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honours, money, and so forth—for attaching the party that issued them. We should save our money for Sir Edward Carson and people who knew their price and would insist upon it. The Labour Party, on the other hand, is willing to give itself away with a pound of tea.

* * *

Now what is the explanation of this strange survival of belief in the friendliness of the Liberal Party in particular to Labour? We can find it only in two facts: the fact that the Labour movement knows no history whatever and is from head to tail unlettered and unpractised in industrial division and the present situation for a single moment. Doubtless, like everybody else, they read—they read even these weekly "Notes"; but for all the impression their reading makes on them, their heads might be sieves and our worset economy and past history and present fact, as almost any journal likely to be read by the Labour leaders repeatedly maintains, conclusively prove that whatever may once have been the natural affinity of Liberalism with Labour, that affinity no longer holds. The estrangement between the two interests has become no less complete than the estrangement between England and America which once, but long ago, were joined by something thicker than water. The tendency of the Liberal Party to take shelter under the wings of Liberalism is a heritage of the days when the Liberal Party was indeed fighting, in one sense, the economic battle. Why? When capitalism and the wage system were gradually pushing their way to political power over the system there was no longer any excuse for the Labour movement to mistake the rising capitalist for the delivering Gabriel. The Labour Party in those days did, at any rate, appear to be about to play the proven engines of the working classes. But this, as any analysis of the constituent elements of the Liberal Party surely proves, is no longer the case. It is true that in the main the landed monopoly has been driven into the Conservative Party and there is still a Liberal Party; but it is also true that not only are Liberals likely to leave it there, but a far worse enemy of Labour than the landed interest has taken secure perch and roost in Liberalism in the form of Capitalism.

Rent, we all know—the rent of land we mean—is a mere flea-bite out of the total annual product of labour. No landowner could live a week on the rents derived from his land alone. But, on the other hand, the sums stolen from Labour annually, chiefly by Liberals, under the name of Interest and Profits, are so enormous as to leave Labour's share a mere flea-bite of the whole. When, therefore, the "Labour Member" talks of the predisposition of Labour to Liberalism he is talking the language natural enough to his grandfather, but imbecile in these days. Unless King Stork is entitled to the gratitude of the frogs because he takes the fish out of the pond, the Labour Party will see, will be the response. There is no such Act, Bill, or plank.

* * *

Another old and unfortunate error of Labour is the idea that the Labour Party and Mr. Webb have dropped as inexplicable, or inexplicable, or immovable, the programme of Labour legislation so far accepted by the Liberal Party. In the words of their leader, Mr. MacDonald, "the selfish rich men are now leaving the Liberal Party" on account of what their grandfathers have told them?

But our "Labour Member" embellishes his superstition with the further fiction that "the selfish rich men are now leaving the Liberal Party" on account of the too rapid progress of Labour legislation. Why on earth should they, when such Labour legislation as we are having is so exactly to their taste that its progress cannot be too rapid for them? On the contrary, the kind of Labour legislation now in progress is much too slow in coming to suit the ambitious dreams of the Liberal cosmopolitan capitalists. And the cause of the delay is by no means the "selfish rich men" of the Liberal Party, but the unselfish poor men scattered up and down the Labour movement. We have repeatedly warned our readers, on authority not disputed, that the programme of Labour legislation so far acceptable to the Labour Party is infinitely short of the programme sketched out for realisation by the international capitalists themselves. A fact of our own hatching, we shall be told—a mere man's-nest! But without pretending to boast of our sources of information we may fairly assure our readers that the conspiracy is none of our invention; we wish it were; it rests on facts well known to Anglo-American and Anglo-Jewish financiers. They, at least, will not privately deny it. There are signs, also, to which we can point our incredulous readers as inexplicable of any other hypothesis than that of a conspiracy. Compare, for example, the contemporary Labour legislation of leading capitalist countries; is it similar or is it different? With small changes, one Labour Bill would serve equally England, Germany, America, and every wealthy nation. But our incredulous readers as insusceptible to the facts in evidence; we are anxious to believe that the Labour Party is not entirely mad; a little evidence will do; any evidence will do to Work or Maintenance Bill—on the Labour Party's programme that the "selfish rich men" are not prepared of preparing to accept with both hands. That Bill, it is true, they will not mean the end of the competitive wage system; but by another startling coincidence it is also the Bill that the official Labour Party and Mr. Webb have dropped as impracticable. Why? The fly on the wheel finds it practicable to turn the wheel only one way.

* * *

Here, on the eve of a new political session, and after the Labour Party, with unprecedented power, have been in office continuously these six years, we renew our challenge to the Labour Party and their supporters to name one single measure that has been passed or that is now contemplated which can change by the shadow of a degree the relative position of the two sides of the great capitalist world is putting into legislation to-morrow. That is a mere-nest if you like! The truth is that there is nothing as yet—with the single exception of the Right to Work or Maintenance Bill—on the Labour Party's programme that the "selfish rich men" are not prepared to accept with both hands. That Bill, it is true, they will not mean the end of the competitive wage system; but by another startling coincidence it is also the Bill that the official Labour Party and Mr. Webb have dropped as impracticable. Why? The fly on the wheel finds it practicable to turn the wheel only one way.

* * *

Pessimists, however, that we are, we are determined not to despair. It occurs to us that the Labour Party may be suffering from some idée fixe such as the latest form of influenza leaves its victims to their own devices, to their own physical and mental reactions. Our incredulous readers as insusceptible to the facts in evidence; we are anxious to believe that the Labour Party is not entirely mad; a little evidence will do to continue their blind belief in the friendliness of the Liberal Party in particular to Labour.
Our "Labour Member" of the "Daily Chronicle" has already, we believe, put us on the track of the fixed idea by his remark beginning: "Labour, if it cannot divorce all it wants . . . . And the "Labour Leader" confirms our suspicion that we are growing weary by its editorials of the current week. "We do not divorce Socialism," says our patient, "from the urgent everyday questions that press with insistence on the average workman. . . . Our advance towards Socialism is linked up with every genuine improvement in the condition of the people. The fixed idea in these passages—and other passages from other members of the party enshrine the same—is that by a succession of Acts of Parliament, by now a little and then a little—not only may the condition of labor be progressively improved, but in the end Labour will become emancipated from capitalism. Indeed, the "Labour Leader" in this very article announces that this emancipation will in the end prove necessary. "The full emancipation of labour," our afflicted contemporary observes, "cannot come without the overthrow of capitalism." But leaving for the present the whole question of the relation of economics to politics, we may renew our request for any evidence that, with or without being linked with Socialism, legislation is genuinely improving in any respect the condition of the people. And, again, our patient must ask itself why the "full emancipation of labour" should not be attempted at the beginning rather than at the end of a long series of short but progressive chain, every link a genuine improvement in the condition of the people, and its last leviathan link labour's emancipation? * * *

Still another doubt crosses our mind, O "Labour Leader," suffering from ideé fixe. By the third of the coincidences that we have recorded in these "Notes," every step in the genuine improvement in the condition of the people which the Labour Party demands the capitalist also demands. It is not to be supposed that his end and labour's end are one and the same. Labour, we know, is looking through that long telescope for full emancipation and overthrow of capitalism. Strange, is it not, that capitalism should be anxious to accompany labour all the way? Labour, as Shelley might pithily speak, "Labour and its murdered man went on to Florence." But surely some kind friend will warn capitalism keeps, whether Labour is leading it, and what awaits it at the end of the road. The spectacle is one otherwise of a Greek tragedy of fate, intolerable to modern nerves and only to be endured with laughter. But we put it to our sick friend that capitalism is not a fool. As surely as we are alive capitalism will discover its mistake before labour has taken many more of its giant strides in genuine improvement, and will be baring Labour's way. "Not yet, however," Labour may reply. "We can make more progress yet before Capitalism discovers our intentions." Indeed we may: unless capitalist bankbooks deceive them, every step Labour makes by legislation is all to the good of Capitalists. Instead of the full emancipation of Labour it might almost appear that we are arriving at the full emancipation of Capitalism; and not merely at the end of the way, but concurrently with every step in the genuine improvement. Look over the steps which the strong young Labour Party has assisted blind, tottering Liberalism to take, and every new link of the progressive chain will be found with insistence on the average workman. The fixed idea in these passages—and other passages from other members of the party enshrine the same—is that by a succession of Acts of Parliament, by now a little and then a little—not only may the condition of labour be progressively improved, but in the end Labour will become emancipated from capitalism. Indeed, the "Labour Leader" in this very article announces that this emancipation will in the end prove necessary. "The full emancipation of labour," our afflicted contemporary observes, "cannot come without the overthrow of capitalism." But leaving for the present the whole question of the relation of economics to politics, we may renew our request for any evidence that, with or without being linked with Socialism, legislation is genuinely improving in any respect the condition of the people. And, again, our patient must ask itself why the "full emancipation of labour" should not be attempted at the beginning rather than at the end of a long series of short but progressive chain, every link a genuine improvement in the condition of the people, and its last leviathan link labour's emancipation? * * *

Before continuing our therapeutic talk with the Labour Party, however, let us turn to the case of some of its professsed friends. We have recently seen Mr. H. G. Wells occupying guineas of space in the "Daily Mail" for the purpose of darkening counsel with his meaningless hesitant words. It appears that in a new penny weekly magazine shortly to be issued by Messrs. Dent, the same monumental sociological impostor (nothing less than a mouthful of words can describe Mr. Wells) is booked on the usual terms to write on the subject of the Industrial Unrest. Now we will not talk about Mr. Wells with fear. The observer reading his own articles in the "Daily Mail." Mr. Wells will find that, like everybody else, he has forgotten what he said. He is, therefore, in danger of suggesting a sociological impostor diagnosis and some entirely novel remedy. We will not waste our readers' time in speculating on what Mr. Wells can have to say, for the discovery is not of the smallest importance to anybody but Mr. Wells. We merely mention that Mr. Wells is not the only writer who adds to his income by dispensing quack remedies for the poor. The aim of the Webbs, on the other hand, is kudos not coin. Their modest ambition is to pull the strings on which a puppet nation may dance. The form their latest bid for new strings takes is a campaign with the I.L.P., which will be started with the "Labour Leader," if it can only be induced to settle down to something better than its former habits, to write on the "Study of the Poor." The "study" was to be begun by Mr. Cohen, a "study" which is likely to be misdirected. We have no time to say anything about the campaign "War against Poverty." A "campaign" will subsequently be undertaken by the joint Fabian and Labour societies for the purpose of carrying out the "campaign" itself. Now we have nothing to say against campaigns, if such a side-tracking is possible, or that such a side-tracking of the motive of the campaign can possibly be made. But what would the wealthy think if the Webbs announced a "War against Wealth?" Would they not feel themselves—if they did not know their Webbs—at least aimed at, if not about to be hit? The practical issue of all the campaigning against Poverty that has been going on since wealth began to accumulate is the harassing of the poor by one "genuine improvement" after another. * * *

And our deduction from the phrase is supported by an examination of the programme. Bounce only is meant, not business. To begin with, the programme of the "Labour Leader" is "to consider demands for legislation next session." Next session, indeed! What purpose is served by pretending that the promoters of the Conference have any hope of obtaining any legislation next session? It is simply a piece of would-be cunning bluff that deceives nobody; and very characteristic of the roaring gentialty of the ass in lion's skin. And the demands themselves are no less ridiculous when it is remembered that neither the Webbs and the I.L.P. combined have power enough to enforce the smallest of them, nor is one of them consistent with the economic facts of to-day or even, within the limits of that system, just. The "demands" which the Conference is to consider and to make upon Parliament in its next session are as follows: A Legal Minimum Wage; Complete Provision against Sickness; Prevention of Unemployment; Reduction of the Hours of Labour; a National Minimum of Child Nurture; healthy Homes for All; and the Abolition of the Poor Law. The poor old Minority Report, now dead as Nebuchadnezzar, was bound to come in, of course; though its place is properly the tail. That item of its being "forced" on private capitalists; we pass over on this occasion the improbability of being "forced" on private capitalists; we pass over on this occasion the improbability of their being "forced" on capitalists; we pass over on this occasion the improbability of their being "forced" on capitalists. To begin with, the programme of the "Labour Leader" is "to consider demands for legislation next session." Next session, indeed! What purpose is served by pretending that the promoters of the Conference have any hope of obtaining any legislation next session? It is simply a piece of would-be cunning bluff that deceives nobody; and very characteristic of the roaring gentialty of the ass in lion's skin. And the demands themselves are no less ridiculous when it is remembered that neither the Webbs and the I.L.P. combined have power enough to enforce the smallest of them, nor is one of them consistent with the economic facts of to-day or even, within the limits of that system, just. The "demands" which the Conference is to consider and to make upon Parliament in its next session are as follows: A Legal Minimum Wage; Complete Provision against Sickness; Prevention of Unemployment; Reduction of the Hours of Labour; a National Minimum of Child Nurture; healthy Homes for All; and the Abolition of the Poor Law. The poor old Minority Report, now dead as Nebuchadnezzar, was bound to come in, of course; though its place is properly the tail. That item we can safely regard as included to complete the mystical seven of the cabalistic programme. But of the remaining six items we ask, who in heaven's name believes that the class of wage earners will benefit by them? We pass over on this occasion the improbability of their being "forced" on private capitalists; we pass over, even, the essential injustice involved in attempting
to badger capitalists into them; it is enough for the present to ask, in the devil's name this time, what good they are likely to prove in practice. Oh, that practice, that practice! How does it conduct itself? It yearly draws us into realities of horn. There is scarcely a social misery from which we suffer that was not once the mission of some reformer. While the economic system remains what it is thought to be, the Labour reformer needs every improvement of Labour's condition will be at Labour's expense. It cannot otherwise be. You can reduce the hours of labour, fix minimum wages, provide a villa for every workman, with free doctoring, pensions, and all the rest; but, if Capitalism endures, Labour will not only pay for it, but pay increasing Rent, Interest, and Profits to the real masters of economic industry. Both Mr. Webb and the I.L.P. know that as well as we do. The I.L.P. admits that emancipation is only possible with the overthrow of capitalism. And Mr. Webb—but another paragraph. *

Some time during this strenuous autumn of his, Mr. Webb is to deliver at the Queen's Hall, under distinguished auspices—a series of lectures on, of course, the Industrial Unrest. The titles, which we have chance to see, of his three lectures are, as nearly as we can remember, as follows: (1) Syndicalism and the Abolition of the Wage System. (2) The Coming Compromise. Now, we do not pretend to have taken out any patent for the plan of uniting Syndicalism with Collectivism by the abolition of the wage system, we freely award to a member of Parliament to support him in a certain limited area to the full extent of the voter's power. How it if happens that the voter is really unable to meet the demand for power when called upon? He has signed the cheque, it is true, and by the political fiction of equality he has signed it for precisely the same amount as his employer. But the employer will be delivering the goods his employer can pay, but the workman cannot. In the political exchange, therefore, the employer's vote means more than the workman's vote. A member who has the support of ten large employers carries more weight in political business than a member who represents ten thousand wage slaves. This, we should have thought, would be so obvious by now that even the Labour members might see it. Nevertheless, suffering from their idea fixed, they are still under the delusion that a few more thousand workmen's votes will strengthen their hands in Parliament. It will do nothing of the kind. The actual economic situation of the population of the country is the simplest thing in the world to understand. There are, among adults, a few million capitalists and the remaining millions are wage slaves. The relations between them are identical (identical, be it marked) with the relations between men in general and horses in general. Let it be supposed that the Humanitarian League secured the Parliamentary franchise for horses and that horses sat and voted in the House of Commons. What difference would it make to the relative position of horses so long as men continued to ride and drive them? All they would be likely to obtain would be superior harness. The parallel, we repeat, is exact. The capitalists ride and drive; the wage slaves are horses and vote. So long as this difference of status between the two classes is allowed to continue, so long may wage slaves harmlessly to continue, so long may wage slaves harmlessly to
Current Cant.

"The 'Caxton' Life of Lloyd George is a most stimulating story... all those who are interested in the building of a real man will find light."—Dr. John Clifford, D.D.

"Read Mrs. Eddy and become a saint... best of all read Shaw, whom if you don't love you ought to..."—Maid Churton Bray.

"We are determined in our day and generation to wipe out the heritage of social inequality."—John Burns.

"The King's speeches are always models of brevity and substance."—Evening Standard.

"We are now an insured nation. No longer will the workman's home be haunted by the grim spectre of poverty..."—Daily Chronicle.

"Payment of members is cordially detested by an overwhelming majority of the Unionist Party."—The Standard.

"Wages have risen, the price of necessaries has gone down."—Lord Henry Bentinck, M.P.

"The operative principle of Socialism is the antithesis of liberty and free competition."—Morning Post.

"When we showed Baden-Powell the 'Daily Mirror' this morning announcing the engagement he said 'Yes, it is absolutely correct.'"—Daily Mirror.

"I rarely visit the theatre, although I did go the other night to see 'Hindle Wakes,' which I consider in many ways a noteworthy production."—Edmund Gosse.

"There is a boom in the morality play; Mr. Joseph Wilson has secured for the Tivoli next week 'The Woman Who Wants.'"—News and Leader.

"The Empire is as important to the working-man as to the other classes of the community... By the Empire he lives."—Morning Post.

"The vital reason for the existence of a Second Chamber is to remove from the arena measures resulting from popular excitement."—Standard.

"Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Shaw, and Mr. Wells are engaged less in writing books than in fighting battles. They are concerned not with literature, but with life."—News and Leader.

"Lloyd George was honoured and loved because everyone knew of the earnest sincerity of the man."—Rufus Isaacs.

"Lloyd George had always been true to two causes—the cause of his own people and the cause of the poor throughout the world."—Mr. Masterman.

"The radical programme is largely tainted with Socialism. The Unionist Party recognises the advantages of individualism."—George R. Sims.

"Although Miss Christabel Pankhurst is still in Paris, it may be noted that an excellent portrait model of that young suffragist is on view at Madame Tussaud's Exhibition."—Referee.

"The farmers took it as a personal honour that his Majesty should ride across their fields."—Daily Telegraph.

"I have a little boy one year old; ought I to wean him?"—Inquiry in 'Mother and Home.'

"I know that the vision of a perfect human society is the unsubstantiated phantom of a dream."—Rev. R. W. Cummings.

Current Sense.

"Voting does not seem to me to be politics."—Madame Sarah Bernhardt.

"Mr. Wells' head is always on the steam."—News and Leader.

"In the earliest days of the Army, General Booth confessed that his great difficulty was 'to keep his people down in the gutter.'"—Review of Reviews.

"Mr. Lloyd George has his tabernacle of proselytes."—The Standard.

"The policy of sitting on a milestone and pretending that there are no more ahead of us can only result in disaster."—Evening News.

"Having reached our own particular milestone, we were content to sit down on it and to dare anybody or anything to go past us on the road of progress."—Evening News.

"It seems an intelligent effort to put an end to a system which has crammed boys' heads and then flung them helpless into the world to be swallowed up in the deadly quicksand of 'casual employment.'"—Fall Mall.

"The scientist to-day is as ignorant as in the days of Aristotle—the sphinx remains silent."—Rev. R. J. Campbell.

"A well-known novelist told me that a pool of blood and a murder was all that was wanted. Publishers would accept any number."—Harold Gorse.

"The Church of England cannot long continue to be regarded as a national Church."—Bishop of Carlisle.

"Very little is known about the Prince of Wales. In all probability there is very little to know."—The World's Work.

"What an absurd thing our modern melodrama is!... Visions of a dress rehearsal at Drury Lane and of Piccadilly Circus by night."—The Nation.

"The Labour members are absolutely at the Government's beck and call, and behave just as the old Liberal-Labour members did in the days before the present Labour Party came into existence."—Votes for Women.

"Mr. Granville Barker's methods dechristise the poetry of England's greatest poet. They sterilise emotion and convert beauty into ugliness. He has taken one of Shakespeare's most enchanting plays and robbed it of its enchantment."—Weekly Dispatch.

"It is a dangerous hour for any nation when its destinies fall into the hands of men who cannot feel the promptings nor understand the national mission of a people's soul. Government entrusted to men of that type ends sooner or later in conflagration."—Sunday Times.

"The chemist is continually being made aware that things which are equal to the same thing are not equal to one another."—E. S. G., in the 'Fall Mall.'

"The Kaiser is surrounded by sycophantic satellites whose chief aim is to curry favour by greeting with adulation each fresh move that their monarch makes."—T. P. O'Connor.

"All I know is that every girl is the possessor of a certain amount of hair."—Phyllis Dare in 'Mother and Home.'

"The idea of office uniform for women is becoming increasingly popular amongst the heads of business houses. Any display of ankle is a taboo, the tight skirt anathema; a profusion of stray locks and curls are not considered conducive to concentrated thought."—The Standard.

"This came of admitting women to public life. I went to see a dear old lady who, after seventy years of struggle, was singing her 'nunc dimittis' as she knitted by the fireside. 'What do you think of it all?' I asked. 'The vengeance of God,' she said."—Margaret Wynne Nevinson.
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

Once more the Liberal Press has “let itself go” on the subject of Persia. The “Daily News,” the “Nation,” the “Daily Chronicle,” the “Manchester Guardian,” and the “Star,” or sporting edition of the first-named, have all had their say; and even Mr. Arthur Chamberlain has added his voice. The arrival of M. Sazonoff has furnished a fresh excuse for invective. And what a pity he ever came, this gentleman! The grudging acknowledgment in some quarters that nothing can be done, and the suggestion in other quarters, equally inspired with the divine fire, that those Liberal members who are interested shall rebel.

If this anxiety about the fate of Persia and the Persian people sprang from a feeling of chivalry, there might be something to say in its favour. But it does not: it springs from sentimentality and an entirely mistaken sense of the nature of things. Persia is not in the situation of a distressed maiden being set upon by brigands. She is rather in the position of the comic paper seaside landladies who constantly bemoan their members who are interested shall rebel. The protests of Mr. Massingham, or of Mr. Arthur Chamberlain, or of the Liberal papers, will be of no avail. We are “in for” the occupation of Southern Persia sooner or later, just as Russia sooner or later will take over Northern Persia de jure as well as de facto. We cannot help this, any more than we can make the earth stop revolving. Whatever polite documents are issued to the Press after M. Sazonoff has seen the King, it may be taken for granted that no great change will be made in the relations of Russia and England to Persia. I do not mean to imply that there are no divergencies between the views of Sir E. Grey and those of M. Sazonoff; for there are. It would suit England better, for example, if a strong Government were established in Persia; it would suit Russia better if the Persian Government were weak. But these are not serious divergencies, and they will be discussed and settled at Balmoral.

As so many protests seem to be going about, let me enter one here. I feel the greatest against incompetent, misleading journalists; and it applies equally to Mr. Massingham and the “Daily News” tribe. Whenever I wish to get particularly crude, inept, schoolboy views of foreign politics, I invariably go to the “Nation” and to the “Daily News.” Mr. Massingham’s intellectual hysteria amuses me. No human ostrich more often buries his head in the sand; consequently I do not know from what particular point of view Mr. Massingham surveys foreign affairs. But the editor of the “Nation” (what a damned impudent title to give the rag!) not merely amuses a few of his readers, and misleads most of them by writing on international politics. No. He also writes on armaments. I wonder whether he has any clue as to whether the Government is ready for war or not in any way the Russian advance. This being so, it remained for the English Foreign Office to make up its mind on a rather delicate question: Should England work with Russia, or against her, or remain neutral? If we remained neutral, Persia could have done nothing but passively acquiesce in the Russian advance. But this was not the case. If we worked against Russia, we could not have hindered her ultimate absorption of Persia—we might simply have checked it for a time, and got into Russia’s bad graces for our pains. Our Foreign Office chose the wisest course, which was to try to make the Russian advance as much as possible to her disadvantage. This was the outcome of the Potsdam interview. We had tried to “hold up” Russian interests in Turkey at that time, and the consequence was German support for Russia in the Balkans. So that attempt failed; and Downing Street wisely enough never made another like it. When we talk gibberly of checking Russian aggression in Persia, let us try to recollect other features of the international situation.

It is recognised by both political parties in this country that our period of “splendid isolation” has gone for ever—a point which I have already emphasised in these columns. We cannot stand alone any longer; we must have an ally or allies. It is too late now to question this; for we have already come to an agreement with an ally—France—and, for practical purposes, we are as good as an ally of Russia, and it is clear they could not now quarrel with Russia without at the same time quarrelling with France; and we could not offend Russia and France without losing our foothold in European politics. We may say, if we choose, that it would have been better for us to have come to an agreement with Germany long ago, that an Anglo-German combination could have ruled Europe, that our present arrangement is a mistake. All this, I repeat, is too late. We cannot alter the events of the last decade; we cannot alter the German Navy Law; we cannot alter our agreements with France and with Russia. Our Foreign Office has realised that it will be better for this country if England and Russia work together in Persia than it would be the case if Russia and Germany worked together in Persia. These are the alternatives.

This is, I think, a clear enough statement of the case. The protests of Mr. Massingham, or of Mr. Arthur Chamberlain, or of the Liberal papers, will be of no avail. We are “in for” the occupation of Southern Persia sooner or later, just as Russia sooner or later will take over Northern Persia de jure as well as de facto. We cannot help this, any more than we can make the earth stop revolving. Whatever polite documents are issued to the Press after M. Sazonoff has seen the King, it may be taken for granted that no great change will be made in the relations of Russia and England to Persia. I do not mean to imply that there are no divergencies between the views of Sir E. Grey and those of M. Sazonoff; for there are. It would suit England better, for example, if a strong Government were established in Persia; it would suit Russia better if the Persian Government were weak. But these are not serious divergencies, and they will be discussed and settled at Balmoral.

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Military Notes.

By Romney.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton’s views are generally of importance in that he possesses what Bernard Shaw claims—an eye which sees things as they are and not as convention would have us imagine them to be. He has not, however, been particularly successful upon Salisbury Plain. His article in the “Illustrated London News” contains one or two acute observations such as that “the scientific soldier who (writing in the newspapers) says that modern enemies are always at an infinite distance from each other, can be suspected of having retired from the fight at an ingloriously early stage of it.” That is exactly what the scientific soldier did do, as the South African casualty statistics show. But after all, it is only in England that people ever thought seriously about nonsense of this description. Such heresies found precious short shrift in Germany and France and other Continental States, where the memories of battle and the expectation of battle are real and present things, and where there is a public accustomed to the operations of the reason, which alone will preserve any intelligent persons from errors so grotesque. It looks as though aeroplanes were likely to give rise to another crop of them. We are told, if you please, in a dozen ha’penny papers, that strategy is become impossible because the opposing generals can now procure immediate information of each other’s movements—which is about as reasonable as saying that sparring is impossible because opposing boxers can see each other’s eyes and fists. Dear old Cadbury, in particular, has excelled himself. Aeroplanes, so Cadbury would have you know, by rendering deception impossible, will cause “direct methods” to “directer methods”—provided, of course, that the world will tolerate such barbarism.”

One can understand Cadbury’s hatred of direct methods—but in the name of glory, how did that sanctimonious capitalist suppose that contests could be settled except by “direct methods” provided, of course, that the world will tolerate such barbarism?”

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The reason Mr. Chesterton has fur- nished himself. “Man,” he says, “must be defined most subtly; he is a running-away animal—who does not run away.” But in order that he may not run away it has been found necessary to subject him to a sort of spell or dehumanising hypnotism. Mr. Chesterton’s pacifist friends are right. Guardsmen (and indeed all well-drilled troops) are under a sort of spell, or dehumanising hypnotism. Mr. Chesterton should have looked deeper. Also, if he wanted enlightening on the history of the Brigade of Guards, he should read what his friend, Mr. Belloc, has said two weeks ago about the relative importance of troops and staff. The Austrians, English and Prussians possessed beyond all doubt the best trained troops in Europe, and their generals knew their business on conventional lines. The French had practically an army as well trained as the English. Their officers were disinterested or dispassionate, their regular troops demoralised, their levies undisciplined. Their leaders, however, were determined and resourceful men, fighting with ropes around their necks. Their troops had no training. They were for the first time seriously outnumbered, and had no one to blame for the deficiency by numbers. They had no commissariat? Their armies lived on the country and doubled their mobility by so doing. No energetic generals? They gave up the ground until the remainder became energetic. In short, they were determined to win while the others were not. So much does determination matter. There are more fruitful lessons to be learned from the Revolutionary War, neglected as it is, than from any other. Mr. Chesterton has never had the courage to draw our attention to it. He has drawn too much of his attention to it.

THE AMERICAN UNWRITTEN LAW.

In heart affairs be sure you ne'er forget
The precepts of erotic etiquette,
For if you have some slight relationship
Straying beyond more homage of the lip,
And then, ambitious for a fuller life,
Resist? Nay, nay, be manly, play the game,
So just admire her mien, her voice, her clothes,
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Comedy or Corruption?

The scandalmongers who ply their fascinating trade in the hobbles at the minister are just now delighting their souls with a toothsome morsel. It is said (with what truth we know not, though the rumour waxes strong) that two or three Cabinet Ministers, being dismissed by some sacred and profane agency that the Marconi Company was about to sign, made an advantageous arrangement with the Government, decided upon a Stock Exchange flutter. In this, let us parenthetically remark, they proved themselves vulgarly human—just as human as Mr. Smith, who travels up to town every morning by the 9.15, does not use such reverential terms. As he puts it, the “daily Marconis” are “a cool shade of opposition” from which human jealousy can fall. Of course, only did they buy Marconis at £2, and sell them at £238, but they were the 670 of his Majesty’s Commons members who “let in on the ground floor” (we humbly ask pardon if our vocabulary is erroneous, and those left out, having heard of it—murder will out)—feel that the honour of Parliament has been smirched and now loudly disclose to what depths human jealousy can fall. Of course, only did they buy Marconis at £2 and sell them at £238 before the next settling day. Is it temptation or is it Providence? Of course, if it be temptation, he says; but it is not cricket,” he says. Indeed, it would be impious to seize the chance to do more than to glorify and puff the new Parliamentary contract. We understand that the Government has promised a day’s discussion on this interesting topic and we are looking forward with amusement to Pecksniff’s attack and Lickcheese’s defence.

Some of our friends ask us to be shocked, or at least to appear so. Why on earth should we? Have we not, times without number, affirmed that “economic power must precede political power”? When, therefore, two distinguished members of the Cabinet prove our case, we can only feel cynically grateful.

Notorious that every Thursday, during the session, the Cabinet meets to discuss the current issue of The New Age. If we wept crocodile tears over this transaction, would not the Cabinet promptly retort upon us that we were humbugs, first to preach the dominance of economic power, and then, when two or three of their august body took us at our word, to denounce it? Nor would the mischief end there: at least two members of the Labour Party were “brought in to the deal” (have we got the correct lingo?), and we could even forfend that we should do any injury to our dear friends on the Labour benches. It was only last week that an official appeal was issued calling for a more unanimous and enthusiastic support of the Labour Party. We do not doubt that these lucky Labour members were actuated by a high sense of public duty—we have noticed that they always are—and they will, of course, in due time, when the clouds have rolled by, disgorge some of their plunder and hand it over to the party funds.

This is clearly a case for tender and compassionate consideration; we must put ourselves into the shoes of these faithful servants of the people. We must remember that they unselfishly devote themselves, always by day and sometimes by night, to the sacred cause of progress and reform. To do this really well demands money. It is true that at the present moment they are enjoying the “sweets of office” and the emoluments legally attached thereto. A journalist M.P., with an Irish brogue, but a pidgin English style, remarked of these emoluments: “A hundred quid a week, me bhoi, and paid regularly. The regularity of the payments appealed so strongly to this free-lance journalist that he dropped off into a delicious swoon and only “came to” at the sound of a spoon clinking in a glass. But there comes an end to all good things, and the “cool shades of opposition” loom up before the most powerful of Ministers. To him they are the Ides of March. Now we would ask the critics of these good men, who scorn delight and live laborious days, what are they to do for money when in Opposition? They doubtless will get their paltry £400, but of what use is that when you have been living at the champagne standard of £2,000? That is clearly an inadequate solution. They obviously must make hay while the sun shines. Suppose one of them to be a poor man, sprung from the people,” whose heart throbs in loving sympathy for the people, to whom he would fain bring “rare and refreshing fruit.” A little cherub whispers to him that he can buy Marconis at £2 and sell them at £238 before the next settling day. Is it temptation or is it Providence? Of course, if it be temptation, he says; but it is not cricket,” he says. Indeed, it would be impious to seize the chance to do more than to glorify and puff the new Parliamentary contract. We understand that the Government has promised a day’s discussion on this interesting topic and we are looking forward with amusement to Pecksniff’s attack and Lickcheese’s defence.

Mr. Belloc will, we hope, forgive us if we do not take the matter tragically. Parliament is only an index, not a symbol. The world itself is not so corrupt as he and Parliament would you suppose. After all, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. Our food is purer than it was; we do not detect sand in our sugar, even though our grocer is a Quaker. Our machinery actually works. Our boots are fair value for the money; our furniture lasts more than a lifetime. The maintenance of an economic lie necessitates a liberal use of political lying. And, as the Americans say, “That’s all there is to it.”
Ulster Day.

(An Unintelligent Anticipation.)

By Bentley Capper.


Scene: A cellar in Belfast, plainly furnished with a deal table and with half a dozen legs, placed to serve as seats. Stacked in the corners are a number of rusty pikes and flint-lock rifles. Near the door, lying on its side, is an old mortar, a relic of the Battle of the Boyne. The walls are decorated with a coloured print of King William of Orange and with a large manifesto, opening with the legend, "Loyalists, To Arms!" and, closing with the pious wish, "To Hell with the Pope!" Two cloaked figures, identified as Sir Edward Carson and Lord Londonderry, are seated on barrels at the table. A third, Mr. F. E. Smith, also cloaked, stands on guard at the door. A dagger and a railway guide lie on the table.

It is night.

SIR EDWARD CARSON (cutting the pages of Bradshaw with the legend, "Loyalists, To Arms!"—no, not nursemaids—a dozen aeroplanes, a corps of sappers and miners, an armoured train and a battery of heavy guns. Then she'll provide all the stone-throwing brigade, a division of light infantry going to—that is, of course, fifty volunteers. Been 'em hip and thigh. Not a woman or child escaped!)

CARSON (fervently): I'm perfectly serious, I assure you. Miss Pankhurst onl—no, not nursemaids—a dozen aeroplanes, a corps of sappers and miners, an armoured train and a battery of heavy guns. Then she'll provide all the stone-throwing brigade, a division of light infantry going to—that is, of course, fifty volunteers. Been 'em hip and thigh. Not a woman or child escaped!

BONAR LAW (to himself): Besides, if they can't fight the English they'll turn round and fight someone else—perhaps us!

BONAR LAW: God forbid!

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BRADFORD: Who goes there?

BONAR LAW: Colonel! What enemy?

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SMITH (severely): General, if you please, sir! (Opens map and pocket-book on table.) Londonderry's rough-riders are stationed at Larne—fifteen hundred horse—most of them really Craig's pikemen are secreted here in Belfast. They will mobilise at the street corners when the call to arms comes. Carson's Carabiniers infest the Mountains of Mourne. When the time comes they will sweep down to the sea—what time the Ulster Fire-eaters, under my captaincy, will bear down on Dublin. I haven't their actual numbers yet, but, judging from the London Unionist Press, they should fall not far short of 200,000.

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BONAR LAW: You know you can never be too careful.

CARSON: And yet he said he could imagine no extremities to which we might go in which he would not be ready to support us!

LONDONDERRY: Depends on the imagination, doesn't it?

BONAR LAW: You know you can never be too careful.

SMITH: Don't be an ass!

CRAIG: The devil you have!

BONAR LAW to himself: Besides, if they can't fight the English they'll turn round and fight someone else—perhaps us!

BONAR LAW (thoughtfully): True! Well, talking about fighting, have you the plan of campaign there, comrade—disposition of our forces?

SMITH: Yes, on paper. By the by, we might as well start talking militarily now—get in practice, you know.

BONAR LAW: Fire away, Colonel!

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A Plea for the Agricultural Labourer.
By H. R. Gladstone.

The object of this article is to make more widely known the condition of a number of sweated workers whose plight is admitted to be one of the primary causes of the land problem to-day. There is a general idea that the low wages of the agricultural labourer are compensated for by the exceptional comfort of rural home life in the country, but this supposed advantage of cheap living does not in fact exist to anything approaching the extent that is frequently imagined. Rents are much lower in the majority of districts, but a very frequent reason for this is that the landlord is also the employer, and, as such, lets the cottage for little or no profit, with the result that he thus increases his power over his labourers and their dependence upon him. It is equally inaccurate to assume that in every case the labourer is able to subsist to a great extent on vegetables grown in his garden, or pigs or poultry kept near his cottage. Many employers object to the keeping of pigs or fowls by their men, on the ground that it tempts them to steal grain or similar food, and the amount of spare time which the labourer has at the right season is seldom sufficient to allow him to cultivate any extensive garden or allotment.

While, therefore, the cost of living is certainly less in agricultural districts than it is in the town, it would be a mistake to suppose that the farm labourer can live in comfort on a wage far below that of the industrial worker. In proof, the following weekly budget may be quoted, not as an instance of what the labourer actually spends, but of what he ought to be able to spend if he is to maintain his family and himself in a condition sufficiently attractive to induce him to remain in agricultural employment, and not add to the competition in the overcrowded markets of the cities:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Food</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rent</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fuel and lighting</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clothes</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Club</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beer, tobacco, and miscellaneous</td>
<td>6</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Taking the items in detail, the cost of food seems excessively high, though by a strange coincidence it comes to within a few pence of the amount that Mr. Seabohm Rowntree has calculated to be the minimum on which a family can properly subsist. It is important to remember, however, that the 15s. 6d. is quoted as the result of an official investigation made in connection with the fiscal controversy in 1903, and that it is calculated on the cost of the food at the shops in the district, so that where the labourer grows his own vegetables, or feeds his own pigs, the cost would be considerably less. Clothes are another item of which it is extremely difficult to speak with accuracy. The official inquiry already mentioned placed this amount as high as 3s. a week, while other authorities have put it as low as 9d., or even, where a clothing club exists, at 15s. for the year, without the expenditure on boots. Probably among the poorer labourers a certain amount of second-hand clothing is received by way of charity, and this would greatly alter this part of the weekly budget.

But if a pound a week is approximately the amount that the labourer requires for the maintenance of his family, the wages he receives are in almost every case insufficient for such expenditure. The official returns which have been issued on the subject of agricultural labourers' wages present the condition of affairs in pairs of an unduly favourable light. The returns were only filled in by a small minority of the better employers; casual labourers were not included; and the average for the whole country was increased by the addition of labourers in the industrial North, where even rural wages are on a much higher level than elsewhere. In
addition, all classes of agricultural labourers are grouped together—both those in charge of animals and those who are labourers in the usual sense of the word. Perhaps the truest representation of the real standard of wages is obtained by giving the following figures for an ordinary labourer in the wide area of the South, Midland, and Eastern counties:—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Weekly wage of</th>
<th>Rate of Paupers</th>
<th>Expenditure on Poor Law Relief for</th>
<th>Population.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Order Agricultural Labourer.</td>
<td>per 1,000 of Population.</td>
<td>per head of Population.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>s.</td>
<td>d.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Oxford</td>
<td>14 1</td>
<td>31</td>
<td>9 3</td>
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<tr>
<td>Norfolk</td>
<td>15 4</td>
<td>34</td>
<td>9 9</td>
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<tr>
<td>Suffolk</td>
<td>15 9</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>8 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>North Riding</td>
<td>19 2</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>8 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Westmorland</td>
<td>19 1</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>6 2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

From this it will be seen that in the first three counties, where wages are low, pauperism is frequent and costly. In the last two districts, which are still mainly agricultural, but where wages are on a higher scale, pauperism is by comparison rare, and is a less serious burden on the ratepayers.

Such, then, is the position of the agricultural labourer at the present time. He has little hope of improving his position by becoming a small holder, and in a large number of cases he has always to face the possibility of becoming dependent on charity or the Poor Law. His amusements are few, and his standard of living is not high. His cottages are frequently insanitary, with accommodation which is wholly insufficient. The cause of every one of these evils is the same. It is the insufficiency of his wages. By his own efforts he cannot raise those wages. In spite of the efforts of leaders like Joseph Arch, the labourer has always failed, to combine successfully for the purpose of collective bargaining with his employers. Political action has equally failed to benefit him, for here again the employer has seemed too powerful to be opposed. If the agricultural labourer is to be saved, it can only be by the stronger workers of the great urban industries joining with him in his struggle, and electing Parliamentary representatives who are ready to protect his interests as well as those of their own constituents.

Patria Mia.
By Ezra Pound

IV.
"It is strange how all taint of art or letters seems to shun that continent" (America).

No it is not strange, for every man, or practically every man, with enough mental energy to make him interesting is engaged in either business or politics. And our politics are by now no more than a branch of business.

"And why do interesting men concern themselves with such matters?" That question was asked me a week ago.

It is because these matters are very interesting. They are in flux. There is constant change of condition. The country is a different place each decade. There is no institution—bar the few general forms of government, of customs, of police, etc., there is no actual institution, no business relation, which is static, and none to which there is more than temporary allegiance.

It is very difficult for me to make clear my meaning, which is, in effect, simple enough.

The sort of man who made America is nomadic, or at least migratory. Europe, in the day of Clovis, was not more prey to swallows and tides of peoples. Out of races static there came in the beginning the migratory element, and generation by generation this divided itself into parts, static and migratory, and the former was marooned and left inert, and the latter pushed on to new forests, to mines, to grazing land.

Of the sort that went into Kansas in "the fifties," there went over the border into the new lands of Canada and British Columbia 150,000 in, I think, 1907.

From the living members of my own family I know of types of phases of civilisation that have not only passed from one belt of land, but are even gone entirely.

The static element of the Anglo-Saxon migration is submerged and well nigh lost in the pool of the races which have followed them.

It is very hard, with so much unsorted matter in my mind, to hold closely to the theme I had intended to disentangle; to wit, that the business man of 1810-60, of '60-80, of 1872 is not the same.

Nothing much is the same, except the climate and its effects.

The type of man who built railways, cleared the forest, planned irrigation, is different from the type of man who can hold on to the profits of subsequent industry. Whereas this first man was a man of dreams, in a time when dreams paid, a man of adventure, careless—this latter is a close person, acquisitive, rapacious, tenacious. The first man had the ideal of 'god dam you' himself, Silas P. Hacker, or such like. The present type is primarily a mask, his ideal is the nickel-plated cash register, and toward the virtues thereof he doth continual strive and tend.

The first man dealt with men, the latter deals with paper. Apart from "business" he is a man "of little comfort" and lacking in conversation.

I do not mean to say that the adventurer is extinct among us, or that the Anglo-Saxon is extinct. I simply mean that the type of mind that brought success in 1870 does not bring it in 1910, and as for adventure, I know two men in New York, full men, and they have fought in battles and sailed before the mast.
and lived on everything from $2.50 per week, precarious, to $7,500 per annum.

And once, when they were both for a space clerks in an insurance office, I fell in with a certain versifier, one not wholly lacking in talents of imitation, and I took him with me to their boarding house, partly because I wished to dilute the unwholesome society which was causing me, partly because I thought it might do him good to be, for a space, among men.

And in the course of the evening, he being bold as a lion, thinking himself in the face of the representatives of hated commercialism, set himself to elevating conversation. He insisted on reading to us a bad poem—of a certain magazine, a profanation of some or other—tasting of advertisements there is some attention paid to.

There are under similar banner the post-Whitmanians. Now Whitman was not an artist, but a reflex, the first honest reflex, in an age of papiernache letters. He was the time and the people (of 1860-80); that is, perhaps, as offensive as anything one can say of either.

His “followers” go no further than to copy the defects of his style. They take no count of the issue that an honest reflex of 1921 will result in something utterly different from the reflex of 1865.

There is about the feet of all these splashing the school of “normal production,” i.e., those who fill pages with nice domestic sentiments inoffensively versified.

And over all this there swells the appalling fungus of our “better magazines.”

Epigrams.

THE NEW GENIUS.

With the unaligned and martyred suffragette

Genius to a newer note is set,
Which is, as our brave militant explains,
A great capacity for breaking panes.

THE TWO JUDGES.

(Heard some years ago at the Old Bailey.)
A: The punishment for rape?

B: It all depends

What special judge capricious Justice sends—
If X, well-named without the slightest wrench,
The chastest judge upon the English bench,
With unctuous slow he'll wield Dame Virtue's knife
And give you penal servitude for life.

If Y, whose shrewd and worldly wisdom recks
No sentimental nonsense re the sex,
With teeth that twinkle and with lips that please,
With a gratuity to live in clover.

THE PRIMITIVE MAN.

With all the ardour of primaval sex
He baries fast his fangs within her neck's
Soft whiteness, but an unexpected breath
He leaves behind his artificial teeth.

THE JEWISH ARTIST.

More fragrant than some of our better rank
Who paints upon his subly purple banner,
"I am the Oxford plus the Yiddish manner."

THE BAYSWATER JEWESS.

Exalted cheekbones and a prattling smile,
A touch of mischief and a childish guile,
With teeth that twinkle and with lips that please—
In short, a Bayswaterian Viennese.

THE HAMPSTEAD JEWESS.

So overwhelming breathed her powder's reek,
So loud her dresses and her hats would shriek,
That you would entertain a false impression
And murmur an ineffable expression,
Until you realise your wish is vain
By looking at her visage dustily plain.

THE PRESIDENT.

In his prosaic healthiness you see
The inspiration of banality,
Who bellows from th' ex-Presidential seat
With all the ardour of primaeval sex
It is the patriotism of the artist, and it is almost
The inspiration of banality,
The work as shall not bring his nation into world's eyes ridiculous.

It is important that channels of the art be kept clear.
Or, to leave all these metaphors and strain another:
Letters are also to a nation what sextants and such like instruments are to a ship. It is of vital import that they be accurate.

It is of little matter if they are handled by only a few.
By them, and by them almost alone, can the administration of the nation “know where she is at.”

The diseases of American letters are, first, foremost, and primarily: dry-rot, magnificat. There are minor diseases; for instance, in poetry there are certain perplexing reforms as follows—

There is the “school of virility,” or “red blood”; it seems to imagine that man is differentiated from the lower animals by possession of the phallus. Their work reads like a Sandow booklet.

There is the “gorgeous school” following the respective wards of Kipling and of Swinburne. Their aim is, it seems, to name as many constellations and to encumber them with as many polysyllabic adjectives as possible, appropriate or inappropriate.

There is the sociological school, which repeats in
Present-Day Criticism.

There are certain areas of mental exploration, open to us all if we choose, in which, nevertheless, men of honour and good taste never adventure: we expressly exclude, for the moment, scientists. In these areas rest such and good taste never adventure human and yet sharply distinguished from the hot historian, whose duty may not altogether avoid these sub-
possible for a man of sense and taste to set together, more than the freer critic of letters, among the words of science. By whomsoever we find such satiety such as would not be degraded by detail satiety of human appeal; they may be reclaimed if only through day by being human, this blackguard of verve and talent," as Sainte-Beuve describes him: "And he is—a buffoon especially the temper to be playful with the victims he killed in the names of patriotism and justice."

You will wonder where all this may be concerned since the rest of the article is referred to the British Association recently in session at Dundee. But read that account of the lecture by Dr. F. Wood-Jones, of Epsom. Read that account made public by the "Daily News": in other papers the report will scarcely be found of this lecture so playfully entitled, "Hanging as a Fine Art." The "Times," the "Daily Telegraph," the "Daily Mail" warly correct the professor's unmoral jest; they make him speak of "Judicial Hanging."

True, the "Telegraph" notes his "grim" humour in advising the condemned how to become public. As we have seen, even the daily Press, bruit as it too often is, saw some rare virtue in the jests with which this professorial "purveyor of amusement" diverted his select audience. Only the "Daily News" heartily breakfasted let the stinking cat out of the bag. But what a foolish thing to familiarise the half-taught crowd that learns, where it learns at all, from newspapers, with this indecent diversion of men of science. The "Telegraph," the "Daily Mail," knew better: it wouldn't do! For whatever reason—it wouldn't do! One reason may be assigned, namely, that the public expects from men of science confirmation of the best public morals and manners. Faciousness on such a subject—everyone heard of the creature who mocked the condemned Seddon in the Appeal Court: we once saw such a couple of Em-bankment vagrants reading a newspaper, reading, chuckling andudging, and the page was headed—"Village Murder."

Faciousness on the subject of bloodshed depraves public opinion. With jokes Jefferson condemned his vic-tims before a rabble allowed and encouraged to behave infamously. With jokes Judge Darling destroys all hope in some wretched criminal: and the ape among the public rejoins with a cruel gesture. In times of riot and sack and massacre you can find the cruel buffoon foremost wherever there is evil doing. Sometimes he is on the right side, sometimes in the wrong— it depends which is the stronger and more sanguinary. If riot becomes revolution, the bloodthirsty man becomes a patriotic and their practice of public amusement be-haves and their jests with which this professorial "purveyor of amusement" diverted his select audience. Only the "Daily News" heartily breakfasted let the stinking cat out of the bag. But what a foolish thing to familiarise the half-taught crowd that learns, where it learns at all, from newspapers, with this indecent diversion of men of science. The "Telegraph," the "Daily Mail" knew better: it wouldn't do! For whatever reason—it wouldn't do! One reason may be assigned, namely, that the public expects from men of science confirmation of the best public morals and manners. Faciousness on such a subject—everyone heard of the creature who mocked the condemned Seddon in the Appeal Court: we once saw such a couple of Em-

Grey, Charles Stuart and Admiral Byng, Louis and the Princess de Lambalies, Chénier and Ferrer: they will kill also Danton and Desmoulins and Robespierre him-
self—shedding the best or the worst blood—it is their temper to denote, to condemn, and to kill.

A certain type of citizen considers it sturdy to talk inexorably about the justice of judicial murder. But no courage is required. In a contemporary there appeared recently a reference to Victor Hugo's speech on the table of the law of capital punishment: a falsely sturdy, a contemptuous, and a facetious explanation of the poet's feelings—"Hugo disliked the notion of separat-ing a man's head from his body."

That sort of conten-t requires no courage, it is nothing but braggart froth. Let the man keep silence, for the sight of any-one he loved in peril would prove him to have been a chattering fool. But when a member of the British Association is permitted by his colleagues to address them in the manner of the canaille, who is to be re-buked? We ask at once—where are we tending? Our times are not orderly. Men greatly need men of honour and dignity as models. The ordeal of force may once more prove inevitable. If we would escape something of the least tolerable horrors of disorder, we ought to make short work of the sanguinary buffoon, be he scientist or judge or journalist or whomsoever. For the time to teach men to suspect and avoid him will be too late on the day of revolt.
Patriots.  
By Leonard Inker.

I am staying in a clean little place, high up and open. Two miles over windy farm land and you reach the lighthouse. Keep right and both by a mile to the chalk cliffs, and beyond the sea sings her unheeded, uninterpreted songs. In the gloaming, as we come home to the bar-parlours, the lighthouse lantern sheds its red glare weirdly over the corn; and in the bar-parlours are jersied men of the sea, here a character, here "hardy" man you can call a fisherman," and here one of the grand sort, a Stephen Reynolds' "Benjy." It had seemed unspoilable, unsayable in essentials, and one put up with a few little excrescences such as trippers from Mudlington-on-Dishwater. But this year there is khaki.

I have recovered from my personal annoyance. True, the blue is crowded out of the bar-parlour by the yellow-green; equally true, the gramophone is raucous through the day and you cannot bear your voice in the tall hours of the evening for the sentimental songs and the shouting. Still, it is a creditable, if superficial manifestation of life. The girls of the place are in high feather; and at a pinch one can imagine the atmosphere of the Fleet.

But on a certain wet Sunday I had a vision. Individual Terriers (privates) had been chummy; collectively they appeared unaware of other people's existence; officers had been what the world knows officers in uniform always are. And on that wet, wet Sunday, walking to the station two miles off, I met a Terrier, drenching and sweating under a gentleman's bag. And suddenly I asked myself, why is he doing it? He looked surly; but not to do it was out of the question. Why had the Terriers had behove to me, and I reflected that, chummy or contemptuous, they would not have carried that bag for me in surly inertia two miles to the railway station, even for money, to get a soaking before their Sunday dinner.

Well, of course, he had been sent by his officer. Why did he so obviously obey? A fortnight later and wouldn't he have damned the impertinence of the request? Military discipline, the first of military virtues. Yes, but why in the case of just that man did the command of another man operate so unquestionably, so automatically? I looked in the man's face to find patriotism, devotion to a great ideal, a smiling hope to defend his country, his faith, his women and children.

I have no doubt these things were hidden somewhere deep in his breast, but on his face was the look of the orderly's slave-driven look this thing was somehow for truth is to get rid of the flummery that seeks to bolster up the idea that there is any exceptional virtue or chivalry in the business. The workman is worthy of his hire. This is an entirely unpractical article; I do not seek to defend the auger, the spectre of force are in the average neither more nor less patriotic than the rest of us, each engaged in his separate service of building National Galleries or writing Shakespeare. Is it not true that whatever Germany may want with us or England with Germany, it has nothing to do with Germans or English. Diplomatic England will not (cannot) reduce her armaments; Germany is similarly placed. Therefore the diplomacy of both must go. There was a glorious battle about which little Peterkin was told that no one knew the cause. Few ever have their face in the look of a working man to whom it did not occur to disobey his paymaster. And I realised, not indeed that the Territorial Force is a sham (though, indeed, it looks sloppy on parade, and two regular soldiers I know despise it), but that at the back of all modern militarism there is a sham which so many things besides the brass band braying "Rule, Britannia" in my ear, help to bolster up.

Let me not be misunderstood. The true idealist sees so much good and bad in all institutions, that he is very chary of wishing to abolish any institution. I have no care to preach mutiny or to attack a system which is our one bulwark against universal service. I have served as a correspondent with a Territorial Brigade and know the good Private Albert Robinson gets from the air, the exercise, the rations, yes, and the discipline in tent and field which is a change from the discipline of mill or stool. The Fleet is magnificent; the Army is magnificent. But Shakespeare's Church, the National Gallery are glorious expressions of life. We say, "These things we can do over and above our little businesses of getting our daily bread." I realise these things and am patriotic. I love passionately Shakespeare's England. I know as much history as any lover of history can. Economically fleets and armies are absolute waste, but if Ruskin compared our training camps with our present horrible arts of peace he might pray to the god of wines. But he would also certainly see all these fine things, and these ordinary men becoming fine, in the service not ultimately of patriotism but of a few men playing a game utterly unrelated to the spirit of the nation and modern needs. And so on second thoughts the idealist would reject the theory of evil that good

Army the privates in which I respect so much; of the Territorials, whose officers a few mornings ago stepped up to my eating room for ideas and produced a petition in the sort of stories that motor-owning sons of provincial manufacturers do compete in, of that orderly trudging along the wet road for one of these great gentlemen, even of the efficient captain spending his self and his money and proud company and father of children; when I ask what is behind all this, then I find two very different answers to the question. The brass band is playing one tune and calls it patriotism. Germany does not want to settle in England as the Saxons, casual acquaintances and I were discussing this affair of Germany. We agreed that we were ignorant. For all we knew, there might be war in six months' time. We also agreed that war with the Germans was impossible.

The actual body of men forming this magnificent spectacle of force are in the average neither more nor less patriotic than the rest of us, each engaged in his separate service of building National Galleries or writing Shakespeare. Is it not true that whatever Germany may want with us or England with Germany, it has nothing to do with Germans or English. Diplomatic England will not (cannot) reduce her armaments; Germany is similarly placed. Therefore the diplomacy of both must go. There was a glorious battle about which little Peterkin was told that no one knew the cause. Few ever have their face in the look of a working man to whom it did not occur to disobey his paymaster. And I realised, not indeed that the Territorial Force is a sham (though, indeed, it looks sloppy on parade, and two regular soldiers I know despise it), but that at the back of all modern militarism there is a sham which so many things besides the brass band braying "Rule, Britannia" in my ear, help to bolster up.

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may come, a theory that is even held by excellent
people to justify the existence of slums. He would say,
If this silly and altogether unreal business produces
finer men and more glorious phenomena than do the
arts of peace, then we must reform the arts of peace,
that is all. The idealist is the true realist, seeking to
brush away the waste that floats over and obscures the
depths of life. Having abolished one silly
pretence he would go on to attack another till life itself
was clear as these sea waters, and grand like Stephen
Reynolds' Beny sitting in the bar-parlour below me as I
write.

Supposing there is a yellow peril; suppose the world
is not yet all civilised; suppose that mixed with the
sham of the experts there is a real need for the
maintenance of force. Suppose that, the nations truly
used and accustomed to police-capitains. A
party that does not exist can dispense with a pro-
gramme. Mr. Loftus' claim to reality is not sub-
stantiated by the use of such an hypostatised abstraction
as "the Nation," for Disraeli showed that
there were at least two Nations in England. When we
find that "National Character and National His-
tory," and Historical Genius and Historical Evolu-
tion," are also included among the guiding principles
of Tory Democracy, we can trace Mr. Loftus' descent
without trouble. He is derived, not from Disraeli, but
from that Tory candidate in a work of fiction, the title
of politics, without prIDE of ancestry or hope of
intertwined, there is yet need for vast and powerful police
force. Still, that does not prevent us from pointing
out the present sham.

Views and Reviews.

When a man prepares "a programme for Tory
Democracy," and claims that he "deals with the
Nation as it is," a reader previously unconcerned with
philosophical questions will find himself speculating on
the nature of reality. For the indubitable fact is that the
Tory Democracy does not, and never did, exist; although
there were in the middle of last century, and
are even now, a few hybrids known as Tory
Democracy, who never knew prototypes. A
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Therefore we hold," says Mr. Loftus, "that
reforms in the State must be as with reforms in the
individual, they must take account of the past, of the
peculiarities of the people—in short, they must take
account of National Character and National History. Thus,
a measure that suits France may be no more certain to suit us.
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The Conservative Party to do with Toryism,
and with what historical authority can Mr. Loftus
write of "the Conservative love of continuity"? Does he
know that Disraeli called Conservatism "the mule
of politics" or that his "Pride of posterity," and that Taper,
in "Coningsby," knew that "a sound Conservative government" meant
"Tory men and Whig measures"? Possibly Mr. Loftus
does not know: he "imagines" that the fusion
of 1886 is responsible for the present homogeneity of
politics, he "imagines" that the Tory and Conserva-
tive parties were identical. On this point, Disraeli
is a better guide. He has told us that the Conservative
party is as parvenu as our peerage, is no older than the
Tamworth manifesto of 1834. He has told us that "it
was from such materials, ample in quantity, but in all
spiritual qualities most deficient; with great numbers,
largely accredited, Consolled up to their chins, but without
knowledge, without thought, without faith, that Sir
Robert Peel was to form a 'great Conservative party
on a comprehensive basis.'" It was a Jew who wrote
that faith is the evidence of things not seen, and Mr.
Loftus is not untrue to his political ancestry; he
Balzac and the State of
not a fact." The political mule does not kick against
the pricks, so we find Mr. Loftus boasting, in the mood
of Tennyson's brook: "Political programmes come and
go; the legislative controversies of one decade are
forgotten in the next; but the political ideas which we
of the Tory Democratic Party represent remain." It
is unfortunate that Mr. Loftus does not state whether
these ideas are to be inverted or reversed. What is
what is quite certain is that none of his proposals is
derived from his principles, but all are prompted by
expedience. They are Conservative only in this sense,
that they assume the conservation of a system that,
according to Mr. Loftus, has brought us to the point of
revolution.

Let there be no doubt; Mr. Loftus' intentions are
of the best, although his expression of them lacks
precision. For example, he says: "Abstract theory
should not be applied to the individual, as a
practical establishment of an hegemony. Mr. Loftus
means: He means: "Don't do as the Liberals do,"
or, more correctly, don't agree publicly with what they
do. For example, denounce the Insurance Act, but
do not pledge yourselves to repeal it; denounce the
Children's Charter, and the Liberal Licensing Bills,
and, in fact, all Liberal legislation, as being opposed
to the "Historical Genius and Historical Evolution"
of the English people, but promise, at the most, drastic
amendments. Above all, read "Seventy Years" by
Stephen Reynolds, so that you may be able to talk
to the people about themselves; read the "Eye-Witness,"
so that you may demand, for platform purposes, the
publication of the names of the subscribers to the party
funds; read The New Age, so that you may demand, for platform purposes, the
publication of the names of the subscribers to the party
funds; read The New Age, so that you may be able
to contrast your "practical" scheme of co-partnership
with the merely "theoretical" plan of co-management
proposed by that organ; but don't mention your sources
too often, or with too much approval.

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reforms in the State must be as with reforms in the
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force. Still, that does not prevent us from pointing
out the present sham.
When he says that "wages must be raised," we are also unable to reconcile his demand with his principles. For the "Historical Evolution" of the English workers, if Thoroughgood Rogers is to be believed, has been towards poverty since the sixteenth century, and no true Tory Democracy, as understood by Mr. Disraeli said: "Where forms and phrases are religiously cherished in order to make the semblance of a creed, the rule of practice is to bend to the passion or combination of the hour." I have referred to some of Mr. Lutos' sources to which most must be added G. K. Chesterton. For Mr. Lutos uses words like "democracy," phrases like "Merrie England," and denounces the Puritans for abolishing the Maypole and the Morris dances just as though he were a Liberal.

The Treatment of the Insane in Private Care.

By Alfred E. Randall.

In continuation of a previous article, I propose to show that it is possible to treat insanity outside of an asylum. Nothing but an appeal to facts will release the English public from the delusion that all lunatics are dangerous, and that incarceration in an asylum is necessary for public safety. It will surprise many to learn that, in Glasgow they have discovered that a considerable number of cases which present mental symptoms do not require asylum care, but can be successfully treated in hospital. The cases which are sent to the mental hospital, which is a separate pavilion of the general hospital, are admitted in the same manner as patients and are administered in the general hospital—that is to say, they are not placed under any form of lunacy certification. The period of residence is limited to six weeks. At the end of that time the patient must be discharged. He must either be sent back to his friends or discharged as recovered; he must be certified and sent to an asylum or boarded out.

If we want to be absolutely convinced that the high walls, the bolts and bars, the padded rooms of an asylum are as obsolete as the chains and shackles abolished by Dr. Conolly, we have only to look at the town of Gheel, in Belgium. In that town, and its neighbouring hamlets, is a lunatic population of about 2,000, enjoying almost entire liberty and sharing the family life of those with whom they live. In cottages and farmhouses, in the company of women and children, they live and work; and it is found that the influence of the insane is incalculable for good, and no case is known of any child being injured by a patient. Certainly, homicidal patients are sent there; but the fact is eloquent of the beneficial results of a normal life on persons in an abnormal state of mind. Of course, the patients are not neglected. Besides the head physician, there are at least 10 resident medical officers, a number of inspectors; and a strict system of supervision prevails, somewhat analogous to that of the Lunacy Commissioners and Visiting Justices in England. There is a small central hospital, which serves as a sickroom for patients suffering from physical ailments. There is no treatment for those who are overtaken by recurrent temporary attacks of acute insanity. A similar example exists at Liéren, in Belgium, and at Dun-sur-Auron, in France.

Individual treatment, which is so necessary and is impossible in an asylum, becomes comparatively easy when 2,000 patients are located in 600 different dwellings; and Dr. Hollander states that "family care presents a method of dealing with the insane which is feasible in a great number of cases. It is the only food some, which is improving, tranquilising, and humanising in very many, and which in suitable cases, even where improvement is not to be expected, is more free, happy, and wholesome than existence in an asylum can ever be." The advantages of this method seem to have been observed everywhere but in England; for Germany, Russia, Holland, and Italy have followed the example of Belgium and France, and have established centers for the family care of the insane.

But family care is almost Utopian in England, where all lunatics are still regarded as raving maniacs. Besides, it is doubtful whether we should have a sufficient number of skilled doctors to attend a distributed population of mental patients. A number of instances are given of what a study of insanity was not included in the medical curriculum; and it is obvious that even now English students can get no more than a smattering of theoretical knowledge, for the asylums are closed to them, and the hospitals have neither observation wards nor out-patient departments for this disease. It is possible to get a comprehensive knowledge of the subject in Munich, for example, but not in London. "In Professor Kraepein's clinic at Munich," says Dr. Hollander, "they have 10 doctors attached at any one time, and there are no less than 2,000 patients suffering from physical ailments and as a result of temporary attacks of acute insanity. A similar system exists at Liéren, in Belgium, and at Dun-sur-Auron, in France. The admissions number 1,500 to 2,000 patients per annum. Besides Professor Kraepein's clinical demonstrations for ordinary, advanced, and postgraduate students, there are lectures on the experimental method in psychology, on mental cases of medico-legal importance, on pathological anatomy, and the histology of the brain in insanity, on seno-diagnosis, on clinical psychiatics, exhibiting apparatus and instruments, and on neurological cases. Every effort is being made to investigate insanity from a clinical, pathological, psychological, and sociological point of view." It is suggested that in every large city there should be a hospital ward for the treatment of acute insanity. They should be open to the public and attended by medical students, or at least by patients wards of a general hospital. There should also be an out-patient department in connection with this phase of hospital treatment.

It may be doubted whether the suggestion is practicable in view of the fact that most hospitals are supported by voluntary contributions, which do not suffice to keep them out of debt. There is more hope of the proposal to establish Reception Houses for the Insane, for the London County Council is building such a place at Denmark Hill. In London that even this beginning has only been made possible by the munificence of one of the greatest authorities on lunacy in the country, Dr. Maudsley,
who has provided £30,000 for this purpose. Anyhow, a beginning is being made, and it is to be hoped that public spirit will provide a sufficient number of such places to enable the early stages of insanity to be treated.

Instead of pauper patients being removed to the workhouse certified in insanity by the relieving officer, and from thence transferred to an asylum, they will be sent direct to a Reception House, and be immediately under the care of medical men who have specialised in mental disease. They will there be detained until it is seen whether it is desirable to send them to an asylum or not; if so, to what kind of asylum, or whether they can be discharged without having to be put away at all. It is practically certain that many cases would recover at the Reception House, and would never have to be certified insane; and the disastrous consequences that at present follow on public action in this matter would be avoided. It is further proposed to attach out-patient departments to these Reception Houses, which, as it would be known that certification and incarceration would not be the necessary consequences of applying for advice, would attract sufferers from the early and curable stages of the disease, while providing a mass of material for observation; thus enabling the medical profession of this country to become skilled in the diagnosis and treatment of incipient insanity.

It will be seen from the foregoing remarks that, in every respect, England is in the rearward of knowledge on this subject. The lawyer has stood in the way of stereotyping popular ignorance in legal enactments. When it is remembered that, until about a century ago, the brain received hardly any attention from doctors, and even now the knowledge of its mental functions is still obscure, it will be seen how necessary it is that every facility should be afforded for scientific study of it. The legal definition of insanity and prescription of treatment have not reduced the incidence of the disease; it is time that the doctors, whose business is cure and not punishment, were released from their bondage to a legal formula.

REVIEWS.

The Complete Yachtsman. By B. Heckstall-Smith and Captain E. du Boulay. (Methuen. 15s. net.)

This is a book on which no landlubber can pronounce a judgment. All that we can do is to announce its appearance, and wonder whether life is long enough to permit of the development of the complete yachtsman. The vocabulary alone would require a couple of years' study, and then it would probably be discovered that the various dialects mastered by one could be considered proficient in the art of sailortalk. But when in addition to this the technicalities of sailing a boat have to be mastered, the set of the tides studied and the hundred and one details by which a pilot gets his living known, the signals committed to memory, the sailing rules learnt, to say nothing of the simple matter of building a boat, learning to do everything necessary to her, keeping her motor in running order, we can only sit and gape at the prospect. One might learn to tie the various knots in a lifetime, but to build a boat, cast a course, and sail it, calls for more than one re-incarnation. However, here is the book to tell everybody everything about it, and it is probably intelligible to those who understand the subject. The illustrations certainly help to make the text intelligible.

The Vigil of Venus, and other Poems. By "Q." (Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.)

There are poems and poems, and, to be precise, these are the other kind of poems. The "Vigil of Venus" is a translation, not too accurate, of the Pervigilium Veneris; and reads like an exercise in automatic anapasts, with a refrain that should sound well at the ballad concerts. "Now learn ye to love who loved never—no who have loved, they never did love!" Thus a one-act play called "The Regent," which is probably poetic; for the scene is on the Adriatic, the time is the sixteenth century, the story includes a love affair and what the reporters call suicide. With these qualifications there is no need for much excellence in the quality of the verse; and the dialogue avoids the dramatic quality with much skill. "Lucetta! Curse Lucetta and her tongue! Am I a child, to be nagged by waiting-maids?" The other trifles keep well within the experience of ordinary people and the accomplishments of minor poets; and we must congratulate Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, but not too ardently, on a modesty that is not misplaced. His work really is no better than he thinks it is, or tried to make it.

Memories. By Sir Frederick Wedmore. (Methuen. 75s. 6d. net.)

In other words, Sir Frederick Wedmore is getting old, if, indeed, he was ever young. When Irving absent-mindedly introduced him to Ellen Terry, the actress replied: "Why, I knew him before you were born, Henry." So did we all, and found him what he appears to be in this book, a not too dainty taster of society, a connoisseur of art who seemingly had no principle of selection by which to choose his artistic friends. Even before the indignity of a knighthood had been thrust upon him, he had been admitted to the houses of the great; and there are curios in every collection. Sir Frederick Wedmore saw them all, and, perhaps, himself received some polite scrutiny. But if anyone supposes that Sir Frederick Wedmore is willing to tell anything of interest, he or she is mistaken: Sir Frederick simply does not remember it. He is only concerned to describe the readings of Charles Dickens, the performances of Irving, Ellen Terry, Mrs. Kendal, and some others, to mention casually the papers to which he has been "privileged to rather largely contribute," and to talk just a little about prints and their collectors. Of his involved phrasing we say little; he is an "artist in prose," according to the advertisement, and these involutions may be intended to produce some Post-Impressionist effect that we are incapable of feeling. To us, they are simply examples of anacolouth.

The Demon. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (Methuen. 1s.)

The "usual rubbish."

Bright Shame. By Keighley Snowden. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

"Our free-thinking intellectuals adopt without misgiving the celibate cult. It can no wonder that we are plagued with a pestilent literature of eroticism." Here is a phial of the pestilence from the pen of the author who in a former novel played with the notion of two married persons pretending not to be legally married. Mr. Snowden, then, is not likely to adopt the celibate cult, that easy path to perdition; and his creations will walk the deserts and climb the precipices of "life, the great mystery," otherwise sexual endeavour. Ah, the loneliness of it in this age of asceticism!

The Somnambulist.

By S. D. Shallard.

In the hot, white noon of a spring day I entered the streets of an old and beautiful town, only too clearly a very busy place. Indeed, none appeared sufficiently at leisure even to heed the humble inquiries of a traveller, until at length I came upon a peasant woman, silver-haired and with faded blue eyes, who walked on the cooler side of the cathedral holding a boy by the hand and reading to him from an old brown book some verses about battle and the high seas. Pausing to mark the ghastly verse, and whilst so doing some faculty in me became clearly conscious that the throng indeed did sleep. Some few
were in waking mood, but these sat apart, contemplative of the scene before them, or strolling with reflective air. These eyed the stranger—so outlandishly garbed!—and smiled in a friendly way, or murmured a word of greeting. The many were asleep—caught in dreams of ambition, luxury, love, appetite, revenge. Like automata they swaggered, strutted, shuffled, ambled, jostled one another, in a sort of perpetual motion.

Where the High Street broadened into a marketplace narrow alleys showed a vista of blue hills. A little farther a break in the line of houses revealed walled gardens and green orchards powdered with pink and white blossoms. South-east from the marketplace, where the cobbles ended at the open yard of the Woolpack Tavern, ran the seaward road between ploughed fields, a brown ribbon disappearing over a ridge some two miles distant, beyond which spread the crescent bay.

By my newly-aroused faculty I became aware that none of these things was visible to the eyes of the restless sleep-walkers, no more than the beauty of their own streets and gardens, or the rare Gothic carvings of their cathedral and guild-houses.

To the vision of each hurrying somnambulist was present along with his own phantasy. To one youth, with nervous twitching lip and unequal stride, the marketplace—clear of stall or bench—was packed with a multitude which again and again acclaimed his name as Tri-bune of the People, until at last, moving forward with a mighty rush, it carried him to the Parliament House of the capital, and to the fame and popularity which ever have a marketable value in high places.

Another, in the glow and vigour of complete physical health, saw himself a whip in hand, marshalling hundreds of slaves as they raised, block by block, the great columns of a countryside mansion standing amid pleasure grounds and spreading vineyards. At each crack of the whip the slaves worked faster and faster.

That girl, hurrying with hands locked behind her, is in a golden chariot, silk clad and diademed, six horses tearing forward, riding down all who do not heed her driver’s cries, whilst, as she flashes by, all eyes devour her beauty and marvellous apparel. That hungry-looking man, pale and eager, pursues his vision of gold, yet plunging in order to fill the pockets of his hunger, yet grasping fingers and the shining pile. That grave and reverend person, whose costume betokens good burgess health, saw himself, whip in hand, marshalling his followers to the vision of each hurrying somnambulist was present along with his own phantasy. To one youth, with nervous twitching lip and unequal stride, the marketplace—clear of stall or bench—was packed with a multitude which again and again acclaimed his name as Tribune of the People, until at last, moving forward with a mighty rush, it carried him to the Parliament House of the capital, and to the fame and popularity which ever have a marketable value in high places.

Yet they cannot entirely escape.

Presently the shadows lengthen, the blue hills deepen to purple, and beyond them sinks the sun. As the light fades from the sky the sleepers shiver and hurry forward more feverishly. From some escape long-drawn sighs, others catch a dry sobbing breath. The marble columns of the slave-built mansion have fallen silently to ruins, the piles of gold have crumbled to ashes, the silk-clad chariot rider is bare-foot on the city street, the Tribune of the People and the Viceroy’s court has vanished, the Tribune of the People is seeking a night’s shelter. Some in wine and some in sleep will construct new dreams to tide them over to-morrow.

Alone among all, the dreams of the Dreamer remain unannihilated by the dust and heat of the day, and shine as brightly to him in the shadow of evening. Even some of the most disordered of the somnambulists now pause to heed him, and when they pass on it is with troubled faces as though some old and urgent memory whispered to them from the heart of earth’s ancient peace.

Who knows?

Jaroslav Vrchlicky.

By P. Selver.

From Prague has just been announced the death of Jaroslav Vrchlicky. The full significance of this event will hardly be realised in England, for up to the present The New Age has been the only English paper to publish translations of Vrchlicky’s work. In Bohemia, however, his death comes as a momentous national calamity, and it is not to be wondered at that over twenty years have been reckoned among the literary personalities of our time.

Within the narrow compass of this article it is impossible to give any adequate notion of Vrchlicky’s literary accomplishments. Already during his lifetime he was the subject of detailed and scholarly volumes of appreciation. Of these the most notable was the work of M. Alfred Jensen, the eminent Swedish Slavist of the Nobel Library, one of Vrchlicky’s most ardent followers in Bohemia, has also devoted an entrancing volume to his master’s life and work.

The most remarkable feature of Vrchlicky’s literary production is its extent. From 1875 onwards he published over sixty volumes of lyric and epic poetry, besides plays, fiction, and literary criticisms of rare charm and keen insight. As a translator his activity was no less amazing. In this capacity his most notable successes were with the great epics of the Romance nations—the works of Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, and Camoens, but his versions from Victor Hugo, Shelley, Leopardi, Carducci, Schiller, and Wieland (complete “Faust”), Calderon, Lope de Vega, Tennyson, and Whitman (to mention only a fraction of the authors he interpreted) are models of their kind. In comprehensive anthologies he covered the whole field of modern English, French, and Italian lyric verse; and included even Ibsen, Mickiewicz, and Andersen in his vast storehouse of translations, and in collaboration made versions from Hungarian, Persian, and Chinese poetry. Statistiques taken as far back as 1853 showed that up to that date he had translated 2,356 poems from 383 authors.

Vrchlicky is the most significant factor in the development of modern Bohemian literature. Only the barest hint at this aspect of his genius can be given here. The library comprised in his complete works forms an inexhaustible source of pleasure and wonder to the reader who is acquainted with the Bohemian language—a medium of expression whose full powers Vrchlicky was the first to reveal and employ. A cursory glance through volume after volume shows what a high standard Vrchlicky reached and maintained in spite of the amount of his work, how wide was the range of his interests, what a wealth of metaphor and linguistic devices he had at his disposal, how unfailing his fancy and imagery, how melodious his language. The title of one of his volumes, “Music in the Soul,” might well serve for them all.

Those who are interested in the subtle and complicated structure of the Bohemian language will understand the difficulty of any attempt to present Vrchlicky in English. His ideal translator would have to possess
the same linguistic acquisitions and as rich a poetical gift as Vrchlicky himself. This must be borne in mind when the subjoined English translations are read.

Biographical details concerning Vrchlicky are few. He was born in 1835, and his real name was Emil Frida. The name Vrchlicky was assumed at an early date and never abandoned. On leaving the university he spent some time in Italy as a tutor in a wealthy family. On his return he was engaged for a number of years in educational and secretarial work, until he was appointed professor of modern literature at the Czech University in Prague. In spite of the veneration in which he was held by the majority of his fellow-countrymen, he did not escape attacks on the part of certain critics. To this is due the note of despondency that echoes through his later work. During the last few years of his life ill-health removed him from the sphere of his former activities, but modern Bohemian literature bears in almost all its manifestations the abiding mark of his genius.

INSCRIPTION FOR AN OLD GOBLET.
A ruby 'mid the silver gleaming
In three-fold garland turned around,
Says: "Reveler, see what, from me streaming,
It's glowing path to thee hath found!"

With graces carved in golden splendour
Apollo on his car doth rise,
And says: "In joy to earth surrender,
But speed in spirit to the skies!"

An emerald, like a vine-leaf, weaving
Upon the pedestal its glow,
Says: "To thy life the vine is cleaving,
And fain upon thy grave would grow."

"Impressions and Moods" (1880).

STIGMA (To J. V. Sladek*).
Tho' scanty thanks the poet's toil hath found,
The hours, in which his cadences on wings
Quaff the sweet manna from the heavenly springs,
In beauty, greatness, deathless strength abound.

Their sweetness over all our life is streaming,
As over clay and litter blossom-scent;
As blind men's souls with lustrous hues are blent,
As long-waned stars are still before us gleaming.

As by the tottering cross where pathways meet,
Tho' God in rust has long decayed, yet now
All cross themselves, so on the poet's brow
Is writ 'er ever: "This was joy's retreat!"

"As the Clouds Drifted" (1885).

SONGS OF THE PILGRIM (1895).

XVI.
It was in April. Youthful May
Hard by a crag his shawm did play.
A well-knit, sturdy youth was he,
Each breath was filled with melody.

It was in June. And weared there
Stood Siren Summer, from her hair
Fell bloom on bloom. The forest stilled
Its roar. The bird no longer trilled.

'Twas in October. O'er the plain
Careered the frenzied Maenad-train
With loosened hair; on russet breasts
The ivy with the hop-sprig rests.

'Twas January. Flowers no more.
Birdless the field, and at the door
A beggar cowered in silent woe,
His garb and beard bedecked with snow.

And there I sped, with gaze outspread,
And deep within my heart I said:
This self-same landscape will arise—
How oft!—before my wearied eyes.

* Czech poet and translator of Shakespeare. He died a few months ago.

QUIS UT DEUS?
In the old church, through Gothic windows drifting,
Stealthily crept the sun's departing rays;
Incense its misty pillars was uplifting
In drifts of vapour; as I turned my gaze
On crumbling frescoes, fear upon me came;
What visions! In a dreadful bath of flame
A hundred heads and mitres, rods were borne,
With crosses, crowns and swords and maces pent.
A mighty Angel, like the smile of morn,
Stood o'er the throng that with the fire was bent.
His countenance—the sun in heaven's field.
And "quis ut deus?" he upon his shield
In flashes bore; dire, conquering was he.
Then from the side, where surged on frenziedly
Eddies of mist and smoke, Death to him pressed,
And from behind, fixed his gaze, in haste
To the word "deus" with a bone he traced
"Ego,"
and fell to tittering at his jest.

"Sphinx" (1883).

THE INGLE NOOK.
Two gnarled old willows o'er the water stoop,
And in it wet their boughs that trail and droop;
A mighty poplar guards the vale's retreat,
With spirits' twilight thunder, starward fleeting.
The bird no longer trilled.
With loosened hair; on russet breasts
His garb and beard bedecked with snow.

As over clay and litter blossom-scent,

MILTON.
As heavenly cataracts' full eddying
Burst on the parching earth with splendid fall,
Thy song amid life's hurrying and brawl
With the archangels' armour girded rings.

Calm was thy life, to thee the throng ne'er hearkened,
But 'mid cascades of thy great organ choir,
Uprising out of Hades' gloom and fire,
Thy path was lustrious, though thy world was darkened.
A world immortal thou didst raise on high
With mortal words; like fate thine eyes were blind,
With thine own Samson thou in strength didst vie.

"New Sonnets of a Recluse" (1891).
The State still guards her staid and rebel flocks, In peaceful luxury and comfort nursed. The Ship of State is driving on the rocks.

Envoi. Prince! Hoch der Kaiser! Sturm und Drang und Wurst! Our statesmen suffer Pan-Germanic shocks. In building ships you have to get there first; The Ship of State is driving on the rocks. C. W.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

XXI.—"THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE."
The gravity of the positions that between four and five hundred of Mr. Stinkpot’s strikers have received fatal injuries during their encounter with the 45th Lancers stationed there can easily be exaggerated. Several of our Unionist contemporaries, in fact, have already begun to turn this industrial incident to their party account. But cooler reflection will enable the best mind of the country to wait, at any rate, for exact details. It is not known, for example, how many strikers have been rendered permanently hors de combat. It may, as the "Manchester Guardian" correspondent applies facetiously to Mr. Lloyd George, be no more than 457. It may, on the other hand, be 460, as the "Porthcawl Advertiser" has figured it out; but the number of 402 given by the "Times" correspondent is certainly an exaggeration, and is, on the whole, to his party imagination than to his statistical ability. . . . In the end, good may come of ill if the unhappy rest or how realise that it is useless to kick against the pricks.

SUMMER IN TYROBELLINI.

So far as my memory goes, and the sun is as I write at this moment (don’t ask me why) in the same position, which was not the case five minutes ago, I have this evening been indulging, as I thought, in vanishing dreams. I was lying on my back in a long chair, which I had brought for me on the terrace, on a little table before me was a pile of books. I read a novel, and then I went to sleep, and woke up again an hour later, in order to learn whether anything of importance had happened in the meantime. As a matter of fact, there was nothing worth mentioning. I went to bed and dreamed again. When I woke up, I was over the fact, and now I think that it is not worth my while to be interested in the events of the day.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

Tact and skill are all that were necessary to disentangle the threads of the trade unionist’s dilemma. Mr. Farjeon, in a letter to his constituents, lets us into the secret of the last Tariff Reform campaign. Skill and tact will be needed by the Chief Whip to assure the running resentment felt. . . . The C.G.T. of France display less tact than skill in their somewhat windy resolution.

THE DYING MOUSE.

O carry me out to die, O carry me out to die. The cat has shared her whiskers off, O carry me out to die.

A playful incident occurred during the recent strikes. In consequence of the difficulty of poring food, domestic pets of all kinds were pretty much neglected. One workman cut of our acquaintance, however, was determined to be economical all round; he ate the canaries! Life is full of sweet humour if one only looks for it.

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE.

Lord Rosebery’s reference, in his speech yesterday, to Darwin’s experiments with pigeons reminds us that Horace Walpole promised the breed of tumblers. "Little Dots" for August contains an illuminating article on Sawhills. The phrase, "off his onion," which a "Daily Express" correspondent applies facetiously to Mr. Lloyd George, was originally a euphemism for a blackleg, meaning one who was off his (trade) union. The "onion" of the Welsh nation is the leek.

Mr. F. E. Smith’s bon-mot about Ireland being green banana and green by nature recalls the famous reporte of Sir Francis Waddington, who was of a considerable stature. Chaffed one day on his altitude, he replied: "I am one of the Wutheringham Heights." The literary flavour here, we think, is rarer than Mr. Smith’s. 

SUMMER IN TYROBELLINI.

Figure to yourself (if you have a mind to do so) a sumptuously gorgeous (I use the word in oh, quite the slang sense—does not slang at times, and, as it were, by redolent chance, sometimes convey a—what shall I call it?—peach-blossom flavour?) hamlet of houses, not of brick (which would be too absurd in Tyrobellini as well as inexpensively expensive), but of the fair white stone of which Horace two hundred—(what am I saying?)—nearly two thousand years ago (ah, tempus fugit!) and before Spencer and Forel and my friend Signorina Stupidina . . .

A BALLADE OF SHIPS.

Some say the "Argo" was the finest ship, Her crew in seamanship most subtly versed; And some declare that on which Blake raised his whip; And Colderidge sang a crew and ship that burst First on strange seas, enduring pain and thirst.

Grenville’s "Revenge," exchanged some lusty knocks, And kept her end up long as e’er she burneth. The Ship of State is driving on the rocks.

Some praised the "Victory," when her cannon’s lip At Trafalgar gave gallant France the worst; The "Shannon" gave the "Chesapeake" the pip, A rattling incident I’ve mentally rehearsed.

When Kane the "Calliope’s" bows reversed, And ploughed through hell in manner orthodox, I wondered my eyes to atomize the scene of his cursed (true) trade union. The "onion" of the Welsh nation is the leek.

While the "Little Dots" for August contains an illuminating article on Sawhills. The phrase, "off his onion," which a "Daily Express" correspondent applies facetiously to Mr. Lloyd George, was originally a euphemism for a blackleg, meaning one who was off his (trade) union. The "onion" of the Welsh nation is the leek.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

HOME RULE.

Sirs,—Mr. Kennedy, in his letter in the last issue of THE NEW AGE makes "what the Englishman should think that the Irish people will be better able to control the Irish politicians than the English people are to control the English politicians.

Surely the history of the past thirty years supplies ample warrant for Mr. Hobson's assumption. Compare the Irish people with the English professional politicians. The great majority of Irish people are not richer, are not more secure, are not more independent than thirty years ago. But it has been possible by the use of the political weapon, the majority of the people have become not only wealthier, but infinitely more secure and independent.

I admit the evils of slums exist in Irish as in English cities (though I fancy the new Town Tenants League will redress or reduce the evil we move in England), but my point is that the majority of the Irish people have used politics in a hard, practical manner to improve their moral and material condition. The farmer is no longer a serf, but a free man on a freehold farm; the agricultural labourer no longer lives in a filthy hovel at the mercy of landlord or farmer, but is an independent tenant of a well-planned cottage, with an acre of ground which he hires from the County Council at a shilling a week.

These actual results achieved by use of the political weapon by the Irish and English since the extension of the Franchise in 1884, compare the Irish people will be better able to control the Irish politicians than the English people are to control the English politicians.

Moreover, anyone who has resided in Ireland knows that the Irish, as a people, will not submit to bureaucracy—they do not regard them as inclined to the official as a heaven-sent master who must be "tremblingly obeyed." An Irish county council or bench of magistrates would never submit to be directed, controlled, and even bullied by their permanent officials in a manner only too common in England.

In short, from a pretty intimate knowledge, I hold that the character of the Irish people is essentially democratic, and that the politicians of Ireland are, even to-day, controlled and under orders of the people. I cannot see why these national characteristics should change under Home Rule, and a people who refused to submit to squire, magistrate, soldier and policeman combined should yet prefer the bureaucratic of their own creation.


tlabour politics.

Sirs,—I have read your "Notes of the Week" with great interest and a result which prompts me to write and ask your advice as my own is useful to others. As an independent Socialist candidate, I have fought the last two elections for our Town Council and been defeated. There is a reasonable chance of success next November, when, if elected, I should be the only Socialist on the Council—among thirty. The question I am asking myself, and now pass on to you, is: Is it worth while? I am an employer, and shall suffer more or less in various ways. That being so, one desires to feel more certain that I now do whatever time, effort, and money thus expended are being used to the best possible advantage. Finally, what can a Socialist employer do? Talk is too cheap to satisfy.

Our advice to our correspondent would be to accept the office openings of the Labour Party, to use it for the purpose of meeting organised labour half-way. No political body, municipal or national, can do or ought to attempt to do what the wage-earners are capable of doing. The employers can do what these people can do for themselves. On the other hand, when the wage-earners are articulate in their demand for emancipation, the politicians should be prepared to meet them and join with them to revolutionise the existing economic system. How this applies to municipal politics may be seen in the admirable Model Municipal Programme recently adopted by the Poplar Social and Labour Party and published in the current issue of "Justice." We refer our correspondent to this programme for an outline of the work he may wish to attempt from the political end of the movement.—Ed., N. A. J.

THE MOTIVE OF REFORM.

Sirs,—In your very remarkable "Notes of September 5 you make clear beyond any doubt that the immediate cause of all our social sufferings is poverty, and "that the cause of poverty is low wages, and that low wages are caused by the capitalist system which regards labour as raw material." I agree fully with you, and also that, short of the total abolition of the very notion of making a man a raw material in industry, it is impossible to raise wages of war-earners either of raising their wages or, still less, of raising their status. Higher wages, a better distribution of production, a better quality of production, a greater quantity, more civilisation, superior civilisation, these depend finally on a single question: the question whether we can raise labour or labour can raise itself from the rank of raw material in...

But in order to "raise labour from the rank of a raw material" it is necessary to solve the problem of man's nature. Is man only a biological organism, or, besides the organism, is there in man an entity, eternal, absolute, a real cause, which can be termed an immateriality? This brings us to the philosophical or metaphysical problem of the constitution of the universe. Is the universe composed of only one nature—call it matter, or force, or spirit—or are there two absolutely distinct "natures"—matter and immateriality?

But when we shall have solved the problem of man's nature, when we shall have proved that man is the intimate union of an immateriality with a biological, we shall still be another question to solve: Have man's actions had an inevitable sanction? And in such a way were brought back to the religious idea.

If poverty should be abolished before the religious problem is solved socially in an unquestionably logical manner, the only result would be a spiritual species of immorality, bringing about disorder, lawlessness, and decivilisation.

"The future of the human race," therefore, does not depend on the abolition of the competitive wage-system, but on the logical proof that man is of a dual nature and a free agent, that in each life he reaps what he sowed in a previous one, that happiness and unhappiness are causally related to good and bad actions by what Hindu philosophy calls the law of Karma. That proven, anything else, the economic organisation and the political organisation of society, will follow.

But, contrary to your assertion that "mere reason is incapable of making" that "great and momentous decision," it is logical reasoning—reasoning which shall and will bring humanity out of the ignorance into which we have muddled and still are muddling. Knowledge of truth shall and will make us free.

Brussels. (Dr.) VICTOR LAPOUS.

MORE IN 'WE THAN MEETS THE EYE.'

Sirs,—In this week's NEW AGE one of your correspondents apparently takes exception to the editorial "we," but it may possibly be suitable to the anonymous "we" of one of your contemporaries. In this week's "Claran" the first article is on "What is God?" by Robert Blatchford. He commences: "What a summer. If this kind of thing goes on, I am going to cultivate water-lilies." On the next page a young lady does not. In the Library, her first sentence reads: "I mentioned last week," and the next paragraph: "Personally, I cannot estimate about Wilde or his work." Poor Wilde! Then "Stage Land" opens: "I am so glad Mr. Louis N. Parker did not forget that Drake was a pirate. I was so afraid he might." Editorial comments are headed "Our Point of View," and signed "G. R. S. Taylor," and Messrs. G. R. S. Taylor also write "I." Cecil Chesterton follows with an article commencing: "I have been asked by the editor of the 'Claran.'" "Tom Groom keeps the ball rolling with a very large number of "I's,") one paragraph begins: "For myself, I took no fear."

The next page has "Motor-cycle Notes," which conclude: "Put I think the above subject of motors for small trade-men is worth a week's digestion." The children's column is thick with "I's." Here is an extract: "I never loved a house as much as that one. I loved every inch of it. Howe I really never hope anything more. Dad and I arrived there first." BLACK-EYE.

A SUGGESTION.

Sirs,—I think it an excellent idea to reprint the "Notes of the Week" in pamphlet form at a penny, and I would be pleased to distribute two or three dozen weekly at my own expense.

A. WALLACE.

[We regret that our correspondent's kind suggestion—one of many such that have been made of adoption without involving either the cessation of The
New Age itself or the presentation to a number of readers of a torso only of our complete policy. The price of The New Age is possibly prohibitive to many desirable readers, but we know of no remedy for that. In the absence of the advantages which other journals present their public with a weekly journal at much less than cost price, The New Age must charge the major part of its cost (though by no means all) upon its readers. Despite the fact that our circulation is the second largest of its kind, our annual loss, even after such economies as no other journal would dream of making, is over 1,000.—Ed., N. A.

**IMPERIAL MERCHANT SERVICE GUILD.**

Sir,—The secretary of the above, Mr. Moore, must keep himself better posted if it is his intention to discuss this question in a general review. Early this year I informed your readers of the status of Mr. Moore’s organisation.

In dealing with special subjects in a general review the following points should be observed:—(a) Avoid irrelevancies as you would choleras; (b) bear in mind that what is most important is the special, and a secondary interest to the public; (c) avoid clichés. If Mr. Moore will mention some of my misstatements he shall be pleased to deal with them. Mr. Moore’s implication that I am merely posing as a ‘chief engineer’ comes well from a gentleman of such long nautical service as his. I can only refer him to the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, of which I am also a member. 

WILLIAM MCFEE.

**NIETZSCHE IN BELFAST.**

Sir,—I hesitate after “R. M.’s” article last week to say the following leader from “The Northern Whig” of September 4 is “interesting.” But what else is it?

The Comedy becomes more intriguing when it is learned that some of the volumes now to be consigned to outer darkness have already survived for five or nine years. They have gone through the hands of hundreds of readers, and it is curious, to say the least, that no book ever written has survived as poison instead of sustenance. It would be interesting to discover exactly how this new heresy-hunt originated. Was it a complaint of outraged readers, a discovery by the Library Committee of a certain figure, and the sooner it comes to its senses the better for its reputation. The day has passed when reference students can be treated like children all is now, and the thought of a battle-cry throughout Europe banned because their views do not square with those of municipal representatives, elected by a public which does not qualify them to act as censors of philosophy. The Library Association met yesterday at Liverpool, and by a coincidence the president in his inaugural address summed up the case of the Library Committee in Nietzsche in two sentences, which all its members would be well advised to “read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.”—It is the right to be wrong on a Library Committee than the well-intentioned enthusiast who thinks it his duty to be a literary censor...

Mr. Harding seems to show that the new ethic will in time prove if you would allow the space, that honesty, thrift, obedience, humility, and punctuality are forms of which, appearing in contemporary industrial society, happen, in the nature of things, to confer greater material benefits on some than on others. That does not make them “the enemy’s morale.” The New Ethic is possibly prohibitive to many desirable readers, but we know of no remedy for that. In the absence of the advantages which other journals present their public with a weekly journal at much less than cost price, The New Age must charge the major part of its cost (though by no means all) upon its readers. Despite the fact that our circulation is the second largest of its kind, our annual loss, even after such economies as no other journal would dream of making, is over 1,000.—Ed., N. A.
Mr. Stanley Hanson asks at the end of an interesting letter: What is the "idea" which will collect, discipline, and allow to be led the industrial army of "have-nots"? And "Spartacus" has offered him thirteen lines of "the new ethic." I hope Mr. Hanson will ask for more. Personally, I look for the clarification and intensification of the old ethic.

WILLIAM LOFTUS HARE.

REVOLUTIONARY ETHICS.

SIR,—A tribe of North American Indians were accustomed in the spring of each year to burn their dwellings and beds and all the litter of fonnd rubbish that they had accumulated. They then, as they were not afraid to die, left one pail of custom should corrupt their world. That should presently be the way of those working in the movement of Hope, possibly renamed the Labour Movement. Before building our villages let us purify with fire the pestilential growths of the past. And in our case we must guard against the delusion that we have but to set in a blaze the old ethic. That should previously, trying to believe that they are hearing a gospel. I myself was of these latter. And was THE idea which will collect, discipline, and allow to be led the industrial army of "have-nots"? Yet there is very little theory, method, or system about the present competitive State. My non-Socialistic friends sometimes ask me how matters would be better arranged and worked if the means of production and exchange were nationalised. No man is able to cover the whole field of production and supply, but each of us is in a position to show, from our own observation, how businesses with which we are in touch might be managed more economically and to the general advantage. Here is such an instance. I can vouch for the accuracy of the facts and figures; they have never been disputed, although I have often quoted them never been disputed, although I have often quoted them.

The NEW AGE

That is the voice I would speak with. Of another sort, more anon. W. M.

THE PARADE OF THE MILK CHARIOTS.

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