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


THREEPENCE.

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As easily write these Notes as his own book, constitutes what to our mind is a conspiracy, a conspiracy of the governing classes to maintain the wage system. Our readers may say, if they like, that the opinions of one writer do not make a conspiracy; they may even read the work in question and fail to detect anything of the nature of a plot in it. But if our judgment in these matters has the smallest value, it must be set against the first impression derived from the reading of Mr. Peel's 'Future of England,' as challenging the easy conclusion that there is nothing in it. On the contrary, as the Labour leaders may discover when it is too late, the 'Future of England' is at this moment the Bible of the governing classes; and its leading text is the exhortation to keep the wage system very much what it is. The most recent events, indeed, as well as the events shortly to become manifest, bear, and will bear out our contention that, unless under a compulsion which their ablest strategists discount, the governing classes are confident of being able to maintain the wage system during the whole present period of labour unrest.

* * *

Calculating as members of the governing classes the forces that Labour can put into the field against us, we confess that, but for one uneasy item in their strength, their forces would appear easily inferior to our own. We are making the supposition that the two classes of England, the rich and the poor, are actually engaged in a war—as, indeed, they are—and, for the moment, we are estimating the strength and resources of the poor. And, as we say, but for one single incalculable item, we should have no doubt of the result. In brains of a strategic order, in character, in morale, in discipline, in perspicacity of judgment, in courage, the governing classes of England have an enormous superiority over the class of wage-earners. We have only to compare the photograph of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress (published in the 'Daily Herald' on Saturday) with photographs of the leaders on the capitalist side to realise at once the inferiority of the former in the characteristics we have mentioned. On the Parliamentary Committee and judged by physiognomy alone there is scarcely a man who is not plainly feeble-minded in respect of intelligence, of will, or of sincerity. Any reader of character can conclude from the rows of dome-like skulls in the 'Daily Herald' photograph that the whole Committee is lacking in grip, in strength and in real vision. Idealism they have, and a certain good nature; but we confess that if we were a responsible private in an army led by them our first duty would be to shoot the lot. The contrast presented when we turn to the capitalist leaders is striking. Among the capitalist physiognomists you will seldom see what the silly poor call a nice face,..

* * *
but you will as seldom see a weak face. Leaders for leaders, in short, the Labour army is out-generalled at this moment.

We need not enumerate the other respects in which the capitalist army is superior in strength to the labour army, but we will at once name the factor of doubt. It lies in the collective mind of the working classes. Recent psychology has made us familiar in the case of the individual mind with the distinction between what it calls the supraliminal and the subliminal consciousness. The supraliminal consciousness is that of our ordinary waking life; it is articulate, logical and calculable. The subliminal consciousness, on the other hand, is that of our deeper inarticulate and impulsive selves; and it bears the same relation to our ordinary self that the submerged four-fifths of the iceberg bears to the floating and visible fifth. In the normal course of life it is on our supraliminal consciousness that we rely, but in moments of peril, in moments of decision, and in moments of inspiration, it is from the depths of our subliminal mind that we appear to draw our resources. Thence come, or appear to come, those sudden impulses and the grand resolution which at times create and at other times re-create the character; it is the world of miracle. But in the collective being of the nation it is the mind of the working-classes that plays the rôles of the national subliminal. The governing classes and the press and pulpit, their Parliament and their property, are in an almost exact sense the waking consciousness of the nation as a whole; and by no mere coincidence they bear the same relation to the mind of the working classes as the waking bears to the sunken consciousness. But if the analogy is correct, it is from the sunken mind of the wage-earners that impulses of a profound and spiritual character may be expected to come. And they may be expected to come at any moment. We are not attempting to define the conditions under which great national resolutions are made; but we can safely say that one, at least, of the conditions is now being fulfilled. The nation—including the governing classes themselves—is now at a moment when a great and momentous decision is necessary: a decision which mere reason is incapable of making. Everything the nation as a nation holds dear is at this moment in imminent peril of being lost. In a quarter of a century from now, if nothing is done, England will have lost its hold of its own soul and, consequently, of its place in the world. The only question, therefore, to our mind—and, let us add in fairness to the mind of Mr. Peel—is whether the national subliminal consciousness of the working classes will divine the issue and thrust into articulate consciousness a new and great spiritual resolution. That, as we say, is the doubtful factor in the present situation.

To this event, doubtless, forces that we cannot estimate, but whose existence we can all discern, will contribute—forces of what may be termed a spiritual nature. For instance, we were prepared on the morrow of the recent strikes to declare without fear of contradiction that the spirit of the wage-earners had been considerably and considerably lifted. No one who witnessed this was likely to think that spirit would speedily recover, whether it would renew and strengthen itself by reason of its past defeat. We are inclined to think now that this will be the case. The enormous increases in membership of most of the men's trade unions are a proof to our mind that the challenge of those defeats is being taken up. It is tragically true that the leaders remain the same wooden figures as before, but the reviving spirit of the men may be expected shortly to animate or to destroy these. And meanwhile the concentration of numbers of new men into the unions is evidence that the instincts of the working classes have sniffed that breath of new life and it is now realised that the field of the next campaign will be trade unionism. At the very moment, in fact, that the political section is flagging (from which the official Labour Party draws unwarranted evil conclusions) the industrial section is growing daily in strength; with this certain indication, to our mind, that not only is the next labour battle being prepared by the working classes, but its nature is an industrial rather than a political battle is already defined. In view of this, as we say elsewhere, we can afford to laugh at the foregone conclusions of the mock debate of this issue at the Newport Conference. Industrialism, not politics, will as certainly be the method of the coming renewal of the labour unrest as the resolution advocating it is certain to be defeated at Newport by the politicians. But what matters the ambition of politicians when the subliminal impulse of the workmen is against them.

Apart from indications, however, such as these, there are facts which even Gradgrind cannot dispute to point to a renewal of Labour unrest on a greater scale. Labour unrest, after all, is only a newspaper name for the cry of increasing poverty; it has no other material cause than that. And poverty, again, has only one cause worth mentioning, namely, low wages. If we had the assurance that wages were rising, or were about to rise, we might accept the concomitant assurance that the Labour unrest had ceased for good. But wages, as we know, so far from rising, are still falling, if not in figures, at any rate in proportion. It is this fall likely to be arrested by anything now proposed, either in industry itself or in Parliament. Whatever effect, therefore, the recent fall in real wages produced on the shape of the National Union of Labour is to be anticipated to be doubled by the continued and continued fall. On these grounds alone the prophecy of more unrest is safe. It by no means follows, unfortunately, that, even if the costs of the wage-earners to raise their wages will be more successful than in the past. That depends, we say, upon the plan they adopt, both as their objective and as their method. On the other hand, for the encouragement of such as us who have a plan, and have, moreover, a strategy for carrying it out, the affirmation of the return of the industrial unrest is welcome. This time, we may hope, the horses may be put into the right shafts.

Now, what are the right shafts in this problem of wages? They are composed of the following facts:—First, that modern industry is actually capable of paying a good living return to everybody engaged in it. No doubt whatever about that! It is not, as the "Spectator" would have us believe, that the fruits of industry when they have once been allocated are so limited that the nation cannot make enough commodities to go round. On the contrary, there are not only enough now to go round, but our means of production are only begun to be used. We could with our present resources easily double or treble our total production without turning more than a hair. The second fact is this, that, whatever our national production may be, the distribution under the existing system of competitive wage-labour must necessarily be inequitable. Necessarily, we say! Whether Liberals or Conservatives or Labourists are in political power, so long as the existing system of private capitalism continues, so long will the products of industry be distributed in their present proportions. Politicians may, if they choose, determine that this or the other shall be done with the fruits of industry when they have once been allocated by economic laws, they cannot alter these economic laws themselves without a radical reconstruction of the existing system. We hold, in fact, that it is illegitimate in essence of the politicians to make the attempt to engraft public statements of private capitalism. They cannot actually do it—as all recent "Liberal" legislation proves—but even the attempt, we repeat, is wrong. The conclusion to face and to meet is that private capitalism of necessity distributes the products of industry unjustly; it cannot do anything else. Until, therefore, it is abolished, wages will not only remain low, whatever the bulk of our national production, but they will tend to fall like the price of any other raw material of indefinite supply.
The third fact that the reviving Labour unrest will, we hope, take into account is that no single or collective proposal of all the existing Tories, Liberals and Social Reformers will, even if carried out, raise wages generally. They may, we do not deny, raise wages in this industry or that, or the wages of this class of worker, but generally and for all workers never. It is even quite possible that for industry in general, the plans of the Reformers may have the effect of lowering wages both in terms of money and in terms of life. The recent Minimum Wage Act, and indeed the raising of wages in the last few only to lower them on an average for the whole population; and, in addition, the few, the happy few, find themselves bound to give much more work for even a little money as we like. This, in fact, is the net result of every attempt to raise wages by legislation.

The truth is that all these Reformers, however they may think about the matter, are in reality gnawing a file. They may agitate themselves into a state of righteous indignation, while but the capitalist system prevails their work will be perpetually to do. Carrying water in a sieve is no more senseless than attempting to reform a system which for every reform creates a new evil. The less the new Labour movement has to do with Social Reformers the more profitable it will prove to itself.

But with these facts, every one of which we can prove, before us, the conclusion is irresistible that what is needed is a transformation of our industrial system involving, as a first step, the abolition of the competitive wage system. On this latter proposal every ounce of energy in the Labour movement should, in our opinion, be concentrated. We have been engaged during the last few months of The New Age in examining the wage system both as it is and as it shows signs of inevitably becoming. We have demonstrated, if words have any meaning, that the cause of poverty is low wages, and that low wages are caused by the capitalist system that regards labourers as a raw material. We have examined the chain of evidence, link by link, on which the conclusion hangs that, short of the total abolition of the very notion of making a man a raw material in industry, there is absolutely no hope for wage-earners either of raising their wages or, still less, of raising their status. On the contrary, both their wages and their status are infallibly doomed to continue to fall, if the present system of profiteering remains. And this, we have shown, is true whatever irrelevant attempts are made to alter the course of economic laws. Economically, as we have proved, it cannot be altered by politics; it cannot be affected by political action or by education or by ethics, or by anything else but itself. Against the economic law that all raw material susceptible of increase must needs become cheaper as time goes on there is one law that can possibly be effective—namely, the economic translation of Labour from the category of raw materials into the category of a factor in industrial production. It is precisely this change that we would advocate as the indispensable first step in Labour progress. Everything subsequent to it depends upon it. Higher wages, a better distribution of production, a better quality of production, a greater quantity, more civilisation, superior civilisation—all these depend finally on a single question: the question whether we can raise Labour or Labour can raise itself from the rank of a raw material in industry to the rank of a master. On the abolition of the competitive wage-system, we do not hesitate to say, depends the future of the human race.

In the articles and "Notes" we have hitherto published on this subject, our analysis of the existing system has, we hope, been marked by the clearest articles shortly to be begun in these pages the even more important work of reconstituting the system of industry from its new basis of the abolished wage system. Hints and adumbrations of our proposals have been allowed to slip out time and time again; but, we can freely forgive those readers who have found them inadequate. Adequate in the sense of satisfying to any reasonable mind not already convinced of the practicability of Guild-Socialism we never pressed for one moment that our suggestions have been. On the contrary, we have deliberately withheld the constructive side of our proposals until the criticism of ours as an act of reason should demonstrate the necessity of at least some new work is now for the future to lay before our readers the outlines as we have conceived them of the institution of Guild-Socialism, to show on what economic, political and industrial facts it must be based, and on what principles we conceive it can be established and maintained. So much has already been gathered of our proposals that the most general outlines, at least, are familiar. We propose that the competitive wage-system should be abolished, and its place taken by a system of payments graduated by skill or need from a living minimum determined by the necessities of the least skilled member of any organised industry. We propose, in the second place, that for the existing private capitalists there should be substituted the nation itself in its representative character of the State. Lastly—in this outline—we propose that the unions of workmen, each in its own industry, should jointly with the State control and regulate their respective industries. It may be, as we have already been somewhat hastily told, that the whole scheme of Guild-Socialism is chimerical. It is, however, much more probable as well as shatteringly true that we shall only know the new. New or old, what matters it so the ideas be now true: true, as perhaps they could not have been conceived to be some years ago. Much water has flowed under the bridge since the days when Socialists believed that the State could only work a moral change, or before the Syndicalists learn that the Unions also are not infallible. But it is in the union and co-partnership of these two forces of revolt from the present system that we see the hope of social regeneration. And their existence alone is our evidence that Guild-Socialism is at least practical. It will be our business in subsequent issues of The New Age to make these things as clear to our readers as they are to ourselves.

**The free "Advisers" in this issue are taken from the second series of "Second Riddles" published by the British Medical Association. Price 1s.**

**BATH SALTS FOR RHEUMATISM, GOUT, Etc.**

Some of the principal articles of this kind are known as "Ozonia," "Anturic Bath Salts," "Rheumosol Bath Salts," etc. "Ozonia," sold in packets containing about 13 ozs. at 1/-, was found to consist of sodium carbonate, reckoned as anhydrous, 77 per cent.; water, 22.50 per cent.; chloride of sodium, reckoned as sodium chloride, 0.46 per cent., and potassium salt, a trace. Nothing else was found. "Anturic Bath Salts," sold in tins containing about 45 ozs., at 1/6, was found to consist of sodium carbonate, reckoned as anhydrous, 96.86 per cent.; water, 2.70 per cent.; chloride, a trace; potassium salt, a trace; and perfume, a trace. "Rheumosol Bath Salts," sold in tins containing about 5 ozs. at 1/4, was found to consist of sodium carbonate, reckoned as anhydrous, 87.56 per cent.; water, 11.18 per cent.; chloride, a considerable trace; potassium salt, a trace. It is interesting to note in connection with these "bath salts" that exsiccated sodium carbonate (B.P.), which is practically anhydrous, is priced in a wholesale druggists' list at 7d. per lb., and that one pound of anhydrous sodium carbonate of commercial quality represents about 2 lbs. of common washing soda crystals.

**PHOSERINE.** "The Greatest of all Tonics" was found to contain alcohol, quinine, phosphoric acid, and a little sulphuric acid; a trace of sodium salt was present, probably as an accidental impurity in the phosphoric acid; no other ingredient could be detected. A 1/2 bottle contained two fluid drachmas.
CURRENT CANT.

A newspaper cannot fill all its columns with the advocacy of great causes."—Daily Express.

"Business is based not on money, but upon honesty."—Dr. AMBROSE SHEPHERD.

"The Unionist Party works for great and lofty ends of patriotism."—Morning Post.

"It is the millions who are doing the bulk of the constitutional work."—ROSE LAMARTINE YATES.

"General Booth, the greatest missionary since St. Paul; a superman; a mystic; a saint; altogether a very great personality."—Public Opinion.

"It is a solemn duty laid upon this generation to ensure for those who come after us our splendid entail of natural beauty."—CANON RAWNSLEY.

"Let pessimists who lament the debasing effects of our modern civilization take note of this: the supreme triumph of the man in us over the brute."—Scientific American.

"As far as I can make out, Socialist ideas have crept into some of your trade unions, and men are not allowed to try to turn out the greatest possible amount of work in a given time."—LAURENCE MOORE, in the 'Daily Express.'

"The labourer collectively is society; and if he chooses to withhold his labour, sooner or later he himself will have to pay."—The Globe.

Sir Edward Grey himself must feel that he has reached the critical test of his courage and intellectual steadfastness. If he stands firm he is saved."—The Nation.

"It is, I think, with Tolstoy that future generations will have to try to turn out the greatest possible amount of work in a given time."—ROSE LAMARTINE YATES.

"Westminster Abbey replenishes the best life of the people."—Morning Post.

"It is the fashion to sneer at melodrama nowadays; but, after all, we may as well remember that most of the big 'thrillers' of the last decade were adapted from newspaper columns . . . "—The Academy.

"Mr. Corpse Hamilton's work is not to be gulp'd."—Daily Mail.

"Lieut.-Colonel Powley announced that the wreath was laid at the grave of the late Mr. H. H. Asquith. The audience responded 'Amen.'—Daily Express.

"His Highness (the Khedive) referred to the unfortunate conditions of the last decade were adapted from newspaper columns . . . "—The Academy.

From personal communications with eminent persons, he (Earl Brassey) could give the assurance that those responsible for German policy did not aim at rivalling England's Fleet."—Daily Chronicle.

"I was wondering why the newspapers have been so exceptionably interesting—and then I remembered that it is what is called the 'Silly Season.'"—FILSON YOUNG, in the 'Daily Mail.'

"Malai Hafid rose at 7 in the morning and put on his Oriental costume. At 8 o'clock he took a concoction of milk and peppermint and then returned to bed. Towards noon he again rose and lunched heartily, smoked a number of cigarettes and passed a few minutes on the balcony, and at 2 o'clock he went to bed once more."—Daily Chronicle.

"Mr. Balfour has written several books, but they are not like Disraeli's novels."—The Bookman.

"To return to political matters, the success of the recent strikes . . . "—Daily Herald.

CURRENT SENSE.

"The Liberal leader has learned nothing from history and knows nothing of human nature."—Daily Mail.

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer has all the characteristics of the monkey highly developed."—Rev. T. S. CUNNINGHAM.

"Our age has evolved a new vice; it is the vice of reading the casual, the foolish, the trivial, without knowing them to be casual, trivial, and foolish."—The Academy.

"Health to a large extent depends upon self-expression."—Dr. MUNROE.

"Even legislation cannot stand against the laws of evolution—the world moves."—Daily Chronicle.

"Nothing more pitifully vulgar could be conceived than this competition between Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Vanderbilt as to who could spend the most money on an evening party."—Daily Express.

"General Booth told me the last time I saw him that the state of the people was worse than when he started the Salvation Army."—VANOC.

"Those who sprawled about life were not only those associated with street corners; there were plenty of sprawlers at Oxford University."—Rev. ERNEST DREW, in the 'Christian World.'

"Literally we have no State or national system. Our Socialism has lain in the hands of cliques and individuals, such as the Fabians and the Sidney Webbs, and consequently we have no Socialism."—English Review.

"The Church prays over the grave of an Archbishop of Canterbury, and refuses to the mad suicide one plea to Heaven on his behalf."—GEORGE R. SMS.

"On the whole, I believe it will be found that the inflow of Syndicalist ideas into Great Britain is ceasing to be disruptive in its influence and becoming stimulating and suggestive."—Professor GILBERT SLATER, in the 'Chronicl.e.'

"Woman was made to marry, not to be a typist."—Rev. G. L. MERRILL.

"Women are demanding some definite individual property as a home for their souls."—EARL BARNES, in the 'Atlantic Monthly.'

"The cost of living has increased twenty per cent. in a generation."—Daily Express.

"The rich gain more and more riches, and the poor become more dependent, and thus, out of one-sided material success grows up a new slavery."—Westminster Review.

Wherever you move among the people you hear one cry—the cry for land."—HAROLD SPENDER, in the 'News and Leader.'

"It is only too clear that in this brightened and landlord-ridden country the man who shows any spirit of independence and revolt is marked for destruction."—JOSHUA BAREBONES, in the 'Daily Express.'

"This is the one unchanging feature of Government—the desire and power to appropriate or transfer people's money. Take away the power of a Government to tax you, and —hey presto! where is your Government?"—JOHN STAFFORD, in 'How to Make Money.'

"The truth will in due course come home that the burden of one is the burden of all."—Daily Telegraph.

"The unions do not recognise the value of unity."—Daily Herald.

"Co-operation has worked miracles."—Daily Express.
When I refer to the "interests" of the French people, some definite meaning can be attached to the expression, because nearly every French family is directly or indirectly "interested" in the land—i.e., nearly every French family has an immovable stake in the country. And so with the capitals of the great nations of Continental countries, however, the case is different. The bulk of the German population is still connected in some way with the land, though it is pouring into the towns all too rapidly. In England, however, it would be difficult to find any man in the employed classes who has any share in the land at all. It thus happens that the employed classes here, although they are warlike enough by temperament, will in future be more and more the tools of capitalism and have "interests" to serve that in most cases will be opposed to such "interests" as we might expect the working men to have—and not only the interests of the working classes, but of the whole country, as an illustration of which the following may state:

Some time ago word was passed round in the House of Commons circles that a boom in Marconi shares was imminent. There was, it will be recollected, an enormous rise, and by means of nominees three members of our present Cabinet made over £1,000,000 among them by taking advantage of the exclusive information. Of these three members, two may be described as instinctive financiers, while one has had finance thrust upon him in addition to his greatness.

Finance is now world wide; but some countries are less under the influence of financiers than others. For example, the financiers are powerful in the United States, but the farming community there, if it only realised its power, is strong enough to combat them—so, too, in Canada, most of the British Colonies, and in South America. The last election in Canada, for instance, will be found on examination to have really represented the struggle of the agricultural community against the industrial interests, and the agricultural community won on this occasion. In France, again, so many families are on the land that the power of the financier is checked. The land, it must never be overlooked, conserves and deepens national traditions more than the towns; and where national traditions are preserved the power of the speculator and the alien is restrained within limits. Assuming that the present conditions continue, it may be safely foreseen that the national traditions of Great Britain and Germany will disappear centuries before those of the rest of Europe.

I lay stress upon national traditions and the land because it is only the people connected with the land who can be said to have a real interest in their country, and they will be actuated in measures of defence or aggression by their traditions. A German invasion of France would affect every class in the community, exactly as the French invasion of Spain a century ago affected all classes of Spaniards. But a German invasion of England to-morrow would not affect the thirty odd millions (except indirectly) who have no "interest" in the land here. Nay, it is even conceivable that some of our greatest capitalists would be only slightly affected. Lord Cowdray, for instance, has a basis in England; but he has one in South America also; and he may now, for all I know, have a more or less permanent establishment in Turkey or Asia Minor. The entire destruction or confiscation of his English plant would merely narrow the range of his activities; it would not utterly ruin him. Now, if we had in England a class of smallholders, something as nearly as possible akin to the yeomanry of former times, it would not be a very difficult task to show how the nation at large could best act in international affairs. At present, however, we appear to be in a state of transition: the yeomanry have gone and the smallholders have not yet arrived. But because our national policy, therefore, must be preceded by some kind of survey of the interests of our capitalists and their relations to foreign politics.
Omens at the Congress.

The Trade Union Congress, now meeting at Newport, is of some historic interest, for at it will be heard for the first time the distant rumbles of the industrialist guns. The real struggle between the industrialist and political sections is yet some time off; but the issue which are too young and disorganised to offer effective battle to the flea-bitten political officials who still control Trade Union affairs. Yet who can doubt the fateful-ness of the far-off threat when once these two are with sure instinct. Thus Mr. Philip Snowden, writing in the "Christian Commonwealth," fixes upon this particular issue as the most significant, if not the most important, on the agenda of the Congress. He rejoices that the Parliamentary Committee has put down a resolution raising the alternative policies of the strike and political action. It is done "to afford Congress an opportunity of giving its answer to those apostles of anarchy, whom no experience can teach, who are going about the Trade Unions denouncing Parliamentary action and calling upon the workers to rise in their millions and their majesty," etc., etc., etc. We understand, of course, that to this Parliamentary cobbler there's nothing like the old Mr. Snowden is, of course, yet, a very young man, who cannot be expected to remember the history of the Congress, for it has been full of omens, which ought to give him pause. If there were nothing portentous in the resolution, we may be sure that Mr. Snowden would not give it such prominence. It is certain that the industrial section will be beaten by an overwhelming majority. Why then should this politician waste space upon it? Because an instinctive foreboding warns him that these "apostles of anarchy" are but the outposts of a new force that will dispense with tongueTwokers. The heavy humour, partially quoted above, is mere whistling to keep up his courage.

The reference to "anarchists" reminds us of the Swansea Congress (1888 or thereabouts), when the late Mr. Broadhurst denounced the late Mr. Keir Hardie in very much the same terms. Yet, oddly enough, Mr. Broadhurst died before Mr. Keir Hardie. We remember that "Mr. Broadhurst crushed the Scotch interloper" (vide the local Press) just as this week the industrialists will be "crushed." Our late lamented friend, Mr. Keir Hardie, lived to fight another day. At that time he strenuously advocated the eight-hours day, and, despite Mr. Broadhurst's opposition, finally saw it carried at the Belfast Congress. In like manner, Mr. Snowden will live to see Congress recognise the fact that its true function is economic organisation. By that time, Mr. Snowden will either have sold out or he will be busy assurance the "Christian Commonwealth" that this was the policy that always lay nearest his heart.

More ominous was the advent of the "new unionism." The great dock strike marked a new era in the life of the Congress. Mr. John Burns ("there was a big party now?") and Mr. Tom Mann and Mr. Ben Tillett were its apostles. It did not readily "find acceptance," as the Quakers say, amongst the skilled trades, which then composed Congress. Its admission into the sacred circle was obstructed by the Snowden's of that day on sound technical grounds. The new unionism represented the "apostles of anarchy." (By the way, is it not rather odd that when a choleric old aristocrat or a Parliamentary Socialist want to denounce anybody, both use the same term of abuse—" anarchist ") This year the President of Congress is Mr. Will Thorne, the secretary of the Weekly Worker. The determinations in the early 'nineties prophesied that the admission of unskilled trades, without benefit funds, unpreented raw serfs, would mean the disruption of Congress. Eyes had they, but they saw not the omens.

The foundation of the I.L.P. in 1892 soon created a new situation in the internal affairs of Congress. At the Norwich meeting delegates wearing I.L.P. badges exceeded one hundred in number, and as a test of their strength, they nominated Mr. Tom Mann as secretary. An animated fight was the result. Mr. John Burns led the attack on "the apostles of anarchy" and they were "crushed" in due and approved form. Mr. Sam Woods was elected secretary and Mr. Tom Mann had to confine his invaluable services to the I.L.P. The late Mr. Keir Hardie, as a body, is committed to the I.L.P. policy. The Snowden's of the Norwich period, in their own way, tabled a resolution "to afford Congress an opportunity of giving its answer to those apostles of anarchy whom no experience can teach, who are going about," etc., etc. (vide supra). Yet had the Snowden's of 1892 been really successful where would be the little Snowdens of 1912.

The activities of the I.L.P. led to endless discussions in succeeding congresses as to the wisdom and propriety of trade unionism entering politics. The old-fashioned leaders of Congress doubted whether the I.L.P. had any kind of numerical following. They accordingly decided to clip the I.L.P. wings by transforming the system of voting. The old method of counting by delegates was abrogated and card voting according to the numerical strength of the unions was substituted. Another change was not adopted. Preveiously any member of a trade union could secure a delegation no matter what might be his present occupation. It was by this rule that Mr. Keir Hardie represented the Ayrshire miners. The new rule stipulated that only men were eligible who were paid officials of their trade and were public officials of their union. This rule excluded Mr. John Burns, Mr. Keir Hardie, and a few nondescript delegates of no significance. "Now," said the old gang of the Snowden type, "we shall have peace." Vain hope! The political dragon's teeth had been sown and there was an abundant crop. All over the Congress field sprang up Parliamentary words with such prolific growth that the true Congress rose bluster to life. The new rules finally empowered the elderly Snowdens, "we must shunt the politicians into a conference of their own, so that we may attend to our lawful concerns." So said, so done; the Labour Representation Committee was formed. Now," cried the particular Snowdens of that particular period, "we shall have peace." Vain hope! In a few short years they were in consternation lest they should be forgotten in the noise and clamour of the batthil they had brought to life. Very soon the batthil itself was throwing out hints that its beloved parent might advantageously be superannuated. The L.R.C. had become the Labour Party, whilst the rank and file became politically infatuated. It is an instance of the strange mutability of human nature. Had the Labour Party which the elderly and younger Snowdens were now united) shown any kind of political aptitude, it is just possible that Congress might have become a back number. Fate, however, can always safely reckon upon the congenital stupidity of the Snowden breed, and, in consequence, opinion is rapidly swinging back in allegiance to the parent body.

On the whole, it is better so. Congress, in its own way a primarily stand for economic organisation and the industrial struggle. It is true that it will endorse the Labour Party's programme, but that signifies little. Its chief—indeed, its only—function is the industrial regeneration of labour. Whether it will rise to its supreme mission is a question one must leave to an answer. But with the growing disillusionment of political effort and the increasing strain of industrial life, it is not unreasonable to anticipate a new conception followed by a new birth. If a new union life, it is only natural that the industrialist, in contradistinction to the politician, will play the leading part.

It is curious that the Snowdens (middle-aged type) are electing to fight on the issue of anarchism. Why not on Syndicalism? Can it be that Syndicalism is already so popular that a frontal attack is deemed unwise? But the "old gang" will be well-advised not to reckon upon Syndicalism as their final protagonist. Guild Socialism will certainly have much to say in the fullness of time. There are broadly three intellectual divisions in the new army: the Syndicalists, who exclude politics absolutely and realise no organised com-
munity outside their own economic fellowship; the industrial unionists, who agree with the Syndicalists as to the solution," but who have a reasoned objection to political action; and the Guild Socialists, who alone can give a philosophic basis to the army of revolt. But the real struggle is not yet. At the present Congress, as we have said, only the rumblings of the distant guns will be heard. Perhaps in a few years the industrial army will achieve philosophic harmony; it is certainly destined to supplant the politicians. Poor little Snowden and his tribe have already had their day and Heaven is their home.

On Home Rule.

By J. M. Kennedy.

When I revisited my fatherland a few weeks ago I went with two impressions—that the "resistance" in the North was greatly exaggerated, and that bloody riots in the East, West, and South of Ireland were inevitable if the Home Rule Bill were not passed. I came back to London with these impressions reversed. Ulster I found to be as grim, sincere, and determined as even the Unionist papers made her out to be; while in such representative Nationalist centres as are to be found in South, Wicklow, Cavan, Dublin, Limerick, and Galway I was struck more than anything else by the fact that the Irish are regarded with comparative indifference. There are, I willingly admit, numerous groups and societies of Nationalists to whom Home Rule is all-important; and throughout Ireland, all with a Parliament on College Green, Ireland would in a word, large numbers of Irish farmers wanted Home Rule for purely practical ends. Having achieved their end, they have no further use for Home Rule, which is now unwanted. It is desired, for purely selfish reasons, by the professional politicians and their supporters in the Press, who would simply be parasites, producing nothing, but weighing heavily on the farmer, who produces everything. But Home Rule is not a matter of indifference even in those circles where it was formerly called for with fierce energy, why should such bitterness against it be shown in Ulster? The answer to this question necessitates some more consideration of the religious part of the agitation; and this is an aspect of the Irish trouble which has never been adequately grasped in England.

Readers of Ranke's "History of the Popes"—to name what is still probably the most popular book on the subject—will remember his description of the struggle waged between the Reformers and the Vatican for more than a century and a half. Protestantism captured the North of Europe, Catholicism retained the South; and during a whole generation a struggle was kept up in the doubtful territory that lay between. This doubtful territory, on the whole, became Catholic. England, Scotland, Norway and Sweden, Denmark, North Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain and Portugal either rejoined or remained with Rome. The Catholics in the northern countries and the Protestants in the southern countries were so small in numbers, relatively, that for nearly a century it has been found possible to "tolerate" them. And in the northern countries the progress of rationalistic science has undermined religious faith. No one will say now that the British people are capable of exhibiting the same intensity of religious feeling as they did at the time of Elizabeth, at the time of Cromwell, at the time of James II, or even during the early Victorian period. In short, the present-day Englishman does not take his religion or his politics very seriously. In Ireland the case is altogether different. The Reformation, which has passed over all other European countries and has long been forgotten by them, is still a living force in Ireland. If the Protestant elements of the population were as few as they are in Italy, they could be neglected; and if the Catholic elements were as few as they are, say, in England, they could be equally neglected. But, unfortunately, the proportion of Protestants to Catholics is as I to 3. The Protestants are so numerous that they cannot be neglected, and they cannot be absorbed. On ordinary occasions we find both sects working together fairly well—as, for example, in the co-operative societies, though not, as a rule, on boards of guardians and similar public bodies. But intermarriage is extremely rare; and in scores of other ways the religious contrast becomes apparent.

To go to Ireland after a long residence abroad is like going back to the England of 1688. Religion has come to my amazement, still regards the souls of the others as "their own." The Protestants are so numerous that they cannot be neglected, and they cannot be absorbed. On ordinary occasions we find both sects working together fairly well—as, for example, in the co-operative societies, though not, as a rule, on boards of guardians and similar public bodies. But intermarriage is extremely rare; and in scores of other ways the religious contrast becomes apparent.

We cannot compare the feeling between Protestants and Catholics in England with the feeling between Churchmen and Dissenters in England. In the latter case the distinction is chiefly a class distinction—it is certainly a case of class distinction rather than of religious distinction. The Dissenters here, as in the United States, are a distinct class apart. But, in Ireland the distinction is a religious one, and is shown in the term "Protestant" and "anti-Home Ruler."
Now, the present system of Irish representation prevents an open rupture of a religious nature between the two strong religious elements. Both sides return members to Westminster, and any quarrels there may be are decided there in an atmosphere which, as compared with anything that might happen on College Green, can fairly be described as enlightened. However poor the tone of the House of Commons may be, judged from an intellectual standpoint, I do not think the members would listen with patience to arguments based solely on superstition; for the educational grievances of the Nonconformists were of a different nature. In Ireland, however, the people are not in the habit of taking these matters lightly; and, in discussing Irish affairs, English politicians must try to be of the opinion that the Irish are surrounded by a religious, not to say fanatical, atmosphere similar to that which prevailed at Geneva some three centuries ago.

It is often maintained by supporters of Home Rule, however, that the coming struggle in Ireland, in the event of the Bill being passed, will not be between Protestant and Catholic, but between Catholic layman and Catholic priest. It is pointed out that Catholic rationalists are far more numerous than the popular, or, might have followed Father Hugonin in France—and that the rising generation will not be browbeaten by the Church. This argument, whatever I may have thought of it before, seems to me now to be worthless. The “intellectuals” at the back of the Sinn Fein and the Republican organisation are not powerful enough to have much effect on the masses of the people. Let it also be acknowledged that, considered purely as intellectuals, they are not very powerful either. Whatever there may now remain of Irish art and folklore must be looked for among the people and not among the intellectuals. Fairies are passably interesting, but pseudo-scientific beliefs are looked for among the people and not among the intellectuals. Fairies are passably interesting, but pseudo-scientific beliefs are

Home Rule being now dead, except among the professional politicians, what problems will have to be faced in Ireland? They relate chiefly to agriculture and industry. The Farmers' Union has long been trying to point out for months past, are more important than politics. It was a good political action to let the small farmers and labourers buy their land, but it did not go far enough. The “gombeen man” still remained; and after Co-operative Societies inaugurated by Sir Horace Plunkett, and the coming struggle in Ireland, in the event of the Bill being passed, will not be between Protestant and Catholic, but between Catholic layman and Catholic priest. It is pointed out that Catholic rationalists are far more numerous than the popular, or rationalists, they are not very powerful either. Whatever there may now remain of Irish art and folklore must be looked for among the people and not among the intellectuals. Fairies are passably interesting, but pseudo-scientific beliefs are looked for among the people and not among the intellectuals. Fairies are passably interesting, but pseudo-scientific beliefs are looked for among the people and not among the intellectuals. Fairies are passably interesting, but pseudo-scientific beliefs are

I would conclude with a word on Mr. James Douglas's articles, Mr. Douglas being perhaps the only London journalist who has hitherto written on the Irish question with anything resembling sense. He wrote recently in the “Daily News,” earnestly suggesting that both parties in Ireland should find a “neutral sod.” I submit to Mr. Douglas that this “neutral sod” has already been found, and it may be looked for in the co-operative movement. Here both parties work together quite amicably. But Mr. Douglas, it seems to me, is too much preoccupied with the Home Rule Bill and not sufficiently with the people of Ireland. The Irish papers, of course, have scorned his views and suggestions; but the Irish people, who know nothing about his suggestions, have already acted on them. Mr. Douglas, as a journalist, wields a great deal of influence. Can he not get his own party to recognise the Home Rule Bill as a fact? He cannot, except by the politicians? I suggest that his own recognition of this fact would weigh with a Cabinet which can afford to neglect Nationalist votes and otherwise stands to gain little by proceeding with the measure. Let Mr. Douglas neglect the Irish Press, and this, that, and the other non-representative Nationalist body, and let him go straight among the people, as I have done. What he will learn, see, and hear will doubtless surprise him, as it surprised me. Incidentally, Mr. Douglas may learn what the people of Ireland think of the Insurance Act, and what they think of their so-called representatives for not having accepted the Cabinet's offer to waive the Act so far as Ireland was concerned. That negotiations to this end were really entered upon is known well enough, and the organisers of the co-operative movement have not tried to keep the fact a secret.

**DR. HOFFMAN'S RHEUMATIC POWDERS.** Each powder was found to contain chiefly acetylsalicilic acid and sugar. Some phenacetin, a little caffeine, and a little moisture were also present. Acetylsalicilic acid is also known by the trade names of aspirin, gran-u-lin, etc. Twelve powders are supplied in boxes at 1s.1/2d. and 2s. 9d. A 1/2 box was found to contain 12 powders. The estimated cost of the materials for 12 powders is 1d.
Making Insurgents.

Six months ago it was prophesied in this review that the officers of the British Merchant Service would display a very different temper towards the shipowners in August, 1912, from that shown during the Seamen's Strike of August, 1911. With uncanny precision that forecast has been verified, and the capitalist Press has had quite unusual difficulty in negating and diminishing the reports of a strike in London organised by a new and completely body calling themselves the Union of Masters and Mates. The silly old gibe about the insignificance of a name was never less relevant than in this case. In a former article I explained that most Masters are members of the Imperial Merchant Service Guild, and described the attitude of that body towards their foes-to-the-death, the Shipping Federation. They insist, with comic reiteration, on the status of their members as "Captains and Officers," their paid secretary has been provided with a court dress and attends the King's levee, his Majesty (himself an old sea-dog) has graciously accepted an embazoned copy of their Gazette, and their chief political support is from the generous industry of Lord Muskerry. All this, though it tickled the fancy and fed the pride of the many comfortable and well-to-do members, battered no parsnips, and, as we expected, it reduced bona-fide insurgents to a condition bordering on frenzy. It led, in fact, to the formation, some three months ago, of the Union of Masters and Mates. Here was a g gimmer of sense. Instead of using what current American slang calls "pipe-dream" language, these gentlemen's fellows called their venture a union, i.e., a trade union. The words "captains and officers" were dropped overboard. To be brutally frank, there are no such persons in the Mercantile Marine. Captain is a courtesy title like those used by the Salvation Army, and Lord is another. They have certificates of competency to masters and mates. If a master has an R.N.R. commission he is sometimes a commander, but generally a lieutenant. At every turn, however, the new union offended the gentry-class-consciousness of the Guild, but on the approach of troubles, to show that they were in no way desirous of handing a victory to the shipowners by breaking the defence in a fresh place, the Union of Masters and Mates offered to retire if the Guild would deal with the difficulty in a vigorous manner. Now the Guild's notion of vigorous measures is as follows. They write a long and courteous letter to Mr. Cuthbert Lawes and receive a polite note, and receive an apologetic and guarded evasion. They express a hope that the matter will receive consideration. Mr. Lawes' secretary then sends them a brief acknowledgment of their letter of the—th instant. There the matter rests. This is dignified, but of no use to the insurgents, so, the Guild declining to do anything so low as to strike, the new Union, vainly almost to folly, attacks one of the largest and most ruthless shipping companies and demands the reinstatement of their member, a chief mate, who has been dismissed for refusing to do docker's work during the dockers' strike. If the public were not so interested in the showy sport of the King (a fine old sea-dog), the shooting affray at Eastbourne, and similar trivialities, they might study the pathetic heroism of a handful of seafaring men, without organising experience, without a union, without a little British pluck, standing up to the ponderous gold-ballasted bulk of a great railroad and steamship combine. The result is foregone. They will be beaten, the Guild will say, exultingly, "I told you so," and the insurgents will stand aside to take breath and plan a fresh attack. Nevertheless, they have done a notable thing. They have broken with the bourgeois tradition of their class, they have flung away the gilt sword and grasped the broomsticks and the bright, that the capital that they will gradually rope in the plain, hard-fisted element who are growing indifferent to their secretary's acquaintance with Court functions. Over and over again Mr. Have- lock Wilson has invited them to co-operate with him in his attack upon the capitalists. But Mr. Wilson once a steward, he has never been either a "captain" or an "officer," and the very men who in their wind-bag days have starved before the mast, who have been glad to smear galley-slush on their biscuits for lack of butter, are too intelligent to learn trade union strategy from a man whose life-long study has been to beat the employer at his own game of skill. That obstacle is removed. We may venture another forecast and say that as no distance between ship and shore. Wilson will not knock at the door of the Masters and Mates in vain.

Another example of the wholesale manufacture of insurgents is the strike of apprentices during last week in Scotland. This, like most other matters of industrial importance, has received no attention by the Press. The result is that the public neither knows nor cares a damn. Apprentices are, of course, of no account; they are only boys. It is all the more necessary, therefore, that the readers of this review should be apprised of the state of affairs. The present discontents are only the flutterings which precede an explosion.

The reason given by these lads for their rash action is the Insurance Acts. That means enough death in these colleges by competent pens, but I may be permitted to point out that to deduct several pence from a weekly wage of seven or eight shillings when the contributor is an indentured apprentice, is legal and proper. And at the same time the pandemonium in the paying-off offices lately, where shipmasters have had to purchase and stick on some two hundred stamps, beside filling in the forms with dates, names, addresses, ratings, name, numbers and registration tonnage of ship, might doubt if a patient public could be further tried. But the irritation of the shipmasters is but a summer breeze beside the foam-fllecked fury of the young men in the Scottish yards. From fifteen to twenty thousand young men are in trade in Scotland, with a wage rising from six to twelve shillings. The reader of THE NEW AGE, be he barrister, doctor, architect, or what not, will observe at once, "Well, I got nothing at all in wages when I was learning my business," and that would be a sound reply to the old conditions—guild conditions—when the apprentice was taken as a pupil and a fee charged for his tuition. In the English engine-shop where I served there were three or four hundred men to some half-dozen apprentices. But in the North the word apprentice has no meaning. In one of the largest firms on the Clyde there are about fifty journeymen to three hundred and fifty apprentices. In a small shop well known to me there were thirty apprentices. Some of the latest and finest ships of the hotel-type have been practically built and engined by apprentices. Average wage, nine shillings.

Now it must not be imagined that this is a mere trade dispute, with no reference to the middle classes. These youths, though themselves wage-earners, are in many cases the sons of salary earners, bred at excellent schools, full of ambition to win through, and sent down here to the Clyde to work out their destinies. A strike on their part was another crack in the bourgeois tradition, and as such is to be welcomed. Like the Union of Masters and Mates, they are unorganised, and will be beaten. When this work is done, but their parents are in sympathy, to a certain extent, with the employers and Mr. Lloyd George. But like the Union of Masters and Mates, they will learn from their defeat, and return to the attack.

Glasgow.

(Chief Engineer) William McFee.

HOMOCZEA. Analysis showed the presence of eucalyptus oil in considerable proportion, very small quantities of oil of lemon and ammonia, with beeswax, and a soft fat which seemed to consist of lard and cocoanut oil in about equal parts. A 1/15 tin contained about 3 oz., and a 2½ oz. tin about 24 oz.
Problems of Sex.
By M. B. Oxen.
VI.

Much will have been gained when we can control our mind, but we must guard against the dangers which this carries with it. For unless we can also set up some true ideal to which mind will hold we may find ourselves worse off than before. The clue which alone can lead us out of the difficulties in which we now pay but little attention, and that of a very per- functory kind. It is the recognition of the idea of Truth. Not only in words, but also in our actions; not only in our imaginations of our forefathers are proving to have been mistaken attempts in the right direction, mistaken efforts which are seldom free to recognise the emotional side as we should do. But the sense of touch is by most people looked on as only childish. I remember an exhibition at which notices were placed about which ran, "Children learn by touch, adults by sight." This, no doubt, was a good way of keeping hands off, but to be true it should have said, "normal adults." If this ignorance of the use of touch is so great even in utili- tarian communities, clearly the emotion deeply connected with it will be very well extinct in man, though in animals it is very powerful. A good many women possess the sense of texture, and some men are limited by it in their choice of women. The reason why we can lead us through our difficulties is one to which we may find something which we really need, but these are looked on as hardly having any objective reality, and quite out of the reach of treatment except by "mental" methods. For the man who can be trusted to use these are, alas! much fewer than those who do employ them. But better times may be coming. Medicine, like the rest of our knowledge, is at present under the curse of intellect. Transcendental medicine in all its forms is regarded only as an ignorant delusion of our forefathers. But when so many of the foolish imaginations of our forefathers are proving to have been based on right fundamental conceptions, conceptions too big for formal mind to comprehend until they had been crystallised out in the course of time, it seems worth while to look at others, too, not with a preconceived certitude that they are wrong, but with an open mind. This many of the lessocksure are doing, and apparently with results which give promise of great things to come.

Modern medicine still looks at the outside of things, even if it uses a microscope to do so, though modern physics has gone far to follow, to some degree, the inner way. It decides what is wrong, and then how this ought to be put right again. Sometimes it happens on the right way of doing so, often it does not; very few, if we imagine which are given up as a bad job to start with, mental diseases and emotional disturbances in particular; and all the others where, though the treatment is successful, the patient dies. Eugenics is not to be blamed in so much as it is only extending this logical method of treating things which are not on the plane of logic. Its results may be good in the direction in which it happens to be looking, but there is considerable prob- ability that in other directions unforeseen and worse things will happen. With the rabbits of Australia as a warning it will have no excuse if it makes a mess of things. The idea of subverting all the rules of the universe in order to grow good radishes is no doubt, a very fine one, if the universe will agree to it. But it is quite unnecessary to try such heroic methods until we have at least taken the trouble to consider other means of producing the results we want, and as yet we have not done so. At best, too, the soul is left unconsidered.

It is fairly safe to prophesy that in ten years, or perhaps even sooner, transcendental medicine, of which homeopathy is the form that is now with us, will have changed places with the present methods, including serumtherapy, organotherapy and vaccines, which are mistaken attempts in the right direction, and that we will be pretty well extinct in man, though in animals it is still far less degraded towards and connected with sex than is, for example, music, which, when emotional and not only bodily, is very likely to be transmuted medically into music. But the social orderer and disorderer of the emotions which exists, and this, I think, more by means of its rhythm and timbre than by those aspects which are most generally considered. I believe that in ancient days certain modes were forbidden because of their psychological effects, just as a certain hautboy-like pipe was forbid- den for many years in Hungary. Dancing, too, is highly emotional, and also singing, and here again it is the rhythm which counts for much. In fact, sing- ing and dancing are probably, though not as now popularly used, the best sex-antidotes which we have.

Our object is to attempt to see the logical method of treating things which are not on the plane of logic, and connected with sex than is, for example, music, which, when emotional and not only bodily, is very likely to be transmuted medically into music, however, when rightly used, is probably the most potent orderer and disorderer of the emotions which exists, and this, I think, more by means of its rhythm and timbre than by those aspects which are most generally considered. I believe that in ancient days certain modes were forbidden because of their psychological effects, just as a certain hautboy-like pipe was forbidden for many years in Hungary. Dancing, too, is highly emotional, and also singing, and here again it is the rhythm which counts for much. In fact, sing-
understanding between men. We shall not then be so easily deceived by expert authorities. We shall not confound the issues so much, and shall no longer let a practical law-giver who is really only an administrator tell us what we ought to do, and this with so much understanding into our needs that more than half the people do not do it unless they are forced to. Public opinion will become a more real thing than it is now, though even now it is generally good and powerful. But I am afraid this is not going to happen all in a minute, and also that we have wandered somewhat from our subject; so we must now return to the sexual question of the present time.

A Book of Swells.

A Daniel Come to Judgment.

By T. H. S. Escott.

He first made his mark as an advocate in what, for those unsophisticated days, served as a cause célèbre. During the late 'sixties, as indeed throughout what remained of the nineteenth century, the law courts had not become the stage for screaming farce, smart tragedy, or sentimental comedy. Temple Bar had not been swept away from the Strand. Of the Royal Law Courts building not one stone had been placed upon another. Very distant, therefore, was the date at which our then youthful Hortensius was, partly by the good luck which waits upon merit, partly by his own cross-questioning cleverness, on that occasion first conspicuously displayed, found himself among the leading figures in an unimportant, but really quite interesting little judicial comedy. He now looked back upon the budding Church and State champion not so very long before he had entered himself at Lincoln's Inn with no other capital for starting on the road to success than what from his first-rate brains, his ready wit, his fluent tongue, and a small, as well as precocious allowance from his father, not always a well-to-do tradesman in the electro-plate line. That was the period at which the Inns of Court were chiefly recruited like the University, from the sons of well-connected squires of the lesser sort or country clergymen who held good living and had private incomes.

These sent their boys to one of those legal caravan-serais abutting on Chancery Lane, just as they had sent them before society school and the university at which they had themselves been. It was, in fact, the traditional way of rounding off a liberal, or at least a gentlemanly, education. Terms were kept by the simple process of asking questions; for examination, the high ornament of the Bar, in good practice, gave a few matriculated law students the run of his chambers that they might learn the routine of their profession and see how easy it all looked — only to find when they set up on their own account that they had learnt nothing, knew nothing, had no connection, and that consequently, unless they had been in their University eleven or eight, or, like the forensic aspirant in "H.M.S. Pinafore," were "making love to Nancy's elderly ugly daughter," no solicitor ever sent them a brief. On the other hand, beyond, from time to time, Disraeli's "ignoble melancholy arising from pecuniary embarrassment," they knew no more anxiety of any kind than when loafoing through one or two Greek and Latin authors for the Oxford or Cambridge pass schools. During their tutelary stage they came to chambers when they had nothing else to do, or stayed away, just as they pleased. The eminent jurisconsult, having established himself in Temple Bar, and conveying such invaluable number of dinners had been eaten, and so of terms kept, the wig and gown were assumed automatically, after no further preliminary than a call-supper. As it had been in the days of Pendennis, so it was during this period of the century, that comedy studies and forensic studies; these were not indeed completed without his having found opportunities for proving the stuff of which he was made by the Socratic process of question and answer to the satisfaction of pundits appointed by several societies and boards in order to test candidates' qualifications for the scholarships and other honours in their gift. Apart from the Civil Service Commissioners, and the old-established University Posers, there were, and are, all kinds of examinations about which persons trained on the old-fashioned lines never heard anything. The City Companies, the Lincoln's Inn, and the Temple benefactors retain quite an army of grave and learned men whose sole business it is to keep up the employment of the candidates for various emoluments and prizes are not dunes. In this way Theophilus Quickset, while learning his professional rudiments, had given as many formal proofs of industry and intelligence as are required from a Chinese mandarin before he can be presented with his red coat button. Next, by way of gaining the insight into State departments that he foresaw might some day come in handy, he took a writership in one of the public offices now flanking Whitehall. About the same time he doubled the parts of the Parliamentary reporter for a long since defunct Tory journal and took down of law cases for a purely professional print.

That journalistic experience helped him a good deal on his earliest legal appearance, as counsel for a newspaper proprietor of the smaller sort, when sued for work and service done by a scribbling barrister of about Quickset's own standing. The proprietor in question, a well-known figure in all the best sporting clubs, was bracketed with one of Benjamin Disraeli's youthful friends as the best whist player of his time. Out of his winnings he financed the little broadsheet which he had taken for payment of a bad debt. When, therefore, the case came on it was expected that the London town and some of their kind, impelled thither by a curiosity to know how old Bumbledore—so the gallant defendant was known—would look among those Fleet Street fellows. Quickset's examination of the plaintiff, a cleverly-planned series of questions which, with the answers to them, presented a most amusing picture of a newspaper office's inner life, and its points of contact with more or less well-known people during the period when such matters had a freshness and interest for the public, of which satiety has long since deprived them. More serious judges saw in Quickset's performance a rare power of lifting up common subjects to a higher plane. At any rate it was among those earlier efforts that made the young advocate's fortune.

Meanwhile, he was accumulating other credentials for future promotion to the high places of his trade. His laborious researches on the methods and the manufacture of foreign offenders furnished material for volumes that are still text-books. With the other branch of his profession, which makes or unmakes barristers' fortunes, he stood increasingly well. Messrs. Fifa, of Fifa and Mitford, art, and the pro tem, of Toria Street, Westminster, from their different points of view, were loud in his praise. Nor was he less highly esteemed by the select band of ecclesiastically-inspired legal dons, who wielded immense influence. Lord Tonnemad had just brought forward his Church Permissive Bill for enabling a locality to decide how many and what kind of places
of worship it would have, just as some people would have left to its discretion the number of public houses needed to satisfy the legitimate thirst of its inhabitants. The then Archbishop of Canterbury had, during his earlier days, been rector of a city parish in which lay the electro-plate establishment of Quickset’s father. That lanky tradesman had also been the future primate’s churchwarden at St. Goggle’s in the East. What more natural than that when the infant Theophilius appeared on the scene, the rector of St. Gogglie’s should not refuse a request to become the baby’s baptismal sponsor. But very good of their kind these discourses and orations were. The truth is, in all that he put his hand to, Quickset had shown, not only ability, but that still rarer attribute which, when genuine, never fails—favour. He modestly believed in himself; he believed enthusiastically in the nobility of the learned profession he had embraced, in the Reformation settlement of national religion, and in the union of State with Church. The archbishop and his friend, the Prime Minister, settled it between them that Quickset must be brought into Parliament. The last-named of these said he was in no hurry and blankly refused entering the House as anyone’s nominee or through any individual’s influence. The condition of time, of space, of mind, and character, would wait his turn. Sooner than was expected, the then Archbishop of Canterbury had, during his

T. STORGE MOORE.

LIQUFRUTA MEDICA. “the Great Consumption Cure,” contains glucose, 3.44 parts; cane sugar, 2.28 parts; mucilaginous matter, 2.05 parts; potassium bitartrate, 0.4 parts; tannin, extractive, and resin, together, 1.9 parts; with traces of oil of peppermint, oil of onion, or garlic, and of two alkaloids, neither of which gave the reactions of any of the ordinary medicinal alkaloids, in a 100 parts by measure of water. The price of a bottle containing 125 fluid ounces is 5/6.

RED CROSS PILLS. for Kidney and Bladder troubles, contain copaiba resin (24.3 per cent.), oil of copaiba, magnesia, liquorice, and starch.

TATCHO. A bottle of the non-oily variety containing 5 fluid ounces is sold at 2s. 6d. It was found to contain borax, glycerine, a little formaldehyde solution, a very little quinine, colouring matter, per- fume, alcohol, and water. The estimated cost of the ingredients for 5/6 fluid ounces is 3d.

EDWARDS’ HARLENE contains borax, solution of ammonia, glycerine, brown colouring matter, per- fume, alcohol, and water. The estimated cost of ingredients for six fluid ounces is 1d.

ZOTOS, “the infallible remedy against sea-sickness,” is sold in boxes of 12 capsules at 2/9 per box. Each capsule contains a pink powder which consists of chlorbutol, 20.0 per cent., and lactose, 75.0 per cent. Chlorbutol is better known under the trade name Chlorotone. The estimated cost of the ingredients for 12 capsules is 5d.

SARGOL, “the Flesh Producer.” A box, price 4/6, was found to contain 30 tablets; it is strongly recommended that a six weeks’ supply, equal to six 4/6 boxes, should be obtained, the price of this being 21/-.

HOLROYD’S GRAVEL PILLS contain soap, 40 per cent.; sodium carbonate, 20 per cent.; powdered rhubarb, 20 per cent.; oil of anise, 10 per cent.; syrup, 10 per cent.

CARTER’S LITTLE LIVER PILLS contain aloes, podophyllin, powdered liquorice root, and wheat starch.
It is characteristic of this decade that one's friends and acquaintance would rather have one defend a position at length than define it accurately in a work of art. It is part or a symptom of the prevailing method of thought which is in turn sprung from the methods of research used in the material sciences; used there with such splenic and so proficient to extend the borders of our knowledge. I mean the method of hit and miss. You try every combination of chemicals until you hit the right one, even to the sixth-hundredth of a second. And this method is pragmatical. It works in material science.

In the arts, in the abstract sciences, one would as lief trust to the modus of geometry or the exact progress of the dialectician, but the age is against it. It would rather define a gun as an explosion than be bothered with the words necessary to set forth the relation between them.

It will define art as a "passionate desire for accuracy" in one place, or it will, in another, apply a definition to a work which is equally without accuracy and science, and be in no way concerned with the accurate nature of definition in see.

"A passionate desire for accuracy" is certainly among the things which lead to the production of all great works of art; far be it from me to differ on any point save the nature of definition. But all this is aside my mark. I have been challenged on "America," on no particular issue, on America "great and grand, renowned from sea to sea," and the rest of it. It is not until I have been told that if I allow my mind to rest on the complexity of the subject, I shall get nowhere.

"America is simple." I am, in the course of about 10,000 words, trying to set forth the simplicity of America, in such fashion that not only will all foreigners understand implicitly America and its people—all its people; but I am expected simultaneously to bring my fatherland to self-consciousness, to cause America to see its face in the glass, to create a new Uncle Sam, clothed, I presume, in such garments as the late Graham Philips would have selected for his personal adornment. I am to endow this creature with the delicacy of Whistler, the financial ability of Morgan, the virtues of Abraham Lincoln, the precipitate and pre-eminently energetic. The merely discontented stop in England, the person who is content with his own thoughts, the person whom it is the fashion to call "sentimentalist," comes to us is a man with a belief in the future, especially his own future. He knows what he wants. He wants to be better off.

The other "idealist," the non-constructive idealist, the person who is content with his own thoughts, the person whom it is the fashion to call "sentimentalist," does not emigrate. I mean the person who has the finer feelings of home and love of locality, of place, of atmosphere, be he peasant or no. He may come as an act of heroism, but he returns to his land. He is almost negligible in our calculations. He has instinct; he is not "idealist," for this reason, namely, that no cliché, no catchword, no set of phrases will induce him to forget the narrow of life as he in his unanalysed heart knows it to be.

The "idealist" is gullible—gullible on all matters save that of dollars and cents. In this he has experience.

Nine out of every ten Americans have sold their souls for a quotation. They have wrapped themselves about a formula of words instead of about their own centres. They will judge nothing a priori. They will refer it to Emerson, or Mrs. Eddy, or whomsoever you will, but they will not a priori judge it for themselves. They will pretend to do so. They will hold to an opinion. But pin an American down on any fundamental issue you like, and you get—at his last gasp—a quotation.

This in no wise hinders them from being the most inventive people in the world. They know what they want. The next problem is how to get it. And the devising of means follows swiftly upon this. They waste no time in philosophising. The art of living is of no repute. Any intelligence which cannot express itself is apt to be afflicted, and that which cannot do something obviously to immediate advantage is despised.

They are, nevertheless, ready, good humouredly, to recognise a man as a "heavy-weight" if he is reported to be expert in some "line" sufficiently far removed from their own. Thus many men engaged in commerce, in insurance, in the skilful and finer crafts present to the arts an attitude of indifference which is to the artist comfortable and charming. They like him, let us say, and they pardon him his vagaries. No artist can ask more.

The contact between the artist and those with whom he must, in the disposal of his work, have contact is, however, so disgusting that I would rather leave it unmentioned. I have had my own of the experiences of others. Anything that I might say about this matter will be set down to personal feeling and be held of little account. I shall, nevertheless, in another paper, attempt to define the diseases of America under another root.

Lest anyone mistake my tone in the course of this rough criticism, let it stand at once that I believe in . . . no, that will require more space.

Still, I do believe in the imminence of an American Rilke-Rimbaud. Of "Liberty" beautifully proportioned, of "Liberty" without that hideous nightgown wherein Bartoldi has arrayed her. (To be continued.)
In a Japanese Theatre.

By Leopold Spero.

On that night when Theatre Street in Yokohama was a cross-roads of red bunting poles and yellow lanterns, the mist came down from the bay, and so bewitched the city that quaint folk went and came their ways like ghosts, and even chattered and laughed in whispers. I and Charles, my guide—Mr. Charles H. Takana-wichi, according to his printed cards—sat among the curios in Mister Higokura's shop, and passed each other the time o' day; we two warmed in overcoats, and Mister Higokura by his charcoal stove, while the two coolies with our 'rickshaws huddled and smoked on the stones outside.

Presently there was a sound of bells, and Harlequin ran past, all jingling, and was straightway lost in the hazy darkness. But not before through the open shop-front he had thrown the evening "shimbun" right into Mister Higokura's lap, who, no whit disconcerted by the suddenness of the delivery, calmly adjusted his spectacles and started reading.

He made some remark in Japanese, and Charlie translated for me.

"He says a good play at one theatre to-night."

"What time?" I asked.

"Now, if you like; and until when you like. We have long plays in Japan."

"Call the 'rickshaws,'" I said, "and give good night for me to Mister Higokura."

We said "Sayonara," climbed comfortably into the 'rickshaws, and pushed off through the.spaces between the men shouting "He, he," to make a way for us among the Alpine hats and German capes and wooden clogs click-clacking through narrow streets.

Past the Yosikawa and over the canal bridge we went, then into a lane by the river side of Benten-Dori; the breaths that panted out and took smoky shape in the cold night air. Past shops of tangerines and large red apples, shops of evil-smelling, decomposed fish, shops of Bummagem pots and pans, shops of cheap calendars and books from Osaka, shops of silks and gaily coloured fairings, shouldering out our way amongst wrinkled-theatre, stamping the cold out of half-frozen toes. The suddenness of the delivery, calmly adjusted his spectacles and started reading.

The lighting was sparse, but electric. At the stage, the gentleman throws her unceremoniously on to the ground, and when she clasps his knees, closing her eyes and mewing with half-closed mouth like a new-born kitten, he kicks her away.

Next a couple come across the bridge and on to the stage, a man and a girl. The girl's hands are tied behind her, and the man is driving her forward by twisting the dangling rope end into stiffness, as one twists the tail of a cow. The man appears to be the lady's father, and is in a shocking bad temper. The lady is so excited that her temper is beginning to fade, and to judge by the thickness of the powder on her face, and her elaborate coiffure, she should be a great beauty. Arrived across the bridge and in front of the stage, the gentleman throws the young woman on to the ground, and when she clasps his knees, closing her eyes and mewing with half-closed mouth like a new-born kitten, he kicks her away.

The trouble appears to centre round a proposed matrimonial arrangement, the virtue of which the lady does not quite see. She mews periodic appeals to her obdurate parent, ending them all with "kudasai," which means "please-do-though-I-hardly-expect-you-will." But his heart remains untouched. Soon the suitors stand before the lady; whereupon the father closes the scene with a beating.

Meanwhile somebody has killed the drunken priest. It is fatal to look away from the stage, even for a moment, if you wish to follow the plot of a Japanese play; because the most important things are apt to happen quietly and without their proper emphasis, according to Western notions of dramatic incident. Thus it is that,nearly seems to know, except the most attentive among the audience, why exactly the priest has been killed. The "property" infant invades the stage and carries off the unseemly wrecks of the combat, stopping the general noise.

By the lady; whereupon the father closes the scene with a beating.

The audience, now they know that the play is fairly started, are coming and going ceaselessly. At times you can scarcely hear the actors' voices for their chatter. Mister Konichi, squatted on his square of red carpet with O Mus'me San, looks contentedly about him. Every now and then O Mus'me San takes the pipe from her red-coral lips, lights it in the little fur-nace, and gives him a puff, holding it up to his mouth. He stares at her placidly through round spectacles, and turns away to flash white teeth at an acquaintance who has just entered. The disobedient daughter, miserable as ever, is whining about her trouble to the waitress. "The disobedient daughter is an annoying character. She pre-..."
tendant's attitude is one of nearly exasperated respect, but she is soon relieved by the entrance of a "samurai" with a child on his back.

Up to now the acting has been stiff and formal, very possible because of fixed traditions and rules. But directly the samurai sets down the white-robed child, and she starts speaking, she sends a thrill down my spine.

She is blind. Her eyes are half closed, and she stands with extended hands, feeling around her. But she feels with her voice also. It is wonderful. You can tell by her voice, by her hushed tones, heavy with the unutterable woe of one stricken and unable to articulate. It is an unspoken appeal against the brutality of fate in every word she says: when clinging to the samurai's shoulders, she asks him to set her down; when she asks to be warmed and fed; when she hears the disobedient daughter speak and turns her head in the direction of her voice, so that the sound shall strike full in her face. It is all a mute question to the cowardly gods—"Why have you done this thing to me? Why?"

Soon the samurai has to leave her, and he leaves her in the charge of the disobedient daughter. He is her guardian, evidently, or perhaps her father; and when he gently puts aside her clinging embrace, she seems to think that it is but another woe added to her portion. The dialogue is sustained until the two have passed out of sight, and the spectator is left to wonder, what is in the heart of the child, and what is in the heart of the unutterable woe of the woman who is feeling her way to the footlights and out among the audience along a wide strip of kerosene, and the curtain is drawn up and leaves them there.

They go on acting in the midst of the audience, these sorrowful two, the elder girl comforting the child in that querulous voice of hers. They keep moving all the time, and as they pass out the audience turns round by rows to watch them. The spectators in the squares leave them there.

It seems to me certain that if, say four hundred years hence, the world had in it no Salvation Army, the spiritual excellence of Booth's writing is seen to be only the burden of proving that the truth of God hath more power than Mahomet of the seventh century. The dialogue is sustained until the two have passed out of sight, and the spectator is left to wonder, what is in the heart of the child, and what is in the heart of the unutterable woe of the woman who is feeling her way to the footlights and out among the audience along a wide strip of kerosene, and the curtain is drawn up and leaves them there.

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Commissioner. Mrs. Roland Wilkins, who writes on "General Booth and the Land," gives two examples. The Army purchased land at Fort Ronnie, with the intention of restoring some city men to rural occupations. The land could only be made fertile by irrigation, and, as the Army did it in its own system of irrigation and the land suffered from a three years' drought, the first attempt at colonisation failed; and the Army lost several thousand pounds. Mrs. Wilkins generously regards the loss "as the price the Army had to pay for its experience"; but the excuse becomes a little tenuous when it is repeated in exculpation of the loss of £4,600 incurred in connection with Fort Amyt. In this case, Mrs. Wilkins concedes to some details; and one wonders what sort of financial gain it is that borrows money at a high rate of interest for the purchase of land and does not charge the colonists sufficient to recoup the outlay.

A Collection should now be taken.

His wonderful capacity for organisation, of which Commissioner Railton makes so much, is exemplified by some of the remarks made by Mr. W. H. Beveridge, Director of the Labour Exchanges, who writes on "The Social Work of the Salvation Army." The "Darkest England" scheme was materialised to a greater extent in the inception of the City Colony, the Farm Colony, and the Over-Sea Colony. The cheap food depôts, cheap shelters, and workshops were to be a network of receiving houses to catch all the outcast and set them in the way of some when it is repeated in exculpation of the loss of £4,600 incurred in connection with Fort Amyt. In this case, Mrs. Wilkins concedes to some details; and one wonders what sort of financial gain it is that borrows money at a high rate of interest for the purchase of land and does not charge the colonists sufficient to recoup the outlay.

A Collection should now be taken.

Of all the ludicrous failures of the Army directed by General Booth, perhaps the most ludicrous is this chronicle of its midnight work in Piccadilly. Three thousand seven hundred and six girls were spoken with in the streets, 2,214 interviews with girls at the Piccadilly quarters are recorded; and the total number sent to Salvation Army houses is 18. This complete reversal of the teaching of Christ's parable of the mustard-seed is of great national importance. The reputation of General Booth was not that of Christ. By their fruits ye shall know them," said the Christ whom Booth followed at such a distance; and as Commissioner Railton offers us no data in contradiction of those quoted, we can only regard General Booth as the greatest failure at salvation that even journalists have admired. It may be loyalty to the memory of a friend that has prompted this expression of confidence on the part of Commissioner Railton; but we can only call it Major Barbarism.

A. E. R.

"Daily Mail" Doctoring.*

By Geoffrey Houghton.

The worker would have been dead by now but for one fortunate fact. The "Daily Mail" cried: "Wells, forward!" and our B.S. novelist (B.S. does not mean "boy scout") in this connection, in spite of the prophetic phraseage in ""Na No More"" of 1896, came forward protesting that he only came to diagnose, and offered a few remedies. Diagnosis by prescription is usually denounced as empiricism; and as all the other consultants used the same method but other remedies, the last straw of the patient seems weaker than the first but for the fact that none of these men was licensed to dispense. Mr. Wells may convince readers of the "Daily Mail" that he has jumped into "our class" if only over a counter; but "our class" remains in possession of the power to do, while Mr. Wells is still protesting his ability to handle affairs. When Mr. Wells does really belong to "our class" he will find himself so busy dispensing quick remedies and cheap cures that he will have time neither for diagnosis nor prescription.

It is, of course, matter of common knowledge that this inquiry had no theoretical or practical result. The reason is equally obvious: it was never intended to have a result. The limits of the discussion were never defined: the disputants were under no obligation to notice or to answer each other; and the result is not unlike that reached every Sunday afternoon in Hyde Park, where all the speakers speak at once on different subjects, and retire flushed with the consciousness of their Pyrrhic victory over the parts of speech. Mr. Wells, for example, after insufficiently demonstrating that the "Labour Unrest" is a "matter of mental states" and is, ex hypothesi, not different except in degree of energy and intelligence from every uprising of the people, concludes by pointing out "that nearly all the social forces of our time seem to be in conspiracy to bring about the disappearance of a labour class as such and the rearrangement of our work and industry upon a new basis." In other words, when a horse kicks over the traces it is a sign that all the social forces are conspiring to introduce motor traction.

On the point of actual fact, Mr. Wells is wrong. There is not a shadow of a sign of the disappearance of a "labour class as such" : the growing class-consciousness of the workers forbids it. From a psychological point of view the recent phenomena only mean that the distinctive character of the working-class will be emphasised, and will thus become more easily subjected to special treatment. Instead of a labour class disappearing, we have too specific and too small demands met by specific legislation, establishing the status of the wage-earner by law and enforcing it by custom. The status will be privileged only in this sense, that all the rights appertaining to it will be held by others, and all the duties will be performed by the wage-earner. The Insurance Act is a good example of the legal definition of a labour class; all manual workers and all other workers for wages below the income tax limit are thereby compelled to make provision for their own maintenance during sickness. The first duty is defined, and duty will define "a labour class as such"; and the acceptance of the Act by the working-classes is the most complete refutation of Mr. Wells' diagnosis of the action of the social forces of our time.

Perhaps the most extraordinary example of this fallacious reasoning of Mr. Wells occurs in his first contribution to this debate. He states, but does not prove, that the worker is becoming distrustful of Parliament and the governing classes; and his argument addressed to the governing classes, is that "heroism and a generous devotion to the common good are the only effective answer to distrust." Of course he is wrong, even according to the premises he postulates; for, if heroism, etc., were to be developed by the governing classes, the distrustful mind of the work-
ing-class would misinterpret their motives. The psychological truth is this: facts are facts, but their meaning and relation are determined by the state of mind of the perceiver. But Mr. Wells is unable to quote one instance of this position, etc., that is his opinion. Mr. Wells would probably be promoted to the position of advertiser of his cure if he could only suggest that a National Conference—"Our class" as his—should be held; and that fact is the measure of Mr. Wells' effectiveness as a reformer.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES contain powdered cubeb (about 6 per cent.), extract of liquorice in small quantity, gum, and sugar (about 70 per cent.)
triller. In the "small travels," Mr. Reynolds returns again to his photographic delineation of people; and we feel that if "the sea hath its pearls," Mr. Reynolds is simply thrusting grains of sand within the shell of that succulent bivalve, the reading public. Sooner or later Mr. Reynolds will have to be told to make up his mind to sociology or history. As long as we do not pay him and if we tell him now, it is because we do not want matters to go beyond cure. He makes his fishermen like fishermen, and an artist would make men of them. The poor wight he attempts to dramatise his incidents, as in "Benjie and the Bogey Man." It is a case of the do justice to the protagonist. His fishermen are real, damnably real, but the world in which they move is a world of shadows and maleficent beings; and that method approaches nearer to melodrama than anything else. "That's how 'tis, I tell thee, and thee can't make it no 'tis-er."

**Sport and Pastimes in Australia.** By Gordon Inglis. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

Avoiding the style of the mere handbook, Mr. Inglis has managed to write an interesting account of sports in Australia, and yet to convey a considerable amount of information. Horse-racing, of course, comes first; and the different race-courses are described, and the conditions and value of their principal prizes. Fishing, shooting, golf, cricket, lawn tennis, football, rowing, swimming, motoring, and cycling have each a chapter allotted to them, in which is given details of administration and history, together with records. The volume is plentifully illustrated, and forms a good general guide to Australian sport.

**Some Observations on Primitive Dancing.** By Marcelle Azra Hacks.

Or quite another nature to the dances wherein inspiration is sought are the pantomimic, which show a still further progress in mental and emotional evolution. The "corroborees" of the Australians, for instance, are much in the nature of plays, wherein are given dramatic representations of the habits and movements of animals, or of hunting, fighting, love-making, and all the important incidents of daily life. The corroborees are usually held at night when tribes meet. But, so much is the dance a spontaneous and habitual means of expression and value of its principal scenes, that any scene is eagerly taken as a subject for pantomimic display. The actions of civilised men sometimes suggest new dances; when the natives beheld for the first time the capture of whales by whites they promptly celebrate the occurrence at a corroboree called together specially for the occasion. The most striking and characteristic features of the incident were reduced to rhythmical form, and having made an effigy of the whale, they danced around it, driving their spears into the figure, and with apelike ability give a pantomimic display of the scene which they had witnessed. In these corroborees there is frequently a leader of the dance, who, by a kind of feature, gives the movements of the others; this would prove that the dances, in appearance wild and unregulated, are in reality organised and danced according to some plan, however rough and primitive.

The Tasmanians have also numerous dances, some relating to war, others to animals, courtship, or a religious belief, as that held at full moon in the forest. In this the men wander about the trees inside a magic circle with white gloves on their shoulders, looking intently for something or somebody lost. They carry a firestick, which a pantomimic performance of the ways of the animal's head while feeding. Is it this sense of kinship which also teaches the Congo natives to emulate in their dances the habits of the gorilla and its movements of attack and defence? But here the resemblance is painfully striking, and at dusk, in a dark forest, it might be difficult—nay, almost impossible—to distinguish the man from his ancestor! So far, the less developed forms of primitive dancing have already been described, which are bested by their wonderful emotional qualities, their suggestiveness and complexity, remind one of the Greek pantomimic dances so vividly described by Athenaeus or Lucian. In his ethnological studies, Les Primitifs, Elie Reclus tells us of some extraordinary dances among certain hyperboreans, the "Inoits." Like the Australians, these curious and intelligent little people usually dance when two friendly tribes meet. Their costumes are gay and odd; the men, dressed only from the waist downwards, wear a diadem, ornamented with large feathers, which gracefully fall on their shoulders; the tails of wolves and foxes hang down their backs; their gloves are artistically embroidered, and their high boots are decorated fur. The women wear a clinging garment of white deer-skin, very similar to the tights of a ballerina, and over this a tunic of the most fairy-like material, brilliant and light, transparent and silver-streaked. Coloured glass and bright embroidery lend additional brilliancy to the sparkling costumes of these primitive coquettes. In their hair they wear white ribbons, with mother-of-pearl ornaments of antelope horns, white-deer-skin gloves, with fur around the wrist. They carry a long and waving eagle or swan feather, as graceful and bending as themselves. Their dance resembles a minuet; the rhythm is very precise, the music grave and measured, slow and timelessly unbroken, but full of grace; the women glide and slide, the while their feathers ripple and wave. A chorus of elders gravely accompany the proceeding, playing on their tambourines. The "dancing" is a sort of dance of spirits, however, is a kind of ballet called the "Happy Hunter," and danced by two skilled dancers only. The scene is laid in a forest, and a hunter lies in ambush and spies a bird, who, unconscious of his presence, hops about, drinks and bathes in a brooklet, shakes its feathers, and disports itself after the manner of a beautiful and idle creature. But the hunter leaves his hiding-place and approaches stealthily, intent on capturing the pretty bird, who, on seeing him, attempts to fly away. An arrow hisses by and hits the bird, who flies here and there helplessly, and at last, completely overcome and no longer able to fly, drops into a thicket. Here a struggle ensues; the bird, with its broken wing, defends itself as best it can; it perches and dives at the hunter and exhausts and spent out, it falls almost lifeless into his hands, and its feather cloak slips off, and lo! the astonished and delighted hunter holds no longer a bird, but a beautiful woman, who smiles and opens her arms to him!

It would be difficult to find a more poetical version of the world-famous tale of Eros. Here the god of Love is strong and young, cruel and gentle, vanquisher and vanquished at the same time, and by some instinctive subtlety these primitive people have been able to symbolise Eros in his various and contradictory moods—he and his prey. And so deep in man's
nature is the instinct which prompted this poem, so universal the feeling which is here symbolised, that the
men are the Maroons. The Mandans, who depend on the buffaloes for their food, have a dance which they perform when the hunt has been unsuccessful. They, too, firmly believe that this alone is the means of attaining their desires, and one till a herd of buffaloes comes in sight on the prairie. Each one wears a mask made of a buffalo's head and horns, with the tail hanging down behind, and they all set to dance "buffalo." Ten or fifteen masked dancers form a ring and chant and yell, drum and rattle. When one is tired he goes through the pantomime of being shot with bow and arrow, skinned and cut up, and his place is at once taken by another who has been waiting, with his buffalo head, in anticipation of such an emergency. And so it goes on day and night, sometimes for three weeks, till their persevering efforts are rewarded by the appearance of a herd of buffaloes! All the North American Indians are particularly addicted to dancing, and they believe that this is the only way in which they can attain the means of obtaining what they desire, but they are taught that it is a divine art, designed by Ha-wen-nyu for their pleasure, as well as for his worship. Their dances are extremely interesting, the position of the feet while dancing being radically different from that generally in usage. Thus, instead of dancing on the toe of the foot, or on the flat, they dance chiefly on the heel, the perfection of their art being to attain great quickness and force in raising and stamping the foot, thereby making resounding noise by the impact, and at the same time shaking their knee-rattles, which add greatly to the noise and effect of the dance. The two chief dances of the Iroquois Indians are the War Dance and the Feather Dance, both performed in war time, by a select band ranging from fifteen to twenty-five men, all noted for their powers of endurance, activity and spirit. When enlisting for a perilous expedition, when going to or returning from war, the War Dance is performed. It is the dance at the ceremony of raising up Sachems, at the adoption of a captive, at the enter-
painment of a guest, and it is the first dance taught to the young before their various modes of violent passions, the War Dance is consequently not graceful, but it is extremely complex and shows a remarkable degree of emotional development. In a group of dancers, and at the same instant, a warrior may see in an attitude of attack, another of defence; one in the act of drawing the bow, another of striking with the war club; some throwing the tomahawk, some listen-
ing or watching for an opportunity, and others striking the foe. And their dazzling costumes, which show their splendidly developed figures to such advantage, their unhampered movements, their suppleness of limb, as they leap and bound with the ease of young fawns, combined with the wild music, the deafening rattle, is a scene well calculated to reach the hearts of the people, to set their hearts on fire, and on inspire them with the courage and bravery for which the Iroquois are con-
spicuous. Their Feather Dance is of a religious character and its much quietness, while that of the War Dance of the Dead is a curious and weird performance in which the women only take part. The accompa-
niment is entirely vocal, and of the most plaintive and mournful kind; they commence dancing at dusk and continue till daybreak. In the shades of the night, we were believed to be present and participate in the dance, are supposed to disappear, their faint and visionary figures being dispelled by the first warm rays of the sun. This deep sense of dread, which is the melancholy so characteristic of the Red race at large. It is

as though they had anticipated in their dance the dead the sad fate awaiting them, and had mourned, through many a dark night, in company with the spirits of their departed heroes, the day when their race would be bound by the yoke of slavery and misery.

In truth, throughout the earth, wherever man exists, either in a primitive or semi-barbaric state, the dance occupies a prominent place in his life and is the means of controlling the destinies of individuals and tribes. Australians, Tasmanians, New Zealanders, Fijians, Tahitians, New Caledonians, Javanese, Indians, all dance when they are happy and when they are sad. They have their national dances, far more sacred and dear to them than any national art is to us. The DANCE among uncivilised people is a strong bond of union, as the great national games of Greece were, in a more developed stage, a bond of unity to the Greeks. The religious and govern-
mental character of the dances gives them an importance which no art can claim to have in civilised countries; their emotional character, dealing as they do with the most vital phenomena of life, gives them a deep significance. They are man's crude attempt at symbolising, through an artistic medium, the emotional crisis which all human creatures—even the most civilised—are bound to go through in the course of their life. And, therefore, in spite of their gaucherie, their naivety, and their puerility, we ought to be able to have a sympathetic comprehension of these manifesta-
tions of feelings which lie far deeper than social systems and earthly conventions. After inventions, in their various forms, are more or less the same in all mankind; in them, if in no other thing, we find the link which binds the savage to the cultured European.

And inasmuch as the dance of savages is a true and spontaneous expression of the emotions, and is almost invariably remains with them expressive dance-
ing, it can claim to be an art which, from a purely artistic standpoint, is immeasurably superior to that mechanical and inexpressive substitute for it which we see to-day in our great centres of civilisation.

The End.

Rodin.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

There is very little that can be admired and extolled by the present age without thereby being compromised. On that account alone, however, we ought not necessarily to condemn every modern celebrity. Even a stupid age can make a mistake and Rodin can claim that he is Modernity's error he is saved. Personally, I do not believe that he is at all desirous of establishing this point. Sometimes he will laugh when reading a press cutting which is too fulsome in its praise. He has also had his dignity savagely affronted; for example, one day when he was practically unknown and when the atelier in the Rue des Fournaux was all he could afford; but I was never able to discover any anxiety on his part concerning the grave suspiciousness of his great popularity.

"Nous sommes les avant-derniers; après nous il fera nuit!" I have heard him express his contempt of his age in these words, especially when he was speaking to an intimate friend like the sculptor Bourdelle; but, on the other hand, he is so very punctilious in attending to the host of letters which he receives every morning from admirers all over the world, that I have often wondered whether perhaps he himself does not take Modernity more seriously than his table-talk would lead one to suppose. In one sense, however, his claim that he is an avant-dernier is a very substantial one for Rodin has been the most conscientious man I have ever met. This thorough bohemian, who does not mind being surprised by a guest even in his dressing-gown and slippers, is the most serious stickler for detail, the most annoying champion of red tape, the most in-

* Rodin. By Mariel Ciolkowska. (Methuen and Co.

25. 6d. net.)
encounter. And in this he is the true son of his father—the meticulous clerk of the Paris Prefecture of Police. He would have made a splendid scholar, a sound scientist, a reliable and persevering investigator; and these virtues contributed greatly to his value as an innovator and renovator in the technique of his art.

Now in all this it is truly an "avant-dernier"; for if there is one quality more than another which in this age of pleasure for pleasure's sake, and power for power's sake, is steadily declining, it is that conscientiousness of the workman or craftsman who is ready to put his life, no better way of saying it, into his work.

I have seen Rodin dismiss an assistant again and again with the words, "Étudiez celà encore un peu!"—not a hint of what was wrong, not an indication of how to put it right, simply: "Study the thing a little longer!" It might have been a hand, a leg, a baby's head—no matter! Rodin spoke as a workman who knew what arduous tasks he had once imposed upon himself.

Again in his distrust of so-called "inspired moments" he reveals the almost austere honesty of his scientific nature. Often he used to say to me—every time to my surprise—that he would never work in an inspired mood. He believed most strongly in the exalted mood, the heaving breast, the fiery eye, and the quivering nostril of the inspired artist, accomplishing his creation as if some higher power were whispering into his ear, directing his hand and stimulating his eye. Yet whether we should take this attitude on his part as a condemnation of inspired work in general, or merely of Auguste Rodin's inspired work, is a question the answering of which might lead to very interesting results. In any case, the fact that he holds it as sufficient proof of the uprightness of his scientific nature, and on this very account I have often wondered how any man or body of men could ever have doubted his sincerity. For no better way of confounding those who accused him of humbug and fraud, at the dawn of his fame, could possibly have been conceived than to bring his accusers into personal contact with him. Then they would have discovered what I believe to be a fact—that is to say, that insincerity on a grand scale, the insincerity which is often supposed to the cautious mass of mankind to be the main-spring of great innovators and pioneers in all departments of life, is very much more rare than the world imagines.

With regard to Rodin's work, from "L'homme au Nez Cassé," to "Le Penseur," in many ways it has been both liked and disliked, admired and despised, owing to a profound misunderstanding. And this misunderstanding is the more strange seeing that Rodin is by no means a silent man. He is silent neither in public nor in private. His figures fill and steal the room in which they stand and move about, and there was nothing to show that they were at home. Wherever she endeavours to discuss aesthetic and moral questions, Madame Ciolkowska is sure of her ground. But, fortunately, she does not rationalise.
A BALLADE OF SENSITIVE VISION.

This old earth teems with beauties. With a grain Of the aesthetic in us we can stun The world with revelations. I maintain That there is beauty in a penny bun If, like an Alpine outwire, it is done As well as possible. Yet there are sights Ugly as some are beautiful. Take one—I cannot bear to see a girl in tights. All men have their aversions. Some complain Of their exalted suits, with fake sores or none, Are not so picturesque as those of Span. They are more ridiculous than the swarthv H. More funds urgently required.

No income desires latter in exchange for former. Multi-

Glass (East) Window Partial Endowment Fund gratefully

to give trouble to England. Sir Edward Grey on Monday

publish a forecast yesterday. The trouble in Snarabia has

been sniall from the outset, but of dimensions large enough

to which they came to-day, and of which we intended to

evening communicated with the British Ambassador in

And gulp the anthems down at breakneck speed,

I

The summer sun, with unrelenting heat,

I heard the congregation's weary wail

Upon the preacher, who, with peevish rant,

Prayers to his Maker with

I heard God's servant wheezily intone

Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, they gaze

Till, lulled to slumber by their bleating praise

Then thro' the open door a patch of green

Refreshed my drooping eye.

They sit agape, except some callow churl

I met Mr. Borden this morning at his request to form his

Impeccable gentleman

The Hon. Sec. of the Ootacamund Parish Church Stained-

OF SENSITIVE VISION.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

PERSONAL.

Impeccable gentleman (41) of rich Oxford accent but of

no income desires latter in exchange for former. Multitudinous references in mutual confidence given and taken, odds on.

The Hon. Sec. of the Ootacamund Parish Church Stained-

An addition to the "times" is the "HAIR.

Sir,—My agent writes me that my estate in Wiltshire (seven square miles in extent) has lately received a visit from Mr. Lloyd George's Myrmidons for the purpose of valuing the livestock with a view, undeniably, to more spoliative legislation in the near future. In three adjoining fields, it appears, hedgehogs were discovered, browsing on the drooped heath-leaves. Would it be credited that the aforesaid myrmidons proceeded to require a register of these animals, together with a return of their use in industry and the profits made thereon? My agent sensibly replied that my purpose in reporting the national animal and, I may say so, public-spirited, as "Pacifus" has so ably shown, we never know from one century to another how soon Mr. Lloyd George will impoverish the country. Hedgehogs are a diet of gipsies! Veril sap. Gives sum.

SOCIALISM AND VESTMENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES."

Sir,—I see it stated in your report of Mr. Ben Tillett's speech that that worthy agitator gave it as his ignorant opinion that the only sacred vestments were the vestments of the poor. We shall not trouble the "Times" with a repetition of his degraded language, but I will merely remark that our Lord pointed Mr. Ben Tillett to the lilies of the field as examples of vestured beauty. Yet they never asked for a missionary wage for a preposterous and dwindling amount of work. The fact is that the administration of religion with the poor is all to the bad and Mr. Ben Tillett, little as he may learn it in this life, will learn it better hereafter.

H. HENLEY HENSON.

MR. H. G. WELLS ON MARRIAGE.

Sirs.—Your able dramatic critic has done me another injustice (I'm the personal recipient of injustice) by his reference to my views on the sanctity of marriage as an interdict to all youthful work. I have not only described his as a misrepresentation but the mere which he, or any other member of our glass may find himself at variance, it is only that I am more critical in what I write and that it applies every word your critic sizable, but albeit the word is wrong.

Yours obediently,

H. G. WELLS.

THE LAND CAMPAIGN AND A DYING INDUSTRY.

JOINING FIELDS, IT APPEARS, HEDGEHOGS WERE

DISCOVERED BROWSING ON THE DROPPED

STILTS, AND WE ARE ALL, MORE OR LESS, LANDES SHEPHERDS. EX LIBRIS ANNO DOMINI DEI GRATIA.

UNDOUBTEDLY, TO MORE SPOLIATIVE LEGISLA-

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

LABOUR EMANIPATION.

Sir,—I gather from a recent issue of THE NEW AGE that your own remedy for the distresses of the people is: ".ResponseEntity by a General Strike." Mr. Kerr's hope is in the class of men who R. J. Campbell is one, and a type. In another matter, there we enter the region of "ifs" and his "ifs" are difficult to swallow.

Although the National Insurance Act is without question a great industrial captain and who poxes as a philanthropist, the rich have not the decency to save money out of preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ. But how many of the clergy of any denomination will either Jesus Christ preached and what they very rarely even preach. John Wesley said if he left more than £1 a week, and I believe boasts of it. But no family can live decently on that income.

What has been the irrevocable practice of the employers, Christian so-called and non-Christian, for the last 100 years? It has been to give as little as possible, regardless of decency and, I think, every moral consideration — and get as much as possible. Take a case. The M's were eminently typical case.

For example, the wages of workpeople. Get all the co-operation and determined endeavour of those who think the teaching of their Lord, the betterment of the poor people as a subject upon which they should give no attention.

Therefore, since you have the power as a subject upon which they should give no attention, you may with the utmost severity sweep away. There is an old saying: Beware the fury of a patient man. The patience, forbearance, law-abidingness of the Englishman is admirable and lovable indeed, but as you suggest or delicately hint, it is sublime closely bordering on the ridiculous. It was once said: Let the assassins be put to death, public opinion is dead. Let the rich get on with their work and justly and kindly by their poor underlings. Yet people do not down my towers, That are so lightly, beautifully built. Perhaps I may return with others when I have purged my guilt.

PETITION AGAINST THE INSURANCE ACT.

Sir,—May I draw the attention of your readers to the Petition now being prepared for presentation to the King against the Insurance Act? The terms of the Petition are as follows:

To the King's Most Excellent Majesty. We, the undersigned loyal and faithful subjects of Your Majesty, venture to appeal to Your Majesty for assistance in a matter which grievously affects us and in which none but Your Majesty can give us redress.

We approach Your Majesty on the following grounds:—

I. That the National Insurance Act, 1911, a measure affecting the life of your people more than any other we recent years, was never laid before the people as a subject upon which they should give no attention.

II. That although the National Insurance Act is without doubt open to the very great majority of those affected by it, and although these were in no way consulted before it was made law, yet their representations to their own Members of Parliament, incorporated in one case in a protest of over a million signatures, have received no attention.

III. That this Act is an encroachment upon the liberties of your subjects and materially affects their freedom. It divides them into two classes in such a way as to set the one against the other. Under the name of contribution it imposes a heavy poll-tax upon your poorer subjects which many of them are not able to bear, and places upon the shoulders of the poor the odious task of collecting the same by a method opposed not only to the principles of the Truck Acts and other statutes securing the rights of your subjects, but also to the spirit of our Constitution, which is one of popular sovereignty. It is a fraud to submit that large sums of our money are being extravagantly spent upon unnecessary officials and the complicated machinery created to administer the Act.

And Your Petitioners as in duty bound will ever pray, etc.

I understand that sheets for the collection of signatures may be had on application to the Petition Secretary, Insurance Tax Resisters' Defence Association, 9, South Molton Street, London, W.

F. M. STAPLES.

CO-OPERATION AND TRADE UNIONS.

Sir,—So long as your contributor confined himself to an analysis of the tariff, the difficulties with him, I was through unwillingly, but practical proposals to end it are another matter. There we enter the region of "ifs," and his "ifs" are difficult to swallow.

Your contributor says the "co-operative Wholesale Society should be the natural ally of the unions during a crisis." Their aims may be the same, but the rich are not deceived. They may be paid for. If the C.W.S. were disposed to be the ally of the unions, why then they would be! But oh, that big it is! The C.W.S. is a capitalist concern, run for profits like any limited company, whose very existence is bound up with the wage system. It ought to see its interest lies in helping the unions to destroy the
wage system—it does not; it is too small-souled and mean-minded. The majority of co-operators are capitalists—on however small a scale—who side with the employers against the employed, even if they employed in a co-operative society, and I find my fellow-workers rejoicing when a strike fails, and bitter generally against trade unions. I know of no one in my employment who has any interest of his own in the success of a strike.

As a matter of fact, the co-operative movement is simply Bello's Servile State on a small scale—everyone contented with his servitude because his small interest in his society. It has all the machinery of a collectivist servile State at its disposal to crush rebellion. For example, should there be a strike at a co-op shop, the work of that shop is distributed over the others all over the country until the men arestarved into submission.

It is one of the co-op. fictions that there is a universal 48-hour week worked without pay, except very temporarily. Speeding-up is the rule, and every worker has as slave-drivers all his superiors, whose interest it is to screw the last ounce of work out of him. Under an ordinary employer there are one or two slave-drivers; under co-operation there are dozens.

The co-operative movement is represented in Press and on platform by idealists enamoured of its theories; it is carried out in practice by petty capitalists who screw as much as possible out of their employees and fellow-shareholders. It is as bad—indeed, in some respects worse—than the wage system out of which it grew, whose attitude it naturally takes and whose methods it inevitably reflects. And it is the "natural ally of the unions!!"

* * *

THE SPIRIT OF LABOUR.

SIR,—Mr. Kerr's letter raises doubts as to whether Labour can emancipate herself. "The Transition from the Wage System towards the co-operative method. Query: Will the Class of Rent, Profit, and Interest allow us to organise on such an analysis. Perhaps one quarter of the I.L.P. is given a weekly outlay difficulty has arisen. To buy out their investments. (a) To pay and give us the benefit of the light shed on it by his remark-

But he did not trouble to translate it into any language that the Press published article? and speeches on the recent 'Labour Unrest.' The "Daily Mail" and the Labour Press sometimes publishes the "Labour Review" sometimes publishes a criticism on the part of the organised. We want is not, primarily, more organisation, but more spirit. If the organisation does not represent the spirit of the employed, the employed, and Rent, Profit, and Interest can rejoice at its funereal speeches.

There are many wage-slaves who, like myself, have neither the opportunity or the ability to analyse the present social order with the skill of the writer of "Notes of the Week," and yet have the sense to recognise the value of such an analysis. Perhaps one quarter of the I.L.P. is in this boat. Many of these cannot afford a weekly outlay of threepence. Hence they never see THE NEW AGE and have to rely on the "Labour Misleader" and similar organs. These have the spirit to form a living industrial organism, but it is so far dormant. The "Daily Mail" and the Labour Press published articles and speeches on the recent "Labour Unrest." The "Socialist" (The Review), the Progressists in pamphlet form its editorials. Why does THE NEW AGE publish in cheap—i.e., penny—pamphlet form a selection of "Notes of the Week"?

It is just this which is now wanted if Labour is to make its declaration of independence. Labour has the spirit, but education—i.e., the child's apprenticeship to slavery—and the Press have sent to sleep.

DISCONTENDED I. L. PEER.

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GUILD-SOCIALISM.

SIR,—In considering your theory a difficulty has arisen. It concerns the actual transition to Guild-Socialism. What is to be done with the capitalists and shareholders? There seem to be three courses:

(a) To buy out their investments.
(b) To buy out some of their investments and to con-

(Co-operators' Confiscation.)

(a) Complete purchase can be effected either by—

(i) Cash payment;

(ii) Exchange

(1) is obviously impossible.
(2) is equally impossible. What could be given in ex-

cussing the whole phenomenon or ex hypothesi barred. So, I suppose, is land. So is everything else.

(c) Co-operators' Confiscation.

(i) Complete confiscation. (a) Purchase can be effected either by—

(i) Cash payment;

(ii) Exchange

The "New A."

No, I hope he will make the infinitesimal effort required in order to show it; but in the meantime I confess myself sceptical. Whether or not the excess of females is a symp-

(a) To buy out their investments.
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Discontented I. L. Peer.

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Confiscation is possible, but the results would be ruinous. Recovery from the reputation acquired would be very difficult and tedious. Foreign traders would send nothing here unless they were prepaid. This would hamper commerce terribly, and would be regarded in other countries as similar to repudiation of the national debt, and such action would destroy credit.

(b) is worse in a lesser degree. But here another point arises. If shareholders are partly bought out, what are they to do with the purchase money? They cannot spend it all, and investment is forbidden, for private control of business and interest on capital are the enemies of Guild-Socialism. Obviously the employers of his whole system would be useless and tantamount to confiscation. On this showing it would seem that the present owners of businesses and capital would have to suffer confiscation. This would stop foreign trade.

We intend to deal with these and many other cognate problems in a second series of articles on the constructive aspect of Guild-Socialism—E. N. A."

* * *

"NEW AGE" CRITICISM.

SIR,—No carving spirit of criticism moves me to make a few observations on your brilliant "Week" in the last issue. The writer of these "Notes" has indeed the faculty of raising all discussion to a plane where any such spirit would be incapable of working out. For my part, I have followed him week by week and seemed to see a new social philosophy in the making, evolved with extraordinary lucidity upon an incomprehensible hypothesis by one of the acutest intellects that is finding expression at the present time. In dealing with the problem of capital and labour, he has destroyed and constructed with equal audacity, and has met with no serious opposition, scarcely even with a logical difficulty. Now, nothing daunted, he attacks the infinitely more complex problem of the organisation of those organisations, that are the logical solution but some form of polygamy? And what changes, if there are any, are permanent, especially in its modern development, adapting itself to such a solution? And even if it did, what reason is there to suppose that an association well-being would be served thereby? Will the writer of the "Notes of the Week" face this problem boldly from the point of view of the woman and the State and give us the benefits of the light shed on it by his remarkable powers of logical deduction?

Now to turn for a moment to an utterly different topic. What a pity it is that you have no one on your staff with an ear for lyric poetry; vide your "Present-Day Criticism" oracle on Middleton this week. Really this critic, except a quarter of the I.L.P. is for the benefit of the light shed on it by his remark-

He may analyse the poem from which this is taken line, difficulty has arisen. To buy out their investments. (a) To pay and give us the benefit of the light shed on it by his remark-

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Discontented I. L. Peer.
EADE'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS. Analysis showed each of these pills to contain Barbadoes aloes, extract of colchicum, powdered colchicum corn, treacle, gum and dextrin. The pills are supplied in bottles of 18 pills at 1/½, and 60 pills at 2/9. The estimated cost of materials for 18 pills is 3d.; for 60 pills, 2½d.

CHAMELEON OIL. A 1/½ bottle which was examined contained three fluid ounces, and a 2/9 bottle ½ fluid ounces. The liquid in the two bottles differed in composition; it consisted of an oily and an aqueous layer, these being in the ratio of 1 to 1.66 in the one case, and 1 to 2 in the other. The oily layer proved to be a mixture of oils of turpentine, camphor, mustard, spearmint, pimento, and cassia (or cinnamon). The aqueous layer contained some alcohol, free ammonia in considerable quantity, and certain resins. Assuming the resins to be of the nature indicated in their book, the B.M.A. estimated the cost of the ingredients for three fluid ounces to be 3 1-rod. pence, if rectified spirit were used, and about 2½d. if non-mineralised methylated spirit were used.

LEVASCO: "The Great Indian Gout and Rheumatic Cure." This wonderful preparation is the discovery of a Hindu doctor in the Himalayan Mountains." A 1/½ bottle was found to hold rather less than one fluid ounce. Analysis showed the presence of oleo-resin of capsicum, oils of rosemary and lavender, camphor, alcohol, and what appeared to be a trace of soap. Estimated cost of ingredients, 3d., if methylated spirit were used; about 2½d. if made with rectified spirit.

ANTINEURASTHIN, referred to in the advertisements as "this marvellous twentieth-century brain and nerve food discovery," is put forward as a specific for the cure of neurasthenia. A 4/6 box was found to contain 24 tablets, having an average weight of 30½ grains each. The usual dose advised is 3-4 tablets a day between meals. On analysis each tablet consisted of dry yolk of egg, dry white of egg, dry separated milk, gum, potato starch, moisture, a trace of vanilla, and what appeared to be a trace of soap. Estimated cost of ingredients, 1½d., if methylated spirit were used; about 2½d. if made with rectified spirit.

TINEURASTHIN, referred to in the advertisements as "this marvellous twentieth-century brain and nerve food discovery," is put forward as a specific for the cure of neurasthenia. A 4/6 box was found to contain 24 tablets, having an average weight of 30½ grains each. The usual dose advised is 3-4 tablets a day between meals. On analysis each tablet consisted of dry yolk of egg, dry white of egg, dry separated milk, gum, potato starch, moisture, a trace of vanilla, and what appeared to be a trace of soap. Estimated cost of ingredients, 1½d., if methylated spirit were used; about 2½d. if made with rectified spirit.


All lame people should send for particulars of Patent Silent, Non-Slipping Pads for Crutches, Pin-Legs, and Walking-sticks. Inventor 1 user. Splendid testimonials. Address: N. A. Glover, 4, Broadway Road, Cootham-end, Hanley, Manchester.

A Fair Price Given for Old Gold, Silver, and Platinum, Old Coins, Silver Plate, Silverware, Silver Hallmarked Ornaments, etc., AND ALL KINDS OF FOREIGN MONEY Exchanged by Maurice Rosewag, 15 Lime Street, Liverpool.


Occultism.—Books on Higher Occultism lent free. Inquiries answered through the post—Vegetarian, Waterloo Hotel, Wellington College.

"Unitarianism an Affirmative Faith." "The Unitarian's Justification." (John Page Hoppin), "Invisible Punishments" (Stroud, Broken), "Atoneement" (Page Hoppin), given post free.—Miss Baker, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

REMAINDER BOOKS.

September Catalogue of Publishers' Reminders

NOW READY, GRATIS AND POST FREE.

WM. GLAISHER, Ltd., 265, High Holborn, London, and at 14, George Street, Croydon.

"The Most Perfect Form of Cocoa."—Guy's Hospital Gazette.

Fry's Pure Cocoa.

Appointed manufacturers to H.M. the King, H.M. the Queen, H.M. Queen Alexandra.

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The Home Restaurant

31, Friday Street, ... E.C.

(Between Canning Street and Queen Victoria Street)

Sensible Meals for Brainy Men.

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THE NEW AGE

September 5, 1912.

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Even if you cannot get a sun-bath in Cheapside you can get a simple-life, pure-food, non-flesh luncheon at the Home Restaurant—a luncheon balanced in food-value, appealing to eye and palate, attractively served in tasteful surroundings. Come, see, taste, enjoy and give thanks—at the cash desk.