answered fully until one hundred years after he had written his principal works. But this is no reason why the painter of Kantianism, par excellence, should wait a century also before someone answers him. It is when you have allowed one or two years to elapse between two examinations of Mr. Whistler's pictures that I feel you begin to think in the manner I have just sketched out above. Apart from the Carlyle and the "Mother," I had not seen anything important of Mr. Whistler's for three years, when I went to the Tate Gallery to view the present loan collection of his works. And I confess that they struck me neither as old-fashioned, nor as supremely beautiful, nor as in the purely painterly sense...as a moderate, indeed, they seem quite indifferent to it, in order to act the part of judge in a question of taste.

And on p. 99:—

He who is captivated by desire and appetite can form no judgement concerning what is beautiful.

On p. 59, Kant declares that a pure judgment of taste concerning what is beautiful can be connected only with form and not with content; but, as a matter of fact, the whole of his dissertation on the subject is a continual re-statement and elaboration of this attitude.

On p. 61, however, he practically formulates the doctrine at the root of Mr. Whistler's art and it certainly is a remarkable parallelism between the doctrines of Kant, sculpture, and in all the plastic arts—in architecture and gardening, in so far as they are beautiful arts— the design is the essential thing, and here it is not what gratifies the senses, but what pleases by means of its form that is the fundamental unfailing standard of beauty. The colours which illuminate the masses belong to the charm; they may, indeed, enliven the object of sensation; but they cannot make it beautiful and worthy of being looked at.

I have no reason for believing that Mr. Whistler ever studied Kant; I also have no reason for assuming that he admired or respected the old Königsberg philosopher. My business was never with him. Mr. Whistler's work in a Puritanical aesthetic, and Immanuel Kant certainly affords the best means of doing this.

When Mr. Whistler spoke of the men who might have stood up to Mr. Whistler in the latter half of the last century, I did not mention Oscar Wilde. There, indeed, was one who was both young and courageous enough to expose this American arch-Puritan. Unfortunately, Mr. Wilde's philosophy had no backbone in it; it was ingenious, intellectual, but invertebrate. And if Mr. Whistler was anything at all he was a vertebrate animal. He knew what he wanted. Healthy or unhealthy, he seemed sure of his own ground as Kant was of his. Wilde did have a skirmish with him; but Wilde was beaten.

And thus the value, the "art" of his pictures remained unregarded. In lifting pictorial art into the pure, undefiled, and disinterested realm of symphonic music, Whistler literally discovered the picture for Puritanism; he invented the pure art for Dissenters, Nonconformists, and spinsters, whether in skirts or in trousers, and in insisting upon the fact that a human figure was merely a spot or a splash of colour in a composition (see p. 126 of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies") he took wing and soared into that region far beyond the world, the flesh, and the devil, where all is so immaculate and so bright, that even his own method of expression are no more than decorative diagrams, with nothing to speak of beneath their diaphragms.

For a long time the ignorant public in England mis-understood Mr. Whistler. Whistler was driving at. With the sound tradition of the "subject" picture stamped indelibly upon their brains, they could not tolerate this decoratively diagrammatic art. If, however, instead of addressing the multitude of middle-class and middle-class critics in London, Oxford, and Cambridge, Mr. Whistler had only thought of explaining to a big Methodist Congress both the nature and the aims of his pure Kantian aesthetic, as I have described it above, he would not only have triumphed, but he would have put an end to all criticism and all hostility in a land which never yet has failed to show its esteem and its love for any powerful and witty exponent of the most negative form of Protestantism and revolutionary Christianity.
Pastiche.

DEMOCRATIC DISILLUSIONS.
The Conversation and Consequent Disillusion.

The attention of Jack and Bill had been arrested by a large hoarding upon which was posted a fine selection of royal blue-blood-blue political posters. Top and bottom of the large hoarding upon which was posted a fine selection of thus colour. England, while Keir Hardie, suspended from an aeroplane mous German warship was seen in the act of blowing-up deep blue background, presented a fairly striking bit of quisitive, spoke first. Jack and Bill surveyed this particular picture very studiously for several moments. Jack, being the most in-

spitting to emphasise his point. "Wots Hanarkism, Bill?" he asked Jack with humour. "Ee's got a bloomin' airyoplain.,' Jack's eyes dilated, but Bill did not seem satisfied. "'Ow is it the airyoplain is marked Sociusalism an' his flag is Hanarkism, an' the warship's Hanarkism. If 'ee's a bloomin' Hanarkist to the Hanarkists on the bloomin' airyoplain. ""Sure, and the worker is a bad lot for not supporting his own political party. 'Tis indeed no small thing for a few Labour members to have successfully broken up mine, rail-

way, and transport strikes, and thus staved off misery from millions. Give me my fiddle, say I, and more power to his numerous laurels. His scathing denunciation of the poor restrict their families, they say. Let 'em all come!"

A BALLADE OF STARS.

Ad astra! I would sing of certain lights That pierce the life's deepest problems to the core, That beacon brightly thro' the darkest nights, Leading to divers weird salvations Or Eustace Miles, whose restaurant to-day Offers no nuts to exercise our jaw-

What price are tallow candles, by the way? Or Richard Strauss, who skilfully excites Our jaded fancy till our ears are sore By banging tea-trays; or that priest who smites That bishop who, like Oliver, wants more.

What price are tallow candles, by the way? By banging tea-trays; or that priest who smites That bishop who, like Oliver, wants more.

What is 'e hexcaping? 'Ow is it the airyoplain is marked Sociusalism an' his flag is Hanarkism, an' the warship's Hanarkism. If 'ee's a bloomin' Hanarkist to the Hanarkists on the bloomin' airyoplain. He pointed to the various names as he spoke, then turned to Jack. Jack wiped his mouth. "Dunno, ole mate," he answered. "You've got me fair." They passed on down Stark Road talking about something totally different.

ARTHUR F. THORN.
the other unions supporting them, their control would be in twenty-four hours? The reply is that we have not yet plain that, given the motive, their power would be amply

discovered the motive that will appeal to them and compel them to unite, as well as inspire them to exercise their

power only are destitute of possessions, but they are debarred from the opportunities for a life useful to themselves and others which possessions give. In the words, their potential service of God in the expanding of their faculties and of Man incidentally is left largely unrealised. This need and readiness may be said to be created.

On the other hand, it is pretty certain that the "have-nots" of to-day have more opportunities for experience than they can possibly utilise. Even King Midas could not turn into gold that which he was able to taste; and our modern plutocrats, it is obvious, are also making money faster than they can personally spend it. Thus again, not only is God robbed of the potential services of the have-nots, whose opportunities are fewer than their capacities; but the possessions of which they are robbed are not employed in God's service by the robbers. The excess of wealth over the actual needs of the have-nots, who have no personal capacity for spending and using it, is, therefore, from this point of view, sheer waste. It impoverishes him who loses it, and renders God useless to him who gains it.

The situation being thus created, the question arises how we are going to remedy it. And here comes in the question of Motive. Strictly speaking, we can appeal only to one or other of a twofold kind; we can appeal by persuasion or by force to the "have-nots," or we can appeal to the "have-nots." To the "have-nots" we can appeal, by argument or persuasion; and make what Mr. Hiller calls the "Great Renunciation." We can beg them to dispossess themselves voluntarily of their superfluous possessions; but on what ground shall we appeal to them to do this? It is obvious that, while we rely upon persuasion, we must appeal on the ground of some emotion—the emotion of pity, of order, of efficiency. These, in fact, have been the emotions which social reformers of all times have endeavoured to arouse—and not altogether without a certain amount of success. In England, at any rate, our "haves" have apparently the world's capacity. What is to be the "idea" which will collect, discipline, and allow to be led the industrial army of "have-nots"? Mr. Hiller may be right; but I should first like to hear what Spartacus has to say.

Stanley Hanson.

PRESS PROPRIETORS.

Sir,—In justice to the English people, the vast majority of whom are Conservatives, if not Unionists, you might explain to your readers that what you describe as the London daily "Unionist" journals are controlled by the following persons: Levy-Lawson, senior (Jew Cobdenite); Levy-Lawson, junior (the Parliamentary representative of the Yiddish coolies of Mile End, and one of the leaders of the Jewish Shopkeepers' Association); Harry Marks (Jew financier); Ralph Blumenfeld (American Jew); Astor (American millionaire); Harsworthy (a "Britisher" from Dublin, bosom friend of Leopold Rothschild and of Blathskirke Hearst, of the "New York American"); Garvin (Irish renegade and a former employee of Levy-Lawson and of Harsworthy); Countess Bathurst (a lady of Scotch origin and a frequent guest of the Rothschilds); Davison Dalziel (Scotch cosmopolitan and company promoter, formerly proprietor of an anti-English journal in New York).

The extent to which the "Unionist" journals controlled by these "English Conservatives" are qualified to represent the English Conservative Party is indicated by their political associations and political motives. These are as follows: In some cases, they are affiliated to the Financial Review, a journal in New York), which is financed by the Rothschilds.

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In Defence of Mr. Shaw

Sir,—I really must protest against your misrepresentation of Mr. Shaw in your "Notes" for August 15.

If there is any individual whose life has been the text from which he has preached the most vehement sermon of the century against the very evils of which you accuse him, that man is George Bernard Shaw. What single piece of his writing has its own origin in the doctrines of the capitalist? Were Mr. Warren's Profession," "John Bull's Other Island," "Widowers' Houses," or "Major Barbara" paid for so as much value received from any man of mannish means? No doubt the hour in the nineteenth century of capitalism, and it is the dramatist's purpose to show that the attainment to such a position was the only sensible thing to aim at under the present stages of society. I fail to see why Mr. Shaw should be cynically sneered at for doing something that he, at any rate, has never done.

WILLIAM HERBERT.

[We never suggested, of course, that Mr. Shaw or Mr. Wells, G. K. Chesterton or Mr. Stephen Reynolds, wrote at the dictation of capitalists, and merely mentioned the fact that capitalist newspapers employ their services when it suits them by paying for them. Mr. Wells was certainly a godsend in all innocence perhaps to the "Daily Mail," until newspapers are reduced considerably in cost of production or raised in price to eliminate the dependence of the reader on the advertising capitalist, the journalist who uses them as expediency to sell his paper, his "power" takes and holds property.—ED., N.A.]

Modern Reviewing

Sir,—I do not wish to add to the number of rebukes which you so constantly receive on account of your reviews of new books, because I realise that such rebukes, thoroughly as you deserve them, are, and always will be, without effect. Yours is one of those sturdy, insular natures which are ever ready to say it again for twopence. Expostulation does not move you. In the admirable phrase you usually employ, your withers are unwrung, and you come up smiling next week with a nastier review than ever. But there remains just a chance that, in your case, example may prove effective where precept has failed. Therefore I send you the following cutting to show you what a review may prove effective where precept has failed. Therefore I send you the following cutting to show you what a review may prove effective where precept has failed. Therefore I send you the following cutting to show you what a review may prove effective where precept has failed. 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