NOTES OF THE WEEK.

At what the barrister Archbishop of York declared to be "its first and most important meeting" (he being the only speaker), the Church Congress, which met at Middlesbrough last week, announced its mission for the present year in these terms: "the consideration of the appeal of the Church to the industrial millions." We have nothing to say against the attempt of the Church to make some other motive than the desire for material comfort will be necessary to induce our good; hand, an examination of both the attitude and the intelligence of the Church dignitaries who spoke at Middlesbrough makes the attempt of the Church to recapture the industrial millions as apparently hopeless as it is belated. With the exception of Archdeacon Cunningham and the Bishop of Oxford, both of whom classes, the one on the subject of the Insurance Act appear to us to have differed in no respect from a union classes, the bishops, archbishops, and lay speakers as the present national disruption, but of wilfully misunderstanding them. So far from discovering and denouncing causes, the Church, as represented at the Middlesbrough Congress, is apparently both sides consider and denounce the effects only; and not only so, but to assume as a matter of course that the two halves into which the nation is being rapidly divided. But the English Church, on the other hand, shows saying Yea or Nay was manifest in the remarks of the Church, as conceived by him, and doubtless by the Congress as the industrial unrest, and to declare to both of them attitude of the State and the legal profession to the necessarily involve faults equally on both sides. But that whatever is is right, and that disputes must be found in all the economic classes. When, however, we have admitted this, the parity of blame for the Laodicean incapacity for taking sides and for this is, as much to blame as the rich and governing half.

This Laodicean incapacity for taking sides and for saying Yea or Nay was manifest in the remarks of the Archbishop of York in particular. The mission of the Church, as conceived by him, and doubtless by the Congress as a whole, was to address both parties to the industrial unrest, and to declare to both of them that they were equally at fault. Capital, he said, had its rights, as Labour had; but each, in addition, had its duties, and it was their equal failure in duty that accounted for the present unrest. The mission of the Church was therefore, at this juncture, not to take sides; the Church had no commission from its Master to take sides as between two contending rights; but it was the office of the Church to speak its great watchword of "duties" to both sides impartially. Now it will be observed that this attitude differs but little from the attitude of the State and the legal profession to the industrial unrest. Both the State and the law assume that whatever is is right, and that disputes must necessarily involve faults equally on both sides. But is this just? Is it true? We are certainly not going to deny that there are faults on the side of the working classes, nor are we prepared to maintain that in character or in any other virtue the possessing and governing classes of this country are inferior to the working and governed classes. On the whole, indeed, men are very much alike the community over, and equal proportions of good, bad, and indifferent are to be found in all the economic classes. When, however, we have admitted this, the parity of blame for the existing industrial unrest is by no means established. The individual or even the class faults of the present economic classes have nothing to do with the specific causes of the existing industrial unrest. It is quite conceivable that, if the place of the present governing
classes were taken to-morrow by an equal number of the existing wage slaves, the system, with its present troubles, would continue. The causes, in fact, consist less in personality than in mere position. What is wrong is not men, governing or governed, but the system by which these two divisions are maintained artificially and, as it were, against nature. * * *

To illustrate this it is only necessary to consider the irony of the Bishop's appeal to trade unionists to respect their agreements, to give a fair day's work for a fair day's wage, and even to take a higher wage in return for a higher wage. All these appeals are, on the surface, just and fair, as is also the appeal, which has so much affected the Labour Party, to working men and women. We insist first and foremost on the difference between active and passive responsibility, and then regard the necessary difference between active and passive rights. What is the fallacy in this appeal that makes it, on examination, ridiculous? It is this: under the existing economic system the wage slave has no responsibility and therefore no duty to society whatever. We are aware that this is a startling proposition to enunciate, but it is, nevertheless, undeniably true. For under the existing system it is the capitalists who both assume and maintain the whole responsibility of industry. No worker of mankind is as far, either for himself or for any acts to which his parents may direct them. Within wide limits, the parents of children virtually undertake to be responsible and are reckoned by society as responsible. But in the matter of national industry private employers stand in relation to wage slaves in loco parentis. The direction, control, management, and, incidentally, the profits of industry are entirely in their hands. They can order wage slaves to create shoddy as readily as cloths, poisons as easily as foods, guns as readily as houses. And while this absolute control of the workers' powers is in their hands it is idle to deny their complete responsibility or the irresponsibility of the workers themselves. * * *

Everybody knows that, as a matter of common experience, quite half the commodities we consume are adulterated or ill-made. With few exceptions, the public services in private hands are badly managed and a perpetual vexation to the public that employs them. Our civilisation, indeed, is half shoddy, even for the well-to-do, and almost entirely shoddy for the poor. But whose is the fault of this? Our workmen, it is admitted, are the most skilled and conscientious in the world; the character of their workmanship, when it is under their own control, is probably the highest ever known. It is a thing they derive a necessity or take pleasure in doing is to turn out work unworthy of craftsmen. But this native and honourable English disposition is perpetually being crossed and violated in our system, whereby the trade unionists afterwards mock the employers whose object is not good work, but high profits. Thorold Rogers once said that the first thing of employers whose object is not good work, but high profits. Thorold Rogers once said that the first thing that he (the employer) has to do is to turn out shoddy work. But what would happen if they so refused? A strike against bad work would be no more successful than a strike against low wages. Both in the matter of wages and in the character of their work, the wage earners are completely under the control of capitalists. The fault, therefore, for on the one side, or for the other, is not the same on both sides. There can be no fault on the side that is so placed as to be denied the initiation of anything and compelled to obedience in everything. * * *

But if this applies in the matter of work and wages, it applies equally in the matter of citizenship. We have been familiarised with our readers with the distinction we have drawn between active and passive citizenship. The remaining thirteen or fourteen million adults are citizens only in the metaphorical sense of the word. With no stake in country, or in independence, with no economic rights whatever, they are citizens in name alone. They have absolutely no control over economics, or even over the disposition of their labour; nay, they have not even the right to labour unless some individual gives it to them; and in consequence, we repeat, they have no civic responsibility. Responsibility, after all, is a relative term, as is also the term "duty." Both imply a correlative privilege or power in the individual assumed to be responsible or to owe duties. But where are the privileges or the rights of the wage slave in industry or, for that matter, in society at large? The Archbishop of York imagined himself to be impartial when he claimed that both Capital and Labour had "rights"; but, in actual fact, Labour has no rights however it comes about, and it has no rights for the simple reason that it has no assured and guaranteed privileges. From the time when the serfs were dispossessed of their holdings, their common wealth taken from them, and the funerary of the workmen's guilds confiscated, the position of the English proletariat has been one of a raw material only, with no more "rights" than cattle or rubber. These, it is true, have their natural "right" of requiring attention for their production, but they are passive in the process; their natural demands are either satisfied, or they die. But in no respect do they differ essentially from the other raw material, that of human labour. To these demands responsibility. The term "right" means the assurance of a certain amount of food and attention for his maintenance; failing that, he would become extinct. But this is all the "right" he possesses. Any additional privilege or right he must win by force, unless it be given him. The Archbishop of York is therefore quite wrong in talking about the right of Capital and Labour respectively. In the strictest sense of the word, all rights were denied to labour when the labourer was reduced to pauperism in order to drive him into the wage market. And with the stripping of him of his economic privileges, his freedom of choice between working for himself or for an employer, the rest of his rights went with them. Substitute for the present proletariat as many equally efficient machines and the present structure of society would remain unchanged. The only superficial difference would be that even bishops would cease to speak of the duties or civic responsibilities of Labour. * * *

When, therefore, we consider the question of agreements between masters and men the disparity between the contracting parties must be kept in mind. As between equals voluntarily contracting mutual service the obligation to maintain the contract is of the most sacred, if not the most holy, in the law. Civilisation, indeed, as has often been observed, was born with the sanctity of contract, and would die with its general profanation. But even the strictest of moralists would not maintain that a forced agreement, an agreement between equals, is of the order of sacred bonds. If a drowning man contracts with his potential saviour to give him all his goods for his assistance, neither sense nor law would expect him to keep his contract afterwards. But in the case of wage slaves contracting with employers, they are always in the drowning man's position relatively. Between themselves and starvation there is for millions of them no more at most than a few days' supply of food. Work at wages is, therefore, for them a necessity as much as a rope or a boat is a necessity to a drowning man. Comes the employer at this moment to enter into a contract with them. For so much service and for such a wage he will bind himself to save them from starvation for such and such a time; not for life, be it observed, nor with absolute security; but under such conditions as allow him to throw away a workman at any moment into the starving market. Is it fair, we ask, to place a contract entered into on such terms as a lever on which contract between equals? The employer, it is true, in the bargain with the worker, has something to gain; he has even, we admit, something to lose; but he does not stake his personal existence on the contract, but only his capital, and he is not to be staked for his profit. But the conclusion, we submit to the Archbishop of York, is that the contract is in reality no contract at all, and none of the conditions applicable to contracts of
between equals apply with anything like the same degree of strength to agreements between capitalists and wage slaves. Wage slavery, we repeat, is slavery in all its essentials. The man who works is not the workshop but the workshop where the privilege of the system is a consequence of every responsibility. To enter the kingdom of capitalism requires that the wage earner should become civicly a little child.

But having misconceived the true relation between capitalists and wage slaves, the Church Congress was further led to utter economic fallacies of both a negative and positive character. The Bishop of London, for example, besought the labourers to remember that there was a limit to high wages. Above a certain point, he said, wages could not rise. That is true enough under the present system, as we have often maintained; but it is not true that the present system is the only system possible or even desirable. Let it be admitted that under capitalism wages have their maximum limit, the conclusion is not that wages, if their maximum is insufficient, should not be raised, but that the system that maintains them low should be abolished. If every wage earner were receiving two pounds a week and profits were in their present proportion we should still maintain that the system was wrong. Justice demands that wages should be limited only by the productivity of labour and by nothing else. But capitalism does not limit wages by this natural impediment, but by the artificial impediment of capitalism and competition. Whatever, therefore, the maximum wages paid under capitalism, they must needs fall short of the just demands which are fixed by nature herself. The Bishop of London, however, did not enunciate the corresponding fact of capitalism: that while a maximum wage is fixed there is and can be no fixed minimum. But this is equally true. Wages cannot, he says, rise beyond a certain height, a height determined, that is, by the Rent, Interest, and Profit first deducted from labour's returns. No, but wages must fall to any extent whatever; they can fall not only to subsistence level, but considerably below it! We are free to maintain that the actual wages paid to the wage earners of this country are insufficient to keep all the wage earners alive; actually the class of wage earners cannot live on their wages. If wages were all the wage earners received they would die of starvation in hundreds of thousands. How, then, do they manage to live if not upon wages? To their legal wages are added millions in charity, tips, State and municipal almshouse assistance; without which, as we say, they could not continue to exist. Thus we arrive at the conclusion that not only are maximum wages fixed, but there is no minimum. The minimum of last year was not the minimum of this year, and it will be lower next year. As certainly as our readers are now reading these words, the tendency of wages is downward, while the necessary supplements of wages in the form of charity are upwards. In fifty years from now, if there is no revolution, one in ten of our working population will be driven to enter the workshops where and how he shall pay your workmen a minimum living wage. But the capitalists can reply: Certainly, provided only that we can reject such workmen as in our opinion are not worth it—and they are many! Is the State then prepared to create a proletariat of unemployables, and to see them rejected from private industry without relief? The conclusion is impossible; for people must be fed, if not by private employment, then in some other way. Result: The State must undertake provision for every worker dismissed from private industry. But what could the State do with the capitalist unemployables? To set them to work would ex hypothesi be unprofitable. To keep them for nothing would mean increased taxation, payable, as always, by those employed in industry. In other words, the workers in receipt of the Minimum Wage would have to maintain not only themselves, but every individual dismissed from industry because of it. We really do not see the advantage of such a plan when it is put to the test by reason of the wonderful legislation.

The conclusion to which we are driven, and to which, if they really pursue their economic studies, the Bishops will be driven, is that, while Capitalism and the competitive wage system remain, there is no amelioration possible that does not involve worse evils than those it sets out to abolish. The reformation of Capitalism is chimerical, and its evolution into a humane condition of industry is a dream that can never be realized. The laws, and these by sure and certain stages are doomed to divide the nation hopelessly into the small class of the rich and the large class of the poor. If the Church will not insist that the gulf shall be closed, and, in the brave words of the Bishop of London, "proceed to turn the world upside down again, in absolute disregard of consequences," some other power must do it, or the crash must inevitably come. We repeat that we see no hope in material desire alone. Our proletariat are as impenetrable as our governing classes are inaccessible to ideas, even of the blank material order; each class lives for the week or for the year, but not for the long sustained future. To close the rent paid to re-unite the plundered halves of the nation, it is absolutely essential that capitalism and the wage system should be abolished.
Sagas of Our Times—IV.

By Chas. Manson.

Oft are we told that our Bed, as we make it, is
That we must lie in: an
Our Times, be despatched. But mean-

Nations, where many are
Sleeping, a fecund Me-
Dusa, with mind quite de-
Lirious, whose lingo's Teu-
Tonic, whose head's all a-
Burst, feels so cabined and
Cribbed and confined that she
Suffers from crick in the
Neck and a cramp in the
Legs—a complaint which the
Doctors, in conclave, in
Camer, declare, entre.
Nous, might be cured, either
Sooner or later, a-
Lone by the stretching of
Legs to the Orient, of
Head to that sea, which will
Give her a nodding ac-
Quaintance with cousins, who
Live on the island, and to
Whom kindest messages,
All armour-plated, in-
Formal and quite unex-
Pected, can then, at odd
Times, be despatched. But mean-
While, like those busy in-
Dustrious buzzers, which

Find crannies moist in sa-
Lubrious joints, ill-pro-
Tected, this nation in its
Dropping her ova of
Commerce in other folks'
Markets. Or else, like the
Bird of monotonous
Lots, of the
-like, be inserted. And
Should she discover each
Bird sitting tight, who had
Fashioned the nest or ac-
Quired it from some local
Builder, then look out for
Squawks. For, below the soft
Plumes, diplomatic and
Dove-like, these dangles mailed
Talons, which late tore a
Wing from a neighbouring
Partridge, and oft set the
Pigeons of Europe a-
Tremble.

Current Cant.

"The full benefits of the Insurance Act come into operation on January 1."—The "Star."  

"Wales had given them many eminent workers, not the least being the first Baptist Chancellor of the Ex-
chequer—the greatest moral and human asset in the British Government."—REV. H. M. HUGHES.

"The Government suffers for the moment from its very virtue in preferring a contributory to a non-contributory 
scheme of national insurance."—Daily Chronicle.

"It is a joy to see the ground on which the Aquarium 
stood occupied by a witness to God."—ARCHBISHOP 
WELWYN.

"They could not meet in such a building (New Wes-
leyan Methodist Hall) without remembering with thank-
fulness the King whom God had given to reign over them."—DR. HAIGH.

"His deeds of Royal sympathy shall forge, and hearts 
from every clime shall hold him dear, and lips from every 
land shall hail his name as worthy prince and truest 
friend—King George."—BERTHA HETHERINGTON, M.C.S., 
in the Daily Graphic.

"As to a member of the Royal Family marrying a 
commoner, such an alliance would be impossible without 
the King's consent, which would certainly not be given.
His Majesty has very strict ideas, and they would not 
be permitted."—"The World.

"Imperialism is a divinely provided means for bringing 
the world nearer to the throne of grace."—Rev. Principal 
LLOYD (Canada).

"It is the peculiar distinction of the Church of England 
that it makes a confident appeal to sound learning 
and reverent thinking."—The PRIMATE, Church Congress.

"OFT are we told that our husks of wild oats and with 
the
Coming. But nations dis-

WELBY.

"It is a joy to see the ground on which the Aquarium 
stood occupied by a witness to God."—ARCHBISHOP 
WELWYN.

"They could not meet in such a building (New Wes-
leyan Methodist Hall) without remembering with thank-
fulness the King whom God had given to reign over them."—DR. HAIGH.

"His deeds of Royal sympathy shall forge, and hearts 
from every clime shall hold him dear, and lips from every 
land shall hail his name as worthy prince and truest 
friend—King George."—BERTHA HETHERINGTON, M.C.S., 
in the Daily Graphic.

"As to a member of the Royal Family marrying a 
commoner, such an alliance would be impossible without 
the King's consent, which would certainly not be given.
His Majesty has very strict ideas, and they would not 
be permitted."—"The World.

"Imperialism is a divinely provided means for bringing 
the world nearer to the throne of grace."—Rev. Principal 
LLOYD (Canada).

"It is the peculiar distinction of the Church of England 
that it makes a confident appeal to sound learning 
and reverent thinking."—The PRIMATE, Church Congress.

"OFT are we told that our husks of wild oats and with 
the
Coming. But nations dis-

WELBY.

"It is a joy to see the ground on which the Aquarium 
stood occupied by a witness to God."—ARCHBISHOP 
WELWYN.

"They could not meet in such a building (New Wes-
leyan Methodist Hall) without remembering with thank-
fulness the King whom God had given to reign over them."—DR. HAIGH.

"His deeds of Royal sympathy shall forge, and hearts 
from every clime shall hold him dear, and lips from every 
land shall hail his name as worthy prince and truest 
friend—King George."—BERTHA HETHERINGTON, M.C.S., 
in the Daily Graphic.

"As to a member of the Royal Family marrying a 
commoner, such an alliance would be impossible without 
the King's consent, which would certainly not be given.
His Majesty has very strict ideas, and they would not 
be permitted."—"The World.

"Imperialism is a divinely provided means for bringing 
the world nearer to the throne of grace."—Rev. Principal 
LLOYD (Canada).

"It is the peculiar distinction of the Church of England 
that it makes a confident appeal to sound learning 
and reverent thinking."—The PRIMATE, Church Congress.

"OFT are we told that our husks of wild oats and with 
the
Coming. But nations dis-

WELBY.

"It is a joy to see the ground on which the Aquarium 
stood occupied by a witness to God."—ARCHBISHOP 
WELWYN.

"They could not meet in such a building (New Wes-
leyan Methodist Hall) without remembering with thank-
fulness the King whom God had given to reign over them."—DR. HAIGH.

"His deeds of Royal sympathy shall forge, and hearts 
from every clime shall hold him dear, and lips from every 
land shall hail his name as worthy prince and truest 
friend—King George."—BERTHA HETHERINGTON, M.C.S., 
in the Daily Graphic.

"As to a member of the Royal Family marrying a 
commoner, such an alliance would be impossible without 
the King's consent, which would certainly not be given.
His Majesty has very strict ideas, and they would not 
be permitted."—"The World.

"Imperialism is a divinely provided means for bringing 
the world nearer to the throne of grace."—Rev. Principal 
LLOYD (Canada).

"It is the peculiar distinction of the Church of England 
that it makes a confident appeal to sound learning 
and reverent thinking."—The PRIMATE, Church Congress.

"OFT are we told that our husks of wild oats and with 
the
Coming. But nations dis-

WELBY.

"It is a joy to see the ground on which the Aquarium 
stood occupied by a witness to God."—ARCHBISHOP 
WELWYN.

"They could not meet in such a building (New Wes-
leyan Methodist Hall) without remembering with thank-
fulness the King whom God had given to reign over them."—DR. HAIGH.

"His deeds of Royal sympathy shall forge, and hearts 
from every clime shall hold him dear, and lips from every 
land shall hail his name as worthy prince and truest 
friend—King George."—BERTHA HETHERINGTON, M.C.S., 
in the Daily Graphic.

"As to a member of the Royal Family marrying a 
commoner, such an alliance would be impossible without 
the King's consent, which would certainly not be given.
His Majesty has very strict ideas, and they would not 
be permitted."—"The World.

"Imperialism is a divinely provided means for bringing 
the world nearer to the throne of grace."—Rev. Principal 
LLOYD (Canada).

"It is the peculiar distinction of the Church of England 
that it makes a confident appeal to sound learning 
and reverent thinking."—The PRIMATE, Church Congress.

"OFT are we told that our husks of wild oats and with 
the
Coming. But nations dis-

WELBY.

"It is a joy to see the ground on which the Aquarium 
stood occupied by a witness to God."—ARCHBISHOP 
WELWYN.

"They could not meet in such a building (New Wes-
leyan Methodist Hall) without remembering with thank-
fulness the King whom God had given to reign over them."—DR. HAIGH.

"His deeds of Royal sympathy shall forge, and hearts 
from every clime shall hold him dear, and lips from every 
land shall hail his name as worthy prince and truest 
friend—King George."—BERTHA HETHERINGTON, M.C.S., 
in the Daily Graphic.

"As to a member of the Royal Family marrying a 
commoner, such an alliance would be impossible without 
the King's consent, which would certainly not be given.
His Majesty has very strict ideas, and they would not 
be permitted."—"The World.

"Imperialism is a divinely provided means for bringing 
the world nearer to the throne of grace."—Rev. Principal 
LLOYD (Canada).

"It is the peculiar distinction of the Church of England 
that it makes a confident appeal to sound learning 
and reverent thinking."—The PRIMATE, Church Congress.

"OFT are we told that our husks of wild oats and with 
the
Coming. But nations dis-

WELBY.

"It is a joy to see the ground on which the Aquarium 
stood occupied by a witness to God."—ARCHBISHOP 
WELWYN.

"They could not meet in such a building (New Wes-
leyan Methodist Hall) without remembering with thank-
fulness the King whom God had given to reign over them."—DR. HAIGH.

"His deeds of Royal sympathy shall forge, and hearts 
from every clime shall hold him dear, and lips from every 
land shall hail his name as worthy prince and truest 
friend—King George."—BERTHA HETHERINGTON, M.C.S., 
in the Daily Graphic.

"As to a member of the Royal Family marrying a 
commoner, such an alliance would be impossible without 
the King's consent, which would certainly not be given.
His Majesty has very strict ideas, and they would not 
be permitted."—"The World.

"Imperialism is a divinely provided means for bringing 
the world nearer to the throne of grace."—Rev. Principal 
LLOYD (Canada).

"It is the peculiar distinction of the Church of England 
that it makes a confident appeal to sound learning 
and reverent thinking."—The PRIMATE, Church Congress.

"OFT are we told that our husks of wild oats and with 
the
Coming. But nations dis-

WELBY.
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdà.

It is fairly certain that nearly every newspaper reader will find it difficult to see his way through the maze of telegrams regarding the Balkan situation, and not only telegrams, but likewise articles, interviews, and semi-official opinions. Both wars and rumours of wars at once give rise to an infinite amount of lying; for censorships have mobilised their forces. To demobilise them is the business of two Powers, and the Balkans is high; and the Turks in particular are anxious to have made to pacifism should be expressed in a more philosophical form. As I have invariably maintained that nothing can be said to be expressed at all until its philosophical basis is outlined, I admit at once the justice of the request. But the present is not the easy one to analyse. There are some pacifists—a large number, but perhaps relatively few—who strenuously object to all fighting, and who would hardly even take up arms to defend their native country. There are others who, although they dislike the very thought of war, were prepared to defend their country even at the risk of blood-letting, presuming that no other means were available. My own school would go even further: I hold that we should be prepared not merely to defend our country from wanton attack, but that we should be prepared to defend the honour of our country, if necessary, at the point of the sword. The case in dispute between the Balkan States and the Turks is a point of honour: the Balkan peoples feel that a slur on their integrity, not to march into Persia, but to march towards the Balkans.

I promise to deal with this question more fully within the next week or two, in a separate article. In the meantime I will say that I am even more strongly pacific than the pacifists if the point in dispute is not the honour or defence of my country, but merely some quarrel over capitalistic concessions. In spite of all the evidence which has come to light in the last decade, it is difficult even now to say whether the South African War, for example, was genuine or not—difficult to say, I mean, whether it was brought about, in the course of several years, by the distinct grievances of British subjects in the Transvaal and Orange Free State, or by the Rand financiers. I believe that there were these two contributory causes, but that the financiers were the main cause. Therefore that war, in my opinion, was not a genuine war. Though the Transvaalers had grievances under the old régime, many of them, I know, would still prefer that régime to the government of speculators and the owners of diamond mines.

When, again, the story of the Crisp China loan is told it will be realised how easy it is to bring on a financial war, and how justified one side may be in resisting such a war. The six-Power loan, for instance, means an eventual partition of China. But even the pacifists will not agree by merely means of The Hague Tribunal alone.
Military Notes.

By Romney.

Six months ago I did not believe that compulsory service was inevitable, but I have had to alter my opinion. Circumstances have changed, and by circumstances I mean not politics nor public feeling, but the constitution of the Territorial Force. Compulsory service could have been avoided only by the survival of a voluntary force in reasonable efficiency and reasonable numbers, but the whole trend of events during the last four years has rendered that survival impossible. The Territorial Army has been forced to eat its heart out. A few acute observers predicted what would happen when Lord Haldane's scheme was adopted in 1908. They were not heeded, but what they said has proved correct. The force is destroying itself.

The old Volunteers were a club rather than a force. The Volunteer Rifles bore in most cases the same resemblance to rifles as the Ancient Order of Druids do to Druids. Good-fellowship was the main thing and soldiering a very secondary affair. Nobody, of course, had any objection to a little mild soldiering so long as it did not interfere with the good-fellowship, but it was clearly understood that nobody was to take his rifle and bayonet too seriously, for any introduction of disagreeable realities (discipline, for example) would have brought the whole show about one's ears. It may, indeed, be asked what on earth the authorities were about to give any place in our military organisation, however small, to such a force, but, as Colonel F. N. Maude has pointed out, the authorities were not as mad as they appeared. In the first place, the Volunteers established a bond of sympathy between the Regular Army and the rest of the community, which was necessary to the health of the latter force. In the second place, an invasion, if it occurred, would have been met by lining the citizen soldiers up thick along the crest of the North Downs, to act as an inert mass against which the invaders should exhaust themselves, pending a counter attack of the Regulars from Aldershot. Such a rôle the Volunteers could have enacted decently enough. The plan has obvious defects, but such as it was, the old War Office approved of it, and the country (which, perhaps, did not consider the matter) did not interfere with the good-fellowship, it also but for the epoch-making incident of the South African campaign.

This had two great results. Firstly, it created a queer, muddled notion in the public brain that we were "not efficient," and that the Volunteers in particular wanted waking up. Secondly, it brought into power at headquarters a set of men—mostly of Indian experience—who did not sympathise with the old War Office ways, even if they understood them, which is doubtful, for when the late Mr. Arnold Forster arrived upon the scene he made a "clean sweep," the continuity of tradition was broken, and the innovators started with a clean slate. In 1908 the tide of innovation swept over the Volunteer Force.

The prosperity of that rather comic institution depended, as the old War Office understood, upon an ignorance which was bliss in the most self-satisfied sense of the word. The officers knew nothing, and were, therefore, most unlikely to worry the rank and file, or to demand more than the good humour of those Saturday afternoon soldiers was likely to afford. The men were equally in the dark, and did not, therefore, criticise their officers. There was a vague idea the discipline and other Regular peculiarities were not essential in a force of so high an educational standard, and with such a record on the Bisley range. All rubbed along very happily together, and considered themselves very fine fellows, which they were. That faith which takes the form of enlightenment had not yet come upon them. But the innovators at the War Office soon saw to that. The Volunteer Force did not inspire them with confidence. They probably realised that it was impossible to hang these self-sacrificing patriots into soldiers by their own consent, for real military discipline is a thing which no human being ever willingly accepted yet; nevertheless, they thought that it was possible to improve them. Accordingly they called them Territorials and inoculated them with efficiency. The more Machiavellian of them may have seen what would result, and smiled (if they were in favour of compulsory service), but the majority undoubtedly went straight ahead in innocence, and really thought that compromise was possible.

A new generation of Territorial officer was the first result. Compulsory courses in drill, field-work and musketry attachment to Regular troops staff rides and drives, games, and lectures soon produced a race of subalterns and junior captains who possessed not only a decent share of military knowledge, but also a real military spirit and comprehension of what soldiers should be like. Returning to their regiments, these enthusiastic young men fell foul, first of the senior officers—the old Volunteers who knew nothing, cared to know nothing, and had a pretty shrewd suspicion that it was best to know nothing—and then of all very well for the old citizen soldier to regard with complacency the shaky lines, the sloppy drill, the muddle-headed field-work, and the sleepy men. He knew no better, and was not worried where he saw nothing wrong. But the new men were bitterly conscious of all these things. They felt ashamed of them. They looked upon themselves as soldiers, and wished things done accordingly. Besides, they knew what Volunteer methods would lead to: attempts were therefore, made to introduce the rudiments of discipline and of military manners. The N.C.O.'s and men endured it for a little, but soon began to go. They didn't mind playing at soldiers, but having only a few days' holiday a year, not unnaturally objected to spending them under the shadow of compulsion—the most disagreeable sensation upon earth. Recruiting dwindled and had to be artificially stimulated. The old officers saw that this was a bad place for them and left also; the young men rose in rank, and the higher they got the worse things became, from the recruiting point of view. Regular commanding officers were appointed, whose military methods increased efficiency, but scared the men still more. And as the business of increasing the keenness of the officers continues under the surveillance of Regular Divisional Commanders and Brigadiers, and has been extended to the N.C.O.'s, no relaxation of the pressure is likely. For there is no known method of increasing the keenness of the men in corresponding degree.

Meanwhile the Territorial Army is dissatisfied with itself, the men with having too little, to do, and with being unable to realise the high ideals that their recent training has placed before them. As a result, nine out of ten Territorials will pronounce in favour of compulsory service, which would not have occurred four years ago. But there seems no other way out of it. The youth of the country will certainly not respond in sufficient numbers to the very severe demands now made upon it, without being either paid or compelled to do so.

THE ETHICAL DRAMATIST.

In this refined blasphemous cacklation Our modern ethics find their true salvation, While he exults carnivorous barbarians To turn into Miletian, vegetarianists For when 'th euphopic grows a moral question, One lentil saves both soul and the digestion, Or by the firework; of his dialectic To Turn into Milesian vegetarians He hints, inventate idealist, At Super-Shakespeare and a Super-Christ.
Governed on the economic orders of personal and wage services, the former is in a subtle sense superior.

This is still more clearly seen in the superior status of Government pay-service as compared with private wage-service. Nobody can fail to be struck by the difference in self-respect, at least, that comes over them when their employments are transferred from private to public employment. The nature of their employment under Government may even be more onerous than that of the private service they have left. It may conceivably even be less well paid. Nevertheless, it is in competition not only in permanency and pensions, but quite as much, if not more, in status, by reason of its removal from the private competitive wage system. While this is obviously true of clerks and the like, it is strikingly true of the Army and the Navy—both of which businesses necessary at anything like the wages paid to our soldiers and sailors. The conditions of the employment, again, are worse than any respectable private business would permit itself to impose. Yet, in spite of these drawbacks, soldiering and sailing are superior in recognised status to private occupation, as building, tailoring—and tailoring—for the reason, as we maintain, that in them neither does the wage system prevail, nor is the service designed for the private profit of any individual or even class.

From these and similar considerations we deduce the conclusion that the wage system, though as yet in a less degree than chattel slavery, is, and has always been, repugnant to the disposition of men. Men do not seek to escape from a system that suits them, nor do they associate with such an enemy. If, therefore, as a matter of fact, men instinctively, and, as they become articulate, consciously, seek to escape from wage slavery, it is fair to say that wage slavery, whatever its merits, has not the merit of being naturally acceptable to man.

But in one sense the earth itself is not natural to man. The earth, our mother, is not so kind that the human race may do what it pleases. On the contrary, obligations involving painful toil, not only to the material, but to the moral spirit of man, are perpetually being forced on us by the disposition of Nature. It is difficult to conceive a society in which these obligations can be entirely eliminated or the toil and sacrifice involved in them entirely transformed into pleasure. Utopians may dream of such a condition, but they reckon without their host. Something will remain, even when we have done our best, that is painful or requires exertion, or involves the necessity of chastening our personal inclinations. The question is, therefore, this: Is the wage system indispensable, or is it a minimum sacrifice we must needs make for the purpose of exploiting Nature? Admitted that the exploitation of men by men is immoral, can this immorality be justified either by the necessities of the case or by the superior moral advantages of the wage system over any system we can devise? It is generally accepted that the wage system is humanly superior to chattel slavery. It is also proved that the new system, the system of wage slavery, is morally and economically productive than the system it displaced. But this, it may be argued, was a happy accident. We cannot expect that our second moral leap will be equally successful economically with our first. We may find ourselves, in fact, if we abolish wage slavery, worse off than we are now.

Without considering these economic objections at this moment, we may ask what moral advantages are claimed for the wage system in operation to compare with those of the other than the immorality suspected in the wage system itself. Admitted that society cannot be utopian perfectly, is the moral balance of the wage system and its works in favour of or against its maintenance? Does the saying, morally, to maintain the wage system, for the moral values society derives from its discipline? Let us see. There are, broadly, three defences of the existing system, differing in their degrees of moral value.
The first base itself purely upon the sanction of law, assuming the law's inviolable sanctity. Mr. Grabbing Millionaire, asked to justify his position, replies with characteristic emphasis: "I accumulated my money under the law's protection; I look to the law to continue its protection." The answer to this is simple: "What the law does not live by, the law cannot live by; bless the name of the law." What has Mr. Grabbing Millionaire to say to that? Literally nothing. Like the soldier, who lives and perishes by the sword, this man lives and perishes by the statute-book. Economic power is his; but it is low voltage, and the political power that springs from it is vulgar and morally ugly; there is no beauty in it that we should desire it. Great Britain, with its feudal traditions, has only in recent years developed this type in all its nakedness, but it thrives in America. The British type came from South Africa. It must be evident that no community could withstand a shock from within or without if it had no stronger moral justification than this. But the present industrial system has weathered too many storms to warrant the assumption that its moral justification is rooted in so shallow and kaleidoscopic an institution as the statute-book. The mere fact of legal title does not morally suffice. We must look for the moral sanction behind the law.

The second class of defence may be summed up thus: The work of the world has been done. We may, indeed, concede more than this. No student of industrial development would deny that great moral qualities have gone into the slow integration of the social system. The technical men have ungrudgingly given of their best, both to their employers and their fellow-workers. Look at the long list of technical and commercial associations connected with almost every trade; consider sympathetically the intellectual work (often of a high technical grade) done in the increasing sense of guild solidarity; look into these men's hearts and watch their glow of pride at the recognition freely given by their fellow-craftsmen, a far greater pride in the achievement won than monetary consideration; knowing this, we readily and gratefully recognise our immense indebtedness to the great army of thinkers and experts who have in their several ways conquered nature, even though they had to utilise the wage system. But we do not thereby pass their errors by, and there shall be no break in the continuity of history, to guard the sacred catena of our tradition and culture. What prouder mission than to build up, conserved and preserved, by a privileged class of ample leisure and large resources. But the link with the priceless past will be snapped. The new fangled religion and eccentric cultures are not to my liking—emphatically no. How do you think we have preserved all that was beautiful and enduring in the culture of the ages? Many factors have entered into the edifice, but broadly speaking it has been built up, conserved and preserved, by a privileged class of ample leisure and large resources. Not is that the case, for we can understand the sentiment, and notwithstanding some blood vitiation since the advent of the industrial and financial magnates, we still remain, in the main, a real aristocracy. If in the practical affairs of mankind we are unpractical, what is it? It is not our function. We are sentinels sternly bound to guard the sacred catena of civilisation, to see that there shall be no break in the continuity of history, tradition and culture. What prouder mission was ever entrusted to a privileged class than to maintain civilisation? If, therefore, we painfully realise that the con-
tinuance of the wage system involves slavery and the horrible things implied by it, it is not because we do not sympathise, but because larger and more enduring considerations must prevail. We are unwillingly forced to this issue: culture, national religions by inheritance of an aristocracy (which economically depends upon wage slavery), are threatened by a new order of society which cares for none of these things. We cannot risk the loss of another Alexandrine library; the Louvre was only saved by a miracle; Cromwell's bullets are still imbedded in our churches. These facts are symbolic. Democracy triumphant bluntly writes "I'chabod" on our sacred temples. It is Aristocracy against the Mob.

Thus admitted into the intimacy of Mr. Balfour's mind, we might, in reply, murmur, "O ye of little faith!" But the response would hardly be adequate. For this, amongst other reasons: the abolition of the wage system involves not merely an economic revolution, but, ex hypothesis, a spiritual revolution also. A spiritual revolution, indeed, will be necessary as a precedent condition of the economic revolution; for we are not so blind to the lessons of history as to imagine that an economic revolution for the better can be engineered by force and greed alone. Would then this spiritual revolution which we hypothesise be likely to destroy what is already spiritually desirable in existing society? Rather it seems essential that it should come not to destroy but to fulfil; not to make a complete break with the contrary to common practice, but to release that past for new conquests. And in this assumption we are supported not only by reason but by facts manifest to everybody. For it is clear to-day, if it was never clear before, that spirituality of mind, culture and innate taste, are more happily inspired when working for the few and for their class the works of the nation he comes and to the nation he desires to appeal than the select few, to appeal to men of all classes, the nation at large. For, again, such men know not only that the soul of the nation must be whole that their art may flourish, but that their fitting hearers are scattered over all classes and in all ranks and walks of society. To assume that the wealthy, or even the leisureed, have, as a class, innately more taste and appreciation of culture than the poor or the overworked, is contrary to common experience. Society is not now, if it ever was, graded in castes of mind corresponding to the rates of income. On the contrary, as Manu said, the castes are mixed and mingled in inextricable confusion. Anywhere, in any economic class, a Shakespeare or a Lessing may be born or a lover of Shakespeare may be found. It is simply, therefore, the desire of finding his complete order of hearers that drives instinctively the great artist to cast his net over the whole nation. From the nation he comes and to the nation he desires to go.

We may certainly conclude that the fears for culture which dilettantes may entertain from the equalisation of economic conditions are baseless and without the warrant of the creators of culture. On the contrary, it is only when all has been made equal that can be made equal that the spiritual inequalities of talent and genius will plainly appear.

Broadly, then, we may affirm that the moral foundations of existing society are not more immune from destructive analysis than is its economic basis. The two classes are still the two classes; the undivided community, thereby splitting the nation in twain, to the destruction not only of its own soul, but of the soul of its two divided classes. With the abolition of the wage system followed by the guild organisation of society as a whole, we shall reach a unity of economic interests and a correlative unity in moral perception.

**THE CHURCH'S FAVOURITE CHILD.**

The Parson and Squire have had absolute control of the agricultural labourer for 300 years. And what have they made of him? A byword and reproach.—**CANON BARKER.**

I thank the goodness and the **Grace**
That on my birth have smiled.
And made I in these heathen days
The Church's favourite child.

They larnt I in the proper way,
In Church and in Church school;
Yet townsfolk often say that I
Am England's champion fule!
I may be so, but they should know,
Who at I laughs and jeers—
I've only been in Parson's care
About three hundred years.

**DOUGLAS BLACKBURN.**
Bible Teaching and Bible Stories.

By Sir Francis Vane, Bt.

I imagine that it would be generally admitted to-day that some consecutive teaching of the evolution of morality should be placed before even very young children, the very young even if the older, because the impressions are so much more firmly stamped on the plastic brain.

It is known that I take a very real interest in the education of the mind, not because I have any very extensive knowledge of the science of pedagogy, but rather because perhaps I have a larger personal and intimate acquaintance among the young of many races than falls to the lot of most.

For this reason I desire to place before your readers some of my impressions of the many meetings which I have addressed of Bible teachers, and of some of the Bible story books which I have lately been reading.

Among the readers, while I have met some who are really competent to teach the very difficult lesson of any of the differences of morality in the Old and the New Testaments, a vast majority have been totally unable to explain to me the natural principle of evolution on which this difference depends, and nearly all seem to value the lessons in the old book highly to the disadvantage of the others.

Will you let me submit that clergymen, to whatever Christian denomination they may belong, who allow people, however excellent, to teach the young of the next generation in such a muddling manner are committing a very serious offence against civilisation and against the Church?

If this be permitted, cruelty in the name of God will be condoned from generation to generation, and all the lessons of the sequence of ethical thought which runs through the two Testaments will infallibly be lost.

I am not at all sure that the Ten Commandments, as they are translated and inscribed on every church to-day, are not perpetuating an evil which our Lord very clearly himself deplored. The note which runs through the tribal history of the Old Testament is very clearly one of fear, not one of love. It is one of restraint rather than one of mental expansion.

The Commandments tell you in very clear words many things which we are not to do, though clearly they leave out of the category some very obvious crimes—that of cruelty, for example—but they make up for this limitation by the threatening penalties imposed.

That anybody can seriously be asked afterwards to love God when he has been told that He will not only punish the man but his innocent descendants "unto the third and fourth generations" truly passeth all understanding.

All this is clear enough if the teacher is really an expert in the subject and not an apologist for the Church, however honest.

The Ten Commandments, as they are taught, in the course of generations have been the source of most of the doctrines connected with the Church of God; and certainly it is much easier to gather them up into a bundle and to hang them in the presence of the King and Court of Spain because he it had been divinely ordained that the whole of a neighbouring tribe 3,000 years ago being taught as morality to the tender youth of to-day? Yet to my sure and certain knowledge this is being taught. I am certain no child who has been brought up in what I may call the Christian denomination they may belong, who allow people, however excellent, to teach the young of the next generation in such a muddling manner are committing a very serious offence against civilisation and against the Church?

If this be permitted, cruelty in the name of God will be condoned from generation to generation, and all the lessons of the sequence of ethical thought which runs through the two Testaments will infallibly be lost.

I am not at all sure that the Ten Commandments, as they are translated and inscribed on every church to-day, are not perpetuating an evil which our Lord very clearly himself deplored. The note which runs through the tribal history of the Old Testament is very clearly one of fear, not one of love. It is one of restraint rather than one of mental expansion.

The Commandments tell you in very clear words many things which we are not to do, though clearly they leave out of the category some very obvious crimes—that of cruelty, for example—but they make up for this limitation by the threatening penalties imposed.

That anybody can seriously be asked afterwards to love God when he has been told that He will not only punish the man but his innocent descendants "unto the third and fourth generations" truly passeth all understanding.

All this is clear enough if the teacher is really an expert in the subject and not an apologist for the Church, however honest.

The Ten Commandments, as they are taught, in the course of generations have been the source of most of the doctrines connected with the Church of God; and certainly it is much easier to gather them up into a bundle and to hang them in the presence of the King and Court of Spain because he it had been divinely ordained that the whole of a neighbouring tribe 3,000 years ago being taught as morality to the tender youth of to-day? Yet to my sure and certain knowledge this is being taught.
However, Saul goes out to war, completely smashes up the enemy, and proceeds to set his men to the work of slaughtering the men, women, children, and cattle. Either in some spirit of compassion or chivalry—which, however, is interpreted by Samuel as pride—he very properly spares the King, and also, being a careful Jew, some of the fittest of the cattle. For this heinous offence of murder of a sufficient number of the enemy, Samuel pretends that the Almighty is angry with Saul, and proceeds to intrigue for his deposition.

The author, as a commentary to this ferocious story (evidently got up by Samuel), says delightfully, "My dear children, if you love God, you will like to obey Him," apparently right or wrong. Any intelligent child would say that he could not love God if he gave such abominable orders, but that he did not believe a word that Samuel said.

I only take these two examples of the stories in this book because they are typical of the whole.

The whole work simply reeks of cruelty, bloodshed, murder, instigation to wanton punishment for trivial crimes, and all ascribed as the will of God. If this is what is to be taught to tender youth alongside of the gentle doctrines of the New Law, and of equal weight, who can wonder at the mental confusion of the young—nay, who can expect the men of to-day, who are, after all, considerably more humane than they were a hundred years ago—retaining much respect for Churches which so incompetently teach the lessons of humanity?

Church and Stage.

By Edward McNulty.

The address delivered by Sir H. Beerbohm Tree before the Actors' Association against the Sunday opening of theatres and music halls, marks an historic epoch in the glorious annals of the British stage.

"It would be lamentable," he remarked, "if the present measures were allowed to interfere with the relations now existing between Church and Stage."

Ostensibly intended to deprecate Sunday opening, the speech was really an eloquent appeal for a closer union between the two great institutions. It is evident that he is in favour of young actors attending service more frequently in order to profit by listening to the refined eloquentian nuances of the clergyman; and he would be pleased if actresses bestowed themselves to further the sacred aim of charity by sending signed photographs of their teeth to parochial bazaars.

"Most of them," observed Sir Herbert solemnly, "would be sorry if any such occasion robbed the people of their spiritual duties which were associated with the English Sabbath; and upon the preservation of which the national character so largely depended."

That the strict observance of the Sabbath is necessary for the building up of the national character, is a profound discovery of sensational importance, and, in its developed condition should be presented for discussion to the British Association.

"Was it possible," he continued, "to have a Sunday that would combine godliness with earthly happiness?"

Clearly the distinguished actor yearns for a closer spiritual union with the Church; and after such a pious aspiration, we shall probably see him heading a procession of the more emasculated members of the profession in a tailcoat to the next Eucharistic Congress.

But to secure the object which he bears so closely at heart, several reforms are still absolutely necessary—not, of course, in the Church, which is perfect, but in theatres. The nomenclature of the latter is still tainted with the odium of the brothel of the ancients, and connotes days when an actor ambitioned to be an actor simply, and not a hybrid individual composed partly of actor, partly parson. To give a notable instance, the name of the "Gaiety" Theatre is deplorably indicative of the perverted amusement of an irreligious worship of the dangerous delights of the flesh; and Sir H. B. Tree should use his influence with the managing director to have the name changed to the "Saint George Edwards Theatre."

In fact, every theatre and music-hall should, as far as possible, substitute for its present title the name of one of the saints or martyrs of the early Christian Church.

Now, it is regrettable that "His Majesty's Theatre" should suggest an attitude of actual or suppositional, arrogance of the uncertain respect of the late kings, and baronetcy. This, of course, may not have been present in the mind of Sir H. B. Tree when, after prolonged mental incubation, he produced the name. Nevertheless, to the average spectator it has that suspicious aspect; and, in any case, "His Majesty's" is not reminiscent of art in any form, save perhaps the fine art of shooting tame pigeons. In order, therefore, to further cement the spiritual union of Church and Stage, it will be necessary to change the title to the "Holy Benedict Theatre," or to "Holy Herbert Theatre," which at once proclaims its high moral mission and perpetuates the ascetic and saintlike character of its gifted founder.

The specimen remodelled programme of the future should announce that the performance will be the realisation of Bishop Beerbohm's wishes for a day to be followed by his marvellous impersonation of Svengali; and that the performance would close with the Benediction—a duty which, with considerable advantage to himself, be assigned to the low comedian.

The problem of the drinking bars in theatres and music-halls must be solved by their immediate abolition. On this point there can be no compromise. Here Sir H. B. Tree will immediately take a forceful initiative. Being in the inner confidence of the higher dignitaries of the Church, he knows, better than most men, that the drink traffic is abhorrent to the religious mind, and that the Churches of all denominations shun contact with publicans, brewers and distillers.

The specimen remodelled programme of the future, it is evident, is not reminiscent of "His Majesty's Theatre," to "Holy Herbert Theatre," which at once proclaims its high moral mission and perpetuates the ascetic and saintlike character of its gifted founder.

The problem of the drinking bars in theatres and music-halls must be solved by their immediate abolition. On this point there can be no compromise. Here Sir H. B. Tree will immediately take a forceful initiative. Being in the inner confidence of the higher dignitaries of the Church, he knows, better than most men, that the drink traffic is abhorrent to the religious mind, and that the Churches of all denominations shun contact with publicans, brewers and distillers.

It is apparent, however, that some substitute for the drinking habit must be instituted, in order to interest the congregation during the intervals between the acts. Fortunately this is relatively obvious. If the hymn appointed for the day can be sung by the congregation standing whilst the scene shifters are busy behind. Such a custom, once firmly established, will tend to attract the class Sir H. B. Tree wishes to lure into the Holy Herbert—chat show, relating middle-class that loathes strong drink and loves hymns.

Considerations of material property resulting from the course indicated have had, without doubt, some effect in deepening Sir H. B. Tree's convictions. He has observed the rapidity with which magnificent monastic and convivial establishments are springing up all over the richer parts of the kingdom, each with its garden, orchard, pleasure grounds and pasture lands hidden from vulgar gaze by high, encircling walls. He has, doubtless, reflected that, if the profession of acting could be imbued with a spiritual atmosphere, the public would raise théâtrico-monastic hotels with pleasure grounds, etc., and present them to the profession in return for a little play-acting; and that the richly-endowed mansions all actors and actresses who desired would retire to enjoy the luxury of perpetual resting, unhallowed by the dread of poverty.

But there is a more serious side to this crisis. Since the Stage is humanity's first line of defence against Church and State, it is evident that Sir H. B. Tree is prepared, for a consideration, to sell the pass to those who should be his natural and eternal enemies. He may succeed in making actors and actresses into real gentlemen and ladies, and fill the Thespian boards with the idiotic baubles of birthday honours, but he will inevitably guide the theatre, as an intellectual force, to certain destruction.

It is mainly for the younger members of the profession to decide whether they will stand by the principle...
of spiritual and mental revolt, or tamely cast their lot with the time-serving sycophants who would betray the noble traditions of the Stage for a mess of potage.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree may become a baronet, but he will never be a great actor. He has not the art of creating with the present and has no sense of spiritual rhythm. He belongs to the Dutch twist variety with colours bright but primary. He is actively paving the way for the higher social distinction which he prizes so highly, and in the meantime, it is a matter of good manners for mere outsiders to observe how the magic of a knighthood can change an excellent second-rate actor into a first-rate society prop.

Patria Mia.

By Ezra Pound.

VI.

I HAVE put belief in Utopias afar from me. Either this world is a sort of incubator out of which we hatch into some other better or worse state of being, or it is not. At any rate, there seems to be maintained upon it a nonsense, and laziness, and this results in a sort of fitful world is a sort of incubator out of which we hatch into some other better or worse state of being, or it is not. At any rate, there seems to be maintained upon it a nonsense, and laziness, and this results in a sort of fitful

It is very likely true that we do not escape from tyrannies, but only from a more obvious tyranny into a tyranny of subtler form. There were, nevertheless, various inconveniences of mediaeval life which I am very glad to be spared. Despite Sismondi's remark in the preface to his "Italian Republics," I can never get rid of my more progressive friends to believe that I have any better reason for studying the Middle Ages than is found in a crotchet humour and a pedagogical pedanticism. Sismondi said that one studied the past so as to learn how to deal with the present, or something of that sort. I forget his exact phrasing.

One wants to find out what sort of things endure, and what sort of things are transient; what sort of things recur, what propagandas profit a man or his race; to learn what are the forces, constructive and dispersive, of social order, move; to learn what rules and axioms hold firm, and what sort fade, and what sort hold in letter, and what sort by analagy only, what sort by close analagy, and what sort by rough parallel alone.

In studying the course of Europe, I find that in the past certain things have worked and certain things have not. The scope of this article does not allow me any close or detailed presentation of argument; but here is one conclusion in brief:

All the fine dreams of empire, of a universal empire, Rome, the imperium restored, and so on, came to little. The dream, nevertheless, had its value, it set a model for emulating, a model of orderly procedure, and it was used as a spur through every awakening from the eighth century to the sixteenth. Yet it came to no sort of civic reality, either in the high sherefhip of Charles the Great, or in its atavistic parody under Napoleon.

On the other hand, the free cities, now here, now there, contrived to hold out against the feudal system and are become the model for our present constitutional governments.

All this is stated very loosely, but I would use it to point toward a principle: that any scheme which demands the agreement of an innumerable multitude of people before it can become effective is little likely to achieve itself. Or, roughly, that State Socialism seems as impracticable as ever was the Deist scheme for a holy Roman Empire with one head and one heart.

On the other hand, any body of a few thousands of men who really wish independence, liberty with responsibility, can achieve it under any system—under any form of socialism.

The Middle Ages set up an axiom, "No land without its lord," and they argued that the vassal needed a lord to protect him.

And capitalism sets up the axiom, "No factory without its entrepreneur." The labouring man needs some one to dispose of his products; to insure him against the vicissitudes of the trade.

It is true that we get on (in America and France) very well, not by belonging to an overlord, but by hiring a president and lower officials "to govern us"—i.e., to look after a lot of stupid details of administration.

What worked once on the plane of arms will work very well on the plane of money. We see about us plenty of the old feudal institutions transposed in similar fashion. Where once we read "men," we read now "money."

I don't say that the burghers of free cities found life easier than did vassals. That is not the contention. I impugn the axiom that the men who owned the commercial agents they would get much better wages—and certainly they would not get them at the start. I don't say that the transfer of property would be easy. But I do say that it is a possible solution. And I have dismissed it with at least one very intelligent and successful owner of factories; and, according to him, the only difficulty would lie in the men's unwillingness to take the risk.

I said, "If they assure you a salary of a good deal less than you now make, you would be willing to accept it?"

"Yes," he said, and then added to my further question: "There would be no use in my proposing such a scheme, or of owners proposing it, for the men would think something was up. They'd suspect some catch in it. Then, again, some years the profits are much less than others. They would not rest patient to protect him.

And property has rights

There is in brief what I remember of his attitude.

He is a successful man. And only among successful men will you find any belief in the possibilities of life; or in the possibility of a new order of procedure in their own sort of business.

This man is certainly a staunch Tory, but he sees a revolution and believes that the "upper classes" are to be in one way or another despoiled.

I don't imagine that there is anything new or diverting in the above paragraphs. The reader of contemporary works on social theory are doubtless far ahead of such naiveet as I have shown here.

Nevertheless, being ignorant of the detail of the Syndicalist tenants, and of the workings of the I.W.W., it seems worth while to set down a conclusion wherefore I have arrived by a so different route, to wit, a capricious study of mediaval art and life.

This much is certain: the justice of cities and of industrial countries needs a measure different from that which applies in the open forest, or in new land, or among nomadic tribes. And property: Should it be protected? And property has rights? Most assuredly. But there are two sorts of property. There is property passive, which is, in a sense, consumed or used by its owners, and which they must labour to keep in condition. A man's house is property passive, and un

And there is property active, the value of which depends almost entirely upon the labour of others. And the rights of these two sorts of property are wholly different.
Present-Day Criticism.

A PARAGRAPH in the "Athenaeum" sets us gaping. The paragraph concerns no less a subject than the translation by Lord Justice Rann Kennedy of the "Plutus" of Aristophanes. For frivolity, hypocrisy and stupidity the journalist would even by a common journalist. Here is the criticism, which we shall examine in our own way by that useful geometrical device of "superposition":

Our judges gallantly maintain the tradition of elegant translation of the classics. Some years ago Mr. Justice Ridley gave us Lucan in English verse, and now Lord Justice Rann Kennedy follows with the "Plutus" of Aristophanes. Such a task, undertaken as pleasant recreation, has more chance to be spontaneous than a translation attempted in a heavier spirit. But the author knows the initial hopelessness of translating a classic; and he is ready to face criticism. Care and labour, coupled with a judicial sense of humour, have produced a workmanlike version. But Sir William has not quite the trick of making the subject sound as which Aristophanes demands. "Plutus," it is true, gives small chance to the writer of lyrics, but even so, we find it difficult to condone such an appallingly Cockney rhyme as "debasch" and "torch." It is doubly a pity that this should have occurred in the one lyric passage where the translator gets quite happily away in a light and tripping measure.

Naturally, the quasi-legal argument between Chremylus and Poverty appeals to the learned translator, and there he rises to something of Aristophanic liveliness. Usually, however, the dialogue keeps rather a pedestrian level, and we halt painfully upon lines of incredible flatness. "Plutus" as a whole, however, the translator gives a good impression of the original. The translator manifestly "feels" his Aristophanes; it is only some deficiency of technical skill that prevents him from producing a really spirited version.

Now we will suppose our judge to have translated some legal treatise, which law students may be expected to study and profit by: and we will give the criticism as though written by a legal critic:

"Our judges gallantly maintain the tradition of first-rate legal expositors. Some years ago Mr. Justice — gave us the Gaius in English, and now Lord Justice follows with the "Institutes" of Justinian. Such a task undertakes as pleasant recreation has more chance to be spontaneous than a treatise attempted in a heavier spirit. But the author knows the initial hopelessness of translating from the "Institutes" and he is ready to face criticism. Care and labour, coupled with a judicial sense of propriety, have produced a workmanlike version. But Sir William has not quite the genius of that discriminating, clear and decisive legalist who knows so well how to employ in adducing strict, though instructive, examples.

"Naturally, the quasi-legal argument between Chremylus and Poverty appeals to the learned translator, and there he rises to something of Justinian's propriety. Usually, however, the dialogue keeps rather a pedestrian level, and we halt painfully upon lines of incredible flatness. "Plutus" as a whole, however, the translator gives a good impression of the original. The translator manifestly "feels" his Aristophanes; it is only some deficiency of technical skill that prevents him from producing a really spirited version.

A Study.

By Edward Stafford.

The Reverend Willow was refusing finally his wife's unpleasant petition. "I should be happier, Edith, if you had made the only suggestion which could bring me to witness this fellow's flogging. I have decided that my duty does not call me to attend a business which I consider beneath the dignity of men, besides its being worse than useless.

"Your duty as pastor is to support authority in putting down crime," she exclaimed, and reiterated, "That is your duty." "You must attend," she insisted. "The brute is getting nothing but justice." The missionary was silent. "By staying at home here, you cast a slur on every one of your own servants, it is pretty cool to put the responsibility of defending her on to other men. By staying at home here, you cast a slur on every decent white man in the district. We shall be recalled — that will be the end of it. Look here, Robert, if you don't go, I shall!" She was all but weeping. Her husband looked at her with naked and steady dislike. "You would be the only woman present," he said, at last. "And you would be the only man absent," she retorted. "Well, now, we'll see whether you will get some sense before nine o'clock. You have five minutes." She went out and along the verandah towards the bedroom.

He jumped up and followed, but she turned the key in the verandah door, and, snatching a hat, ran through the inner door and out of the house, walking rapidly over the veld. A native girl ran after her and seized the arm, but, meeting her eyes, suddenly shrank away, whistling in the manner of startled natives with one long, low breath. "Au, Missus, come home!" she said. "Fool!" "Au, Missus, I know I'm only a coloured woman, and I mustn't say things in words, but my heart speaks to me when I see things. One day, you'll be the next to suffer — in earnest — no mere attempt!" The girl blinked. "That trouble don't
come every day, Missus. But a woman must stay by the house. Ya, Missus, you come home, please.” For the third time Mrs. Willow cried “Fool!” The word seemed to have taken possession of her. The missionary had come out and put up the veld. He beckoned, and she roared at him, so loudly that the sound was heard by Ruffens, the farmer, who was leaving his house, half a mile away. Willow then rushed towards her, but, when she turned and ran, he stood still and presently went back to the house slow and significant. He had found his hat, and the coloured girl brought him a stick, and he joined Ruffens, who was passing near. “I’m a bit late,” said Ruffens. “Mrs. Willow’s a bit poorly. ‘Tis these things upset women.” Mrs. Wife, said, “I’ve forgotten something. I must get it.” Ruffens went on alone.

Down in a hollow of the veld lay a wagon. The oxen were unspanned and grazing, hobbled. A group of nine men stood about this back of the wagon, where a young negro was tied fast, groaning and bleeding, for another negro was lashing him with a sjambok that cut out a piece of flesh every time it came down. “Five!” On a sudden there was a shout, “Stop!” and the white and black men who had called up now came to the woman approaching, “Go away, please!” She came onward. “Mrs. Willow, go away, please; it’s no use; we must have justice done.” “Justice! I have come to see it done,” returned the woman. “I know what duty is.”

All the men stared, dumbfoundered. “Nonsense!” broke out one. “This is not woman’s work. Better go home, Mrs. Willow.” “I’ll stay,” she declared gruffly. “I’ll do what’s right, whether I do it.” She couldn’t laugh. It was the boy’s baas. “Ga’arn, then; stop that! Dang the woman outside the ring. . . .” “Sixteen!” One or two of the onlookers had become excited. There sounded curious noises, grunts and groans, very like the grunts and groans of the flogged man. And suddenly there came a shrill shout of “Sixteen!” Mrs. Willow screeched. Ruffens, who had come down, placed himself full in front of her. “Don’t look! What the hell are you doing here, ma’am? Go home, go home!” She pushed him away, and took a step forward. A man turned, and hit her across the face. “Six! Six!” The men crowded in a bit, shutting the woman outside the ring. . . . “Sixteen!” Two or three of the onlookers had become excited. There sounded curious noises, grunts and groans, very like the grunts and groans of the flogged man. And suddenly there came a shrill shout of “Sixteen!” Mrs. Willow screeched. Ruffens, who had come down, placed himself full in front of her. “Don’t look! What the hell are you doing here, ma’am? Go home, go home!” She pushed him away, and took a step forward. A man turned, and hit her across the face. “Six! Six!” The men crowded in a bit, shutting the woman outside the ring. . . . “Sixteen!” Two or three of the onlookers had become excited. There sounded curious noises, grunts and groans, very like the grunts and groans of the flogged man. And suddenly there came a shrill shout of “Sixteen!” Mrs. Willow screeched. Ruffens, who had come down, placed himself full in front of her. “Don’t look! What the hell are you doing here, ma’am? Go home, go home!” She pushed him away, and took a step forward. A man turned, and hit her across the face. “Six! Six!” The men crowded in a bit, shutting the woman outside the ring. . . . “Sixteen!” Two or three of the onlookers had become excited. There sounded curious noises, grunts and groans, very like the grunts and groans of the flogged man. And suddenly there came a shrill shout of “Sixteen!” Mrs. Willow screeched. Ruffens, who had come down, placed himself full in front of her. “Don’t look! What the hell are you doing here, ma’am? Go home, go home!” She pushed him away, and took a step forward. A man turned, and hit her across the face. “Six! Six!” The men crowded in a bit, shutting the woman outside the ring. . . . “Sixteen!” Two or three of the onlookers had become excited. There sounded curious noises, grunts and groans, very like the grunts and groans of the flogged man. And suddenly there came a shrill shout of “Sixteen!” Mrs. Willow screeched. Ruffens, who had come down, placed himself full in front of her. “Don’t look! What the hell are you doing here, ma’am? Go home, go home!” She pushed him away, and took a step forward. A man turned, and hit her across the face. 

The Acolyte

By Horace Hornell.

That first week in Rome was, for Aunt Julia at least, an almost uninterrupted round of “tastings,” so to speak, of recurrent sippings of pious vintages; a Mass at Santamaria Maggiore, Benediction at the Jesu, Vespers at Santamaria supra Minerva, devotions at San Carlo Bartolomeo, an invocation made at this particular shrine or that. She visited these sacred hostels with all the enthusiasm of a long-travelled pilgrim whose thirst, it seemed, could never be assuaged.

She had gone alone one afternoon to Benediction at the chapel of some English nuns of her acquaintance, and, to the pass of time before meeting her again at tea, I wandered in the neighbourhood of Sangiovanni, in Laterone. That magnificent church, with its incomparable Romanesque, was full of motionless steps. Within it Michelangelo’s Moses sat enthroned in the original marble, a most virile effigy whose imperious scowl repelled Aunt Julia as much as it attracted me. On one occasion I overheard an enthusiastic artist declaim that the expression expressed in the sweep of the drapery over Moses’ right knee as in the full flood of Niagara.

As I squeezed past the heavy mattress-like screen which hung over the doorway, I was instantly aware that my visit, though fortuitous, was well timed. It was always thus in Rome. You left the broad sunlit street, gay with shops and people, noisy with the clatter and clang of innumerable trams, and, emerging into the twill coolness of some church, were instantly transported to a scene of artistry and holiness. It was, I think, be a simple burial service, with a plain coffin upon a catafalque, surrounded by fierce-eyed Franciscans in weather-bitten brown habits, with flaming torches in their hands, who chanted with almost savage fervour a dolorous requiem; or it might be a fashionable wedding performed by a cardinal, whose infinite changes of mitres and gloves and vestments kept an obsequious retinue continuously busy. One of the most moving of all these haphazard experiences was that which occurred to me in Santagata supra Minerva, where the English Dominicans are. In this church there was none of the raucousness or flamboyance which spoil, for English senses at least, so much of the Roman ceremonial. The place itself was restrained, even simple in style, the service was new, and beautiful, the monks, in their black and white habits, wholly dignified. The Gregorian plainsong was rendered with that perfection which is characteristic of the Dominicans. As I stood in the shadow of an arch, I was suddenly moved by an emotion that took me unawares. It was one of those unaccountable but poignant tricks which memory will play, and which, though fleeting, utterly hold one while simultaneous at our composure. It seemed to me in the sweep of the drapery over Moses’ right knee as in the full flood of Niagara.
refulgence a white wafer was enshrined. Before it a
in prayer, while in the chapel close by a great company
with an equal imperturbability upon busy acolyte,
chapel gates. 
forefront of things and sought to impose certainty upon
of other priests, little boys in scarlet and white lace,
and vermilion, crept about on noisy tiptoe before the
pushed the company of priests which, heavily coped,
occupied a row of little stools placed at right angles to
managed the halting procedure, and beckoned and
chapel to cense the altar of the sacrament. The priest
completely master of it, and his blithe alertness awoke
ballet.

But far and away the most interesting figure in the
affair to my eyes was a tiny, bright-eyed child who
assisted the ceremonies and trod about there and there at his bidding, plunging at the elbow of some
dilatory priest, marshalling the candle-bearers, convey-
ning books from place to place, and generally keeping an
eye upon things. He was the only one who seemed in the
least degree his occupation or part in the service to be
completely master of it, and his blithe alertness gave
indulgent smiles upon the faces of even the oldest of the
priests.

At one point in the service a slow procession left the
chapel to change the altar of the sacrament. The priest
whose office it was actually to swing the censer was
very infirm and old. His gorgeous vestments served
him. He reached the end of the altar and there, in sur-
veiled from me 'by the outstretched wings of his cope,
dilatory priest, marshalling the candle-bearers, convey-
ing books from place to place, and generally keeping an
eye upon things. He was the only one who seemed in the
least degree his occupation or part in the service to be
completely master of it, and his blithe alertness gave
indulgent smiles upon the faces of even the oldest of the
priests.

At one point in the service a slow procession left the
chapel to change the altar of the sacrament. The priest
whose office it was actually to swing the censer was
very infirm and old. His gorgeous vestments served
him. He reached the end of the altar and there, in sur-
veiled from me 'by the outstretched wings of his cope,
dilatory priest, marshalling the candle-bearers, convey-
ing books from place to place, and generally keeping an
eye upon things. He was the only one who seemed in the
least degree his occupation or part in the service to be
completely master of it, and his blithe alertness gave
indulgent smiles upon the faces of even the oldest of the
priests.

Before he reached the last of them his radiant energy
faded; and although
alert intelligence lingered vividly in my memory long
after the impressions evoked by the ceremony had
expectedly, miraculously almost, out of the calendar,
proved itself. She bestowed upon those who travel round the world. She
drew the invitation which lay in front of her,
and obviously delighted in her office awoke answering smiles
from each repetition of the bare prosaic statement the
mysterious poetry of that unseen, unearthly place, she,
too, was alone in her seizure of the meaning of this Travellers' Treasure. It
in the spirit of wonder she met this approaching holiday, greet-
ing it timidly at first as if uncertain of its substantiality until these invitations and the necessity of answering them assailed her of its reality. Then, indeed, it came to have giant proportions, dwarfing the hopes of any
alternative plans; its personality so dominating that it
seemed as if one stood at her shoulder dictating her
replies, the while imperiously demanding that she should
be the hour when the bells of St. Mary Overy were
rung. All the heterogeneous duties of the last few
weeks, all the apparent inconcoherencies of her life found, as it were, notes in that divine jangling and resolved
to the music of that glad carillon, wandering at times
into some kind of unity. Her thoughts marched to
themselves as the train moved farther from the sound
of Kent. Not even Charing Cross station, usually so
vauntly indifferent to goings and comings, took away the
feeling that she was companioned, that all was
ministering to her adventure. A long, nearly empty
train, one of those whose Mede and Persian-like estab-
lishment in the time-table seemed to show how the
Southeastern can do without practical en-
couragement and whose undaunted adherence to the
policy of stopping at every station, barren of results,
gives the same impression of aimless heroism, was waiting, it seemed, for her only. The guard's whistle
as they started had a protective personal note in it. She felt like Royalty on a honeymoon. The flavour of
that exceptional combination of emotions was quite
exotic. So was the fragrance of that empty third-class
smoking carriage.

The train loitered, according to its wont, on the
bridge by Cannon Street Station, and it happened to
be the hour when the bells of St. Mary Overy were
ringing. All the huge and heterogeneous duties of the last few
weeks, all the apparent inconcoherencies of her life found,
as it were, notes in that divine jangling and resolved
themselves as the train moved farther from the sound
of Kent. Not even Charing Cross station, usually so
vauntily indifferent to goings and comings, took away the
feeling that she was companioned, that all was
ministering to her adventure. A long, nearly empty
train, one of those whose Mede and Persian-like estab-
lishment in the time-table seemed to show how the
Southeastern can do without practical en-
couragement and whose undaunted adherence to the
policy of stopping at every station, barren of results,
gives the same impression of aimless heroism, was waiting, it seemed, for her only. The guard's whistle
as they started had a protective personal note in it. She felt like Royalty on a honeymoon. The flavour of
that exceptional combination of emotions was quite
exotic. So was the fragrance of that empty third-class
smoking carriage.

The train loitered, according to its wont, on the
bridge by Cannon Street Station, and it happened to
be the hour when the bells of St. Mary Overy were
ringing. All the heterogeneous duties of the last few
weeks, all the apparent inconcoherencies of her life found,
as it were, notes in that divine jangling and resolved
themselves as the train moved farther from the sound
of Kent. Not even Charing Cross station, usually so
vauntily indifferent to goings and comings, took away the
feeling that she was companioned, that all was
ministering to her adventure. A long, nearly empty
train, one of those whose Mede and Persian-like estab-
lishment in the time-table seemed to show how the
Southeastern can do without practical en-
couragement and whose undaunted adherence to the
policy of stopping at every station, barren of results,
gives the same impression of aimless heroism, was waiting, it seemed, for her only. The guard's whistle
as they started had a protective personal note in it. She felt like Royalty on a honeymoon. The flavour of
that exceptional combination of emotions was quite
exotic. So was the fragrance of that empty third-class
smoking carriage.

The train loitered, according to its wont, on the
bridge by Cannon Street Station, and it happened to
be the hour when the bells of St. Mary Overy were
ringing. All the heterogeneous duties of the last few
weeks, all the apparent inconcoherencies of her life found,
as it were, notes in that divine jangling and resolved
themselves as the train moved farther from the sound
of Kent. Not even Charing Cross station, usually so
vauntily indifferent to goings and comings, took away the
feeling that she was companioned, that all was
ministering to her adventure. A long, nearly empty
train, one of those whose Mede and Persian-like estab-
lishment in the time-table seemed to show how the
Southeastern can do without practical en-
couragement and whose undaunted adherence to the
policy of stopping at every station, barren of results,
gives the same impression of aimless heroism, was waiting, it seemed, for her only. The guard's whistle
as they started had a protective personal note in it. She felt like Royalty on a honeymoon. The flavour of
that exceptional combination of emotions was quite
exotic. So was the fragrance of that empty third-class
smoking carriage.

The train loitered, according to its wont, on the
bridge by Cannon Street Station, and it happened to
be the hour when the bells of St. Mary Overy were
ringing. All the heterogeneous duties of the last few
weeks, all the apparent inconcoherencies of her life found,
as it were, notes in that divine jangling and resolved
themselves as the train moved farther from the sound
of Kent. Not even Charing Cross station, usually so
vauntily indifferent to goings and comings, took away the
feeling that she was companioned, that all was
ministering to her adventure. A long, nearly empty
train, one of those whose Mede and Persian-like estab-
lishment in the time-table seemed to show how the
Southeastern can do without practical en-
couragement and whose undaunted adherence to the
policy of stopping at every station, barren of results,
gives the same impression of aimless heroism, was waiting, it seemed, for her only. The guard's whistle
as they started had a protective personal note in it. She felt like Royalty on a honeymoon. The flavour of
that exceptional combination of emotions was quite
exotic. So was the fragrance of that empty third-class
smoking carriage.

The train loitered, according to its wont, on the
bridge by Cannon Street Station, and it happened to
be the hour when the bells of St. Mary Overy were
ringing. All the heterogeneous duties of the last few
weeks, all the apparent inconcoherencies of her life found,
as it were, notes in that divine jangling and resolved
themselves as the train moved farther from the sound
of Kent. Not even Charing Cross station, usually so
vauntily indifferent to goings and comings, took away the
feeling that she was companioned, that all was
ministering to her adventure. A long, nearly empty
train, one of those whose Mede and Persian-like estab-
lishment in the time-table seemed to show how the
Southeastern can do without practical en-
couragement and whose undaunted adherence to the
policy of stopping at every station, barren of results,
gives the same impression of aimless heroism, was waiting, it seemed, for her only. The guard's whistle
as they started had a protective personal note in it. She felt like Royalty on a honeymoon. The flavour of
that exceptional combination of emotions was quite
exotic. So was the fragrance of that empty third-class
smoking carriage.
with it were those in which by some trick of memory or vision she saw it suddenly as she had seen it then on some eventful occasion whose incidents, though not essentially, she had long forgotten. Shy of sentiment, or desiring to plant it where its fragrance might not be stolen by association, she bestowed it with a child’s lavishment upon the one place where she went at holiday times, selecting as shrines of romance with a kind of discriminate disinclination all those features of the place itself and of her life there, which were in contrast to home and her life at home. Later on, when she found something more valuable than the principle of contrast to guide her sentimental preferences it stood out itself fastened by itself. Its viviality as she had, found expression at home, and at first tentatively, then less timely, effected some kind of harmony between itself, her surroundings and her life there, she was able without fear of overdressing in sentiment to invest every fashion with romance.

In that quality of getting the most out of little things she was perhaps un-English, or, at least, she had not the supposed English characteristic of finding pleasure only in acknowledged, well-tested, and well-advertised sources. The Abbeys and Palaces, and persons of jollity, to whom her unwillingness to be scornful without real experience of that on which the world’s verdict of entertainment was set sometimes led her, only attracted her by reason of some vaguer circumstance, such as going with friends in whose company she fancied that her inner blindness to apparently indisputable pleasures might one day by some miracle of touch be turned into sight. In theatre it was the comments of her friends between the acts more than any thing of itself which she enjoyed; it was criticism of life, always more than life itself, which interested her.

No belief was stronger in her mind than that of a small private Millennium which should free her from the bonds of self and world ignorance, and, justifying her hill towards Sevenoaks with an abandon to the excitement of which not even the most sluggish South-Easterner appears insensible. It seemed at first as if the Easterner appears insensible. It seemed at first as if the one and only a train of circumstances to take her there, just as Dunton Green Station were to be ignored, but the station yard moved forward from habit to the station yard, and several pairs of eyes claimed her, the only country-house visitor ever ordered her cab to drive up where the World on Wheels, a fire of logs burning and sweeter smells than that of the mignonette upon the table coming in from the window high above the meadow. The room seemed full of presences waiting for her; her books, her pictures seemed to speak and say, “We can’t do more than this. You have told us always it was only opportunity you wanted. You have it now.” She shut her eyes to their reproaches, propped a tome-like book up in front of her while she had supper, making a great to-do in getting it ready in the hope of persuading them that there was nothing in the least momentous depending on this particular visit. It was just like one of her usual ones. They were quite wrong if they imagined she was going to do anything at all out of the ordinary. Then she went again through all the letters waiting for her with the same ostentatious air of practical business and, finding these tactics comparatively unsuccessful, dozed unaffectedly for a while in front of the fire and then went to bed. There was a great hubbub in the room as she went out of it, but she did not pay any attention.

She woke up between two and three in the throes of a dream, and forced herself to keep awake for half an hour while she stored it in her waking memory. The moon was shining in at the window, and the white wall opposite her bed gleamed like the table whiter than a star of Keats’ sonnet. There was no golden pen near at hand, and if there had been she would probably have found it extremely embarrassing. She sat up in bed and scribbled with a pencil on the backs of envelopes instead.

EX PEDE HERCULEM.

One Pallid Psychic, Eyes so blue.

Said: “I’m right here to make a career.”

“Who the hell are you?”

One Pallid Psychic, Eyes so blue.

Said: “Save the tree.”

Lipset: “Give me a chance to make you dance.”

“Man! Oh, where are you?”

One Pallid Psychic, Lips like Glue.

Bellowed: “Big Economics without any Fear.”

“My be a MAN MAN too.”

One Pallid Psychic, Tickling Dan Cupid.

Cried: “Have you a chance to make a career?”

“Haw Very, very stupid.”

One Pallid Psychic, Sandalled feet.

Chirped: “Women with Blacklegs brew your beer.”

TWEET, TWEET, TWEET.

One Pallid Psychic, Last to view.

Yelled: “Get a durnt lớn the Holy Ghost, W.S.P.U.”

Six Pallid Psyches, The seventh also.

Tried to place the World on Wheels.

BUT IT SIMPLY WOULD NOT GO.

G. H. WHITE.
Renaissance.

If I were asked upon what I rely for the renaissance of England I should say upon a miracle. But it does not follow that because we cannot define the causes of miracles therefore not to be understood. They can be understood easily enough if they are regarded as works of art instead of as works of logic. Artists perform miracles, and at the same time understand them, though not logically. Similarly great social reformers work miracles, and logically realise their means.

The miracle that may therefore be confidently anticipated in England is not necessarily one that we cannot sense in advance or cannot even deliberately create. We can begin to study what it is to be and prepare for its coming. Nevertheless, its coming will still take us by surprise, for that is the genius of a miracle as of any other work of art.

Whence, then, will it come, what will be its nature, and how can we prepare for it? It will come from the depths of public opinion, from the subliminal mind of the community; its nature will be a resolution of the will, a determination to create or destroy myths, new means or an old obstacle to the life of the nation; we can prepare for it by clearing our minds of doubt and by learning to understand what society in its heart desires to do.

It is often felt and often expressed that the mere student can be of no use in bringing about social revolutions. Unless he is continually meeting people and arguing with them or enrolling himself as an active member in this or that organisation, he fancies that he is doing nothing. On the contrary, most of such energy is either wasted or is a mere consequence of the real energy of thought. When Lot was told that Sodom and Gomorrah would be saved if ten righteous men were found in these cities the implication was not that these ten should form a league, seize the government, and behave like benevolent despots. Their presence alone was a sufficient guarantee that the cities should be saved; as lightning conductors assure the safety of houses. It follows, therefore, that our men of thought are best employed in thinking and in continuing to think. Let them write if they choose; let them lecture if they must; let them form or join or support leagues if they cannot bear solitude; but these are simply expenditures of force, they are not incomes. Thinking alone is conservation of energy and its accumulation.

Tell me what the ten profoundest minds of any country are thinking and I will tell you what that country will soon be doing. The thunder will not be long after the lightning.

Public opinion has given England many surprises, and will give us many more. The national reserve, indeed, is derived not from a pose, but from a fact: the fact that the soul of the nation is not yet empty. Reserved nations, like reserved men, have still power on which to fall back. They are conscious of inexhaustible resources; and this possession of theirs is reflected in their plans. Reserved nations are always near the summit from which they can descend by a sudden burst of energy. They are in possession of a credit because they induce confidence; and they induce confidence because they feel confident; and they feel confident because they are confident. England, then, as the most reserved nation in the world, has still the greatest sum of resources. Her future is therefore still the most promising of all the nations. On that account surprises await us.

Of all the oracles of public opinion the crowd is the most reliable; for it is the least intellectual and therefore the most instinctive or intuitive.

A crowd, however, is not a chance collection of people, nor is it a selection of persons. It cannot be formed of one class nor can it be formed of people personally known to one another. A crowd, in short, is as rare a creation as a true oracle. It is formed by crisis.

R. M.

Views and Reviews.

I always knew that sociology was not a science, but a pastime for black men. Mr. Booker T. Washington had a holiday of two months' duration, and devoted it to a study of the conditions of the poorer classes of Europe. In a period of about six weeks, he says, "I visited parts of England, Scotland, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Sicily, Poland, and Denmark." The study, of course, was not exhaustive: even an American could not suppose that such a hustle round the Continent could enable him to form an authoritative opinion; so the book is modestly apologised for in a preface, and, on the whole, judged wisely. Moreover, Mr. Washington is an optimist, and optimists are not prolific of judgments. One might easily have predicated his optimism from the fact of his recording the impressions of the Negro race; but his optimism is not of the comforting kind. "And now, at the conclusion of my search for the man farthest down in Europe," he says, "let me confess that I did not succeed in finding him. I did not succeed in reaching any one in Europe to convince of the importance of the abolition of slavery; and there were a few places, which friends advised me to visit, where conditions were a great deal worse." A European would have concluded from this revelation of deep below deep of human misery that Europe was a euphemism for Hell; but Mr. Washington simply concludes, in spite of the fact that he has contrasted the state of the European worker unfavourably with that of the American negro, that the reports of misery are greatly exaggerated. anyhow, he says, things are better than they were.

But what went he forth to see? Did he expect to see men in more or less civilised communities living in a state of nature? Something of the sort he must have expected, for he says: "My own experience was, in fact, very much like that of a certain gentleman who went South some years ago to study the condition of the negro people. He had heard that in many parts of the South the negro was gradually sinking back into savagery, and he was particularly desirous of finding a well-defined example of this relapse into barbarism. He started out with high hopes and a very considerable fund of information as to what he might expect to find and as to the places where he might hope to find it. Everywhere he went in his search, however, he found that he had arrived a few years too late. He found at every place he visited people who were glad to tell him the worst there was to be known about the coloured people; some were even kind enough to show him what they meant by the worst. But what had to be found was that the negro was not to be found among the negroes in their particular part of the country. Still, he was disappointed because he never found anything that approached the conditions he was looking for, and usually he was compelled to be content with the statement, made to him by each one of his guides in turn, which ran something like this: 'Conditions were not as bad as they had been. A few years ago, if he had happened to have come that way, he would have been able to see things, and so forth; but now conditions were improving. More- ever, if he wanted to see actual barbarism he should visit—— and then they usually named some distant part of the country with which he had not yet become acquainted.'"

I emphasise his point of view, because Mr. Washington's optimism is an actual danger to the cause of reform. It will be easy for people to blind themselves to the meaning of the facts restated by Mr. Washington by adopting his comfortable conclusions, unless the facts are insisted upon, and his standard shown to be the very lowest that could be applied. Mr. Washington

* "The Man Farthest Down." By Booker T. Washington. (Unwin. 6s. net.)
records the fact, that in London, at least one person died every week from starvation. He says: "I do not think a single case was ever heard of, in the South, where a negro died from want of food. In fact, unless because of sickness or some other reason he has been unable to work, it is comparatively rare to find a negro in an almshouse. The figures are about 2,000 charities in London, spending about £10,000,000 a year in relief; in addition, the local authorities spend about £4,000,000 a year, and he assumes that these are reasons for congratulation. He turns his attention to the housing schemes of London County Council, and assumes that they are an efficient remedy for the overcrowding in insanitary dwellings that has degraded the physique and the intelligence of the London worker, but, apart from the paucity of accommodation provided, we know that they have only increased the amount paid in rent by the working classes. He comes to a country where people live by wages, and he does not examine the relation of wages to prices; nor does he draw an economical conclusion from the economic facts he quotes. The facts of charity and poor-relief prove to an Englishman that we are an economically impoverished nation; and we see the increase of insanity and of concomitant diseases, in the decline of the marriage and birth rates, etc., the necessary consequences of that poverty. Optimistic conclusions from the facts stated by Mr. Washington are not exempt from cynicism.

Mr. Washington has one great panacea for everything, that is, education. The people of Sicily must be educated before they can be induced to increase the productivity of the soil, freed by the modern usages and methods of agriculture instead of the Homician ones still in use: the sulphur-miners, the salt-miners, everybody in Europe, in fact, who has to earn his living, needs to be educated; and, in Mr. Washington’s mouth the word “education” means learning to do something else. For the negro, for example, is told that he must cultivate the manual dexterity of the Sicilian handicraft worker, and the reason given is, “that all this skill in the handicrafts, which has become traditional in a people, is the best kind of preparation for that course would have required more temerity than Mr. Washington has, because of sickness or some other reason he has been unable to work, it is comparatively rare to find a negro in an almshouse. The figures are about 2,000 charities in London, spending about £10,000,000 a year in relief; in addition, the local authorities spend about £4,000,000 a year, and he assumes that these are reasons for congratulation. He turns his attention to the housing schemes of London County Council, and assumes that they are an efficient remedy for the overcrowding in insanitary dwellings that has degraded the physique and the intelligence of the London worker, but, apart from the paucity of accommodation provided, we know that they have only increased the amount paid in rent by the working classes. He comes to a country where people live by wages, and he does not examine the relation of wages to prices; nor does he draw an economical conclusion from the economic facts he quotes. The facts of charity and poor-relief prove to an Englishman that we are an economically impoverished nation; and we see the increase of insanity and of concomitant diseases, in the decline of the marriage and birth rates, etc., the necessary consequences of that poverty. Optimistic conclusions from the facts stated by Mr. Washington are not exempt from cynicism.

Mr. Washington has one great panacea for everything, that is, education. The people of Sicily must be educated before they can be induced to increase the productivity of the soil, freed by the modern usages and methods of agriculture instead of the Homician ones still in use: the sulphur-miners, the salt-miners, everybody in Europe, in fact, who has to earn his living, needs to be educated; and, in Mr. Washington’s mouth the word “education” means learning to do something else. For the negro, for example, is told that he must cultivate the manual dexterity of the Sicilian handicraft worker, and the reason given is, “that all this skill in the handicrafts, which has become traditional in a people, is the best kind of preparation for education are never considered by Mr. Washington. Whatever may be the advantages of education in America, and there is no doubt that Mr. Washington exaggerates them, in England it simply means an increase in the number of unemployable people who eventually earn a pension from the Government as officers of social reform. Mr. Washington’s book is discursive. It covers perhaps more ground than his travels, and it is impossible to indicate even the variety of his observations and comments. But the value of the book is seriously diminished by the fact that in no single case does he make an exhaustive analysis or a comprehensive comparison. Into the causation of the misery that he exhibits, he does not inquire with any vigilance; nor does he attempt an historical study of the causes of the poverty. He compares the present state with that of a few years ago, and, in the case of England, he does not do even that. His book, when he turns his attention to the housing schemes of London County Council, and assumes that they are an efficient remedy for the overcrowding in insanitary dwellings that has degraded the physique and the intelligence of the London worker, but, apart from the paucity of accommodation provided, we know that they have only increased the amount paid in rent by the working classes. He comes to a country where people live by wages, and he does not examine the relation of wages to prices; nor does he draw an economical conclusion from the economic facts he quotes. The facts of charity and poor-relief prove to an Englishman that we are an economically impoverished nation; and we see the increase of insanity and of concomitant diseases, in the decline of the marriage and birth rates, etc., the necessary consequences of that poverty. Optimistic conclusions from the facts stated by Mr. Washington are not exempt from cynicism.

Mr. Washington has one great panacea for everything, that is, education. The people of Sicily must be educated before they can be induced to increase the productivity of the soil, freed by the modern usages and methods of agriculture instead of the Homician ones still in use: the sulphur-miners, the salt-miners, everybody in Europe, in fact, who has to earn his living, needs to be educated; and, in Mr. Washington’s mouth the word “education” means learning to do something else. For the negro, for example, is told that he must cultivate the manual dexterity of the Sicilian handicraft worker, and the reason given is, “that all this skill in the handicrafts, which has become traditional in a people, is the best kind of preparation for education are never considered by Mr. Washington. Whatever may be the advantages of education in America, and there is no doubt that Mr. Washington exaggerates them, in England it simply means an increase in the number of unemployable people who eventually earn a pension from the Government as officers of social reform. Mr. Washington’s book is discursive. It covers perhaps more ground than his travels, and it is impossible to indicate even the variety of his observations and comments. But the value of the book is seriously diminished by the fact that in no single case does he make an exhaustive analysis or a comprehensive comparison. Into the causation of the misery that he exhibits, he does not inquire with any vigilance; nor does he attempt an historical study of the causes of the poverty. He compares the present state with that of a few years ago, and, in the case of England, he does not do even that. His book, when he turns his attention to the housing schemes of London County Council, and assumes that they are an efficient remedy for the overcrowding in insanitary dwellings that has degraded the physique and the intelligence of the London worker, but, apart from the paucity of accommodation provided, we know that they have only increased the amount paid in rent by the working classes. He comes to a country where people live by wages, and he does not examine the relation of wages to prices; nor does he draw an economical conclusion from the economic facts he quotes. The facts of charity and poor-relief prove to an Englishman that we are an economically impoverished nation; and we see the increase of insanity and of concomitant diseases, in the decline of the marriage and birth rates, etc., the necessary consequences of that poverty. Optimistic conclusions from the facts stated by Mr. Washington are not exempt from cynicism.

Mr. Washington has one great panacea for everything, that is, education. The people of Sicily must be educated before they can be induced to increase the productivity of the soil, freed by the modern usages and methods of agriculture instead of the Homician ones still in use: the sulphur-miners, the salt-miners, everybody in Europe, in fact, who has to earn his living, needs to be educated; and, in Mr. Washington’s mouth the word “education” means learning to do something else. For the negro, for example, is told that he must cultivate the manual dexterity of the Sicilian handicraft worker, and the reason given is, “that all this skill in the handicrafts, which has become traditional in a people, is the best kind of preparation for education are never considered by Mr. Washington. Whatever may be the advantages of education in America, and there is no doubt that Mr. Washington exaggerates them, in England it simply means an increase in the number of unemployable people who eventually earn a pension from the Government as officers of social reform. Mr. Washington’s book is discursive. It covers perhaps more ground than his travels, and it is impossible to indicate even the variety of his observations and comments. But the value of the book is seriously diminished by the fact that in no single case does he make an exhaustive analysis or a comprehensive comparison. Into the causation of the misery that he exhibits, he does not inquire with any vigilance; nor does he attempt an historical study of the causes of the poverty. He compares the present state with that of a few years ago, and, in the case of England, he does not do even that. His book, when he turns his attention to the housing schemes of London County Council, and assumes that they are an efficient remedy for the overcrowding in insanitary dwellings that has degraded the physique and the intelligence of the London worker, but, apart from the paucity of accommodation provided, we know that they have only increased the amount paid in rent by the working classes. He comes to a country where people live by wages, and he does not examine the relation of wages to prices; nor does he draw an economical conclusion from the economic facts he quotes. The facts of charity and poor-relief prove to an Englishman that we are an economically impoverished nation; and we see the increase of insanity and of concomitant diseases, in the decline of the marriage and birth rates, etc., the necessary consequences of that poverty. Optimistic conclusions from the facts stated by Mr. Washington are not exempt from cynicism.
The three anarchists. By M. S. Rawson. (Stanley Paul. 9s.)

Dedicated to G. Leigh. Pompos author's note achieving nine clichés to the twelve lines. Woman, Janet, married to George, old man of sixty: scamp stepson Harry turns up, falls in love with Janet, passionate embraces, she, very pure female, wants to reform everybody, son and father nagging as usual, harried out—right, son loiters east, over a cliff, goes home—ah! Mustn't be any more devouring kisses, going to have a child?—the toppled over's; remarries respectively however, becomes Mrs. Walter Geste.

The Bow-Wow Book. By Coulson Kermanah. (Nisbet. 2s. 6d. net.)

Our forefathers used to play a game, the result of which was called a palindrome, and we imagine that Mr. Kermanah is learning the rudiments of that game. For having discovered that G O D spells God, and written in that sense and style, he has suddenly discovered that dog spells dog and written the Bow-Wow Book. That there may be no doubt about the palindrome, he publishes some verse about a beggar and his dog, in which occur these lines:—

"Die, one and all, we must; And where we go to none of us may know, But there'll be room up there for my old Joe. And God won't part us—God the great and just, Who made us both."

"So somewhere in his dog-soul awakens some dim idea of a God," he says elsewhere in confirmation; and to prove his complete sympathy with the divine manifestation, he yelps out some "Dog-Nonsense" in "Dog Limericks," drivel about "Dog Love" and "Dog Loyalty," and carefully explains that some pointless verses have not offended Mr. Lloyd George, in other words, that his hase is not a threat to his dark humour. The illustrations by Lawson Wood and Raven Hill add a little humour to the production.

National Conference on the Prevention of Destitution, 1912. Papers and Proceedings. (P. S. King. 10s. 6d. net.)

We noted during its session in June last a few of the papers and discussions contributed to the second annual conference of this organisation. The papers and proceedings are now here published in extenso in a volume of close print running to some 600 pages. After a patient reading of the whole of the text we have sorrowfully to reiterate our first judgment, that, save possibly for the stimulus given to those who attended the meetings, the proceedings of the Conference are without value. To the Presidential address to the President in the extreme. He dare not repeat, presumably, the statement desired to hear was that low wages are the cause of destitution and the sole cause, therefore, of the subsequent ills. Had that been once grasped the main part of the Conference would have collapsed. Under the head of "Unemployment and Industrial Regulation," however, Mr. Sidney Webb, the great Panjandrum of the Conference, did contribute some ideas to the subject of Wage Boards. Of these few we regard as the most important. It appears, that English working men advanced their demand by strike for higher wages; and it was in the crisis of the coal strike that the Government ate its words of six weeks earlier and established Minimum Wage Boards. Of these few we believe that they invariably do, either in meal or in malt, in total wages or in foot-pounds of energy. Yet, as Mr. Webb's address was by far the most lucid of all those delivered at the Conference, it is probable that his conclusions will alone remain; and they, as we believe, are the worst to which the Conference could come. For the belief has been reinforced in the minds of seven hundred indefatigable propagandists—most of them in an economic position to exercise weight in politics—that low wages can be cured by the legislative means of Minimum Wage Boards. Not a soul, unfortunately, at the Conference appeared to be disposed to dispute it.

The Three Anarchists. By M. S. Rawson. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

Dedicated to G. Leigh. Pompos author's note achieving nine clichés to the twelve lines. Woman, Janet, married to George, old man of sixty: scamp stepson Harry turns up, falls in love with Janet, passionate embraces, she, very pure female, wants to reform everybody, son and father nagging as usual, harried out—right, son loiters east, over a cliff, goes home—ah! Mustn't be any more devouring kisses, going to have a child?—the toppled over's; remarries respectively however, becomes Mrs. Walter Geste.

October 10, 1912.
Drama.*

By John Francis Hope.

**Strindberg**, according to his various biographers, is a writer of so multifur a genius that it requires some temerity to attempt his definition by three plays. It may be the characteristic of *The Dream Play*, "The Link," and "The Dance of Death," represent only a phase of the man; and that any judgment based upon them must be unjust to the author. The same people would probably argue that Cuvier was unjust to that prehistoric beast, the condor, of whose skeleton he deduced from a thigh-bone, or whatever bone it was. The argument would, of course, only illustrate that typically English timidity of generalisation, that distrust of analogy, that has made our science false by robbing it of its poetry, and that our art scientific by biding the artist to use his imagination. We do not need the multitude of facts if we have, and exercise, the sense of relation, or its corollary instinct of taste. If we know the rule, we may deduce it from few subjects or from one with as much, or even more, precision, than we can deduce it from a large number.

We have to dispossess our minds of prejudices and illusions. We have, for example, to deny the right of attachment of any qualifying adjective to the word 'artist.' To tell us, as Mr. Ashley Duke[1] did some two years ago, that Strindberg is an intolerant of artist-philosophers," is to grease the slide into a discussion of philosophy, when what we want and expect is a criticism of art. If Strindberg is to be regarded as a philosopher, he must be compared not with European dramaticists, but with men like Spinoza, Spencer, Kant, Berkeley, Hume, Descartes and Plato; and the canon of that criticism are different from those relating to drama. Stated at its best, the method of philosophy is ratiocination, and its purpose is the intellectual demonstration of the nature of truth. The purpose of art is the presentation of beauty; and that particular form of art known as drama as to present beauty by means of action, speech, and personality. Truth may be presented by these means, but in its beautiful, not its reasonable, aspect. The test of a play, then, is not what the author meant by it, but the effect that he actually produces with it. It may be said with certainty that an author has failed as an artist if the critic can show that he has done no more than exemplify some thesis, even if that thesis has world-wide import as philosophy.

Strindberg's "Dream Play," for example, is written to demonstrate that the world is the result of the sin of Brahma, and that the unhappiness which is the lot of man is due to the "conflict between the pain of enjoyment and the sense of suffering," occasioned by the attempt to free himself from the earth-matter, and to return to the original Brahma. It may be very true, but what does it matter to us as drama? Such an idea, working through the mind of an artist, should have produced a work of appalling beauty, that should have left the beholder prostrate, perhaps, but not disconsolate before the presence of the Eternal. What we actually get is a number of dissolving views of the whole mise-en-scène of melo-drama, from the stage-door of an opera-house to a slum dwelling, a scene on the Mediterranean and in Fingle's Cave.

For this play, for which it is claimed that "Strindberg has worked out a form that is wholly new and wholly his own," is nothing but the application of the old-fashioned diorama to dramatic performances. The exterior of a castle becomes a humble, bare room, which, later, opens into another room, which, by the raising of a back-cloth, is transformed into the stage entrance of the opera-house. By a change of light, the effect is changed from morning and later from autumn to spring. Without lowering the curtain, the scene changes again to a lawyer's office, and so on. Against the device itself, as a matter of stage mechanics, I have no objection to urge; but when Strindberg takes exactly the same liberties with his characters, it is time for a critic to protest that the new form is not dramatic.

It must not be forgotten that the effect of drama is limited by the physical medium of interpretation. That simple fact forces a dramatic author to consider verisimilitude to an extent that is not required by other arts, except perhaps for the sculptor. The real men and women, is limited in its appreciation to what is at the most probable to human beings in similar circumstances. The standards of life will be applied to the actions and speech of the characters on the stage; and if neither appeals to the audience as being at least probable, the first condition of the perception of beauty, that is, attention, is not fulfilled. We know already that a person who can speak can say anything; but we also know that he must not say anything if he is to be intelligible. As an effect is desired, there must be selection of the things to be said to produce that effect; and there must be some intelligible connection between them if they are to be characteristic. But take the opening passage of "The Dream Play," for example, and we are plunged at once into a world peopled by beings whose mental processes are entirely dissimilar from ours. Here is the passage:

"The Daughter: "The castle is growing higher and higher above the ground. Do you see how much it has grown since last year?"

The Link:"The Castle (to himself): "I have never seen this castle before—have never heard of a castle that grew, but—to the Daughter, with firm conviction)—yes, it has grown two yards, but that is because they have manured it—anyhow, if you notice, it has put on a new jay half a yard wide."

There is no denying that people do say inconsequential things, and that in dreams inconsequence is a common feature; but this is not a dream, it is supposed to be a play. On the stage, as in life, inconsequence is a cause of laughter; and people who talk in this fashion are called fools. But Strindberg's purpose was not to raise a laugh, but to appeal to the sense of pity: it is a phrase of The Daughter throughout the play that "Men are to be pitied." And these are the means by which Strindberg attempts to produce the effect of pathos! I have quoted the passage because it is a fair sample of the dialogue, the only other type used being the didactic utterance of the tenets of a mystical philosophy.

But we judge a dramatist not only by the logic of the speech that he gives to his characters, but by the particular qualities of his characters themselves. It is probably true that drama is conflict, but the truth of the phrase lies in its interpretation. Strindberg, in "The Link," sets a man and his wife nagging at each other in open court, neither being able to say why he used the accused system of retribution. In "The Dance of Death" the same interpretation of the thesis that drama is conflict is given. Nothing is more certain than that, of all forms of human speech, none is less dramatic than retribution: the scene between Brutus and Cassius, for example, is one of the best that was written by Shakespeare. The reason is, of course, that retribution arises from the desire to beful, not from the desire to be just; and an author who chooses this means of communication between himself and his audience is self-condemned as an apostle of ugliness. He may be a great philosopher, he may be telling us the absolute truth about life; but he is not an artist, for his work does not produce the effect of beauty.

In the last resort every artist is judged by his technique. The poet who attempts to make verse produce effects that can only be properly rendered by music condemns himself as being no artist. The man who attempts to make the stage do the work not of art but of social criticism, or of mystical philosophy, is likewise condemned as a bungler. There is pathos, for example, in the fact that, as Nietzsche phrased it, "Love in its expediencies is the war of the sexes, and in its basis their mortal hatred"; but that pathos is not dramatically produced by setting the two sexes against each other as a vindictive man. The audience, being reasonable people first and imaginative people afterwards, only want to hang their heads together.
Pastiche.

THE HILARIOUS HISTORY OF DICK WHITTINGTON AND THE BOW BELLOCS.

... And I arose the next morning, and having first received absolution for my sins, I followed the road that leads past the mill on your right as you go out of the town. Thence, not knowing which way to go farther, I acted according to the rule laid down for me—namely, to follow the river's bed when ascending and to keep to the ridges for a slope. This counsel I made a present of to the reader, since it cost me nothing, and a baker gave it to me. "What should I do with it," he said, "since a man's capacity cannot be put to its use?" And I rebuked and begged his pardon, humiliating myself unnecessarily, as I now think, for the man was a rascal, and I have since lost my way because of his pretensions... and the lack of river-beds. Descending from this mill I found a sign-post that told me I had walked thirty-two kilometres—from the town; that it was one and again a half kilometre to London, and heaven only knows how much to a place called Sussex. Being fatigued in body I sat down, as my habit was, to exercise my mind. And I meditated upon many things—upon the merits of ale, for example; of an Oxford education; of a French training; of a Catholic belief (all of which I had); the ale being in a flask in the right-hand top corner of my bag); but mainly upon the nature of that tribe or sect of Politicians and the lack of river-beds. Descending from this mill I found a sign-post that told me I had walked thirty-two kilometres—from the town; that it was one and again a half kilometre to London, and heaven only knows how much to a place called Sussex. Being fatigued in body I sat down, as my habit was, to exercise my mind. And I meditated upon many things—upon the merits of ale, for example; of an Oxford education; of a French training; of a Catholic belief (all of which I had); the ale being in a flask in the right-hand top corner of my bag); but mainly upon the nature of that tribe or sect of Politicians and the lack of river-beds. Descending from this mill I found a sign-post that told me I had walked thirty-two kilometres—from the town; that it was one and again a half kilometre to London, and heaven only knows how much to a place called Sussex. Being fatigued in body I sat down, as my habit was, to exercise my mind. And I meditated upon many things—upon the merits of ale, for example; of an Oxford education; of a French training; of a Catholic belief (all of which I had); the ale being in a flask in the right-hand top corner of my bag); but mainly upon the nature of that tribe or sect of Politicians and the lack of river-beds. Descending from this mill I found a sign-post that told me I had walked thirty-two kilometres—from the town; that it was one and again a half kilometre to London, and heaven only knows how much to a place called Sussex. Being fatigued in body I sat down, as my habit was, to exercise my mind. And I meditated upon many things—upon the merits of ale, for example; of an Oxford education; of a French training; of a Catholic belief (all of which I had); the ale being in a flask in the right-hand top corner of my bag); but mainly upon the nature of that tribe or sect of Politicians and the lack of river-beds. Descending from this mill I found a sign-post that told me I had walked thirty-two kilometres—from the town; that it was one and again a half kilometre to London, and heaven only knows how much to a place called Sussex. Being fatigued in body I sat down, as my habit was, to exercise my mind. And I meditated upon many things—upon the merits of ale, for example; of an Oxford education; of a French training; of a Catholic belief (all of which I had); the ale being in a flask in the right-hand top corner of my bag); but mainly upon the nature of that tribe or sect of Politicians and the lack of river-beds. Descending from this mill I found a sign-post that told me I had walked thirty-two kilometres—from the town; that it was one and again a half kilometre to London, and heaven only knows how much to a place called Sussex. Being fatigued in body I sat down, as my habit was, to exercise my mind. And I meditated upon many things—upon the merits of ale, for example; of an Oxford education; of a French training; of a Catholic belief (all of which I had); the ale being in a flask in the right-hand top corner of my bag); but mainly upon the nature of that tribe or sect of Politicians and the lack of river-beds. Descending from this mill I found a sign-post that told me I had walked thirty-two kilometres—from the town; that it was one and again a half kilometre to London, and heaven only knows how much to a place called Sussex. Being fatigued in body I sat down, as my habit was, to exercise my mind. And I meditated upon many things—upon the merits of ale, for example; of an Oxford education; of a French training; of a Catholic belief (all of which I had); the ale being in a flask in the right-hand top corner of my bag); but mainly upon the nature of that tribe or sect of Politicians and the lack of river-beds. Descending from this mill I found a sign-post that told me I had walked thirty-two kilometres—from the town; that it was one and again a half kilometre to London, and heaven only knows how much to a place called Sussex. Being fatigued in body I sat down, as my habit was, to exercise my mind. And I meditated upon many things—upon the merits of ale, for example; of an Oxford education; of a French training; of a Catholic belief (all of which I had); the ale being in a flask in the right-hand top corner of my bag); but mainly upon the nature of that tribe or sect of Politicians and the lack of river-beds. Descending from this mill I found a sign-post that told me I had walked thirty-two kilometres—from the town; that it was one and again a half kilometre to London, and heaven only knows how much to a place called Sussex. Being fatigued in body I sat down, as my habit was, to exercise my mind. And I meditated upon many things—upon the merits of ale, for example; of an Oxford education; of a French training; of a Catholic belief (all of which I had); the ale being in a flask in the right-hand top corner of my bag); but mainly upon the nature of that tribe or sect of Politicians and the lack of river-beds.

THE PASTOR RUSSELL ALBERT BAWL.

Pastor Russell had a tadpole.
With the "Hell" idea,
Read a tract by Ingersoll.
Saw the truth quite clear.

Pastor Russell, Yankee bustle,
Rent the Albert Hall;
Bible in his right hand,
Listen to him bawl—
"I am God's anointed.
Initiate as well,
Unto me is pointed
The fallacy of Hell."

He tells you where the dead are gone,
Likewise what is the Soul;
He tells you marvels one by one,
Of fast approaching Kingdom Come,
In crazy hyperbole.

Arthur F. Thorn.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.
By C. E. Bechhofer.

XXIV.—"THE DAILY EXPRESS"—RED RUIN.

Joe Blazes, a medium-sized individual with a nose as red as his tie, was indicted yesterday for uttering a felony on the subject of our sacred Sovereign, King George V. He attributed his crime to the influence of Socialist street-corner orators, who, in order to obtain thought, should be in the dock with him. We comment on the case elsewhere.

ELSEWHERE.

The abandoned blackguards who infest the street corners of our island home have themselves to thank for the spectacle of selection. Who can forget "Mother's Pimples," the screaming novel of last year? But I confess that "Holy Moses," by Willy Forskin, beats it. I laughed until I had hardly time to do on any dress suit to attend a ball. It is a great triumph. Not to be missed, likewise, and very much so, is "Gingerpots: A Tale for Grown Pups."... Here the story is as tragic as the other is comic. I shed tears, measurable by imperial pints.

... It is a queathed world, my masters. Tears and smiles! Smiles and tears! Messrs. Bounce supply them both.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Mr. Lloyd George's passionate asseveration of the innate chivalry of broken English politics will not all unheeded, surely. It is our island tradition, and enables us even to give Mr. Lloyd George his due. Differ from him as we may, he is, nevertheless, one of us, one of the innumerable peoples clustering these shores and bringing the message of Empire into our homes. At the same time, we must admit that there is aUCK of hatred in politics. The Free Trader and dissipative Socialist...

THE PICK OF THE BOOK-STALL.

I like Messrs. Bounce's publications this autumn (for full list see our advt. columns). I liked them last year, and their skill in advertisement develops with the excellence of their selection. Who can forget "Mother's Pimples," the screaming novel of last year? But I confess that "Holy Moses," by Willy Forskin, beats it. I laughed until I had hardly time to do on any dress suit to attend a ball. It is a great triumph. Not to be missed, likewise, and very much so, is "Gingerpots: A Tale for Grown Pups."... Here the story is as tragic as the other is comic. I shed tears, measurable by imperial pints.

... It is a queathed world, my masters. Tears and smiles! Smiles and tears! Messrs. Bounce supply them both.

SIR,—The following deserves the attention of your readers. My rat-catcher has recently become a Socialist. I respect his independence, of course, but his work has suffered in consequence. Cannot Tariff Reform be instantly adopted to save our country from ruin irrevocable, as, I think, Milton's organ-voice thundered? 

W. C. E. 

Our correspondent's patriotism is of the right sort. But Sir,—It appears that the passengers on the L.C.C. trains...
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

ULSTER AND HOME RULE.

Sir,—The Ulster question is the one question of domestic politics in which a full and frank recognition of essential facts is imperative to avert a national tragedy. It is the one question, also, in which supreme and dominant facts have been disregarded—and disregarded knowingly by party gain. The New Age even is not free from blame in this matter.

Now, what is the authentic voice of the Ulster democracy on the question? It does not declare against self-government for Nationalist Ireland, but it does most emphatically declare against Ulster's inclusion in the scheme. Liberal and Tory—and it is eminently Liberal and Tory in this respect—have erred grievously in this matter. The slogans insisting that Ireland must be without the Union, the latter by insisting that all Ireland must be within the Union. Now, the spiritual content of a Nationalist Irishman. For reasons partly racial, partly religious, partly historical, their outlook and ideals exhibit the greatest divergence. An enforced union, therefore, where such profound spiritual and temperamental differences exist, can only result in unhappiness. To regard these differences as fictitious, to assume that by these, that a common economic problem will dissipate these differences, is simply to make a statement to which the whole history of Ulster gives the lie. No, sir, these feelings are real, deep-seated, spiritual, and become highly explosive under friction.

That I am not exaggerating the intensity of Ulster's feelings during Ulster's consideration of political history since Gladstone introduced his first Home Rule Bill will suffice to show. The recurring menace of Home Rule since that time has been absolutely disastrous to the progressive movement in Ulster. Her democracy have subordinated every question, social and political, to this one supreme issue. Threatened by this greatest of all calamities, she cannot and dare not judge of social, political, or economic questions solely on their merits. Again the return of the sequel. Labour Mr. Sloan for South Belfast, and the large measure of support accorded to Mr. Walker, the Labour candidate for North Belfast, at a time when the Home Rule danger was considered remote, that Ulster, in ordinary circumstances, would be one of the most progressive parts of the kingdom. The dominance of the Home Rule question was amply demonstrated by the political fate of these two gentlemen, both being simply smothered when the danger again began imminent.

Such being Ulster's trouble, what is the remedy? It is most assuredly not to force her into a union that she abhors. The only and certain result of that would be that her representatives, indeed, she sent any, would be a solid phalanx of Orangemen. In other words, the cry of "Protestant interests" would dwarf every other consideration; we would have a class of agitative Orange and aggressive Hibernianism on the other, and a gang of wily clericals and capitalists on both sides to foment and inflame religious discord, and to divert the attention of both democracies from economic problems.

The only means of restoring health, sweetness, and light to the mind of Ulster (and of Ireland, too, for that matter) is the complete removal of what she considers to be a deadly menace to her material and spiritual welfare. And the way to do that is to grant, Nationalist Ireland the kind of government she wants, and to leave Ulster definitely and completely out of the scheme. This done, the natural conditions of things will assume themselves. Ulster, she will discover her security of mind, her natural kindliness and tolerance. Her democracy will develop an all-round interest in intellectual, political, and economic questions, and her representation at Westminster will consist not only of Conservatives and Liberals, but of a very fair proportion of Labour-Socialists. And not only will the spirit of Orangeism be weakened and ultimately destroyed, but there will be no reason left for the continued existence of what threatens to be the greatest curse in unhappy Ireland—the Ancient and Honorable Order of Hibernians.

THOS. HAMILTON.

POLITICS AND EDUCATION.

Sir,—I send you two articles which are much more connected with your political than your educational columns. In "Three Generations of Feudalism" I attempt to show some of the essential facts is needful if we are to avert a national scheme. Both parties Liberal and Tory—have erred from being corrupted! Refrain from teaching him that a God of Love punished Saul because he had killed enough of the men, women, children, and cattle of the Amalekites, and do not teach him the sloppy nonsense that all things are now well with the world and that British ideals are the best for all the world. The chivalry of the young is right—for the youngsters are naturally united and only divided by the stupidity of their elders.

FRANCIS VANE HUTTON.

SOCIALISM AND MOTIVE.

Sir,—In your last "Notes" you write: "For all practical purposes, the Bills now before Parliament are as remote from social reality as the 18th century itself. And yet this socialism is somewhat inconsistent with what you have written about Cause and Rights. Of course, there is metaphysical and metaphysics, and some is of the "up in a balloon" order.

But if the metaphysics of capitalism is the same, is not essential to the only "social reality." That, of course, is a much more difficult solution. I cannot, however, seriously maintain that there is no good manners in England since this was abolished. In other words, I hardly credit you with such a world as that. You have already implied that the economic is secondary to the moral (consciou) ideal. What moral ideal is there but the ideal of exacting rights on behalf of the Cause who, on your own admission, have no "social" rights? If metaphysics (causal science) intellectually identifies God as Cause, why is metaphysics remote from social reality? Is it not that vital essence of "social reality"?

I suggest that our prime aim should be to arouse such a popular frenzy of causes that the present prime requirement of religion and morality as will ensure the capricitals renunciation, voluntarily or compulsorily.

More than twenty years ago I advocated in the "Agnostic Journal" (later published as "Ideal Justice") all that is currently urged as Socialism. Something like twenty years ago I wrote, "Socialism is the wider suggestion of the impediment to its emotional and expediential gospel—the impediment of the "sinews" from those who own them by law. Since then, to my knowledge, in no
Socialist advocacy, except my own, has this impediment been overcome. The cry has always been: Socialism is beautiful, expedient, Christian (that which sort is not by the longest of chalks); but of moral requirement for obliteration of the individual. Nothing, to my knowledge, has been forthcoming from the ordinary advocacy of Socialism. Until metaphysic, as causal science, came to the rescue, there was nothing, for Socialism is but impious aspiration to get its paws in the till. If metaphysic is "remote from social reality," then, I suggest, social reality is remote from Socialism.

Though the task of determining limiting incomes (minimax), I appreciate your Guild-Socialism as what I may term a roundabout way of effecting the same object, i.e., the intransitive good of all. If you do not advert to the fundamental object (the logic of materialism) to be benefit Number One? Can such people be capable of the motive to benefit their fellows at the expense of Number Two? Now where one is going to provide them with a higher than their present motives but a revivification, if in altered guise, of religious faith? If there is no God, no duty to Him, nothing after this life, what rational motive has a man to discard Number One? Why shall he not get the utmost for the same applies to spelling. In both there has been a die-" its meaning has gone, and so, too, with "jurny." There will then be every excuse for a man who is not quite illiterate, even a journalist, perpetrating the awful things for which there is now no excuse. As regards the record of the spoken word, I think the inventors had better talk counsel with someone who knows how to speak before they start operations. If they think "jurny" represents "journey" except for a board school child, and that "dru" and "fu" should really be spelled alike, I am sorry for them.

Moreover, their methods are not even all of a piece. Why write "tierd," "miend," "admir," "chil," "Ha fu," "whiart," "aver," "Tham," "London?" (I hope none of the Great Masters say "London," though I observe that they do say "eegamin," and I presume "he nawd" "he nawd" "he nawd")? There will be much to be said for a reform which confined itself to words like "choose" and "chose," and even "read" and "red," or the number of its "somewhat on the lines of the logic of materialism) is to be benefit Number One? What is it to happen to women who have no place in home-life? Supposing that this constitutes only 5 per cent. of the population, they cannot be ignored. These unattached women seem, as far as I can judge, to form independent labour groups for the most part, their labour being complementary to that of men. The element of direct competition is thus avoided. It is as if, to use your comparison, the hordes of Chinese got a monopoly of certain classes of labour, displacing the white labour in those classes, but not under-cutting any of the other classes. An example of this is, I believe, furnished by the cotton-spinners' industry, where women work in certain grades and where their privileges in those grades are supported by the trade unions.

In the first place, I cannot see why this tendency should not be encouraged in the second place. If anybody objects to women entering the industrial market on any terms, it is up to him to provide a practical alternative, which polygamy (licensed or unlicensed) is not. By the time this reaches you you may have met my difficulty; but, if you have not, I would be grateful if you could see your way to doing so.

South India.

J. P. B.

**SIMPLIFIED SPELLING.**

---As Mr. Walton is a serious man I must apologise for having written a letter which he cannot understand. I will try and make it clear. Spelling is no more language than anatomy is life; but anatomy is the outcome of years, during which life has been working out its own ends; and the same applies to spelling. In both there has been a continuous process of alteration in other words, a history. No one can be understood properly without its history. Why Dr. Johnson should be the person accused of spelling "will-o'-the-wisp," failing metaphysic as causal science. God. Failing this motive, the cogency of economics is crucial economic demand is confiscation. This demand for having written a letter which he cannot understand. I would be grateful if you could see your way to doing so.

A STUDENT who has been awarded an Art Scholarship at South Kensington is writing to give Art instruction to a Socialist family in part return for board and lodging.—Apply Box B, New Age Office.

ALL LAME PEOPLE should send for particulars of Patent SILENT, NON-SLIPPING PADS for Crotches, Pin-Legs, and Walking-Infants. Inventor a sort. Numberless testimonials.—Address: W. A. Gove, 4, Brunswick Road, Chalcot-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

A PAIR PRICE. Given for Old Gold, Silver, and Platinum, Old War Medals, Diamonds, Silver Plate, Jewellery, China, etc., AND ALL KINDS OF FOREIGN MONETIES Exchanged by MACEWAN ESCHWAG, 47, Lime Street, Liverpool.


**DRAWING AND PAINTING.**—SICKERT and GOSSE, Rowlandson House, 160, Hampstead Road, N.W. Re-opens Oct. 21.

**FREE SALVATION FOR ALL.**—By the Spirit of Revolutions in ZION'S WORKS. Vols. I.—XVI. (with Catalogue) in Free Libraries.

**OCCULTISM.**—Books on Higher Occultism lent free. Inquiries answered through the post.—YEASTINIA, Walton-on-the-Hill, Wellington College.

**UNITARIANISM AN AFFIRMATIVE FAITH.**—"The Unitarian's Institution." (John Page Hopp), "Eternal Punishment." (Simpson Broder), "Anthem." (Page Hopp), given post free. Miss Bawany, Mount Pleasant, Nottingahm.
MODERN JOHN BULLS.

III.—ARISTOCRACY:

SIR EDWARD SASSOON.