NOTES OF THE WEEK

Except for the Chairman, Mr. Thorne, who, with the minimum effort of intelligence, has procured the maximum amount of praise for his presidential speech, nobody, absolutely nobody, appears to be satisfied with the results of the Trade Union Congress at Newport. We ourselves expected, as a matter of course, to come away unsatisfied; the time for our ideas is not quite yet. But ourselves expected, as a matter of course, to come away unsatisfied, the time for our ideas is not quite yet. But whereas, to these several of the Trade Union leaders themselves—and not merely the young and rising, but the old and falling—the dissatisfaction then appears to be alarmingly general. What can the cause be? The "Pall Mall Gazette"? No, we can surely dismiss as a biased observer. It is not to the "Pall Mall Gazette" that we can go confidently for truth. Nevertheless, the "Pall Mall Gazette" pronounced the Congress at Newport to have been stupid, futile and umnally—and not, be it noted, because the Congress had been unpatriotic or revolutionary, but because it had shown neither of these qualities. Strange, is it not, that a Unionist and capitalist journal should sneer at the Labour Congress for its effeminacy, and for the weakness of its attack upon capitalism? Strange, yes; but natural, equally yes. The fact is, as we fancy we have said before, the capitalists themselves would prefer the proletariat enemy they need not despise. Every good fighter would.

But allowing this to be romance, whence comes it that Mr. Snowden and Mr. Barnes are dissatisfied with what the "DAILY HERALD" heroically called the "great" Congress? Both are undoubtedly dissatisfied and both have published their dissatisfaction, the one in the "Christian Commonwealth" (what a caricature title to give to a journal!), and the other in the "Daily Herald." In the "DAILY HERALD" Mr. Snowden (now recuperating in Switzerland) expresses himself in such terms as these: "Frankly, I don't like the look of things... Labour will get just as much as, and no more than, it can command." And in the "Christian Commonwealth," Mr. Snowden complains that "the debaters at the Congress have done very little to clear the air." Why, so they have; but who are Mr. Barnes and Mr. Snowden to complain? The main thing for which these leaders stand, namely, opposition to new ideas, was handsomely supported at the Congress by a majority which we should not name last week and will not name this.
shown marked signs of returning to the system of Status. In a few more years, if nothing revolutionary occurs to prevent it, a fixed and legal status will again be imposed on one class of this country, and the Landed Feudal System will have been transformed into the Capitalist Feudal System with an infinite loss to civilisation. This, however, will involve merely the loss of liberty, a trifle that Englishmen talk more about and do less for than any nation in Europe. But at the last ten years, the loss of liberty is no less material than spiritual: for while status is declining, both the exertion of the wage earner in industry is increasing and the real wages he receives are falling. We put it to those who now work in our fields, factories, and workshops that, for common experience, their labour is more intense, more onerous, more exhausting than it has ever been before; and the speeding up is still going on. But nobody with any practical knowledge will venture to deny it. And, on the other hand, for all this intensification of labour, real wages are, nevertheless, going down. From the annual Report of the Co-operative Wholesale Society, published last week, it appears that the purchasing power of the pound has fallen since 1908 to 17% less. And it is still falling.

When we criticise the present plans and methods of the Labour movement, therefore, we are not writing without our book. Nor is it a book that only a few may read. The book in which the failure of the Labour movement has been opened for every worker in this country to read and in such language as every worker can understand. By the misuse of terms such as evolution and tactics and political consciousness and progress, Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues may, if they choose, attempt by jugglery to convince the world that the condition of wage earners is improving, but every wage earner who compares his labour and resources today with his labour and resources of five or ten years ago knows that the progress is in words only. What is the sense in pretending that this verbal progress is real when reality gives the lie to it every day of the week? It is not the malevolence of the critics of the Labour movement that refuses to give the Labour Party the credit which it claims as its due. It is the malevolence of actual facts and statistics. Nothing, indeed, that we could say in criticism of the Labour Party can approach in severity the figures published by the Cooperative Society. If these figures do not convince them that their political efforts have been worse than useless, it is certain that our words cannot. Nevertheless, it is our duty to continue adding words to facts while we retain the power to do so.

An uneasy consciousness that political action has proved no remedy is probably the cause of the dissatisfaction with the Trade Union Congress which, we have seen, has been expressed by Mr. Snowden and Mr. Barnes. But the demonstration of the futility of political action must, we fear, be made more much more complete before it penetrates the minds of these aspiring leaders and their group of promising pupils. To convince them that the Labour movement made a tremendous mistake in entering politics at all, and must, in order to recover strength, leave politics, is likely to prove a difficult task. Yet these statements are true now and will become more clearly true as events continue developing during the coming years. We say unhesitatingly that the worst enemies at the present moment of the Labour movement are not the capitalists; they are indeed unfriendly; but they are the leaders who, in the face of the political wrecks of the last ten years, are hounding the Labour movement to mere politics. Yet we suppose that it is with some theory in their mind that these leaders continue to pin their faith to political action. What can that theory be? For the last ten years, we have sat and let have it examined. We are told obscurely by these mealy-mouthed politicians that what they have in mind is the creation of a Labour Party in Parliament strong enough to form a Government and from that position of authority to revolutionise our economic system. On this object, therefore, the whole of the strength of the Labour movement should be concentrated. But what, when one considers it, is really in this hypothesis; on what assumed facts does it rest? It assumes, first of all, that the political domination of Labour is possible at the same time that the economic subordination of Labour is actual. It assumes, again, that under any conceivable circumstances the working classes cannot be more readily made to see the unity of their political interests than the unity of their economic interests. It assumes that this particular method is really a short cut as well as a constitutional cut to a revolution by a process of gradual reform. In this purpose, it assumes that political reform of this kind is practical and statesmanlike, while economic revolution by industrial means is impracticable and visionary. Now every one of these assumptions rests, we will not say upon shadowy fancies only, which may or may not turn out to be facts, but upon obvious and demonstrable untruths. In sober reality, the whole political theory, in so far as we have stated it accurately, has no foundation in truth whatever. There is not a scintilla of evidence either from theory or from fact that any political action alone or even by political action mainly the Labour movement of this or any other country can, either in a short or in a long time, raise the status of its members, as a class economically, politically, spiritually, civilly or in any way whatever. We challenge, indeed, the whole hypothesis on which the claim of the political Labour Party to exist at all rests; and we declare that so far from forwarding the interests of the economic Labour movement, it is both a drag on it and a traitor to it.

How often we have begged our readers to make a perspective of the actual economic configuration of our national society. Casting the mind's eye over the economic map, we see our population of twenty million adults ranged mainly into two classes, the class of the employers of labour and the class of the employed. The relations between these two classes are such that at any moment the employers have it in their power within wide limits to determine not merely the nature of the employment of the workers, but employment itself. Under no circumstances are they compelled to employ anybody or to employ anybody in one direction or under one set of circumstances rather than in another direction or under another set of circumstances. It is the same with that among themselves, by courtesy or by policy, employers can raise or lower their standards of employment; but the impulse to make these changes does not come, and is not likely to come, if Parliament can do is to prescribe for all employers what already the bulk of the employers have prescribed for themselves. It cannot anticipate and enforce on employers prescriptions which are contrary to the imagined interests of this class; for, so surely as it does say, the employers would either resist or they would refuse to continue employment under those terms, or they would defeat the intention of the prescriptions by deliberately misinterpreting the spirit while keeping to the letter. All these things they do at any time that Parliament attempts to legislate in advance of their own inclinations. Now what has the Labour Party to say to that? Let us suppose—that it is a preposterous assumption—that the Labour Party could obtain a working Parliamentary majority and then it might substitute the direction of raising wages, reducing the hours of labour, instituting pensions, holidays and so on—what would the employers do? Long enough, of course, before the employers have time to correct the worst effects, they would have done enough to make this situation impossible; or, at least, harmless. For every anticipated attack upon their Rent, Interest and Profits they would have armed themselves by reducing their labour necessities by the well-known methods of economy—the substitution of machinery and the more efficient exploitation of the human labour still necessarily employed. In other words, long before the great decision was forced by a Labour Government upon them the employers would
have thrown upon the charity of the State millions of the workers now employed by them. And what in justice is there to prevent them doing so? The State cannot compel employers to employ more men than they need, or to employ men for a profit which in their opinion does not repay their trouble. At any moment, therefore, the employers can, as it were, go on strike against the State; they can refuse to employ more than a minimum of men; and, at the same time, they have the right to stick to their land and capital. Unless when this condition of things arises the Labour Party is prepared to confiscate their land and capital, the employers can lock out the manufacturing industry altogether. And it is precisely this confiscation that the Labour Party hopes by political action to avoid! The conclusion to be drawn from this is the obvious one that an assembly of mice can no more bell the race of cats by resolution than a single mouse can bell a single cat. A Parliament of Labour, while the economic system of to-day prevails, is in the position of an assembly of mice. It can order the cat-capitalists to be belled, it can even prescribe bells for cats in general, but it cannot put them on.

But all this is on the supposition that a Labour majority in Parliament while the present economic system prevails. On the contrary, however, not only is a majority not possible, but even a respectable minority can be obtained only by means which ensure its moral as well as political innocuousness. To begin with, there is the reason that the capitalists in our towns and villages command lives can command, when they choose to do so, votes as well. A man is not going to vote against his own immediate bread and butter, though he may fight to retain it when its existence is directly threatened by a reduction of wages. On the other hand, an employer who can change the register of voters at will by dismissals and removals will not in the long run be content even to be cut out or voted against by his slaves. Only, therefore, with Labour members as he chooses can be certain of being returned to Parliament once; and twice against his will is unthinkable. Again, it is demonstrable that the working classes have a sounder instinct for the real nature of politics in refusing to organise politically as wage earners than their leaders have in urging them to do so. It is true that, as things are, economic interests are represented in Parliament, and, from this point of view, labourers represent themselves. But even as such it is impossible for them to represent other interests as well. So long as economic interests are perpetually against such a basis of representation, no less is the case of Labour than in the case of the larded, the legal, and the financial interests as well. The theory of Parliament practice may be that citizens are represented by citizens, but interests by delegates. To admit, indeed, that interests as such are legitimately represented in Parliament is definitely up. 'The Labour Party will never have done anything, or next to nothing, to change for the better (or worse) the economic conditions of employment; political action admittedly has done nothing, or next to nothing, to change for the better (or worse) the economic conditions of employment; but the economic action of trade unions operating in their own sphere has done all that has been done, and its neglect accounts for all the loss that has so far been experienced. But the reason that less has been done than might have been done is to be found in two causes: the economic movement of wage earners has hitherto had no single common objective; and, in consequence, it has hitherto had no single consistent and common method. In objective, as the Newport Convention demonstrated even to Mr. Snowden, the trade unionists speak with as many voices as there are unions. One union fancies that all Labour troubles have their source in long hours, another ascribes them to the cheapening of the wage earner's standard of living. But the political action of delegates may be that citizens are represented by citizens, but interests by delegates. To admit, indeed, that interests as such are legitimately represented in Parliament is definitely up. 'The Labour Party will never have done anything, or next to nothing, to change for the better (or worse) the economic conditions of employment; but the economic action of trade unions operating in their own sphere has done all that has been done, and its neglect accounts for all the loss that has so far been experienced. But the reason that less has been done than might have been done is to be found in two causes: the economic movement of wage earners has hitherto had no single common objective; and, in consequence, it has hitherto had no single consistent and common method. In objective, as the Newport Convention demonstrated even to Mr. Snowden, the trade unionists speak with as many voices as there are unions. One union fancies that all Labour troubles have their source in long hours, another ascribes them to the cheapening of the wage earner's standard of living. But the political action of delegates may be that citizens are represented by citizens, but interests by delegates.
Current Cant.

"We are at last on the brink of another period of same, clean, and patriotic government."—"Daily Express."

"Winston Churchill is proceeding at an energetic pace along the road of reform."—"Daily Express."

"These changes will enable the First Sea Lord to devote his whole time to the vast problems of war, which are more than sufficient for any one brain."—"Daily Mail."

"Meanwhile, the words of Canada's first statesman ought to ring in our ears, reminding us of what we are in the eyes of the world."—"Daily Telegraph."

"We may leave to the Socialist wreckers the barren task of picking holes, of finding fault, snarling and sneering and jeering and gibing, etc. . . ."—Winston Churchill.

"No living statesman surpasses Mr. Churchill in the art of illuminating a political situation. On Home Rule and on insurance he spoke with a fine courage and with accents that rang like a trumpet."—"Daily Chronicle."

"Social conditions ashore have been vastly ameliorated—wages have risen."—"Daily Express."

"The cathedrals have a peculiar position in the modern world. They give the best away and ask for nothing."—Canon Barnett.

"New Australia, as this Socialist Utopia was called, collapsed from extravagance, indolence and heathenism, providing the world with an object lesson of the hopeless futility of Socialism."—"Daily Express."

"The only guarantee for genuine democratic progress in this country is the absence of antagonism between Liberalism and Labour."—"Daily Chronicle."

"The luncheon tables in the Ladies' Stand were well filled; grouse pie figured on every menu; this is quite a standing dish of the rich. Just before racing commenced the news arrived of the sudden death of the Dowager Lady Rossmore. . . . The paddock was well filled after the luncheon hour."—"Daily Mail."

"In any well-ordered community those classes who do so much by the work of their hands to build up the prosperity of the country should share in the general advance of wealth. And this is what does generally happen."—"Morning Post."

"I think the present theatrical outlook is very promising, barring one thing: there are too many risqué shows."—George Edwards.

"The Insurance Act is a courageous application in the legislative domain of 'Bear ye one another's burdens.'"—"Daily Chronicle."

"My idea of a society paper is a paper written by people in society who are making the history of their day."—C. E. Jerningham, Editor of "Vanity Fair."

"The British Tommy has learned that soldiering is a trade that calls for the very best that is in a man. He has acquired self-respect."—"Daily Express."

"A man who refuses to fight for his country ought to have no say in the management of its affairs."—"Morning Post."

"Mr. Bernard Shaw is hurrying towards a deeper and more confident vitality."—F. J. Gould in the "Literary Guide."

"It was not the scientist who did harm to religion, it was the Socialist."—Father Widdowson.

"The growth of Socialism is blamed for the closing of two old-established Methodist churches in Blackburn on account of financial difficulties."—"Daily Express."

CURRENT CRIME.

"Telephone Operator.—Young Lady required. 5½ line board. Must be proficient. West-End. Live out. Hours eight to six. Wages 11s."—"Daily Telegraph" advt.

Current Sense.

"The solidarity of labour is a simple and beautiful doctrine."—"Morning Post."

"The Insurance Act is a conservative force."—"The Nation."

"God is the great adventurer."—Canon Simpson.

"The payment of money releases a man from anything and everything for which he has pledged his honour."—"Daily Express."

"The workingmen are more prone to introduce the religious question than business people."—The "Telegraph."

"It is quite evident that the insurance companies are making a profit out of the Insurance Act."—"Morning Post."

"The employer who thinks that the labour unrest is the work of paid agitators can hardly expect his opinions on social problems to be taken seriously."—"News and Leader."

"I see no reason against the intellectual emancipation of women, but before thinking of such things they should emancipate themselves from the trammels of fashion."—Father Gaffrey.

"Mr. Will Thorne is not a deep and curious student of politics and life."—"Saturday Review."

"Mrs. Fawcett's friends the Labour Members were responsible for the hostile majority of fourteen votes because seventeen of them were absent from the division."—Annie Kenny.

"Freedom is not primarily concerned with politics."—Holbrook Jackson.

"The housing of the poor is a question which goes to the root of our national existence."—"News and Leader."

"The process of taxing the really idle rich is capable of infinite variation."—"Daily Express."

"If a theatrical management can afford to spend thousands of pounds upon a production with the idea of making money, they should be prevented from using human flesh and blood as a part of their speculation."—George Barrett.

"It is an age of luxury; and it becomes increasingly difficult to get the simplest dish that is fit to eat."—"Evening News."

"As is so often the case, this highly moral play, 'Everywoman,' uses very immoral weapons to drive the moral home."—The "Standard."

"Degeneracy is being nurtured by science."—"Daily Express."

"I would rather see the frank exploitation of the depravity of New York than the insincere exploitation of what passes for 'conscience' in England."—R. A. Scott-James in "T. P.'s Weekly."

"Think of the millions of human beings who are doomed to grief and pain, and then say if they would not have been far happier as apes pelting each other with coconuts."—George R. Sims.

"I have often been told,' said the horse, 'Of man's intellectual force, a thing, if correct, I should never suspect From the people I meet on the course.'"—"Scribner's Magazine."

"I am a better hand at making a bet than writing a book."—Lord Rosemore.

THE HUMAN RACE.

Lifeless Material ........................................... 1
Semi-lifeless Material ...................................... 2
Live Matter .................................................... 3

Adam and Eve also ran. —"London Mail."
Turkey and Italy have been practically suspended. The only troublesome spots are Bulgaria, Macedonia, and Albania. The Bulgarians, incensed by the treatment their country has been meeting with at the hands of the Turks, would like nothing better than a short, sharp campaign; but the Government has thus far been able to hold them in check. This is an even better thing for Bulgaria than the Bulgarians themselves are aware of; for King Ferdinand's army, which two or three years ago was in first-class condition, is not now nearly so efficient.

Although Bulgaria is not cursed with capitalists to any great extent, I wish to refer once more to the capitalistic features of the international situation. I take it that readers of The New Age object as strongly as I do to the influence of capitalism anywhere, but especially in those cases where international honour and the lives of men are concerned. Morocco is a case in point. It cannot be denied that the French people were as much interested in Morocco as the future; but, as a matter of fact, the Government has thus far been able to keep the Frenchmen in the background, and even to prevent the French from landing any men, nor is it even certain that the French will make an effort to have a sphere of influence in Morocco. On the contrary, I believe that the French Government is now turning its attention to Egypt, to which it has already sent a great number of men, and to which it is likely to send more in the near future.

Is the story of financial interference ended here? By no means. We already know how the intrigues of American financiers secured the revolt of Panama from Columbia, the cession of a strip of territory to the United States, and the consequent alleged control of the Panama Canal by the United States. We know now—or, if the fact has not yet been stated publicly, let me now state it—that American dollars engineered the revolution in Panama against President Diaz. We know that there is another insurrectionary movement at present proceeding in Mexico against Senor Madero, and that a mutiny in the "Northern Army" is feared. Let us waive for the moment the application of the word "army" to bands of ill-drilled and ill-disciplined filibusters. We know that American financiers, not satisfied with President Taft's declarations that he does not wish to soil his office by an unnecessary war, are once more arranging a revolt in Mexico. We know that the Bank of Rome has been asked to loan Chihuahua money for the purpose of paying the salaries of a body of American soldiers. We know that American dollars are being used to pay the salaries of a body of American soldiers in Mexico. We know that the American Government is willing to pay Mr. Roosevelt's expenses on the condition that he shall make no objection to American intervention and the annexation of Mexico if he is elected.

Italy, on the other hand, is not the victim of financiers to the extent commonly supposed. There was an ardent national desire for, or, if you will, the Tripoli expedition could never have been undertaken. Frenchmen might not have insisted on France's going to Morocco if Germany could have been diplomatically defeated. It was, I believe, the case of the British with that very object: and this country, strange to say, was of the Powers that helped to bring this pressure. But this is a matter upon which Sir Ernest Cassel can perhaps speak with more authority than I can.

Of finance in China I have already spoken; but this week there is no harm in drawing attention to the new phase of the loan negotiations. It may be recollected that the so-called Six-Power group wanted to force a loan of £50,000,000 on the Pekin Government, the members of which respect fully but very firmly declined it. The next thing we knew was that the Chinese Ambassador in London had signed a contract with a sound London banking firm for a loan of £10,000,000, but nearly as possible the precise amount which China wished to borrow—and that this loan was repudiated by the Chinese Government. Why this should have been the case was not known until it was known that "pressure" had been brought "to bear" on Pekin with that very object; and this country, strange to say, was one of the Powers that helped to bring this pressure. But this is a matter upon which Sir Ernest Cassel can perhaps speak with more authority than I can.
The Bee in the Dundee Bonnet.

We have all of us met the man who, sane upon everything else, is incurably insane upon one particular thing. What is true of the individual is also true of a nation. The particular form of English national insanity is its reverential belief in politics as a cure for social evils. The average Englishman, hating something or another, proclaims that it must be "put down." He immediately writes to his Member of Parliament, moves a resolution at a meeting of the local Conservative or Liberal Association, and generally sets the political machinery in motion. Whether he aims at putting down or setting up, that is, whether his purpose is negative or positive, precisely the same ritual is adopted. "We must have an Act of Parliament," he says, and that once accomplished, he thinks that all will be well. If the last state is worse than the first, if failure succeeds failure, no matter! He remains the slave of his political obsession. The odd thing about this political dementia is that its professional doctors are its worst victims. We are lost in wonderment at the sublime faith shown in the curative capacity of Parliament by those that are nearest the rose. The Labour Party, for example, who are supposed to know most about sweating and poverty and underpayment, who have been actually bred and trained in the hardest conceivable economic circumstances, having witnessed the impotence or, at least, the futility of political measures to bring easement to their clients, still as pathetically cling to Parliament as an anxious mother to soothing syrup. The Insurance Act, the Eight Hours Day, the legal Minimum Wage—"give us these," cry the Labour members, "and we shall lead you into the realms of the blest." If this madness were but an innocent foible, we might ourselves join in it, in the same spirit that we would play a game of cricket or billiards. The essence of the game is that the player shall put his back into it and play it to the utmost limit of his capacity. The "slacker" at football is apt to be at a loose end in the more serious affairs of life. But what can be more tragic than to believe that the game is really life itself? The professional footballer or cricketer takes his fee and proudly leaves the field satisfied that he has done his whole duty. And so it is with the politician. He plays the game, joins in the intrigues, associates with his congenial coteries, votes often, pouches his fee, and goes home very tired, but thoroughly convinced that he has done the State some service. The pity of it is that he has actually injured the community, not only because of his own wasted efforts, but also because he has distracted men's minds from those serious and urgent economic problems that lie at the root of our national existence.

It now looks as though the maddest hatter of them all is Mr. Winston Churchill. His speech last week to the Dundee Women's Liberal Federation (we are quite sure, it was really the Dundee bonnets) on local government purposes, betray a misunderstanding of the real meaning of the word, Mr. Churchill's escapade is monstrous. The essence of national efficiency is homogeneity and simultaneity of law and practice. In the United States the movement runs strongly towards common law and against State Law. Divorce? We can only smile and think of Nevada. Transit? Freight rates? Electric power? It is too silly to contemplate. What sane possibility lurks in this proposal? It is the insane itch of a man politically mad.

Oddly enough, some years ago, the Fabian Society advocated a scheme of administrative decentralization which it outlined in a set of tracts known as the "New Heptarchy" series. These proposals had some substance in them, because they paved the way for the economical working of the public services by enlarging the local government unit, and we have in fact seen the economy of large production. But the Fabian mandarins were never much in love with the scheme. It cut across their own pet plans, and they have not heard a word of it for years. Meanwhile the Fabian Society has gradually been dying for lack of living ideas. But that is a digression. We have consistently contended that economic power is the real level of national life; that it is by means of a healthy economy that the spiritual force will flourish. We have contended that great spiritual qualities are not found in small communities of little economic power, or independently of economic considerations—that is a philosophic problem which we must not now when we deal with Guild Socialism—but in the broad sense, and in the real meaning of the word, Mr. Churchill's escapade is an impertinence, because it has no kind of relation to the basic facts of national life, either spiritual or economic.
The real case for Irish Home Rule is because Ireland's national attributes need the nutrition of recognised and effective nationality to secure life and growth. Further, as an economic unit, we know that a national legislature will more accurately respond to its economic necessities. All such considerations can possibly weigh with Mr. Churchill's absurd proposals. We have not yet met the man who is prepared to die for Lancashire or Sussex, and, if we did, we should take energetic steps to get him into a lunatic asylum. But men will readily die for England or Ireland, even as Lancashire or Sussex, and, if we did, we should take Nogi died on his Emperor's coffin. Herein are to be found the enduring factors of national existence; without them, national life is as tinking cymbal and sounding brass. Whatever political constitution tends to develop such a national life even politics not merely our support, but our veneration. What is that of this in the Churchill adumbration? Does he seek to make the bounds of freedom wider yet? Obviously not. It is crude political tinkering and an insult to our intelligence.

No doubt the Labour Party will treat Mr. Churchill with the same awe and servility that they extended to Mr. Lloyd George when he introduced his Insurance Act. What a chance for Mr. F. W. Jowett to tell Parliament of his municipal experiences in Bradford! Quite a number of the Labour Party have been county, town, or parish councillors. Mr. Churchill will give them ample opportunity to air their eloquence. But we take leave now to tell the Labour Party that, if they do not promptly kill this precious scheme, they deserve eternal damnation. For not only is it rotten in its conception, but it bodes another tragic distraction from all that category of misery, poverty, robbery, and waste inherent in the wage system. At the root of all proposals, such as this of Mr. Churchill, is to be found that tragic misunderstanding, that insane belief in political activity as a purifying influence upon the national life. We do not remember a more striking object lesson. This young aristocrat, backed by great social forces and even greater financial resources, is steadily pressing towards the Premiership. This abortion is the measure of his political acumen. It is the first constructive proposal that has emanated from him. It is his personal gage of battle; he has the stage to himself. Is it not now clear to the Labour Party that these politicians are barren, that they cumber the ground? We wish we could be sure of it. For when the Labour politicians repeat that their political gods are made of tin, there will be some hope that they will turn their thoughts and energies to the more fruitful field of industrial action. Meantime the sight of Mr. Churchill gravely offering local legislatures as pills to cure industrial indigestion will, we trust, finally convince all those who are wavering between politics and industrialism that there is no present hope in Parliament. At last, surely, they see with how little wisdom is the world governed.

THE ACTOR-MANAGER.

As bland he smiles on postcard and on stage, With a mellow youth of middle age. In his Olympian visage you descry Shop-walker manners tinged with tragedy; Romantically modern, stern yet sweet, In him Arodia and Mayfair meet. His languid and moves a magic spin, Add just a touch of expurgated sin, As though of one past whose past experience Of women, though undoubtedly intense, Had failed to spoil his spiritual peace, Or mar his trousers' geometric crease. And there you have him—years and years he worked The while he postured, simpered, strutted, smirked, To polish up that pose, which, fine and ripe, Each drama butavailsto strengthen. To reach at last that high and dizzy goal, Where well-learnt mannerisms pass for soul And art itself is merged, no longer free, In one eternal personality. —AEACUS.

Internationalism and Militarism.
By E. Belfort Bax.

INTERNATIONALISTS and anti-militarists are constantly being challenged to define their position and explain exactly what it is they propose. First of all there is the question of National Defence. What is your view as to the resistance of the inhabitants of an invaded country towards its invaders? Do you deny to your own, any more than to any other country, the right of self-defence? These are the questions asked. Now, whatever may be the attitude of mere radical anti-militarists and pacificists in this matter, my own position, speaking as an upholder of Socialist Internationalism, is perfectly plain.

The modern Nation-State, which, in its centralised form, has grown up since the close of the Middle Ages is largely a geographical expression. Now, it is for these geographical expressions that we are asked by modern Capitalist society to devote ourselves with religious ardour. If the integrity of the one to which we happen to belong is threatened we are expected to immolate ourselves in its defence. The Great Power in the domains of which we happen to have been born is supposed by modern patriotism to be the highest object of our emotions. Now the Socialist, for whom, not race but principle, not the State run by capitalist possessors, but justice to proletarian non-possessors, is the highest aim of political conduct, is naturally not enthusiastic to defend the capitalist State even against foreign aggression. While the Socialist cannot be expected to regard its defence as his affair. Even in the case of the invasion of the country itself, where, conceding to the full the right of the inhabitants to do their best to repel the invaders, Socialists cannot forget that we have to do with that pillar of the modern capitalist class state, a Great Power.

The issue of the conflict necessarily leaves him cold.

Such is the state of the case. For the ordinary bourgeois the defence of the country against invasion is the ultima ratio of all things. For the International Socialist it is a matter of at least, and inadequate importance. By all means defend the country by a national Volunteer force. But the Socialist anti-militarist protests against coercion to serve even in an army of defence, and might even the Socialist, for whom, not race but principle, not the State run by capitalist possessors, but justice to proletarian non-possessors, is the highest aim of political conduct, is naturally not enthusiastic to defend the capitalist State even against foreign aggression. While the Socialist cannot be expected to regard its defence as his affair. Even in the case of the invasion of the country itself, where, conceding to the full the right of the inhabitants to do their best to repel the invaders, Socialists cannot forget that we have to do with that pillar of the modern capitalist class state, a Great Power.

But the chances of war ever occurring again between first-class Powers becomes less every year. The partition of savage and barbaric territories between these Powers there is not much doubt will take place on the principle of "pooling the swag" in the future. Everyone seems now convinced that military conflicts on a big scale don't pay and that all that is wanted can be got by diplomatic arrangement. The nineteenth century, after the Napoleonic wars, saw less of armed struggles between European Powers than any previous century, while the number of "crises" that have been smoothed over already during the twentieth century, where the rival interests of Great Powers have been concerned—crises which in former days would have inevitably led to war without further ado—only serve to point the moral of the above statement, so that he who runs may read. A general understanding among the foremost capitalist Powers of the world would seem the inevitable outcome of the modern exhausting race for armaments, and the situation generally. Such an international understanding between the capitalist World-Powers would, needless to say, have nothing to do with the Internationalism for
which the consistent Socialist stands. The nations represented by the Powers would remain isolated, the capitalistic rings dominating, each having, in spite of their cohesion against the common enemy, the proletarian and revolutionary Socialist, more or less antagonistic interests as before. The only change would be that the distribution of the plunder obtained from the conquest of backward races would be effected by mutual agreement rather than by recourse to arms. This world-peace of capitalistic civilisation is a double-edged sword for Socialism and Democracy in general. It may eventually mean development into the horror sometimes known today under the name of the "servile state," in which the armed force at the disposal of the authorities might be used as part of the crusade against the invader, especially when that invader is a big capitalist Power whose success would mean the crushing out of their whole independent life and character. The case is far otherwise with such Powers themselves. The huge Nation-States and Empires constituting these Powers are each nothing more than sections of the great capitalistic world of modern times. The patriotic sentiment supposed to attach to the land exists in a country, older and more helpful to it. Now we find the patriotic sentiment in its older and more genuine form strongest in peasant communities whose associations and material interests centre in small independent holdings. Where a more or less extensive peasantry attached to the land exists in a country, older and more genuine attachment of the latter to the ancestral soil coalesces with the purely bogus patriotism of the capitalistic Order. The result is an insular, selfish, and shortsighted patriotism—against the masses any vital interest in the soil. Now we find the patriotic sentiment in its older and more genuine form strongest in peasant communities whose associations and material interests centre in small independent holdings. We are now finding the affronting, the strength of the masses any vital interest in the soil. Now we find the patriotic sentiment in its older and more genuine form strongest in peasant communities whose associations and material interests centre in small independent holdings. Now we find the patriotic sentiment in its older and more genuine form strongest in peasant communities whose associations and material interests centre in small independent holdings. Now we find the patriotic sentiment in its older and more genuine form strongest in peasant communities whose associations and material interests centre in small independent holdings.

Patriotism, in its original conception, referred to small communities. With the cohesion of such a community one may feel some sympathy. There is usually an appreciable kinship of blood between members of such small nationalities, and it is impossible to wish them well in that part of the World-State or Empire where the invader, especially when that invader is a big capitalist Power whose success would mean the crushing out of their whole independent life and character. The case is far otherwise with such Powers themselves. The huge Nation-States and Empires constituting these Powers are each nothing more than sections of the great capitalistic world of modern times. The patriotic sentiment supposed to attach to them on the analogy of smaller enemy. The patriotic sentiment of the modern big Nation-State order, with its ac-

In the realisation of purely material interest. Rightly or wrongly, the masses in America am now convinced that the fabulous wealth of the New World contained in it the dangerous germs of corruption. The nation, infected by these germs, was nearly overcome in the last thirty years or so; and the movement has taken the form of changes in opinion which are as varied and unexpected as they are violent.

The question next arises as to the best means and the most favourable conditions for supplanting this nationalist feeling, this sham patriotism, by the international sentiment of Social Democratic solidarity—the unity of the people of the German school of Kathedersozialisten will understand what I mean.

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they never dreamt of setting questions of this nature in the forefront, or of considering them as being of the first importance at all—except at a time when the increasing of material resources became a life-and-death problem. Their dominant preoccupations were either religious or moral or political or intellectual. It was the sixteenth century which suddenly changed all this. The ambitions of America and her citizens are such as may only be reached—begun by the sacrifice of wealth. But the most civilised peoples in Europe and America do not seem disposed at the present time to recognise this necessity. In order, then, that we may judge the real intensity of the feeling which now is troubling two worlds, we must wait for the hour of sacrifice. On the day when the nations of the earth have to choose between an ideal and increased profits, we shall be able to see what the real and profound soul of our civilisation actually is.

Irish Sentiment.

By Edward McNulty.

To believe that his country is first star of the earth and first gem of the sea is the fundamental duty of every sentimental Irishman; and the absurdity of such national egotism is apparent when we consider, that however beautiful a land may be, that condition is not in the least due to any personal virtue or ability on the part of the inhabitants. Every intelligent man with a taste for scenery can admire the magnificent scenery of the Vale of Avoca or the dream-like splendour of the Lakes of Killarney, whilst, at the same time, conscious that the world enshrines other valleys equally attractive, other lakes of surpassing loveliness. In fact, nature, unfeathered by the artifice of patriotism, lavishly spreads her bewildering schemes of form and colour in all continents and islands with incomparable variety, curiously preserving her most sublime masterpieces for places whose inhabitants are devoid of the appreciation of scenic display. But in the mind of the average Irishman, dimly fearful that his more portentous pretensions are based on air, there is a reserve of dogged contempt, by which is meant that they are in the estimation of the outside world to be very common. But this generation, then, might well be proud of the sacrifice it is making. But it is not. It seeks to convince itself that it is carrying through an excellent business proposition. Those who have endeavoured to lead the exalted patriotism of the country towards a colder conception of the reality of things have not by any means found favour in the eyes of the public—quite the contrary! Mr. Roosevelt is the most popular man in the United States; he has imposed his powerful personality on the masses, and his voice resounds all over the vast continent. A strong movement of opinion sees in him its symbolic representative. But it is doubtful whether his popularity would last for another twenty-four hours if he proceeded to preach a moral reform, like the great saints of the Middle Ages, laying it down as an essential condition that his followers should give up the good things of the earth and the pleasures of life. The new morality must not merely be developed amid every sign of prosperity; it must itself be a necessary element of prosperity.

This manner of conceiving life and the difficult question of the relationship between our ideal and our worldly interests, is doubtless a very convenient one. With this conception of life we should find, not merely that our ideas would be the guiding, but that it would bring us in a handsome profit. The period of painful efforts and of sacrifices from which no immediate reward was to be expected would be at an end, and mankind would really enter into a new era of existence. But it may well be doubted whether this conception of life, convenient and attractive though it is, could be put into application without great difficulty. Experience and reason seem to indicate that glory, beauty, virtue, can only become the aims of existence when men are ready, in case of necessity, to sacrifice other aims of life, in order that these may be reached—begun by the sacrifice of wealth. But the most civilised peoples in Europe and America do not seem disposed at the present time to recognise this necessity. In order, then, that we may judge the real intensity of the feeling which now is troubling two worlds, we must wait for the hour of sacrifice. On the day when the nations of the earth have to choose between an ideal and increased profits, we shall be able to see what the real and profound soul of our civilisation actually is.

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contrasting imaginary moral or mental differences be-
are invaluable assets of the Empire.
into theories, with the resultant intellectual activity due
suredly on the good-looking side, and the innate re-
eyes. Whatever else the Irish may be, tbey are as-
advantage. Marooned in the heartless bxom of the
most successful in turning their emotions to mercenary
ogy could be advertised by advance posters
end, have overlooked some simple and effectual plans.
procession of Cabinet Ministers and Members of the
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abrupt position! Life is life, and non-life is non-life. Day does not come out of night any the more surely because it comes slow rather than fast!

Few people would deny, I imagine, that the phenomena of life include phenomena of moving matter, whether the movement is in space or round one. But to say that life is something more than this because we cannot measure any energy attributable to life while we are measuring the energy attributable to matter is as sensible as to deny electricity or gravity because we do not measure any energy attributable to water when we are measuring the energy attributable to the flow of the waves. It is foolish to say that the proximate cause of the flow of water is as sensible as to deny electricity or gravity.

One. But to say that life is nothing more than this is foolish. The answer lies in the question: is it clear that the condition of the universe is by which the universe is still blissfully unconscious. Whether this is more or less ignominious than being the Red King's dream I do not know, but I feel sure that man will not be penalised as an interloper, but will be taken on his merits. So if Prof. Schäfer can make good synthetic proteid, up to specification and suitable for life to get a foothold in, and so save someone or something else the trouble, I think it is possible that Nature will not bother how it came there, but will drop her little egg of life into it just in her natural way, as she has done ever since she first found it could be done.

**Patria Mia.**

By Ezra Pound.

III.

He lacks originality of imagination. He? Theocrat of our medieval period. Wishing to magnify his name, his sole recourse is to do what some one else has done and to do it bigger.

Hence the great houses. Hence the feudal system, lacking in this, namely: That if we have had our Savaric de Malleon, no one has spread his rumour abroad.

There is a tale told of a certain man in, I think, Chicago, who was diverted by the personality of one Bill Donohue (or, perhaps, Murphy), a pugilist, and being led on by our American love of incongruities he left the said William Donohue alone in a drawing-room with certain ladies of society.

And the ladies had nothing to say. And Donohue had nothing to say. And things remained for some while in that status. And Donohue, in large kid gloves, sat on the edge of a small chair and he grew redder and redder. And finally, to relieve the tension, he broke forth:—

"Bet I can lift the piano!"

But no one took him up. And in due season the wag returned.

The "successful" American has found himself more than once in like pass. He looks at the civilised peoples of the world and bets he can lift the piano. And they seem to find the matter irrelevant, being imbedded in their own ways, and being of a slightly inferior sort of stupidity.

Nevertheless, after our period of beautiful castles there comes the beginning of our architecture.

And this is a Renaissance. As touching the metropolitan tower; the "campanile" form has been obsolete for some centuries. When towns ceased to need watch towers the "campanile" ceased as a living architectural mode.

With the advance of steel construction it has become possible to build in the proportions of the campanile something large enough to serve as an office building. This tower is some 700 odd feet high and dominates New York as the older towers dominate hill towns of Tuscany. It is white and very beautiful, and it is imperfect, for its clock projects in a very ugly manner.

But no man with sensibilities can pass the base of it without some savour of pride and some thought beyond the moment.

And, beside, it is Dr. Parkhurst's new church, a gem to be sought from afar. (For God's sake don't go in while the assistant is preaching.) This scrap of building has, perhaps, little to do with the future, but it is a re-birth, a copy, as good as anything Palladio cribbed from Vitruvius.

It has what the more interesting experiments have not as yet achieved: to wit, correctness.

To return to the question of campanile, there is on Gramercy Park, and in sight of what were my windows.

Whether this has anything to do with the present point I do not know.

* When crystals are forming in a fluid they seem to be surrounded by a field of "force" which makes it essential for the crystals as they appear to lie in certain directions. Whether this has anything to do with the present point I do not know.
And as the indenture is in shadow, one seems, in looking down Twenty-first Street and across the square, to see two twin towers. And this also is a very delightful use of the canapé motif. But the ass who built it has set a round water-tank just where it spoils the sky line. And for the next three decades nothing will prevent this sort of imbecility. It is convenient to have the water-tank higher than the top floor. To build the water-tank as a turret, retaining the lines of the building, is, and will remain, beyond their aspiration.

The new library is another example of both, of false construction. The rear elevation is clever, it is well adapted to the narrow demand of light for the book stacks. But they have tried to conceal a third floor behind the balustrade. The balustrade becomes false, the third floor shows like an undershirt projecting beyond a man’s slacks. The shape of the roof is hideous. As the library is surrounded by tall buildings, the library is constantly seen from above. It violates the basic principle of art which demands that the artist consider from what angle and elevation his work is to be seen.

I found it impossible to make a younger member of the architect’s firm understand any of this.

He said they needed the room. He would have said also in the other case that “they needed the tank.” May God smite all his sort with the pip and send us another generation.

There is, nevertheless, a fine spirit of experiment at work. One man has built an apartment house west of the park and stuck on the facade of a Gothic cathedral. The result is bad, but the spirit which tries this sort of thing is bound to win to some better ending.

The basic principle of art which demands that the artist fit his work for a great swarming of people, yet the person, they have an entrance and a great passage, a spi r a t i o n.

—Our prayers and pleadings vain—
To face the broken sunlight once again,
No sacrifice
Can reach or move thee; lo! the cold dawn comes,
The heart-beats of the worlds like muffled drums
Throb, yet thine eyes
Lift not as through thy brain
The worlds swing slow,
The suns and moons and we
As currents in the silence of the sea
Rise, ebb and flow
We are the Dreams of Brahmem.

(Indian Saying.)

Great Brahmem awake!
The night is far out worn,
The sighing of another hopeless morn
Begins to shake
The folded curtains veiling all the East,
The grey light glimmers on a broken feast;
O! Brahmem awake,
We cannot face the dawn.

Dost thou not hear?
O! wake that we may cease
And in the death of all thy dreams find peace.
Hast thou no tear
To mar the smile upon thy sleeping face?
Unclose thy dreaming eyelids and efface
Our hope and fear,
O! Brahmem give us release.

Thou sleep’st while we
In sorrow joy and pain
Around the inner silence of thy brain
Eternally
Revolve and change yet cease not; we are doomed
To last that thou mayest dream thy dreams; entombed
And part of thee
We lift our hands in vain.

Suns, moons and stars
All these unto thee seem
Strung jewels on a slender thread of dream;
Yea, and the hours
Ephemeral; the ages that have rolled
Behind thine eyes are less a thousandfold
To thee than flowers
Or babbling of a stream
To us. Thou sleepest
Serene; upon thy face
No shadow, ray, a smile; around thee space
Is not; there creepest
No smallest thing that is not part of thee,
Space is a dream within thy brain and we
Of dreams the deepest,
Run our endless race.

Endless! O Brahmem
Yea endless for we know
Ev’n as men’s dreams pass utterly like snow
There is no charm
To waken thee from sleep imperishable,
Thou and thy dreams are deathless, nay, no spell
Can do thee harm;
Relentlessly and slow
The world slips round
That slender, circled thread
Encompassed in thy silence still and dread,
Sages profound
Dispute in vain and lift their hands on high,
Thine eyelids men call Fate and Destiny
In sleep are drowned
They weigh on us like lead.

All we must rise
For the harbour, and the city from the harbour,
A huge Irishman stood beside me the last time I went back there and he tried vainly to express himself by repeating—

“ ‘T utcedes Lundun.’
“ ‘T utcedes Lundun.’
I have seen Cadiz from the water. The thin, white lotus beyond a dazzle of blue. I know somewhat of cities. The Irishman thought of size alone. I thought of the beauty, and beside it Venice seems like a tawdry scene in a play-house. New York is out of doors.

And as for Venice; when Mr. Marinetti and his friends shall have succeeded in destroying that ancient city, we will rebuild Venice on the Jersey mud flats and use the same for a tea-shop.

MURIEL WELLS.
Present-Day Criticism.

Is it possible that the display of the "new spellers" may very happily result in a revival of the art of diction? Such an awful example of what we might come to cannot fail to warm and to excite us all to pay more attention to this. Or is it still possible that certain doctors of Oxford pronounce such words as was, young, you, heard, another, and so on, with the accent of costermongers, and other words in the tone of yokels, and that, moreover, we are to be convinced that our larynxes and loosening the corners of our mouth will lead to the abandonment of the Study of sound and letters in some of our English words in order to make better symbols of things. These corrections, however, are not a matter for eccentricity but for the full nasal tone as in stung that we fail most often. The present writer has heard a lecturer destroy the effect of a sentence containing the last word unanimously, and has found in the pronunciation of sounds and letters that the pronunciation of any day become so evidently as to ensure the return to French consonants and vowels, and made to practise until he is speaking of the "new spellers" that there is no such thing as a high correct standard in intellectual matters; that every one may as well take his own way; they are at variance with the severe discipline necessary for all real culture; they confirm us in our habits of willfulness and eccentricity which hurt our minds and damage our credit with sensible people." This dictum is timely now; and we suppose that our readers will not need to be reminded how Arnold further illustrates what he calls plainly the "ignorance and charlatanism of the journeyman-work of literature"—that he has been able to try to impose it on the nation! Well, now is the time for rhapsodists, actors, and all teachers of elocution to make quite a fortune in exhibiting and imparting their science. They will be able to make an admirable way if only the new spellers carry on a sufficiently wide and prolonged campaign. People hitherto careless, and even coarse, of pronunciation, will be enticed to discuss the subject of diction and, accompanying discussion with experiment, will discover and correct errors of which they are now unaware. The ears, for instance, many people pronounce the word young as though the w were not there at all, giving it the full nasal tone as in stung; but a trained voice will render the tongue tenseness of those five letters, incomparable in our language. The new spellers have it that made and maild are to be spelled alike. But no one who has once heard these words correctly said will forget the difference—the delicate dwelling of the tongue on the double vowel. There may be needed certain corrections, however, are not a matter for eccentricity but for the honest plain speaking of the "new spellers."...
Views and Reviews.*

One is never quite sure whether Squrie Western or Sir Roger de Coverley was the more typical of the order of English squires. Macaulay, in his famous diatribe against the squires of the seventeenth century, certainly gives the squire a character of interest, although not a value, separate from that of fiction. For those squires were Tories; and if it were possible to be unjust to Tories, Macaulay never denied himself the pleasure. It is possible, though, to react too strongly even against Macaulay, and developed two types similar to those of Sir Roger de Coverley, John Peel, and the Admirable Crichton is no less suspect. It savours too much of that elusive and illusive Merrie England to be regarded as anything more than an ideal.

Mr. Ditchfield writes as a biographer rather than as an historian. In reply to a general charge, he quotes a particular case; although it must be confessed that in some instances, such as the presence of the country gentry in London, he has the authority of history. But if we have Sir Henry, his character is interesting, although not of value, separate from that of fiction. For those squires were Tories; and if it were possible to be unjust to Tories, Macaulay never denied himself the pleasure. It is possible, though, to react too strongly even against Macaulay, and developed two types similar to those of Sir Roger de Coverley, John Peel, and the Admirable Crichton is no less suspect. It savours too much of that elusive and illusive Merrie England to be regarded as anything more than an ideal.

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If, as contemporary writers tell us, the country gentry were always going post to the metropolis, and spending their substance there, when they ought to have been occupied with the care of their estates, Mr. Ditchfield's plea that their services to the nation included the due maintenance of their estates is not admissible. Either they did, or they did not, live on their estates; if they did, they probably merited Macaulay's censure; if they did not, they are unworthy of Mr. Ditchfield's praise. What is most probable is that the order of squires fell into decadence. It is certain, for example, that if they were ever as influential in local government as Mr. Ditchfield contends, they must be considered responsible for the degradation of the people from a peasantry to a proletariat. The decay of the order of squires is so great a benefaction that common people must be compelled to show proper respect to those who granted it. Respect for others is the basis of self-respect, and that the squire has taught the English nation to be everlastingly touching one gigantic hat to a few Hebrews is a service so immeasurable that I am not surprised that the squire is practically extinct after rendering it. Nunc dimittis, he should be singing; but Mr. Ditchfield hints that he is really saying, "Damn the Jews."

Really, he has been worsted. Had his main concern been not the collection of rent, and the maintenance of his authority for this purpose, but the exploitation of the productive power of his land, he might have held his own. But when sheep paid better than beef, he possessed the farmers, and threw the land into pasture. When the Corn Laws no longer enabled him to starve the people of England, he became an investor; and turned his pasturage into a park, or displaced ruminants by pheasants. That he is still busy administering the game laws, and terrorising the remnants of the rural population into proper respect for himself, cannot be doubted; but scarcely, it would seem, with the same efficiency. The young squire of the seventeenth century, says Mr. Ditchfield, "was better educated in Greek, Latin, logic, philosophy, divinity and law than the country gentleman of to-day"; but whether we regard him as being stupid or intelligent, nothing can save him from extinction. "They might," said Carlyle, speaking of our gentry, "be little Providences on earth, and they are, for the most part, jockeys and fops." It is an everlasting reproach to our landed gentry that our production per acre only averages £4, while Belgium, which has never been more efficient than England, produces £20 per acre. Even with cattle raising we can only keep one head of cattle or cattle unit to about three acres, while Jersey can keep the same unit on one acre. But of these facts there is no mention in Mr. Ditchfield's book. He is content to gather biographical sketches, to insist on the learning, ability, and taste of our squires, and to argue that the passing of their order is a national calamity.

A. E. R.

*"The Old English Country Squire." By P. H. Ditchfield. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)
Interesting and Suggestive.

If I were a more distinguished author than I am, the still most offensive thing that could be said of my books would be that they were "interesting." To be "interesting" to the modern mind is to be able to tickle curiosity to the verge of emotion and there to fail and die. To raise the feeling one degree more would be to create an excitement something that must be done (if only a resolution to be made or unmade)—in other words, to engender a feeling capable of being given a name and judged by its outcome. But the honour of definition, of finality, of decision, is so great nowadays that precisely this emotion is dreaded. On the other hand, so necessary is feeling to life that feeling itself must be stimulated to the verge of emotion; and this results in the eunuch which we call interest.

Examined carefully, this habit of stopping short at the merely interesting is closely allied with other habits in other areas. In periods when "interest" is the predominant quality sought, flirtation, coquetry, and promiscuity flourish. Passion is nothing if not definite and precise; said to be of flame, its form is marble. Passion is classic. But flirtation and the rest are without form and void. They pursue the "interesting" till it threatens to become absorbing, and then they are off. In words too, in literature, interest has its parallel. Writing must be suggestive only. Conveying an idea, stirring the other, but never thoroughly grasping and saturating itself with anything. Thence it follows that there are no "characters" in our day, either eccentrics and grotesques, or scholars and gentlemen. For a character is at least a defined given. Given the same stimulus it will respond similarly on every occasion. But your modern mind delights in surprising you by responding differently on similar occasions. One afternoon Edith was the only woman for whom a man could feel anything; the next day it is quite another eunuch, as she has been so long tired of him, she only reminds him of his horrid little art student. "Feminine, you remark? Or democratic, Mr. Ludovici would say? Neither. It is simply decadence, the whim taking the throne of will.

But, after all, our modern eunuchs have really no right to use these words "interest" and "suggestive"; for both have a manly significance and should be confined to the use of minds that mean business. To be genuinely interested, for example, is for a man not necessarily a pleasurable state at all; it is certainly not necessary is feeling to life that feeling itself must be stimulated to the verge of emotion; and this results in the eunuch which we call interest.

It is the same in life. All experiences are now said to be "interesting," even experiences which brute beasts endeavour to avoid. The modern mind, having no intention of defining itself or of confining itself either, must needs wander here and there touching this, fingerling that, stroking the other, but never thoroughly grasping and saturating itself with anything. Thence it follows that there are no "characters" in our day, either eccentrics and grotesques, or scholars and gentlemen. For a character is at least a defined given. Given the same stimulus it will respond similarly on every occasion. But your modern mind delights in surprising you by responding differently on similar occasions.

The difference between feeling strong and being strong is profound. All feeling of strength is pleasant, but the strong do not necessarily enjoy this pleasure. On the contrary, the actually weak often feel themselves to be strong, while the actually strong often feel themselves to be weak. Nobody can read the lives of strong men without discovering that as a rule they are painfully conscious of weakness. Nobody can meet weak people without discovering that they usually imagine themselves to be strong. This paradox, indeed, is so generally true that Plato drew from it the practical conclusion that nobody who thought himself capable of governing was actually capable. To aspire to any task was in his view to define oneself incapable of it. There are exceptions, however.

What most modern literature does is to play upon the plausible feeling of power and to induce it even in readers who have no power whatever. This flattery, in fact, of weakness makes writers of this kind popular in a decadent age. But in a decadent age the most valuable writers, on the other hand, are the most disagreeable, the least flattering, the most unpopular, the least "interesting" and "suggestive."

R. M.

REVIEWS.

Tenterhooks. By Ada Leverson. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

"He was particularly fickle, vague and scrappy in his emotions. Edith was the only woman for whom even a little affection could last, and he would have long tired of her but for the extraordinary trouble and tact she used with him." Even when he runs away with a "horrid little art student" she says, "Pet you remark? Or democratic, Mr. Ludovici would say? Neither. It is simply decadence, the whim taking the throne of will.

Clara. By A. Neil Lyons. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

"Mr. Lyons is tedious in an author's note: "It is no good attempting to disguise that one chapter contains a barefaced theft from Heine, which, evidently, was not responsive to his entreaty that would have melted the hardest of hearts, but did not seem to have much effect on the 'exchange,' which, evidently, was not responsive to pathos that day."

A Woman in the Limelight. By Charles Gleiz. (Methuen. 6s.)

Great creative journalists hang around stage doors and at last come to "slipped ease" in Grub Street's
The Battle of Souls. By Hugh Naybard. (Murray and Evenden. 1s.)

Christ reincarnates and appears to the people at one of Paul Fane's revivalist meetings. Paul announces His coming; and a Nonconformist minister asks, "Will Mr. Fane now fume up a brand of the Second Coming?"

On the Appearance, the minister accuses Christ of blasphemy. "O ye of little faith!" cries the Master bitterly. "Think ye that God condescends to prove His Godhead to man's miracle? O, doubting Thomas, behold!"

With an awful shriek of terror, the minister sinks upon his knees. Thereafter he does away with Labour Unrest by disproving Atheism (Socialism), with war, by causing the German army in Essex to faint away and take to the boat home; Satan, by destroying his disciples, a Woman and the Prime Ministers of England and Austria; slums; and corruption in the Church, etc.

The Last Resort. By H. F. Prevost Battersey. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

London drawing-rooms and the Resident's house at Sakbara, a square, white, massive building, with a verandah, Native rising, arrival of a cruiser in the nick of time, two marriages.

The Adventures of Miss Gregory. By Percival Gibbon. (Dent. 6s.)

Old busybody, seeking copies for a book—"a big book, full of meat, spiced with character and pungent with real raw life"—rounds up all the crackpots in East Africa, Odessa, Berlin, Brussels; assists a female tramp to give birth to a "fruit of miracles," and consolles her virginity with the publication of her book.

Remittance Billy. By Ashton Hilliers. (Methuen. 6s.)

A very interesting book, written by an author clearly acquainted with a thousand ways of the world. In fact, the detail is so full as to suggest some extravagance, yet the extravagance in quantity is rarely robbed from the quality. Mr. Hilliers does not fill up his pages with telling one in ten ways how She smiled or He sighed: he is much too clever a dramatist for that, and too overflowing with communicable experience of persons and things. The publishers' note explains that "Remittance Billy," the scion of a business house, meddles through! There, that is not, perhaps, the most complete summary possible to be made of the book, but we appreciate the despair imposed. One must go back to the best novelists to surpass Mr. Hilliers' robustness, wholesomeness, and solid information of the decent world and its doings; and his publishers are welcome to reprint our opinion without the qualification which we must make of this comparison—notably, that we have not in this book evidence that Mr. Hilliers' style, a little too light, would permit him to develop a tragic crisis. In the chapter entitled "Palgrave," describing the parting between a young girl and a man who had failed her in a time of need, there is displayed much delicacy and sympathy and, above all, sound dealing. And doubtless the author has selected with true judgment such scenes as best, and so admirably employs his lively, gay and urbane talent.

The Sisters and Green Magic. By Denzil O'Bryne. (Dent. 2s. 6d. net.)

The eighth of the "Orpheus" series. Of the two short stories, "The Sisters" exhibits some flame amidst rather less than usual Irish smok. The subject is morbid—ill-placed love and epileptic's madness, with circumstances of such uncommon horror as the birth of a child with a webbed hand—but the tale is well told, if such things can be said ever to be well told.

Sunshine Sketches. By Stephen Leacock. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

A charming book, and leisurely, as the title may imply. "Mr. Jos. Smith," a specimen of the sensible, shrewd, rough, good-hearted, fortunate man, appears often enough to keep the sequence of the chapters at least as coherent as those of most so-called novels. The author, in an agreeable preface, dated from McGill University, humorously relates his career in justification of his literary being. He does not, though the...
"Pall Mall Gazette" says that he does, "bid fair to rival the immortal Lewis Carroll," and himself would, one would conclude, be far from feeling grateful for the ignorant and unseervicable compliment. Mr. Leacock's humour is not of the Carroll order. The touch in the present volume differs from that in the author's "Literary Lapses," but the hand is the same. Here is a pleasant specimen: "I don't know whether you know it, but you can rent an enchanted house in Mariposa for eight dollars a month, and some of the most completely enchanted are the cheapest. As for the enchanted princes they [the maids of Mariposa] find them in the strangest places, where you least expect to see them, working—under a spell, you understand—in drug stores and printing offices, and even selling things in shops. But to be able to find them you have just to read ever so many novels about Sir Galahad and The Errant Quest, and that sort of thing."

The New Humpty-Dumpty. By Daniel Chaucer. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

What a dreadful misfortune to have such a name! One feels one ought to be kind. But how to be kind to a man with no more wit than to write under it? However, he is only a breeder of shorthorns, "writing to pass the time," and he makes up a family preface of himself, some old friend, "By Jove," and Mr. Lane. So he perhaps won't mind what we say about his padded contribution to the history of one of our most remark-

able periods; and the value of that service is not to be enhanced by any record of his Bourbon charm of temperament, of her propriety, or even her conjugal felicity. Charles loved her, and she loved him, and like most other women in similar case, she tried to help him when danger beset him, and failed. It is not worth while to speculate on her psychology, for the author's access to her sources of information has only amplified our knowledge without altering our general judgment of the woman or proving her to have been more than the loving wife of Charles I.

In the Footsteps of Richard Cœur de Lion. By Maude M. Holbach. (Stanley Paul. 10s. net.)

It is impossible to discover the exact purpose of this book. Miss Holbach divides her book into two parts, the first reciting the history of the "Lion-Hearted," the second describing her itinerary to the places made reputable by his renown. A mere travel book needs no historical recommendation, and the history of Cœur de Lion is so compact, and the main features of his personality are so well recognised, that reiteration of either savours of supererogation. We understand that Scotsmen are still cheered by the assurance that their country stands where it did; and it may be a consolations to many to learn that Sicily, Cyprus, the Holy Land, even Austria, Germany, and France, are still to be found where Cœur de Lion left them. He was, after all, in spite of Galileo, does not move; but its tenants are always under notice to quit. The footprints of Richard are, by now, obliterated, but if anyone wants to know where they were, he can be referred to Miss Holbach's unnecessarily elaborate book. The publishers have done their best to make the book acceptable.

Cambridge and its Story. By Arthur Gray. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

This is a cursory account of the history of Cambridge, written to show that Cambridge has always been in the main stream of English life, and has developed with it until "to-day, perhaps, better than in any of the centuries of its existence, it conforms to the ideal of the medi eval Studium Generale, a world school for the enlargement of the bounds of human empire." Five chapters are devoted to its history before the Reformation, and after that each chapter is dominated by the personality of one or other of the scholars of Cambridge in chronological order. Spenser and the Drama, Milton and the Commonwealth, Newton and Bentley, the times of Gray, Coleridge and Wordsworth, Tennyson and the new age, each get a chapter to do themselves; and Mr. Maxwell Armfield has made a welcome addition to the text of a number of illustrations. The book is as readable as most such books, and will probably supersede some guide-books.

Art.

The Gordon Craig Theatre.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

I am not quite sure whether all that I feel about Mr. Gordon Craig's Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries has anything to do with that artist's views or not. Maybe everything I am now going to say will seem both strange and foreign to the man who inspired it. He will realise that I am speaking about his work, though he may possibly be at a complete loss to discover a single familiar feature of it in my words. At all events, I will endeavour to approach his standpoint simply by describing the impression made upon me by what I saw: because, right or wrongly, I left the exhibition with the firm belief that Mr. Gordon Craig was on my side. If my art credo is to be extended to the stage at all, it seemed to me that Mr. Gordon Craig was the artist who had best realised the manner in which this should be done. I thought of many things as I wandered round this extraordinarily interesting show. An echo of my childhood and everybody's childhood was there. A profound
secret connected with the very foundations of earthly happiness was there. An esoteric doctrine of art, as true as it is vital, was also there, and even the catalogue with its eternal "Hamlet," "Hamlet," "Hamlet," did not succeed in distracting my thoughts from these things. 

For a certain to be worthy of those who are capable of admiring it, it must take for granted that its admirers are themselves capable of co-operating a little in the act of creation. It must assume that its admirers will feel happy only on condition that they are allowed to create on their own account with the artist and through the artist. This sounds very much like mere words strung together for effect; but if you think a moment you will perhaps see what I see in these words. 

If an Almighty God really created this world and the whole universe, then he acted on this principle: that the created works are only complete on condition that those who would enjoy it can participate in its creation by mean or mighty creative acts of their own. On one point I do most heartily agree with Bergson—and that is in his belief that life, organic life, is creative. The whole joy of living seems to me to be summed up here. The body one gets from this universe is the gift of art; the creation, however, requires completing. Now, not all the acts performed by this body, but a considerable number of them, will be creative acts because, inasmuch as it is the first time in this particular cycle of the world's history that this particular body has faced its particular environment, every one of its original and active adaptations will necessarily be an act of creation. Hence, the greater the number of active adaptations, the higher the life. This is obvious, and yet it explains the whole joy of living and the whole wonder of participating by individual creation in a great creative work of art. 

Butting against this last of creation, the child leaves infancy behind and enters his nursery as a toddling child. He has a guardian angel and an evil spirit. In the guardian angel, his body seeks an environment, which his creative power will flood with images, life, and interest. His guardian angel will also give him real children to play with, which his fancy, together with a few shreds of coloured paper, will create into quite charming beings, dogs, devils, or gods. His greatest joy will be to make the most preposterous of claims upon his creative power. The more the sceptic and the St. Thomas in his soul have to be overcome, the happier he will be. But all too often his evil spirit also sets the stage, and the imagination, and the unscrupulous fairy. She is the spirit of the age, the soul of vulgar realism. She disbelieves in the creative will. She does not let him touch his chair with his fingers to make it a horse. She flies to one of the vulgar emporiums of children's toys and enjoys him a little. She does not allow him to build an engine with his bricks; she is unscrupulous, she means to kill his soul, so she buys him a real engine. And then she laughs at his boredom; she laughs at his sensitiveness when he is only twenty-one, and she laughs at her vulgar and ugly city for which she has trained him, and of which he has grown into a worthy citizen. 

And her city's stage, blatant in its vulgarity, gorged and bloated with the full equipment of vulgar realism, flaunts its scenes reeking with convincing and besetting detail before the poor man's eyes, ostensibly to comfort him, to console and to distract him. For throughout his existence he has not been permitted to participate in any creative act, and he is too insensitive and unscrupulous and cruel and untruthful and unmoved by his emotions. They do not crush the human being that deigns to step before them, they do not overpower him, but they create hate and insensibility in him, which to-day pour forth their bloodless brayings in front of the garish and overloaded backgrounds of the modern stage. True, the cheeks of these screens humbly invite the kiss of any fairy-like fancy that the actor may evoke in his audience, but think of the art and power which he must have, supplemented by the art and power of his spectators, in order to do this! As Mr. Gordon Craig said, "The plays for my stage have yet to be written!" 

But perhaps the greatest virtue of the art which is to be seen at the Leiciester Galleries lies in the fact that it is positive to life and particularly to human life. These screens which have that sense of modesty and of mercy so fitting in the case of all things which are destined to be merely frames, are positive to humanity inasmuch as they compel concentration upon man and his passions. They do not crush the human being that deigns to step before them, they do not overpower him, but they create hate and insensibility in him, which to-day pour forth their bloodless brayings in front of the garish and overloaded backgrounds of the modern stage. True, the cheeks of these screens humbly invite the kiss of any fairy-like fancy that the actor may evoke in his audience, but think of the art and power which he must have, supplemented by the art and power of his spectators, in order to do this! As Mr. Gordon Craig said, "The plays for my stage have yet to be written!" 

The plays for my stage have yet to be written! The feeling of participating, however slightly, in a creative act—he was scoffed at. The only demand made upon his imagination was that he was expected to fancy himself with his back to the fourth wall of the apartment in which the play was acted. This was at least something; it gave him a faint whispering kind of thrill which whetted his appetite for better things. But, alas! there it ended. All his surging powers of creation, longing to flood the stage with their imagery, to accentuate and intensify the scene before him, were coarsely thrust back, with an abrupt "not wanted!" And he died disconsolate. No wonder! 

Mr. Gordon Craig has seen this evil. He knows the spirit in which even the meanest of mankind can enjoy a creation—by participating in it, however meanly. He is aware that the present practice of the arts, not only on the stage, but also elsewhere, is based on a principle which is utterly different from this, and which is as wrong as it is profoundly stupid. And he comes forward like a true artist with a deep understanding of what is right, and what actually constitutes not only the soul of lofty art, but also of lofty life. 

The principle at the basis of Mr. Gordon Craig's reforms is, I believe, the one I have stated above. He will correct me if I am wrong. It is the principle at the root of the joy of life. The spectator must no longer by the passive spectator, have to allow the artist to create a work. He must become the artist. He must be a much greater person, and of course a much greater artist. And he must be a much greater passion, which makes these great works possible. And he must be a much greater power, which gives him their value. 

I read many other things in Mr. Gordon Craig's work. I read not only a glorification and exaltation of man, but also a glorification of art. I see in these severe and unobtrusive screens, deftly arranged by an artist's hand, the walls of human emotion—the clean art and power of his spectators, in order to do this! As Mr. Gordon Craig said, "The plays for my stage have yet to be written!"
A Modern Biographical Study
Illustrative of the Critic's Function.
By J. C. Squire.

It might be thought we'd had of late
A surfeit of biographies
Of Marmaduke Augustus Breeze,
Such as Professor Godwin Lee's
And Henry Pink's and Mrs. Smee's.
And certainly a man like I
Must seriously hesitate
Before deciding to essay
A new and lengthy estimate.
But reasons that I think of weight
Have made me lay reluctance by,
Which weighty reasons, if I may,
I will forthwith proceed to try
To briefly and correctly state.

It seems to me that Mrs. Smee
And Henry Pink and Godwin Lee,
Though full of sage discrimination
And flashing much illumination,
Have failed to lay a proper stress
On Breeze's second love affair,
To which, I hold, we chiefly owe
The poet's agonised flow,
His triste embarras de riches.

I shall not here devote attention
To Breeze's metrical technique,
His language I shall barely mention,
And scarcely of his "message" speak.
My purpose is, as I have hinted,
The episode's effect on Breeze.

We do not know when first they met,
But it seems probable to me
That 'twas in 1823,
When Breeze had just left Winchester,
He had his first rencontre with her.
That was the year of Waterloo,
When Europe rang with sound of war
And Breeze's little game was up
To build marquees upon the lawn,
Where all the neighbouring rustic wights
Should toast the poet and his bride.

But, ah! the blows of Circumstance.
The poet was a man of rank,
Heavy overdraft at bank,
And never making mention
Of craven fear; his mouth commanding
The look that faithful servant wore
To which, I should have done
What winnings the yokels liked the most.

But, "Is Mr. Breeze here?"
He inquired.
"Yes, sir; come in, sir, you look tired."
"But when he reached the upper floor
And saw his agent by the door
"To what possessed the public mind.
That Breeze, an ardent patriot,
Remained oblivious and blind
To what possessed the public mind.
But that, be matters how they may,
Does not at present concern us;
Our footpath lies another way,
Remote from that, and we must turn us
To pretty Birchington-on-Sea
In the year 1823.

Of Mary Nolan's early years
In county Galway there appears
But little record, though 'tis said
Her great-great-grandsire was the head
Of an antique distinguished house
Long settled in the heart of the
Suffice it here to indicate
That Mary's father, when a boy,
Departed from the old estate,
Having decided to migrate,
And took the schooner "Pat Molloy" to Liverpool, where to his joy
He found congenial employ
As clerk to a solicitor
On England's hospitable shore.
The lad was bright, his wits were keen,
He climbed the rungs with such success
That by the year 1815
He found himself in a position
To leave off business and retire
With half-a-million pounds or less,
The fruits of legal acquisition.
And set up as a country squire
In Birchington's remote retreat,
Far from the hum of mart and street.

At Birchington the poet found him,
And soon began (I grieve to say)
To win his heart — in fact, get round him—
By talking of his acres wide
And the great house his father built,
And never making mention
(As, candidly, he should have done)
That they were mortgaged to the hilt.

The father smiled, the lover sighed
Sweet nothings to his would-be bride,
Having, as you ere now have guessed,
A disposition to invest
In what he thought must surely be
Double gilt-edged security.

Mary just then was twenty-one,
As fair as any 'neath the sun,
Her hair was gold, her colour fresh,
Her figure neatly decorated
With the right modicum of flesh.
Small wonder Breeze was much elated,
With such a charmer in his snare.
His heart was light as flight could be,
And there is little doubt that he
Would, had they giv'n him half a chance,
Have married Mary then and there.

But, ah! the blows of Circumstance.
The wedding day was fixed, the cake
Ordered from Buszards', fairy lights
Ranged o'er the lake;
And every morning long ere dawn
Carpenters came from far and wide
To build marquees upon the lawn,
Where all the neighbouring rustic wights
Should toast the poet and his bride.
When suddenly one eventide
Up the great avenue did ride
A stranger who went straight inside
Wearing a look preoccupied.

"Is Mr. Breeze here?" he inquired.
"Yes, sir; come in, sir, you look tired."
He sat him down within the hall
Whilst high and low the servants all
Searched for the poet, whom they found
In the wine-celler underground,
Discussing with his kindly host
What wines the yokels liked the most.

"You're wanted, sir!" he drained his cup;
But when he reached the upper floor
And saw his agent by the door
The look that faithful servant wore
Told all too plain, no words could more,
That Breeze's little game was up.
All the mortgages foreclosed,
Heavy overdraft at bank,
Fifty thousand debts outstanding.

The poet was a man of rank,
Never a trace his face disclosed
Of craven fear; his mouth commanding
Remained magnificently set
Before this awful pile of debt.

"Right, Jones, I'll come to town to-morrow,
And meanwhile, mind you, not a word."
He did not fume, lament or gird,
But turned with swift determination
And meanwhile, mind you, not a word."

One day, in a position
To leave off business and retire
With half-a-million pounds or less,
The message that the agent brought. He'd even dropped as no father sought, And, much to our young singer's sorrow, Without so much as a "perhaps." Commanded him to "pack his traps."

In vain did Breeze with men distraught Protest than there was some mistake. That Jones's message was a "fake."

That he had made the day before Twenty-five million pounds or more In Kafris which, as Nolan knew, Had had a leap to 22.
The maid appeared, and, to his grief, Joined in her father's vile abuse With language coarse beyond belief. That English ladies do not use.

And which one scarcely can excuse Even in girls of Irish stock

With the extremest Fenian views.

Marmaduke reeled beneath the shock, And went away a broken man. And from that period began The note of anguish in his verse Which often at its most intense Lashes the reader like a curse: Which moans amid the eloquence Of that unequalled "Ode to Rome," And stirs the sad magnificence Of "Artemis" and "To a Gnome," And is, in fact, so passionate That there is scarce a single sonnet Penned subsequently to this date That does not bear its marks upon it.

Of this I think there is no doubt. Breeze's proverbial "lyric cry" Is traceable at least in part Directly to this tragedy, Which cut the fibres of his heart And never wore completely out. And it is not quite clear to me Why Henry Fink and Mrs. Smea, And even Professor Godwin Lee, Have so persistently ignored An episode that must afford, In whatsoever light 'tis viewed, Much light on Breeze's attitude, And outline in perspective sure What has been hitherto obscure.

**Pastiche.**

**THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT.**

It is singular how true the myth of Adam and Eve really is. Life is as if the story were fact, and not imaginative and symbolic history. . . . In particular, the truth emerges that Woman is a luxury of Man—a necessity, that is, only and symbolic history.

The women's movement is a movement of decline. It is singular how true the myth of Adam and Eve really is. . . . In particular, the truth emerges that Woman is a luxury of Man—a necessity, that is, only and symbolic history.

Two occupations, The New Age said, are open to women: marriage—licit or illicit—and industry. But in neither of these do more than a small minority of women excel. In marriage, having nowadays no male competitors (as Greek women had), women are as a rule mere amateurs. In England particularly, the wife is the synonym of a slovenly, unskilled, and impudent baggage, presuming on her position to extort the maximum of social obedience for the minimum of social service. She does not even keep a good man of her husband, still less make of him a good citizen. Boarding-schools have had to be invented to save the rising generation from its mothers, and clubs and pubs to save men from them.

Men create the conventions, women both preserve and destroy them. They preserve them for their rivals and destroy them for theirs.

The women's movement is a movement of decline. It marks the descent of women from the status of privileged economic dependence to the status of competitive economic independence, from marriage and marriageability to wage-servant. As women are the last class to enter wage-servant they will be the last to leave it. Is it too late to stay their entering into it? This depends on the possibility of their marriageability—a task to which Socialists of both sexes, in the interests of Socialism as well as of women, should devote themselves.

Two or three years of suffragism leave a woman unfit for either marriage or industry. Her only possible occupation is to continue agitating for the vote; and her "economic independence" depends upon her not getting the vote.

As a means of raising their status it is useless for women to take all labour for their province. They will obtain, with men's assistance, the province to which their skill entitles them; a large province it may be, but not the whole of labour. This is not because men are greedy of labour as labour. When women are equal to making the tents, weaving the mats, and keeping up the fires men will be perfectly ready to hunt and sport again—on the philosophic plane. But at present women are unequal even to the smallest industrial responsibility.

An unbroken succession of ten women servants, all in-competent; ten women shopkeepers, all impudent; ten serving maids, all bunglers; ten women lodging-house keepers, all greedy; ten emancipated women, all vulgar; ten married women, all slovenly; ten mistresses, all stupid—convinces any man that women need something else than the vote.

A woman must be twice as clever as a man to appear clever among men, but ten times as stupid as a woman to appear clever among women. Women hate brains in women.

"Emancipated" women talk freely of sex-matters, because they feel secure enough to provoke danger. This security, begun in imagination, becomes disappointingly real.

The choice before women: a man or an employer. But why not both? One cannot serve two masters. Why not? They will not permit it.

Women have sometimes taken the profession of marriage seriously, even while they have neglected to make a skill of it, a profession of it. But they are wanting now, they say, to exchange marriage for industry. I do not believe it! If marriage is too onerous for them, industry, they are shrewd enough to surmise, is more onerous still. After all, the average employer is not so silly as the average husband.

In whatever light 'tis viewed, the average employer is not so silly as the average husband. That he had made the day before

**OUR CONTEMPORARIES.**

By C. E. Bechhofer.

XXI.—"THE ATHENÆUM." LITERATURE. THE SIGN OF COSE.

Professor Boneater has in this masterly study of consummate insight, scholarship, and industry repeated what we have often stated in these columns, that the secret, alluded to by a foremost statesman, who is also a man of letters and an occasional contributor to these columns, the other day, of Ferdinand Cose lies in his passionate love of the whole living and breathing planetary earth.

A BANTU EPIC.

There are lines in this translation which recall the "mighty line" of Marlowe, as well as the not less mighty but pure Greek lines of the first epicist of all. But is Professor Sturge correct in rendering "gotomagen" as "she stoops to conquer"? On line 5, page 42, "putcumupisr" appears as "putcumupisr,"—the difference is considerable even in a footnote.

CAVOSTERIA.

To understand the scheme of this celebrated author's system of philosophical criticism requires, as a column or two has proved, the collaboration of the hand-saw with the hornshaw. Both these qualities cohere in the mind of Professor Skitz, who puts us under a profound obligation by forcing, once for all, that the whole of Cavosteria's monumental schematic presentation of the mystical universe is referred to no less than twice in the work of his contemporary. On women's part in the
scheme Professor Skitz sheds much welcome light, though we should have preferred the co-operation of more trained observers of the other sex.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

THEOLOGY.
The Book of Thror. Vol. 57. (The Grammariansian's Funeral Society.) Of this latest volume we may say what we said of the earliest, in January, 1704, the year of Queen Anne's death.


POETRY.
Tipcat (Noisom). Poems of Switchbacks. There are not enough of these poems to satisfy even a critic, but the few there are are anything but halting like one caught our eye.

I know a ditch wherein the foglove grows.”

“Gloves” here, following hard upon “gloves,” emphasises the “gl” sound and compels us to pronounce it “gel-lows.”

M. Tipcat’s intended rhythm. But how perfect is:—

“The competent earth re-sets her broken bones.”

Poems of Passing Passion. By “Fingerprints.” Whoever “Fingerprints” may be—and we suspect one of our contemporaries—he (or she) need not be ashamed of his name, his verse is light, sonorous, profound and dimly earstly. He (or she) should go far before we fare worse.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.
Smeeckhose's Last Diaries. Edited by his Second Wife's Surviving Daughter-in-Law, Miss Reestling. The October "Cambridge Review" for 1832 contained . . .

FICTION.
Bow-wow (Marjorie). An Asbestos Soul. This is a gloomy but artistic yarn, smacking of Chamomile and the salt sea. Careful in style, but careless in idea. Very promising. A woman writer to be reckoned with, even without the vote.

Spets (Emily). Down the Chimney, and Other Tales. This is a collection of short stories. We like the seventh, not only because it is the last, but for its fine account of the Women's Movement. The vote should not be long delayed.

Jemima (Aunt). My Dog-Days. This is a novel by a lady, and a very creditable performance. The vote cannot, surely, be long delayed.

Spots (Hilda). On the Track of a Man. This is a work of fiction of a high order. The capture is gloomy, perhaps, but the pursuit is thrilling. The heroine enters Parliament . . . but this, unfortunately, is fiction—for the present!

THE STILTON GHOST.
In your issue of September, 1704, your reviewer does me an unintentional injustice. The Stilton Ghost walked "by moonlight," as you will see by referring to the documents in Gorgonzola Castle, Co. Antrim . . .

LITERARY GOSSIP.
Mr. Holbrook Jackson, the distinguished author, is preparing his postcards for publication in the Historic Manuscripts Review. Holders are requested to address . . .

Mr. Moli Aussi has, in the “Papier Bleue” of September, 1704, a painfully careful study of the hobnails of the Jesuit missionaries in New Siberia.

Mr. Macmillan hopes to publish in the autumn some sixty works, fifty-nine of which are fiction. The sixtieth is a work by Mr. H. G. Wells.

Mes. Macmillan is now engaged in producing a work of phonetics. Libraries please note.

Mes. Macmillan will publish this autumn a work from the pen, it is hoped, of Mr. H. G. Wells. A correspondent inquires for the names of the books which the suffrage societies have issued. We know of one, but not of Mr. H. G. Wells.

Mes. Macmillan this autumn will publish a new novel by Mr. H. G. Wells.

SCIENCE AND SCIENCE GOSSIP.
Synthetic Rolypoly Pudding was the subject of a lecture at the Royal Institution on September 7, 1704. The lecturer announced that mathematically he had succeeded in calculating the radio-activity of the major element as a progressively geometrical ratio of "stresses" and "pulls" in equation form . . .

Messrs. Macmillan will publish this autumn a scientific romance by Mr. H. G. Wells. We understand the Women's Movement will receive a fillip . . .

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MATERIALISM AND PIOUS OPINIONS.
Sir,—Without going into your theories respecting “God” and “the soul,” I cannot but express my regret to see The New Age demagogically bidding for the support of religious hypocrisies in the claptrap and illogical attempt to discredit materialism as a philosophic doctrine on the ground of its hardening capitalist hearts.

How on earth the conviction, whether right or wrong, that soul is a functioning of life, and a function of mind, should induce the capitalist to exploit his workpeople more than he would do if he retained the traditional beliefs on the subject of “God” and the soul, I would, I think, puzzle the proverbial lawyer of Philadelphia. If Professor Schäfer and his scientific colleagues had maintained the thesis that the employer was a being of intrinsically superior "clay" to his workman, and that hence Nature herself had proclaimed the latter as designed by her for exploitation, there might be something in your contention. But, seeing that all men, equally as well as lower animals and plants, are reduced by modern scientific materialism to the same "clay," how the acceptance of this fact should demoralise the already de-materialised capitalist must appear before a reader who worksman remains, I submit, in spite of confident affirmation, a mystery hidden in the editorial bosom of The New Age.

Both logically and historically, the interest of the employer would seem to lie in the acceptance, at all events by the workman, of the opposite, the traditional theories on the subject. And this belief has been hitherto actuated only by the exploiter of every period, and not least by the modern capitalist. It should be, one would think, obvious that the faith that all will "come in the washing" that a particular dent divinity will compensate the proletarian slave for his uncomfortable existence in this vale of tears by an immortality of heavenly bliss hereafter, would induce him to be content with his lot and to cease caring to struggle for better material conditions here. That this is so has been generally recognised by Socialists ever since the working-class movement began. Historically, it is unquestionable that real progress and the mundane bettering of the masses has gone with the rejection of the beliefs apparently so dear to the editorial heart of The New Age. It is the atheist and the materialist who have always been in the vanguard of the Socialist movement in all modem progress.

E. BELFORT BAS.

THE DRAMA.

Cats of a Feather. At the Swinggates Theatre. The jaded playgoer must pay his compliments to the excellent staging of this admirable play. From first to last it went well, a swing marred by no contrempts, and exhibiting all the features of its popular author's art with perfect precision. Peggy, as the first Cat, was bewitching, and acted her part to perfection. The rest were equally good, and the whole was well received by an enthusiastic house. The piece deserves a long run, and our congratulations are due to the manager for his consummate presentation of the piece, to the actors for their consummate rendering of it, to the limelight-men and the call-boys, not forgetting the ladies who sold programmes. One little grumble: the leading gentleman (Mr. Upstartin Cutings) exhibited numerous signs of dropped "h's" and "ings." But these are spots in amber.

B. T. B. COBALT.
them, regard economics as the primary phenomenon on which the subsequent phenomena of society depend. All these latter, in fact, are "functions" of economics consistently with the theory that "soul" is a function of living matter. And so our view, in turn, is that in society philosophy (or faith, if you please) is primary and economics secondary. As a consequence, we may certainly maintain that the particular character is the one age manifests itself in the "economics" of the next; and as clearly conclude from Professor Schäfer's address that an economic theory generally is, we contend, a matter for divination rather than for a logical process—for, shall we say?—art rather than science; for the most obvious sequential relations in logic are by no means necessarily the most true in fact. Mr. Bax, for example, assumes that a belief in "rewards in heaven" would dispose the proletariat to accept quietly the injustices of earth. It is, of course, naive and natural conclusion. But how false to history it is! Instead of being in the vanguard of progress, the atheist and the materialist have reared or, still more often, are on the other side. That atheists and materialists have been in the vanguard of the Socialist movement, perhaps, for the astonishing progress that the Socialist movement has hitherto not made.—Ed., N. A.]

HOME RULE.

Sir,—Let me assure Mr. Hobson that his impressions are not "Fleet Street impressions," as he so unluckily calls them. I have no doubt that Home Rule is a subject frequently discussed in Fleet Street, but personally I have never heard it discussed there, and the arguments in my article owe as little to Fleet Street as they do to the Nevsky Prospekt or the Rue Royale. In any case, there is just as much divergence on these matters in Fleet Street as there is anywhere else.

My critic suggests that the economical arrest in Ireland is due to the inability of the English Government to stop it. He points out various administrative extravagances, all of which I admit; and he goes on to imply that if we had an Irish Parliament the economical power of the Irish people would be strong enough to impose their will on such a legislature. It is here, I think, that Mr. Hobson has gone entirely astray. He grumbles because "the Insurance Act and similar measures," are remorselessly swelling the cost of administration in Ireland. But the Insurance Act is disliked in England as much as it is in Ireland, and the civil administration of Ireland has increased enormously since 1900. The English people have economic power, surely, and have their own Legislature, yet they have not been able to check the waste about which they so often grumble. And Mr. Hobson, if one may judge from what he has written from time to time, would be one of the first to admit that the English people are utterly unable to check their bureaucracy, that Parliament does not represent the nation, and that several measures have been passed in recent years which the people of England detest—the Insurance Act is only one of them.

Why, then, should Mr. Hobson think that the Irish people will be better able to control the Irish professional politicians than the English people are to control the English professional politicians? I maintain that the conditions are practically the same, and that the Irish people can no more control the Irish Parliament than the English can control the English Parliament; and that Mr. Hobson has been, as usual, unwise in not exercising the control Mr. Hobson apparently expects them to exercise. I maintain that if an Irish Parliament were once more at work in Dublin as omission does to the Irish people as the Insurance Act is to the English people would be passed in spite of "economic control," and for the same reasons. My critic says he does not; but he does not see whether the Parliament was in session when he visited Ireland. If the Irish people cannot control the English House of Commons they would be as little likely to control an Irish Parliament, and they have the same reason for multiplying the number of officials which would be greatly increased.

"Now let me return to realities," says Mr. Hobson, wisely implying that what he has been saying is unreal. The first reality is this matter of nationality. Because some 1,000 delegates from all parts of Ireland refused to accept Mr. Birrell's Irish Councils Bill in 1908 Mr. Hobson concludes that the demand for Home Rule is as strong as ever. In point of fact, the rejection of this Bill proves nothing one way or the other. Such a Bill was stillborn; it was neither Home Rule nor Union nor Devolution; it would have satisfied neither Nationalists nor Unionists. "Incidentally," says Mr. Hobson, "Ireland to London and Edinburgh with a majority to Westminster in favour of Home Rule." What nonsense! It would be as incorrect to say that England, as the result of the three elections, is in favour of Home Rule Bill, except the mere name. Ireland will never pass from English control to the extent necessary to make her a separate nation—strategic reasons, apart altogether from English loans, would be sufficient to prevent this. There are, it seems to me, many other flaws in my critic's reply, but I think the main points are covered in this letter.

J. M. KENNEDY.
Sir,—I am sorry that your correspondent, Mr. William McFee, who puts himself down as "chief engineer," finds it so easy to foster and create disorder between the ranks of those who are engaged in the profession of marine engineering. It will perhaps surprise Mr. McFee to know that very many marine engineers have expressed a desire to become members of the Guild, but it has been with regret that we have been compelled to confine them to those holding Board of Trade certificates entitled to command and officer British ships; and, after all, the marine engineers have their own capable organisation in the shape of the Marine Engineers' Association.

I would not have troubled to refer to Mr. McFee's letter but for the fact that it brings to mind the beginning to end, and I do not know that he serves any good purpose, much less that of enhancing the interests of the nautical profession, by indulging in such a fierce onslaught on the Guild.

Might I suggest to Mr. McFee that he should follow the example of the cobblers' stick, and deal with the interests of his own people through the medium of the Marine Engineers' Association, of which, no doubt, he is a member? Our only answer to him is that, having enrolled no fewer than fifteen January 1 last, we consider that we have ample substantive evidence that the straightforward and fearless policy which we are pursuing is confident of those of those conditions have been so immensely improved of late years owing to the persistent energy and advocacy of the Guild.

T. W. Moore, Secretary.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Sir,—In your issue of the 4th inst., under the heading "Patricia Mia," Mr. Ezra Pound suggests that Christian Science teaching has no educational weight or authority, no sort of traction, and is yet jobbed in as "Senior Lady Inspector," and is yet jobbed in as "Senior Lady Inspector." He also asks what qualifications Miss Lawrence has in view of her father being the daughter of Lord Lawrence. The Hon. Maude Lawrence has been, it is true, a member for the last twenty years in the Guild.

As a matter of fact, Christian Scientists are indifferent whether they rest their case on an argument by deduction or induction, as long as they assume that God is omnipotent, omnipresent, and omniscient, and therefore the sick can be healed by a realisation of this; or whether they collect a vast number of cases of healing occurring from the application of this theory, and so demonstrate the omnipotence, omnipresence, and omniscience of God.

Frederick Dixon.

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

Sir,—Allow me to join in the protest made by another reader against the autocratic power wielded by Miss Maude Lawrence and her allies. Your correspondent asks what qualifications Miss Lawrence has in view of her enormous powers. Allow me to inform him: none at all, beyond being the daughter of Lord Lawrence. The Hon. Maude Lawrence has been, it is true, a member for the last twenty years in the Guild. The Hon. Maude Lawrence has been, it is true, a member for the London School Board, but she has had no teaching experience or educational weight or authority, nor sort of connection with teaching or teachers, no university distinction, and is yet jobbed in as "Senior Lady Inspector," and in her hands is the supreme authority of appointing all the teachers, without the slightest knowledge of the subject, which is as much as to say that she is the supreme authority of appointing all the teachers, without the slightest knowledge of the subject.

A "Maria Grey" Training College has given the modern education of high-school girls any value it has; for the set of women sent into the girls' schools twenty years ago were splendid women, cultured ladies, and unlike the assistant teacher and head mistress of the day—the narrow, stupid product of Girton or Newnham as it is possible to conceive. If such a woman who by force of character and intellect invested the teacher's training with honour and renown, making people see what training under a Miss Agnes Ward could be, should be ignored, and her fine breadth of mind, her unique depths of experience and insight, made of no account beside some woman whose father was or is a member of the nation of Miss Ward's knowledge and experience, as well as educational outlook, we should see appointments of a very different character from those now being made. But I suppose now that Sir Robert Morant has gone no one has much hope of anything from the Board of Education.

J. Longhurst.
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