NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The debates in Parliament and in the Press on the subject of the White Slave Traffic Bill reveal so strange an attitude towards this particular offence that we are bound to seek an explanation outside the obvious facts. So far as anybody can tell, the trade in women is not much worse to-day than it has been these twenty years. That with or without fresh legislation the trade in women will grow worse as the wage-system develops we do not deny; but at this moment the facts on which legislation is processing are not appreciably more numerous or menacing than the facts available during the last two decades. So far as anybody can tell also, neither the House of Commons, the bench of bishops, nor public opinion is any more sensitive to-day to what is called the honour of women than they were ten or twenty years ago. On the contrary, if we are to believe our senses, the social and sexual facts of to-day, and opinions concerning them, remain very much in private what they have always been and differ only in their public estimate. More hypocrisy there certainly is, especially in the classes who most produce and profit by prostitution: namely, our governing classes. While they continue to pour prostitutes out of their factories into the streets and at the same time reduce men's wages so that marriage is impossible, it cannot be said that they are doing what they can to abolish prostitution; and as for profiting by it both personally and collectively, in the satisfaction of their lusts as well as in the satisfaction of their greed, it is as true to-day as ever that most of the traffic owes its patronage to the wealthy, and yields up its profits in the various forms of rent to the same classes. We should not care to guess at the number of prostitutes necessary to supply the demands of the six hundred and seventy members of the House of Commons, the clergy, and the governing clique generally; but they must be very numerous indeed. The proposal now adopted to punish the procurers and employers of these women comes with the bitter flavour of hypocrisy from a House that itself in many of its members depends upon the trade for one of the luxuries of wealth.

If it be true, as the "Daily News" suggests, that the explanation of the disgusting phenomenon of the House of Commons voting the flogging of the prostitute arises from the belief that by imposing savage penalties on male bullies, the House of Commons is proving itself the friend of women. And when, therefore, the demand of women for the vote on the House of Commons is renewed for the vote on the House of Commons, the procurers and employers of these women comes with the bitter flavour of hypocrisy from a House that itself in many of its members depends upon the trade for one of the luxuries of wealth.

Courtesies of its class is due to the influence of the women's movement. The women's army has an additional consequence to its discredit. The implication is that by imposing savage penalties on male bullies, the House of Commons is proving itself the friend of women. And when, therefore, the demand of women for the vote on the House of Commons is renewed for the vote on the House of Commons, the procurers and employers of these women comes with the bitter flavour of hypocrisy from a House that itself in many of its members depends upon the trade for one of the luxuries of wealth.

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If it be true, as the "Daily News" suggests, that the explanation of the disgusting phenomenon of the House of Commons voting the flogging of the pro-
ment, Press, and public proceed is the assumption that women's claim to be the gentle and the merciful sex may be taken at its face value. Never was there a greater, not even in all natural history. Women, if there is any choice in the matter, are more cruel, more brutal, more vindictive, more barbaric than men. It was not Aristotle's definition of law (which we have quoted above) that was made or can be made by women, Law as without passion is a conception which they grasp only in its reversed form. We are not maintaining this from mere wilfulness, nor are we singular amongst men in holding it. Privately (be it noted) and with an eye to all the conditions, know, or, at any rate, implicitly believe, that this is the case. Has there been a single movement for the reduction of cruelty, in any shape or form, in which women have taken part? Not even when the cruelty has been the direct consequence of their own demands for decoration. And now we may safely say, in the light of the legislation proposed and about to be proposed, that men whom they do not like will suffer at their hands. The cruelties and barbarities in the name of law that other creatures have suffered at their hands in the name of beauty and fashion. With the spiritual emancipation of women, if there ever was such a movement, we are in the heartiest accord; but with the movement, we are not. It enables him both to his natural gifts for intelligence. It would be a fitting reward for his services to the governing classes that on his retirement from the pretenze of representing the people, he should be appointed the hangman's colleague.

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We do not know which to marvel at most in the debate which took place in Parliament on Friday—the stupidity or the brutality of the three leading figures on the floor of the House—Mr. McKenna, Colonel Lockwood, and Mr. Will Crooks. No bully, we are certain, was ever more solicitous of his protegés' interests than these three members of Parliament proved themselves to be of the same. It is natural, of course, that indignation should be given in its full measure at one time or another; but it strikes us as odd that, with all he has to be indignant about concerning wage slaves, Mr. Crooks in particular should expend his protests on a class of persons that is the product of the system that produced himself. Mr. McKenna we know as one of the coldest fish in the governing classes. For the maintenance of his power and the power of the class to which he has arrived by sexual selection there is no corruption possible in Parliament, he gave us the definition of the procurer in the Press. Press, and public proceeds is the assumption that every creature of the Press, those offences, too, will become exceptional enough to justify flogging in the eyes of the "Daily News." Yet the editorial in question claims that the "Daily News" hates and has consistently opposed flogging. Where is the evidence of this? We hate flogging; we would not have the "Daily News" itself flogged; we would not flog a member of Parliament for the salvation of the world, and if God commanded it we should tell him to go to the devil. But where is the consistency in hating flogging on principle and advocating it in exceptional cases? It is a mere piece of jesuistry—of the kind which the "Daily News" has almost invented for the confusion and damnation of Roman Catholics. Besides, there is nothing exceptionally exceptional in procurement and bullying. These trades may be particularly objectionable to the rival trades of the political pimp and journalistic procurer; but nobody with any sense of the world can compare their bestiality with the sub-bestiality and devilishness of the employers of labour who produce the conditions which produce the women who produce the men whose skins are now to be "tanned" by the hands of Colonel Lockwood and Mr. Will Crooks if the prison officials decline. The definition of the procurer given by the "Daily News" happens to be indistinguishable from the definition of a sweating employer—one who makes an industry of vice, and profits by it. It is true that legalised sweaters do not aim at vice, vice being only incidental to profits; but nobody, we suppose, imagines that employers of this kind are any less aware than procurers that the vice is necessary to the profits, or any the more disposed on that account to give up their trade. When the "Daily News" puts half the employers of this country outside the pale of humanity for trading in vice, we shall begin to consider its opinion as relatively civilised. But until then we shall conclude that an occasional cry of flogging on any convenient excuse is as necessary to its psychology as a night out to a purity reformer.

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Of the Press it is not to be expected that its editorial writers will take on any occasion a higher tone than Parliament. The Press in this country, as the world knows, is not only the most ignorant of culture of any Press in Europe but the least. Certain it is that, for any defence of their liberties against the present governing classes, the people cannot look to Fleet Street. There is not an encroachment of the kind on the poor that the Press of both parties does, not prepare for, and with which it can fight. Encroachments on the comparatively humane standards of past law are now accepted by the Press and welcomed as necessary innovations. We could cite many examples from the Press of last week to prove our point if it needed proving; but two will suffice in this place. Writing on the result of the debate in the House of Commons, by which flogging for a first as well as a second offence under the White Slave Bill was imposed with such bloodthirsty vengeance to rebarbise our laws, the "Daily News" said: "We hate flogging, and have consistently opposed it. But the man who makes an industry of vice puts himself in a category of his own. He is outside the pale of humanity." Then, as a sop to its readers, and as if quite aware of the hypocrisy of its previous comment, the "Daily News" added: "But we must take care that this does not become a precedent." Who, we ask, is to take care that this does not become a precedent for flogging in other offences? There is no offence known that somebody or other does not regard as putting its author beyond the pale of humanity. If only that somebody or other happens to become powerful, and have the power to command the toadies of the Press, those offences, too, will become exceptional enough to justify flogging in the eyes of the "Daily News."
possible further to degrade a brute who lives by bullying women into prostitution and appropriating the earnings of those who are forced to work. But let us note the applicability of the definition of the sweating employer. Who, if not he, bullies women by the help of starvation, low wages and the break-up of the home, into prostitution? And who profits by it more than he? The sums obtained from prostitutes by bullies are pounds obtained by sweating employers for making prostitutes and keeping them prostitutes. The objection that flogging cannot degrade the floggee does not meet the objection that it can and does degrade the flogger. Even on the supposition that flogging is a remedy for anything it is a remedy that society for its own sake ought not to adopt; for while it might cure the victim it would transfer the disease to the doctor! Not for ten thousand procurers' sake would we have Mr. Will Crooks or Colonel Lockwood any further degraded. The fear that flogging for procurement may be a precedent for flogging for everything, the "Times" meets and evades like the "Daily News." Mr. Will Crooks or Colonel Lockwood any further degradation.

The pretence, however, that flogging is inflicted for the sake of the floggee or for the sake of society is cart, pure and simple. When Dana's captain was asked why he flogged his sailors he was honest enough to reply: "If you want to know what I flog you for I'll tell you. It's because I like to do it. It suits me." That, if they were as honest, would be the reply of the present advocates of flogging, the "reluctant" ones as well as the enthusiastic kind and Mr. Crookes and Mr. Lockwood. There is no fact in psychology better established than the law that if the left hand of the mind is engaged in emotions engendered by the pursuit of some of them, ends repulsive to our waking intelligence? Few of us, indeed, can bear to see ourselves as we are, namely, as beasts still on the way to becoming, but not yet become, men. The flagellomaniacs are, fortunately for their comfort if not for their souls, unaware of the savage lusts still prowling for their prey in the depths of their mind. Under cover of righteous indignation and the good of society, they seek all unknowingly for a means of satisfying the lust that secretly possesses them. Mr. Will Crookes, the Bishop of London and the rest of the floggers, doubtless believe with all the sincerity of which they are capable that the bloody mauling of a man's body will do the man good. This instance will have done wonders. Who is to know whether procurement will be less after five years of flogging than it is to-day? Since we have no exact figures of the trade to-day, the floggers may easily persuade the "Times" five years hence that their remedy has proved effective. Nobody, at any rate, could disprove it. Would not that establish not merely a precedent for flogging but a justification for its extension? The necessity for flogging is in the minds of the floggers, and there only. The reluctance is ours.

On the legal aspect of the matter it is impossible not to take at least as serious a view; for the re-institution with such enthusiastic glee of flogging in this instance is a proof that law is about to become more and more absurd. The pretence is that it is that it exists for the well-being of society. Comparable with medicine, law is assumed to make the maintenance or restoration of the health of society its end, as medicine makes the health of the body its end. It is an unanswerable objection that lawyers are becoming de-civilised as the rest of society becomes civilised, that at a moment when the bloody quackery of surgery in medicine has almost disappeared and regimen is taken for its revenge is happening in law. The recrudescence of the legal belief in flogging is reaction in its simplest form. It is comparable to a revived belief (which, of course, does not exist) among doctors that blood-letting is efficacious against fever, less scandalous against witchcraft. Just as psychologists, doctors, and sociologists had begun to look forward to subter and gentler remedies and defences against crime, and even to practice them, the police and lawyers and their ignorant dupes must needs feel their vested superstitions in danger and receive the demand for physical treatment. We can say at once that, if their demand is conceded in the smallest degree now, it must be conceded more and more as time goes on; for no intelligent observer doubts that the condition of society to-day, bad as it is, will be much worse before it is better. In other words, whatever excuse lawyers can find to-day for reviving flogging, a hundred times as many excuses will be found without much search in the coming generation to present new punishments. New punishments are regarded as exceptional only. Flogging is limited to bullying. Arrest without warrant is confined to suspected procurers. Incarceration for feeble-mindedness is confined to the unemployed. But as the disease from which society is suffering develops, and of which bullying, procuration, feeble-mindedness, and a host of other evils are symptoms, the symptoms will grow more malignant and the excuse for their treatment will the more plausible. It is not we alone who are gifted with insight and foresight into the condition of society and what must arise from it.

There is not an ancient writer or a modern student who cannot assert as a matter of knowledge that a nation consisting, like ours, of a few rich and the many poor, is already diseased, and must show in time the symptoms of that disease. It is against nature that such a society should continue to exist as if nothing much were wrong with it. The emotions engendered by the parts are hatred on the one side and contempt on the other. We defy the rich not to despise the poor. They could not keep them poor a day longer if they did not despise them. We are wholly justified in the policy. It is human to do so. But the accumulation in society of contempt and hatred is not exactly a provision against sociological disease; nor can health come of it. All that at best can come of it is a violent delirium, whether of civil or foreign war, in which against each other or against a foreign people the nation will discharge its bile to its own relief — in all probability, to start collecting it again. But this being the present case, what have we to look for if once, instead of scientific treatment, brutal punishments for the sins of society are inflicted on its scapegoats? There will be many scapegoats before the crisis comes. At present they are naturally the weakest members of the community — the very poor, the physically, mentally, and morally afflicted. But as the sin of society grows worse, its symptoms will appear in stronger types. Criminals of astounding audacity will appear; corruption in the highest places... but why prophesy what is already the case? Our problem is one of definition, of determining what it is that they should be loose in society if they were not sincere in their belief; but psychology and humanity will tell them that they are wrong and grievously misinformed about their own minds. Flogging and all the inquisitions of the police are but the symptoms of a disease, vying from days when probably we had not even assumed a human form. Indulgence in them is a holiday for monsters, a day out for Voltaire's bastard baboons.
Current Cant.

"We have been a free people for centuries."—Fall Mall.

"The Bishop of London acts like a splash of colour upon our leaden-grey existence."—E. Hermann.

"The vast extension of the holiday system has done as much to promote industrial unrest as anything."—George R. Sims.

"The position of journalism as it was, compared with that of the Press to-day, marks infallibly the progress of the world."—The World. Imperialism is merely the ancient utilitarianism, and Imperialism is merely the...

"The dispute between the State and the medical profession is an example of Socialism in the working."—Morning Post.

"King George knows the conditions under which the work of the Navy has to be done, and the Navy feels that the George R. Sims.

"Mr. Lloyd George may be hailed by Tory 'gentlemen' at Westminster, but he can go on in his work of social reform cheered by the approval of millions of his fellow countrymen."—The Liberal Monthly.

"The nation as a whole is as much interested in labour as in capital."—The Contemporary Review.

"The work of the Church is the creation of character."—Archdeacon Taylor.

"A democratic national policy has taken the place of ancient utilitarianism and Imperialism is merely the latest incarnation of our democratic nationalism."—The Duke of Westminster.

"Remember, remember, the first of November, the Socialist treason and plot. I see no reason why Socialist treason should ever be forgot."—The Evening News.

"Lithearto the Church's policy has resolved itself into the two words, 'No compromise.'"—Morning Post.

"Lord Ivecagh, the King's host for next week, is, of course, one of the brewery lords so hated and sneered at by the advanced Radical. You would never think it to look at him, though. . . He owns some of the finest..."—Morning Post.

"All Saints' Day—the occasion on which the Church on earth salutes the Church in heaven'—is observed in England with increasing diligence."—The Standard.

"Organised labour has played the unreasonable and unreasonable tyrant too long."—J. Penrose, president Free Labour Association.

"The bioscope picture of a burglar undergoing solitary confinement, on prison fare, working desperately hard in the quarries, taking his monotonous exercise, the representation of a ruffianly rascal being flogged—this is the visualising that would be a lesson to boys. . ."—Great Britain, in the "Referee."

"Ladies and Gentlemen.—Among the many institutions of which Great Britain is justly proud there are few that can be said to rank in national esteem with the Houses of Parliament."—Alfred H. Miles.

"Look at my latest play at the Duke of York's Theatre, a little gem of its kind."—George Bernard Shaw, in the "London Budget."

"Mr. Lloyd George has a genius for constructive; he is as constructive as a beaver."—British Weekly.

CURRENT CHRISTIANITY.

"Brush-wiring at 2d. a dozen brushes. Bible and Prayer Book folding at 1jd. for 1,000 sheets."—British Women's Industries.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

The latest news to hand at the time of writing certainly gives the impression that the picturesque, if sometimes cruel, Turk is going. His one chance is to hold the Chatalja line of forts across the narrow neck of land which has Constantinople situated at the end of it, so that reserves may be rushed forward from Asia Minor. Adequately managed, even a much smaller army than that under the command of Nazim Pasha should be able to hold this final position for three or four weeks; but it is questionable whether the Great Powers will allow this. Although secrecy is naturally maintained regarding the "conversations" which have been taking place among the various foreign Ministers, it is known that all are agreed on the principle of intervention as soon as possible. If the Turks are ultimately driven behind the Chatalja defences, the moment for intervention will be deemed opportune.

What will happen after this has yet to be decided; but it is sufficiently obvious that the slow-footed Great Powers will have to reckon with the half-million victorious troops—assuming that the Balkan League is finally victorious—which are now in the field, and it will not be easy to rob the League of some of the spoils of its triumph. The case for the League is a strong one. These little countries were under the Turk for centuries; they stood united against the invaders, they liberate themselves, and they managed to do so in the face of obstacles which seemed to be almost insurmountable—not the least being the half-concealed hostility of the Great Powers towards them—and now, after only a few years of recovery and preparation, they have swept their former conquerors almost into the Sea of Marmora. It is all very dramatic; but, although we must give the Balkan States full credit for their achievement, justice requires that a word should be said about the Turkish defence.

The three great battles of the war have taken place at Kirk Kilisse, Kumanovo, and Lule-Burgas; and, if the information received in London late on Friday evening be correct, the last is still proceeding. Although the position of the Turks looks hopeless, then, it is nevertheless well to be prepared for the possibility of a turning movement at the eleventh hour. But at Kirk Kilisse, and in all the other engagements up to that at Lule Burgas, the Turks were decidedly outnumbered by their opponents. It is quite wrong to speak of the 'fall' of Uskub, or of Mustafa Pasha, or of Ipek; for at these and other towns which were captured by the Turkish forces were insignificant as compared with those of the enemy. Uskub and Mustafa Pasha, in fact, were evacuated by the Turks before the invading armies arrived. The 'capture' of these towns was part of the strategic plan outlined for the Turks by their German instructors; and the first real stand was to be made in a line stretching from Kuleli-Burgas to Bezirlik and from Lule-Burgas to Bunarisht. Adrianople being left to stand or fall as fortune might direct—it did not matter much either way for the final purposes of the Turkish plan. The sudden irruption of a Bulgarian division in the direction of Kirk Kilisse threatened the Lule-Burgas-Bunarisht line of Nazim Pasha's army, and this led to the transference of a large portion of Zekki Bey's western army to the more easterly line of defence. An almost precisely similar manoeuvre was executed in the last war with Russia. The Russian troops, as students of the campaign may remember, made a fairly rapid advance until they were suddenly pulled up at Plevna, with a result very different from that which was expected after the earlier successes of the campaign.

There is, however, one thing that must be noted, and neither the ultimate victory of the defenders nor the invaders will affect it. I refer to the danger of breaking with tradition, to the over-clean sweeping of the Young Turk new broumes. To take one instance of this,
there is no doubt that the Turkish army was not properly organised, and its state of disorganisation was due almost entirely to the Young Turk reformers. The Young Turks, as I have often said in this column, had the support of the higher army hierarchy, and well they might, in fact, the very best source of the army. The excuse for removing these men was that they could not be trusted, that they were supporters of the deposed Sultan Abdul Hamid; and no doubt, for patriotic motives, many of them were. But the result of this short-sighted and the patience, doggedness, determination, and unbroken traditions of the Arabs have still to be drawn upon. As for the effect of this campaign on Moslems in general, the reader can easily imagine for himself what will occur when it is realised that their short reign since 1908 has resulted in the partial dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire by the loss of Herzegovina, Bosnia, Tripoli, and Cyrenaica, and in the humiliation of the by the advance of half a million Christian dogs to within a few miles of the capital. If this outbreak has no other effects it will assuredly result in a strengthening of Moslem traditions in those places where they still remain unbroken, and in short shrift everywhere for the decadent Western ideals of the freemasons and wine-bibbers known as the Young Turks.

A united Europe could have put a stop to this invasion and secured the necessary reforms by gentler means; but Europe has all along been far from united. England, France and Russia are willing to mediate; Germany and Austria are not. England was slow in moving when M. Poincare put forward his first mediation proposals; but even if she had been quicker the war would have come just the same. However sorry a spectacle Turkey may present to our eyes the spectacle of the Great Powers is a still sorrier one. They have never shown themselves so impatient, hesitating, suspicious, disingenuous. More than this: if Turkey's record is bad the record of the Powers in the Balkans is equally bad. For the Powers guaranteed that they would see to the application of Article XXIII of the Treaty of Berlin, calling for the introduction of reforms in the administration of Macedonia; and they were afraid to carry out their own guarantee. Abdul Hamid, knowing of the disagreements, in esse and in posse, existing among the Powers, quietly disregarded this Article, and in spite of protests by the Balkan peoples, the Powers refused to bestir themselves. Hence this recourse to arms; and hence, too, a lesson which pacifists in general will do well to take to heart.

The Balkan States themselves have not kept us waiting long for a knowledge of their plans. Bulgaria, through the semi-official "Mir" has let the world know that she proposes to take over Macedonia, though some concession may be offered to European opinion by the internationalisation of Salonika. Servia wishes to extend her boundaries so as to include the whole of the capital of Belgrade, and is preparing to share in the south, and Montenegro wants Scutari. These plans, naturally, do not meet with favour in the eyes of Russia and Austria; and Germany must again support Austria, as she did at the time of the Bosnian crisis, or be left alone and isolated in Europe. Russia may demand "compensations" in Asia Minor which a defeated Turkey would be in no mood to grant, and which the Asiatic Turks, in spite of parchment and seals at Constantinople, would be in no mood to ratify.

The Powers showed their cowardice by refusing to interfere before the outbreak of the war. Will they show their firmness by resolutely interfering to make such peace as they think fit? Their dissensions will hardly permit them to come to an amicable agreement regarding the disposal of Ottoman territory, more especially as Roumania demands "compensations" which can be given to her only out of Russian, Austrian, or Bulgarian territory, and is preparing to mobilise in order to make sure that she gets them. After the victory the struggle for the spoils. We must not forget that there are such people as Czechs in Austria, and that their love for Austrian Liberal is none too strong. Immediate events in the Near East can perhaps be foreseen; but he would be a rash man who would predict beyond the year end.

Let me repeat that appearances are deceptive in this instance, and that, if the Great Powers hold aloof, Turkey will yet retrieve her losses by drawing on her Asiatic reserves. Turkey-in-Europe forms but a very small part of her great empire. As for her demands, a state of mind that had led up to them, gave rise to a movement in the administration of Macedonia; and, of course, the Arabs, were less affected by it. But this spiritual feeling of unrest desecrated the army. A nation in Turkey's precarious position could not afford to trifle with itself in such a way. It was not real reformers, but a few sly romanti-
V. — Industries Susceptible of Guild Organisation.

It is an easy task to group the various trades into their main industrial division; but when we remember that there are 1,200 different trades, crafts, and occupations in Great Britain, it is not so easy to apply the same system of organisation to them all. At first sight it would appear to be not merely difficult, but impossible. Nevertheless, it is reasonable to argue that, inasmuch as the wage system applies to all these trades, so also may any new method of remuneration for labour services. We do not propose, however, to argue this point to its extreme limit, because in reality the wage system itself operates arbitrarily. If this be so, it might fairly be urged that the guild system would also operate harshly and arbitrarily. We shall not, therefore, commit ourselves to any final generalisation until we have discussed the various classes of trade seriatim. But we must be guided in our inquiry by some general principle, knowing full well that in the industrial complex there must necessarily be many exceptions to the rule, or divergencies that practically amount to exceptions.

What, then, is this general principle? It is not necessary to sketch here the development of the small into the large industry. Our chapter on “The Great Industry and the Wage System” must suffice. We know that the wage system has crystallised in correlation with the growing dominance of the large industry. Therefore, as guild organisation is the inheritor of the labour monopoly from the wage system, the guild principle must primarily apply to the large industry. Broadly stated, therefore, our general principle is that all industries and trades that obey the law of the economic strength of large production are, prima facie, susceptible of guild organisation. The guilds themselves, it must be remembered, are not to be organised on hard and fast lines, but are elastic in their constitution.

The critic may deny that the guild is destined to supplant the wage system. He may contend that State Socialism is the way out. In our chapter on “The Great Industry and the Wage System” we have shown that the continuance of the wage system is inevitable in the conquest of the State Socialist, who can only acquire productive and distributive undertakings by payment of a compensation that would bear as heavily upon labour as the present rate of rent, and as it was, therefore, State Socialism became an accomplished fact, we should find the State bureaucracy spending its greatest efforts in extracting surplus value from labour to pay interest on the State loans. But surplus value itself depends upon the wage system, which, if it be abolished, leaves no ground available for the bureaucrat’s obligations to capitalism. It is, therefore, obvious that the wage system is essential to State Socialism. However much one may desire better organisation of industry as a logical satisfaction, our prosaic purpose is the emancipation of the wage slave from wagery. We now know that State Bureaucracy is only a higher, or at least another form of capitalism, and cannot therefore set free the wage slave. The guild, organised to protect labour from both public and private capitalism, is the true equipoise to the State—State and Guild respectively, supplying those anabolic and katabolic impulses and tendencies that go to vitals the national organism. The economic functions of the state complement the spiritual functions of the State. But there is no blunder so profound or dangerous as the assumption that the State is or ever can be an economic entity. ""
to the average level, unless protected and backed by the main army of 570,000, who control the main industry?

So far, then, as these sub-divisions throw any light upon the problem, it is clear to us that the large occupational groups present difficulties. Indeed, it would go further: at least two of the main divisions quoted above should be amalgamated—the building trade with the brick, pottery, and cement trades. It seems difficult, too, finally to distinguish between the shipbuilding, the engineering, and the "other metal trades." These latter include locks and safes, 7,418; galvanised sheet, hardware, hollow-ware, tinned and japanned goods and bedsteads, 69,070; cutlery, 14,674; needles, pins, fish-hooks, and buttons, 13,252; copper and brass factories (smelting, rolling, and casting), 20,827; brass factories (finished goods), 36,541; lead, tin, and zinc, 8,194; and one or two others. There is, in short, no valid reason why the metal workers of Birmingham and Sheffield should not be linked up with the metal workers of Newcastle, Sunderland, Glasgow, and Belfast.

But if these numerically large industries easily lend themselves to guild organisation, and if, further, the large guild is the best protection for the worker, then the problem of the small unrelated trades must become puzzling and difficult. Let us look, however, at some of them. Cattle, dog, and poultry food, 1,879. This might conceivably absorb these Umbrella and walking-stick factories, 2,375. The textile guild might possibly absorb these. Umbrella and walking-stick factories, 4,229. This might go with fuel. Ink, gum, and sealing-wax, 1,310. Obviously, this is related to the mining-guild. Flock factories, 1,537. This might go to the mining guild. Flock factories, 7,497. Why not the clothing guild? Salt mines and factories, 4,511. It is not easy at a first glance to place this trade. Match and fire-lighter factories, 4,226. This might go with fuel. Ink, gum, and sealing-wax, 1,310. Obviously this is related to printing and paper. Laundry, cleaning, and dying, 130,653. This is certainly a department of the clothing industry. Musical instruments, 10,117. This is a conundrum. Sports requisites, 6,374. Toys and games, 2,476. Ivory, bone, horn, and fancy articles, 12,952. Perhaps these last four trades might form a small guild. They cater mainly for amusement. Or, perhaps, these small miscellaneous trades are not susceptible of guild organisation. But this pay wages. Of course, if, however, the wage system is destroyed, and if, further, the Guild is responsible for sick and old-age maintenance, then the miscellaneous workers would be at a grave disadvantage. Perhaps a miscellaneous guild might be formed, taking in all those trades that cannot naturally be affiliated to the large guilds. Gold-refining, 2,188; plate and jewellery (37,997), watches and clocks (5,279), although classed as "other metals," are really a peculiar class not closely related, if at all, to the general metal industries. But, again, it is necessary to remember that they exist by means of the State, not by a voluntary affiliation to some guild—a guild numerically and industrially strong enough to protect its members. Always there must be the sanctuary of the guild.

It is important to note that the trades and industries referred to here are all productive. The distributive trades present, perhaps, a less important character; but on the whole, of a less complicated nature.

When we originally entered on our study we had no expectation that guild organisation would prove so comprehensive and pervasive as we now perceive it to be. We thought that possibly the productive and distributive trades that constitute the anatomy of the industrial system would be susceptible of guild organisation; we thought that the smaller crafts might possibly continue on lines somewhat similar to the present but favourably affected by the improved conditions ensured by the guild. But as we proceeded we found ourselves compelled to throw upon the guilds the onus of providing for their members complete sustenance, in good and bad health, in partial or complete disablement, and in old age. It would be a mockery for the guild to divide this responsibility with the State, not only because it would establish two labour authorities, which is contrary to the guild principle, but because we also discovered that the guilds ought equitably to bear the cost of government. That being so, it would be foolish for our guilds to hand over, say, £20,000 a year to the State for old age pensions, and another £30,000,000 for sick benefit, thereby erecting a superfluous machine to do work which the guild machinery would do much better itself. But if the guilds assume all these responsibilities, it follows that they must between them embrace every worker. Therefore, just as Lincoln foresaw that the United States could not long continue "half-slave, half-free," so Great Britain could not advantageously or morally continue half-guild and half-wage. It is certain that the moment the army of wage-slaves determines to end wretchedness there will be an almost unanimous movement towards guild formation.

If, then, every occupied person must belong to his guild, let us see how the occupied population would be divided amongst the various guilds. According to the 1901 census, the number of occupied persons was 18,261,146 out of a total population of 41,458,721. The 1911 returns show a general increase, but the detailed figures are not yet available. These figures, however, will give us a fairly clear prospectus of the problem of organisation that the guilds must solve. 

CLASS. NUMBER OCCUPIED.

1. Civil Service—general and municipal
2. Defence (excluding those aborning)
3. Professional and Subordinate Services
4. Domestic Services
5. Commercial occupations
6. Transit
7. Agriculture
8. Fishing
10. Precious Metals, Jewels, Watches
11. Games
12. Building and Construction
13. Wood, Furniture, Fittings and Decorations
14. Bricks, Cement, Pottery, Glass
15. Chemicals
16. Leathers, Skins, Hair, Feathers
17. Paper, Printing, Books, Stationery
18. Textiles
19. Clothing
20. Food, Tobacco, Drink, and Lodging
22. General and Undefined

Out of these twenty-two groupings we may provisionally adopt or discard, hoping that classes 1, 2, and 5 would doubtless, on examination, be subjected to considerable revision, whilst Class 1—defence—can hardly be considered a guild, its units being temporally withdrawn from the industrial guilds. But we are not here concerned with any cut-and-dried system, and the outlines as presented suffice for our purpose.

The first conclusion from the foregoing argument is that, whereas the guild primarily applies to the large industry, it is equally applicable to the small craft, and in equity should include it.

Before drawing any other conclusions, there are certain questions to be answered. These are:

1. Can individuals of unique character or occupation remain outside their guilds, and, if so, how can they obtain a livelihood?
2. Can special or nascent trades remain outside, and, if so, how can they obtain labour from the guilds and upon what terms?
3. Can the wage-system persist in any form?
4. How can the brain-worker, the publicist, the journalist, the preacher, assert and maintain full spiritual and intellectual liberty, either inside or outside the guilds?

The answer to these questions we must reserve to the next article.
The Black Crusade.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

For years past, in our Eastern empire, Englishmen have striven to implant the notion of a patriotism and a nationality independent of religious difference. In the East till now religion has been everything. I know that I myself have sometimes talked, when with Mohammedans, as if fanaticism had been quite extinct in Western Europe; and have laughed in a superior way when some good friend replied: "Why do you talk to us about fanaticism? You are more fanatical than we are. Look at the league of Christian Powers (we called it 'Concert') then—against the Sultan! Look at the Crusades!" I hang my head now and confess I was a fool.

Four years ago the Turks threw off a cruel tyranny, and at the same time granted equal rights to all their subjects. Nationality was thenceforth to be everything, and no man's creed a subject for reproach. The subjects. Nationality was thenceforth to be every- thing, and no man's creed a subject for reproach. The programme of reforms announced was radical and programme of reform.

The other signatories of the Berlin Treaty frowned, and at the same time granted equal rights to all their subjects. Nationality was thenceforth to be every- thing, and no man's creed a subject for reproach. They are Hanafis, members of the only Tunnite school. They are mentally capable of attaining to the highest civilisation, and their prestige and influence among Moslem races accept at the command of Christian powers. They thus can welcome progress in their very faith. The cause which they espouse with such complacency is really that of darkness against light. To those who know Bulgaria's part in stirring up the Macedonian troubles, that state's concern for Macedonia's welfare appears the most ironical of pretexts.

The Turks are by far the most advanced of Moslem races. They are Hanaifs, members of the only Tunnite sect which values reason as a guide above tradition. They thus can welcome progress in their very faith. The cause which they espouse with such complacency is really that of darkness against light. To those who know Bulgaria's part in stirring up the Macedonian troubles, that state's concern for Macedonia's welfare appears the most ironical of pretexts.

The Balkan States and Greece hate El Islam, and nothing less than a "crusade" could have allied them, for Greeks regard Bulgarians as schismatics, and their co-religionists in Macedonia have suffered even more than have poor, wretched Moslems from Bulgarian "bands." They are resolved that Turkey shall not have reforms, at any rate, till they have shorn her of two provinces. They thirst for vengeance for the memory of former wrongs—avenged already by no end of murders. The last thing they desire is to see the Christian subjects of the Porte contented. Thems is the lowest tribal and sectarian standpoint. And why their savage, most un-Christian sentiments should weaken sympathy in Western Europe one cannot conceive. Is it the storms told of in solemn cruielities? They could be levelled from the bloody record of Bulga- rian "bands" in Macedonia. Rape and wholesale murder come of nature in the warfare of half-savage races. Our Crusading ancestors held what I once heard an old dragoon Describe to us. "a very glorious massacrical" when they took Jerusalem.

It is natural, too, that Serbs and Bulgars, Greeks and Montenegrins should deal in priestly benedictions and Te Deums when preparing for a slaughter of mere Unitarians. But when one hears lately of an English church, the Turks compared to Satan, the Bulgarian advance to that of Christian souls assailing Paradise, one can only gasp. Are we really in the twentieth century? The notion that the life-line of Mohammedans is of little value in God's sight compared with that of Christians, and may be shed more lightly (they would not put it so, but it amounts to that), obscures the minds of countless English people. This view seems incredible to the Turk, who loves Mohammedans with the love one has for noble children, and revere their faith. And, curiously, it is identical with that enunciated by the Grand Cadi in his formal judgment on the murder of the late Prime Minister of Egypt. Cai Studies, gave God a verdict tongue in cheek, as a sly hit at the English, knowing well beforehand that it would be disregarded. Our fanatics hold its counterpart in sober earnest.

Can they not see the ghastly tragedy that has been going on, the last act of which is now being acted before their eyes? Governments cannot be called upon for pity; but peoples have been known to see and feel for others. Is it nothing to them that the hope of higher life for countless millions should be beaten down and crushed? The cause which they espouse with such complacency is really that of darkness against light. To those who know Bulgaria's part in stirring up the Macedonian troubles, that state's concern for Macedonia's welfare appears the most ironical of pretexts.

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Europe and not Asia is to blame if Moslems every- where are now exasperated. Their indignation has been growing ever since the revolution, as blow on blow was treacherously dealt at Turkey. The Turks themselves are well aware, and frightened, of this menace at their back. More than the Bulgarian advance, it may be said, they dread an outburst of Old Moslem rage, so violent and general as to ruin all their hopes and plunge their country into utter barbarism. That is why they begged, when making peace with Italy, that the ignominy of the actual cession might be spared them for a while. That is why they must refuse to grant re- forms to Macedonia, apart from other provinces, at the bidding of a Christian power. That, I believe, is why they fight it fiercely. They know that if the troops were once let go, there would be savage doings.

Our Moslem fellow-subjects have their newspapers. In the cause of mere humanity, for very shame, can no one stop the "Christian" war-whooops in the English Press?
The Converted Missionary.

FROM the land of the White, to the Kraal of the Black,
Came Bigsby the Missionman, hot on the track
Of the Heathen in darkness all sitting.
All sitting at ease, free from care or disease,
With no want that their heathendom could not appease,
But in scriptural ignorance waded.

Had never of Sectarian squabbles been told,
That would cause a suspicion you're anxious to sneak
You

Bigsby prospected round, and with horror soon found
That of progress barely the ghost of a sound
And a pitying wonder that White men should please
All sitting at ease, free from care or disease,
Of the Heathen in darkness all sitting.
With no want that their heathendom could not appease,
But in scriptural ignorance waded.

Had never of Sectarian squabbles been told,
That would cause a suspicion you're anxious to sneak
You

Bigsby's Mission zeal rose, as he took off his clothes,
At persuading my chief that your own happy land
A

So he planned to go back, state the case of the Black,
And by taking them add-to our sorrow.

They came one and all to the Chief's royal Kraal
By Investing Big.'s Mission-taught
That was needed to give it true flavour.

If my words you confirm with emphatic 'ye bo,
Then Jackie began, and he spoke as a man
Whose mouth words of eloquence trickled and ran
That was needed to give it true flavour.

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Unedited Opinions.

What is the Soul?

The New Age has lately been gently chided for using the words "the soul" and "God." On the other hand, were too error, I should have been by the argument metaphysical to regard God clearly as an idea. In really does define. There is nothing vague, for if you like, that there is nothing necessarily comforting to the possibility of definition--definition that can say without arousing the evil associations of the word, and likewise "God" and the "soul" are open now for us to employ without superstition.

But are the meanings attachable to these terms definite?

They are now, though, of course, they have not been for several centuries. The last person in Europe to employ the words was old Aquinas. After him the deluge! Luther, I am convinced, had no more exact conception of what he meant by "God" than had General Booth. Both men were secretly anthropomorphic. And these, you will observe, are the relatively classic deists: I mean that they did insist on a clear image. The remaining body of believers, on the other hand, were too sophisticated to regard God as a man, and too metaphysical to regard God clearly as an idea. In consequence, they swam in a fog, and saw God and the soul as bog-lights, will-o'-the-wisps, wreaths of smoke, and finally as nothing at all. For them God and the soul had ceased to have any real existence; the words were empty. But we have now returned, I think, to the possibility of definition--definition that really does define. There is nothing vague, for example, in the definition of "God" as the "cause of the original dispositions of matter." You may say, if you like, that there is nothing necessarily comfortable in it, nothing essentially beneficent, nothing, in fact, traditionally associated with the theological God. On the contrary, I find in the native dispositions of matter everything, save one thing--namely, the "soul." And your definition of the soul, if I remember, is consciousness, or that which becomes aware of the manifestations of the dispositions.

Yes, that is right; but you will realize the difficulty of obtaining a clear conception of this, since we are it. The soul cannot know itself, since it cannot be both the subject and object of knowledge simultaneously. As well ask a man to stand upon his own shoulders or a bird to fly over itself as the soul to be an object of its own knowledge. The knower always remains unknown to himself.

But in that event the soul must always remain unknown!

By no means. In the first place, there is a form of knowledge which does not require both a subject and an object. It is knowledge by immediacy. What we ordinarily call knowledge is the sum of our deductions from sense impressions: that is, it is derived not immediately, but mediately, through a chain of impression and deduction. But there is this other kind of knowledge which dispenses with one or more or, in the end, with all the intermediaries. Intuition, for example, dispenses with one of the ordinary steps: genius dispenses with two; but what the saints called illumination dispenses with three. By the light of the sun, the pure crystal suddenly appears scarlet, we conclude that a scarlet object has been placed near it, and has become reflected in the crystal. Similarly, if a belief appears in the mind without any sensible origin, we may conclude, may we not, that it is due to the contiguity of some non-sensible object? The reflection of the soul in the mind, I maintain, arouses in the latter a belief in immortality--a belief not founded on reason and not derived from sense-impressions, but a belief nevertheless.

But in many instances there is no such belief in the mind. Are we to conclude that, unless the belief in immortality exists in the mind, the soul of the man is star or entirely absent?

That need not necessarily be concluded, I think. Very much more may exist in the mind than is dreamt of by the articulate consciousness. The sum of our formulated beliefs may be and usually is far less than the sum of the beliefs in which we habitually act. In many instances, indeed, we actually deny in words what our deeds prove we hold in fact. And this accounts, perhaps, both for the noble conduct of professed atheists and materialists and the ignoble conduct of many professed believers in the immortality of the soul.

Then, actually, you do not attach much importance to belief?

Not to beliefs usually articulated. A man's verbal creed may have no real relation with the creed on which he acts. It is a very rare mind that believes what it does, and does what it actually believes. But only in such a mind are thought, feeling, and action really one.

Allowing, then, that the report of the mind is not usually to be relied upon, what evidence is there that the soul really operates in or through the mind? If the mind is not necessarily aware of it, how can anybody be aware of it?

I have said that there are the two means: the first is by immediate perception; the second by sense-induction. It is possible, I believe, for the soul to know itself by an act of immediacy which for the moment we may call realisation. But it is also possible to discover the soul and even to learn its nature by examining its effects on the mind. We somewhat vaguely conceive what qualities exist in the mind that appear to have a non-sensible origin; and, secondly, we may conclude from those qualities the nature of the power or soul that produces them there.
Present-Day Criticism.

Politeness towards an opponent becomes, on occasion, a sin against the spirit. This platitude has to do with Professor Walter Rippmann, who lately engaged in controversy in these columns, and who, even more lately, published in the "Daily News" some opinions on the subject of the controversy. But before we speak further of buccaneers, let us confess that we had intended to discuss this very week, the use of invective. For the very fine anthological acres are looked. A collection of passages of classical invective is still to be made. We give a few mild specimens which go not so far astray from this article.

Accusing a thief, Catullus writes: "Marrucinus Asinius, you use your left hand in no creditable manner. You flich the napkins of those who are at all heedless. Do you think this witty? You do not perceive, silly fellow, how low and unbecoming a thing it is. Expect either lampoons or send me back my napkin, which I have decided that your mother, your uncle, and your maternal grandfather and grandmother spoke thus. When he was sent into Syria, our ears had a respite, when Arrius had occasion to say the word 'commodos' he would say 'chommodus' and 'hisindius' when he meant 'insidious.' I believe that his mother, his uncle, and his maternal grandfather and grandmother spoke thus. When he was sent into Syria, our ears had a respite, for they heard the same words pronounced correctly, then suddenly the horrible news arrives that the Ionian waves, after Arrius had gone thither, were no longer 'Ionian' but 'Hionian.'"

Our friend Cotta," said Cicero, "does not seem to me to resemble the ancient orators but the modern farmers." And again: "But as we seem to have been left, my Brutus, as the sole guardians of an orphan Eloquence . . . let us discourage the addresses of her worthless and impertinent suitors and secure her to the utmost of our ability from the lawless violence of every ruffian."

You, Professor, wedged in coarsely though you permit yourself to be, between hints for serving-maids and your new and immediately re-published information concerning this position of the tongue—how hard have you not been practising to put immortality to the rear—of the tongue—for the taste which makes us feel that word to be a marvel requires a flexible tip and can no way be pronounced correctly by a person with phlegmatic ancestors. One who has ever so willing, now be brought to comprehend the taste that we find our insignificant delight in pronouncing correctly such a word as 'young': as you inform your neighbors, the cook-maids, and your maternal grandfather probably all said "yung" and saved a lot of time, and you cannot, even if you were ever so willing, now be brought to comprehend the taste which makes us feel that word to be a marvel or art, a miracle of delphic proverbs and unharmonious combination of delicate sounds. The word is not to be matched in our own language or any language. We cannot, really, we will not, give it over to you. Take hung and stung and bung and all the rest of the less heavenly words; you may take them and, like the men of Gomorrah, do with them what you will. But "young" shall remain for ever "all nonsense."

Do you not pronounce the "d!" in handskerchief. We did not, either, while nursery bonds still held us. That is your poor tongue again! The letter "d," like the "i" you would avoid with in "travelling," requires a flexible tip and can no way be pronounced correctly by a person with phlegmatic ancestors. One who has ever so willing, now be brought to comprehend the taste that we find our insignificant delight in pronouncing correctly such a word as 'young': as you inform your neighbors, the cook-maids, and your maternal grandfather probably all said "yung" and saved a lot of time, and you cannot, even if you were ever so willing, now be brought to comprehend the taste which makes us feel that word to be a marvel or art, a miracle of delphic proverbs and unharmonious combination of delicate sounds. The word is not to be matched in our own language or any language. We cannot, really, we will not, give it over to you. Take hung and stung and bung and all the rest of the less heavenly words; you may take them and, like the men of Gomorrah, do with them what you will. But "young" shall remain for ever "all nonsense."

The New Age

November 7, 1912.
for passing. And this arouses a notion of our very own. The old Greeks are dead, Lucullus is dead. What is to prevent the new spellers from attacking the classical languages? Nothing! What a chance have they not of saving ever so much time to the un- and Greek school will get then haste now to pastures from which the last English shepherd died off fifty years ago. Pacem and Janum yearn for the doubled value of America.

The patient foreigner can only reflect that England is weighted with Imperial domain; that her Colonies are said to be well governed; that her government within the four seas of Britain is not such as to arouse envy. Whatever the American sense of property may be, there has been a watchword used in the present presidential campaign that would scarcely have been used in any country except America or France.

"The first duty of a nation is to conserve its human resources."

I believe that this sentence contains the future greatness of America. I believe that because of this perception we shall supersede you—or any other nation that attempts to conserve first its material resources.

I do not say that the American is wholly without sense of property, but his sense of play and of acquisition are much keener than his sense of retention.

The conception of things in staid and stodgy order has not permeated the American mind.

Arent which this incident: My father, in a western mining town, had one week hired a certain Jones to saw wood. Said wood having been burned, my father, meeting Jones after seven days, suggested that operation be repeated. To whom, the aforesaid Jones: "Saw wood? Homer, saw wood? Say, do you want to go east and sell a mine for me?" Jones had by this time $10,000 in the bank, besides the mine.

You cannot under these conditions breed a belief that all welfare depends on having a certain amount of capital invested at three per cent.

That, however, was in a mining town nearly thirty years ago, when the American had no idea of America if you were to consider it as a whole. At least you can make no more exact presentation of it than if you were trying to make generalities which would be equally applicable to Holland and to the South of France.

Colonies and caravans have gone out on our continent and "settled and been marooned." You can go thirty miles from Philadelphia and find quite a population; a settlement about 200 years old, in which the people do not, and very often cannot, speak English. They no longer speak German, but a "Pennsylvania Dutch." In many sequestered places there is a like conservatism, not usually of language, but of customs and of fashions of thought.

There are towns in Upper New York State where they "don't know the Civil War is over," where they still speak of Clay and Webster and imagine the congressional debates are run by oratory.

In Aquitaine or in Hessen-Darmstadt one still finds types of the early tribes: Angeven, Pict, Teutou or Hun. In America, also, one finds the natives showing perhaps less obvious, but no less distinct, differentiation. This thing is apparent in their household customs. I do not speak now of foreigners or naturalized citizens, but of families who have been there for several generations.

**PATRIA MIA.**

By **Ezra Pound.**

"A sense of property," said I. "Which is very important," added a British editor.

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Coming on an unusually intelligent family in a most arid middle-Western town, I found that they were descended from the very early French settlers in those parts.

In another hundred years we may have a peasantry as stupid as any in Europe.

The worst element, from the intellectual point of view, are the "good families" in the small "lost towns." They own property. They are the most important factor in the place. They don't let it be known that, if they budged from their own corser, they would be of no importance whatsoever. They maintain the status quo and repel all innovations.

Another change that has not yet been fully realised is the decadence of New England and "the South." Of these divisions were a good two-thirds of the animal, and suddenly it is perceived that they are no more than the ears of some new monster that is almost unconscious of this.

The lines of force run New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco. It is almost impossible, and it seems quite futile, to make general statements about a country which has no centre, no place by which it can be tested, no place that "says to-day what somewhere else will say to-morrow."

In matters of art and letters "the country" will repeat Paris and London. In matters of finance, I suppose it repeats London and Paris, unless one qualify the statement. The real process is about as follows:—

When a brilliant peacock or a specialist in London gets tired of a set of ideas, or of a certain section of his conversation, or when he happens to need the money, he refrigerates the ideas into a book. And the London reviewers and journalists review it, and absorb some of the ideas, and dilute them to ten per cent. of the original force. And the American Press dilutes the result to ten per cent. of the derivative strength, and the American public gets the "hogwash." And if you try to talk on any such exotic matters with Americans, you get the hogwash.

And if you have any vital interest in art and letters, and happen to like talking about them, you sooner or later leave the country.

I don't mean that the American is any less sensitive to the love of precision, to order, than is the young lady in English society. He is simply so much farther removed from the sources, from the few dynamic people who really know good from bad, even when the good is not conventional, even when the good is not teetotum. It has been well said of the "young lady in society" that art criticism is one of her functions. She babbles of it as "the play," or of "hockey," or of "town topics." She believes in catholarity of taste, in adorning no one thing more than anything else. She is not ubiquitous. Even in London one may escape from her paths and by-ways.

At home, if the result in talk is similar, the causes of the result are different.

The American is often eager to know the good. He hasn't time to learn for himself. His news on these matters is poor. He thinks he is getting London opinion—that is to say, the opinion of the foreign specialist—when he is only getting foreign journalism. He takes this for gospel, and then flounders.

He can not and should not talk art. He can talk of the things he knows. He can talk well of politics, or of patent war machinery, or of the processes of one of a dozen trades, or of the technique of finance, and the artist and the specialist are glad to listen.

When it comes to a love or a perception of the impulse that makes so much of art, he is often in the position of the cowboy in the following jest:

"See here, young feller, I don't mean that the American is any less sensitive to the love of precision, to order, than is the young lady in English society. He is simply so much farther removed from the sources, from the few dynamic people who really know good from bad, even when the good is not conventional, even when the good is not teetotum. It has been well said of the "young lady in society" that art criticism is one of her functions. She babbles of it as "the play," or of "hockey," or of "town topics." She believes in catholarity of taste, in adorning no one thing more than anything else. She is not ubiquitous. Even in London one may escape from her paths and by-ways.

At home, if the result in talk is similar, the causes of the result are different.

The American is often eager to know the good. He hasn't time to learn for himself. His news on these matters is poor. He thinks he is getting London opinion—that is to say, the opinion of the foreign specialist—when he is only getting foreign journalism. He takes this for gospel, and then flounders.

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When it comes to a love or a perception of the impulse that makes so much of art, he is often in the position of the cowboy in the following jest:

A young gentleman from Boston was painfully shocked at the manner in which the said cowboy was consuming food in a Wyoming restaurant. He was indiscreet enough to let it appear in his expression. To whom the cowboy said, "See here, young feller, I got manners, but I ain't got time to use 'em."

"Hun. In America, also, one finds the natives showing perhaps less obvious, but no less distinct, differentiation. This thing is apparent in their household customs. I do not speak now of foreigners or naturalized citizens, but of families who have been there for several generations."

**THE NEW AGE.**

November 7, 1912.
A Sixth Tale for Men Only.
By R. H. Cangeve.

Long after the liability to complete subjection to female illusion is over, men sometimes continue to experience perturbations of their equilibrium in the presence of women. In few instances are these perturbations violent enough to overthrow the mind entirely, but for the moment they cause the judgment to reel and stagger and the resulting conversation and actions to become distorted. These residual phenomena, however, are to be distinguished from the similar phenomena of adolescence by the fact that they no longer inspire hope but disgust or, at least, annoyance. The adolescent when under the stimulus of feminine influence looks forward to and idealises in his inexperience the intimacies which for him are to come. The senescent, on the other hand, under the same stimulus, turns his gaze backwards and realises by the aid of memory the essentially unsatisfying nature of the mirage spread before him. Further than this, the adolescent would not for worlds be rubbed either of his present perturbation or of the illusionary vision it calls up. Both are for him the very reality of life. The senescent, on the contrary, being aware both of the source of his disturbance and of its deceptive promises, would gladly be quit as well of the stimulation as of the drunken beckons.

The purgation of mind, however, which the removal of the disposition to be even momentarily perturbed involves is a more or less prolonged discipline as the subject is of a weak or strong character. A strong decisive character, when this disposition has once been realised as a weakness, sets to work instantly to stave it out by the process of denying it the sustenance of thought. All acquired dispositions, we may say, depend for their tenacity upon and this element is so nutritive to them that often a single moment of thought is sufficient to keep them alive for months. Aware of this fact in psychological economy, our strong character refuses to allow his mind to dwell even for a second on the adolescent disposition. Should it attempt to besiege his mind he will raise his wall against it as against the most dangerous enemy. Neither under a flag of truce nor with presents in its hands will he admit it to his mind for a single moment of patience. And in a very short time the enemy will turn its attention elsewhere and leave the mind free.

But the weak character has not this heroic power of resistance, especially against the treachery of flattery. If the enemy of desire should come boldly with his batteries to carry his citadel by force, our weak character is perhaps capable of repulsing him. But olive-branches, white flags, and, above all, tears and distress, move him often to surrender when force has failed. Thus under cover of his sentiment the old and once defeated enemy again finds an entrance, only, however, to be ignominiously expelled when his true nature has been once more revealed. For, of course, no sooner is the enemy under the disguise of sentiment in the town than the disguise is thrown off and his conspicuous nature is discovered to the enui of the unwary defender.

Of all the men attached to our group through not members of it, Feltham was, in my opinion, the least steady on his new sea-legs. Shipwrecked (if I may continue the image) as an able seaman on his own very ardent protestations, he has both suffered and caused the rest of us to suffer by his frequent attacks of landsickness. Not once, of course, has he expressed any real intention of leaving the free sea for the servile land; for, otherwise, we should have thrown him overboard with no hesitation. Nevertheless, from time to time he inarticulately years, and at such times naturally-map out the deck like a landfather. To drop the image, Feltham has, I conceive, escaped from the illusions of sex too recently and by too close a shave to be entirely master of his new freedom.

Something in Feltham's tone on the first evening Forester and I met him warned us that Feltham's triumph over sex had been too hardly won to be secure. Though undoubtedly out of the wood itself, he was still visibly to us in its shape; yet he whistled as loudly as if the shadows of the wood contained no dangers. Women, was one of the remarks he made, women have no power over me; and instinctively they know it. He then proceeded to relate several instances of women who had once influenced him, but who now recognised that they could do so no longer. There was only one type, he went on, of which I had ever any occasion to be afraid. Brunettes never once gave me a pang, but the Saxon-blond used to be able to turn me round her little finger.

With or without your conscious knowledge? I asked. With, of course, he replied. All the time I was on the wheel my brain was as cold as ice and as critical as Euclid. They thought, I could see, that they had me body, soul and mind; but always there was my mind icily isolated on its Darien peak laughing at them; and in the end the mind won.

And the body of soul, Forester asked, what has happened to them? Have they taken their defeat as irretrievable?

Frozen out, said Feltham.

There was, as I have said, something too confident in this tone; and Forester and I adjourned, after leaving Feltham, for a discussion of the case. What do you think of Feltham, I began, when we were settled at the club. He appears to me to be protesting strongly in order to avoid a relapse.

That is partly my impression, Forester said, but an even worse symptom is his misunderstanding of the meaning of a victory of mind over body and soul.

You mean his assumption that body and soul really suffer any disaster from the defeat?

Yes, that and the failure to realise their transfiguration and transformation when actually in harmony instead of in discord with the mind. In other words, he has not yet discovered that the real triumph over lust rests in innocence.

That is true, I said, but innocence is not the outcome of thyoe. It appears that Feltham has been moved to his present state more by intellectual repugnance to sex than by a spontaneous attraction towards celibacy and in the triumph of his repugnance he naturally sings songs over his fallen foe. But when his first exultation is over may he not find delight in his new freedom? He has driven out the demons, but has not yet swept and garnished the chamber.

Unfortunate quotation, laughed Foresters, considering the new tenants. But the future of Feltham, I agree, is assured in all probability. The question is his immediate condition. At present he thinks himself wholly free from temptation, but I suspect that at any moment his balance may be upset by them. Thus he uses the sentient freedom for congratulating himself instead of for nurturing himself to his new life. In both these respects he needs some more experience.

Having little doubt that Forester was right, I did not continue the analysis any further. It was time for closer observation.

Feltham's genius, I ought to say, is Art; art, that is, in the narrower meaning of form and colour. In arranging these two elements of the art of the eye, I have never known his equal. On canvass or in a room, in a street or for a stage, his creative power of colour and form distribution was masterly. He could not, of course, always set down what was taste simply he could in a few moments transform a room from a chaotic palette into an unmistakable work of art. How is it done, strangers to genius would ask? By what rules do you select and arrange
and dispose of the articles in the room to produce a result which when complete appears so simple and inevitable? Feltham would smile and reply that it was instinct that did it; but to the circle he was more communicative.

The essence of good taste, he would say, is harmony. But the harmony which the artist produces exteriorly he must first have induced in himself. Every work of art is a projection of the artist’s mind, a revelation or a symbol of his temperament. When this temperament is fixed the art in which it is expressed is characteristic of the permanent personality; the same qualities, I mean, are reflected in every expression. But when the temperament is still unstable and subject to moods, the resultant art varies in correspondence and thus reveals differences which, to the eye, are differences of style. The greatest artists, however, have one style and one style only; it is not arbitrary and it is not accidental; but with a kind of fatality it repeats its judgment under similar circumstances with the pleasant disposition of the other, and, that time, separated, infallibly acts similarly? He is what we call reliable in consequence. Again, what is the sole distinction between character and the absence of character but that the former is moved by fixed and unalterable desires? The one speaks always a single language; the latter by transient and changeable and varying desires? The one speaks always a single language; the latter exemplifies Babel in himself.

After the discussion which took place on this occasion I was anxious to see if Feltham would engage Miss Downing and draw a chain of conclusions in regard to each of them. The feat, it may be, sounds more difficult than it is. Description complicates it.

Of my conversation with my partner it is unnecessary to write a word. But of Feltham’s conversation with Miss Downing my recollection is vivid both of the surprise it caused me and the subsequent rupture with Feltham it involved. Let him that is most certain he stands before inviting Feltham to afford me and open my training in thought had made me carry out in my mind a similar process in regard to trains of thought whether my own or others. I could hardly follow two or three conversations simultaneously and still pursue in my mind as many complementary sequences of comment. Thus while I was talking to my partner and commenting mentally both on his remarks and on my own, I was at the same time listening to the conversation between Feltham and Miss Downing and drawing a chain of conclusions in regard to each of them. The feat, it may be, sounds more difficult than it is. Description complicates it.

The possession of will is shown not by the capacity for great spurs of energy nor even by the power of continued application (which may arise from inertia), but by the disposition to take long views and to act habitually on them. Will-power may thus be calculated by the measure of time with comparative exactitude. A man who fixes his goal a week ahead has no more than a week’s confidence in his own persistence; in other words, his store of will-power is sufficient to credit him with a week’s work, but no more. Under these circumstances no permanent principles can be expected of him. Unforeseeable events may be relied upon. Other men fix their goal at a month, a year, a lifetime, several generations ahead. As the period during which no reward is expected lengthens, so the will-power implied in it increases. A man designing the establishment of a family to ripen a hundred years
hence has three times the will of a man designing to secure his own old age only; and a hundred times the will of the man aiming at an annual income. But, correspondingly, the former is more moral than the latter, who are relatively more ephemeral. Morality consists simply of rules of conduct that wear well. It will be found that immorality of every kind is associated with short views, immediate objects, the desire for small reveal this fact by their ideals. So long only, Types, on the other hand, constituted to survive, are indifferent at any moment to many things, but masterly feverishly active, superficial, greedy in every respect.

Hence a community desirous of perpetuity will in some or few members capable of long views. Long views prevail in the long run over short views. Hence a community desires of perpetuity will instinctively favour individuals of long views; that is, of far-sighted morality. But what means will it favour them? By encouraging the external conditions of permanence; at least by reserving somewhere an area of conditions where long views, even in material matters, are necessary.

Hypocrisy, it is said, is the homage vice pays to virtue. It is the obeisance of the ephemeral to the permanent life. Te morituri salutamus.

These are to be found in agriculture alone. The yeoman type is the most permanent in the world. The first man was a gardener; so will the last one be. Agriculture is the most enduring of all the conditions, because it is at once self-contained and all containing. By no other art alone can a man live as a man should. All other arts may be suspended, and have been at various epochs suspended, with no damage to agriculture and little indeed to themselves. But agriculture is among the arts what breathing is among the functions of the body. While there's breath there's hope. While there's agriculture there's man.

The practical conclusion for statesmen to draw from this is to see the permanence of the conditions of the yeoman. Somewhere in the world the yeoman type must exist; but the statesman must see that it is in his country. Otherwise free trade may rob his country of its future.

The future of a country can be calculated from the proportion of its yeomen to the rest of the population. The latter must never be more than the former can feed.

A nation is its yeomen's family. R. M.

LIFE'S MYSTERY.

It well might move supernal mirth That men, those maggots of the earth (For so they'd have themselves to be), Boast they have solved the mystery!

But what's a maggot? Greater far Than apple: man than earth or star. Then why boast? For all know It's out of our power to know.

You're not a maggot, but an ass! E. H. VIBIAR.

Views and Reviews.*

BYRON, even as a subject of biography, has practically passed beyond dispute; he has become an historical figure, of whom the truth may be spoken without stint or shame. On the whole, Miss Mayne concludes, through the ordeal successfully, although she does refuse to write the word "brother" to describe Byron's house at Venice. She accepts the revelations of "Astarae," which proved Byron's inconstant intercourse with Augusta Leigh; and she demurs that his intercourse explains Byron's strange behaviour to his wife, and was the real cause of their separation. Into all the other affairs she enters at sufficient length to make the facts clear, and to indicate what they should be the judgment of the reader. She deals critically with the poetry from the biographical point of view, to show that both the fact and its transfiguration were characteristic of the man. What he was, appeared in his life; what he thought he was, or hoped to become, appeared in his poetry. Thus, his heroes were usually solitary and speechless, even Don Juan passes through his adventures invisibly and silently; while Byron preferred the solitude of the crowd, and silence was impossible to him. Miss Mayne's judgment that Byron was, as Carlyle said of Mirabeau, a man not great but large. "Byron's tragedy," she concludes, "resided in his being so like, yet so much more than, the rest of us." John Olive, cleverly, says this is characteristically feminine; it is the woman's way to seek identity, and the man's to establish difference.

In that truisms lies the explanation of Miss Mayne's paradox, that Byron was a man's man. We may admit that men (according to the evidence only one man, Thomas Moore, and he was a poet) got the best from Byron, while women appealed only to the worst side of him. He was as over-sexed as a woman, and, being a man, he was ashamed of it. In his intercourse with them, he was as one of themselves; and as women do not get the best from women, they did not get the best from Byron. "It is the plague of these women," he said himself, "that one can neither live with nor without them"; and the aphorism betrays his dual nature. To men, he was half a woman, and he charmed them; to women, he was only half a man, and their mutual understanding meant, on his side, contempt; on their side it resulted in complaints of his faithlessness.

Really one can say nothing shrewder of women than Byron has said himself, except that, to a proud man, their presumption is intolerable. It is the peculiar egotism of the sex that, as John Oliver Hobbes said, they imagine that they are the fullest compensation for everything. They catch an eagle in the same net with which they try for sparrows, and are aggrieved when the net fails to hold. Realists, with Byron as with Napoleon, there was not a woman born worthy of him, with whom intercourse did not mean some diminution of his energy, some limitation of his powers, some new lie to be coined or some old truth to be barbed. But that fact did not alter the women's claim to him. They fell in love with his variety, and preferred claims to his unity; and he, as careful for the integrity of his soul as was Napoleon, distrusted their influence on him. That was his weak side," as he said in one of his last letters. "If these gentlemen," he said of the Greek Government, "have any undue interest, and discover my weak side, viz., a propensity to be governed, and were to set a pretty woman, or a clever woman, about me, why, they would make a fool of me." There spoke the man who knew, by personal experience, that the only thing a woman tried to make of a genius was a fool. Delilah was not satisfied until she had deprived Sampson of the very quality that made him renowned; and in the history of genius, women have wanted either to repeat that experiment, or to reserve, and thereby degrade, for their own glory the powers of the great. Why, Guiccioli put an embargo on "Don Juan," and but for Byron's promise to

* Byron," by E. C. Maye (McMeekin. 2 vols. 215. net.)
avoid indelicacy, we should never have had the last twelve cantos!

But his experience, after all, was only the condition of his art. Had he not, like all sensible men, been disappointed in love; had he not, as he declared in his own rhetorical fashion, "had his brain seared, his heart riven, hopes sapped, love blighted, Life's life lied away," we might only have had from him those sentimental lies of his first publication, or that rhymed away," we might only have had from him those sentiments in love riven, hopes sapped, love blighted, Life's life lied made him great that Macaulay said happened about every seven years, pressed in farewells, as pancy. He wrote to Murray, in words that became to a man." She emphasises his contempt for women, and made of Byron its scapegoat, fructified in "Don Juan," a poem so complete in its derision of the affairs over the face of the whole earth, and homesick thereby conforming to Emerson's estimate of the admiration of women for his eloquence.

The value of Miss Mayne's book is not that it can help it. Even as late as April, 1823, he wrote to Lord Blessington: "I should prefer a grey pamphlet which indicate that he has made by Dr. Rouse. He shows us the advantages of a monograph; but he shows at times too great of having exhibited vulgarity in the writing, which is doubtless familiar, at least by name, to modern "school of classical interpreters. There has for some time been a tendency for schoolmen like Prof. Gilbert Murray to pose as the high priest of classicism. "You cannot possibly understand these great works," they say in effect, even the sections of the public which are well educated and sufficiently cultured, but not sufficiently well trained, to read the classics in the original; "but never mind. They are not so difficult, once you know how to deal with them. Let us listen to us, and we will put you on the right track, guide your footsteps, and give ear to your confessions." In a previous generation the classics were frankly scoffed at as being useless for commercial purposes, as being "of no practical value," and I am not sure that this latter attitude was not preferable. It is better that the mass of the people should be discouraged from reading the classics than that they should be allowed to form false impressions regarding them. But there is no reason why Homer and Aristotle should be surrounded with veils of mystery, or why we should be made to feel that we cannot come into their presence except after the performance of mysterious spiritual rites under the guidance of learned professors. Who shall interpret our interpreters?

Dr. Rouse, let me say at once, does not take up this attitude; there are merely one or two sentences in his pamphlet which indicate that he has a tendency in that direction. I prefer these sections of the public, because there is not a style nor a tint not known to him, yet with an English appetite for action and heroes." The man in Byron despised his own fame as a writer, insisted that literature was not his forte; but the man in Byron prevented him from learning himself the solace of unpacking his heart with words and winning the admiration of women for his eloquence.

A. E. R.

The Classical Life.

By J. M. Kennedy.

MR. HEINEMANN, with Mr. Loeb to lack him up, is issuing a new library of classical texts and translations which is doubtless familiar, at least by name, to New Ager readers. To introduce this new library to the general public, Dr. W. H. D. Rouse has written a little brochure entitled "Machines or Mind?" In this he points out what he conceives to be the advantages of the Greek and Latin classics, dealing, as well as he can in the short space at his disposal, with their salient characteristics, and the affinities, or otherwise, of their authors with the moderns. This little monograph will serve its purpose as a populariser; and Dr. Rouse's authority on these matters treated is, the whole, deserved. But it will not be out of place, perhaps, to recall that popularising nowadays often means vulgarising; that what is vulgar cannot be dignified, and that what is dignified cannot be classical — cannot, indeed, be remotely connected with the classical spirit.

It would not be just or accurate to accuse Dr. Rouse of having exhibited vulgarity in the writing of this monograph; but he shows at times too great an inclination to follow the tendencies of the rather vulgar modern "school" of classical interpreters. There has for some time been a tendency for schoolmen like Prof. Gilbert Murray to pose as the high priest of classicism. "You cannot possibly understand these great works," they say in effect, even the sections of the public which are well educated and sufficiently cultured, but not sufficiently well trained, to read the classics in the original; "but never mind. They are not so difficult, once you know how to deal with them. Let us listen to us, and we will put you on the right track, guide your footsteps, and give ear to your confessions." In a previous generation the classics were frankly scoffed at as being useless for commercial purposes, as being "of no practical value," and I am not sure that this latter attitude was not preferable. It is better that the mass of the people should be discouraged from reading the classics than that they should be allowed to form false impressions regarding them. But there is no reason why Homer and Aristotle should be surrounded with veils of mystery, or why we should be made to feel that we cannot come into their presence except after the performance of mysterious spiritual rites under the guidance of learned professors. Who shall interpret our interpreters?

Dr. Rouse, let me say at once, does not take up this attitude; there are merely one or two sentences in his pamphlet which indicate that he has a tendency in that direction. I prefer these sections of the public, because there is not a style nor a tint not known to him, yet with an English appetite for action and heroes." The man in Byron despised his own fame as a writer, insisted that literature was not his forte; but the man in Byron prevented him from learning himself the solace of unpacking his heart with words and winning the admiration of women for his eloquence.

A. E. R.
months sufficiently well to gain a rough-and-ready notion of the meaning of simple texts. But in this short time he will not have learnt to appreciate the subtleties of the language, without a knowledge of which it is useless to say that we "know" Latin or Greek. Before the classics are mastered, a close reading of many texts will be necessary, even if we presume that the reader is a man of taste and can competently distinguish between the good and the slightly less good. But in a hurry-scurry age it is no doubt pleasant for the crammer to be told that one of the most profound and subtle languages in existence can be mastered in three months. Having said this, let us see whether we can add to the monograph in any way.

There is no reason, as I have said, why the classics should be surrounded by veils of mystery, and I say this because the distinctions that divide the ancients from us are of much less consequence than the affinities that bind them to us. It is not merely that the nature of man has come down throughout the centuries in an unserving, unchanging, traditional line: so much we may take for granted. We act as the Athenians acted, under the inculcations of their language which are unvarying, love, hatred, envy, greed, ambition, were as prominent in Athens as they are in London. But the schoolmen have a way of interlarding their interpretations of the classics with something which is entirely modern, viz., sentimentalizing the actions of the great men of antiquity on the basis of Christian morality; and this is fatal to a proper understanding of the Greeks and the Romans. Dr. Rouse is quite right in pointing out that "there are problems that are important to us" in Greek and Latin history; but I should not be inclined to instance, as he does, Aristophanes and the Parliament of Women. After all, the suffragist problems of antiquity were radically different from ours; and it is only considered merely as an adventitious circumstance that the play of Aristophanes dealing with the women's revolt has come into prominence in England recently. It would, I think, be more to the point (for Pollux may surely be trusted on this head), the regulations which prevented an Athenian from disinheriting his legitimate children, the remarkable system of administering justice in Athens, and the equally remarkable system by which slaves were permitted to work for themselves on payment of an ádóypo, or yearly, or any other kind of payment, and to raise their "payment" from one obol to three, just as the French deputies did not so long ago.

So much for Athens, then, but what of Rome? Rome, too, had complicated systems and ways of doing things. Life in the Latin capital consisted of more complicated systems and ways of doing things. The Church of Rome was a political organisation, and that is why the Church militant is everything to the Church of Rome, and that is why it is on the march all its spires are spears asleep in a catafalque. That rain, which is first de- rived from the aqueducts (curatores aquarum), others to see that the main roads were kept in order (curatores viarum), others to see that the aqueducts (curatores aquarum) were kept in order, and others again, to look after the public buildings (curatores operum tuendorum). This list could be extended, apart from the numerous governmental functionaries. We know, for example, that there was one government office which was to receive reports from the provincial governors and to answer them, while another office received and reported on the petitions presented to the Emperor. In other words, the Roman Emperor handed petitions to his Home Secretary, just as an English monarch would do. A whole volume of essays would be required to describe the numerous branches into which lawsuits were divided, or more than one volume would be required to describe the numerous branches into which lawsuits were divided, and the means of dealing with them all. How many of us, I wonder, remember, take part in the work for poor people to attend the theatre, and that very often sweets, fruits, and figs were distributed gratis among the audience, not sold; and that the Athenian State regularly granted certain sums of money to enable the poor to keep the public holidays, though this was not "charity"?

Classics were helpful in spiritual development down to the Middle Ages—down, even, to the eighteenth century—precisely because the expression "classical student" during all that time meant a man who had absorbed "classical" learning, its literature, its history, its administration, its political systems, its religion, its philosophy, its historical studies, its sociology, its poetry; and all this in addition to the intellectual training necessarily resulting from a study of the Latin and Greek languages as such. A classicist, until recently, meant a man who was thorough and efficient in his intellectual training, in his grasp of realities, in his range of knowledge.

In drawing up this list I have purposely set poetry down last because today it is set down first. It is not enough, let me insist, to read the Greek plays, the Greek epics, and the Greek epigrams, even in Professor Murray's careful, if rather sugary translations. Classical antiquity means much all this, in addition to Euripides and Shakespeare. But, to carry this survey one stage further towards completion, it does not mean the desire to popularise the classics that underlies the Loeb Library. What else classical antiquity signifies, how it affects us, and how and what we can learn from it, I hope to show in further articles on the subject in The New Age.

REVIEWS.

A Miscellany of Men. By G. K. Chesterton. (Methuen. 50s.)

"G. K. C." has done it again, and worse than ever. He has lost much of the extravaganzyness of thought that clothed his style with a magic garment, and made it appear that Og, King of Bashan, was a figure in the Arabian Nights. But he writes very soberly now about the joys of strong drink, and although he is still a son of God, he does not shout for joy quite so stridently on behalf of the democracy. He no longer turns a trick of inversion that sometimes made him utter mystical profundities as though they were epigrams does not produce quite so startling effects that it did. That the moving of some furniture vans reveals to him the secret of Gothic architecture, and that "the truth about Gothic is, first, that it is alive, and second, that it is on the march: it is the Church militant, it is the only fighting architecture: all its spires are spears at rest, and all its stones are stones asleep in a catafalque," is a proof that Mr. Chesterton has become simply Chestertonian. That rain, which is first described as "a thoroughly Socialistic institution" (whereas it is really a natural calamity) will finally appeal strongly to the transcendental instinct, because the reflection in a puddle will "give a man the strange sense of looking down at the skies," is the sort of quidnunc we should expect from a young man who had read Chesterton; it is so obviously a Chestertonian cliche that it is unworthy of the master. This volume of essays will add nothing to Mr. Chesterton's reputation, for it exhibits no new protuberance on his rotundity, but, like Gothic architecture, it will serve to mark time, while we wait upon the Lord with such patience as we can muster.

The Enthusiasts of Port Royal. By Lilian Rea. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

Books of this kind are never satisfactory. Historically, the enthusiasm of Port Royal was only an inci-
dent in the history of the French Monarchy; and Port Royal suffered, but did not make, history. Miss Rea, in writing a mere record of the Port Royal incident, has placed her pen in the least fortunate situation; and Miss Rea suffers by the general impression that the main stream of life ran outside Port Royal. What is really needed is not a history of the external events, but of the internal illumination of these Solitaires. Book professors of maceration did attain to some knowledge valuable to modern minds would be a service. But that a means to the will to power the world to a spectacular "solitude" marks them as Rea does not attempt to give us that. We know that in writing a mere record of the Port Royal incident, has needed is not a history of the external events, but of Royal suffered, but did not make, history. Miss Rea, Socialism, as exemplified by the anti-clerical and anti-marital bias of some Socialists. The story is obviously it emphasises the unspiritual nature of class-conscious Christianity an end in itself, whereas it is simply a means to the will to power; and their retirement from the world to a spectacular "solitude" marks them as having been not strong but weak in the faith. Ostentatious repentance is only another name for spiritual vanity.

The Children of Light. By Florence Converse. (Dent. 6s.)

A story of some American millionaires, badly infected with Christian Socialism, who start a paper for the propagation of their principles, are the unwitting party to the murder of two alien Socialists who hold no belief in marriage, and the editor of "The Torch" (brother of the murdered Christian) languishing in jail and waiting to be united in the bonds of holy matrimony to the writer of the book, who is also a millionaire. It is dedicated to Vico D. Scudder, who dedicated her "Socialism and Sacrifice," a prose version of this book, to the author. If this be not co-operation, it is unmistakably reciprocity; and should result in mutual advantage.

Castles in England and Wales. By H. A. Evans. (Methuen 12s. 6d. net.)

This is an interesting survey of the growth and development of the castle, based on a study of the existing remains and of the records of history. It gives a detailed description of more than thirty castles, and an historical sketch of the events associated with them. The author has also provided ground-plans to make the buildings intelligible to the reader, and a number of excellent photographs to please the artistic eye. The book should be of much interest and value to the traveller who is interested in history or architecture; and it has its attractions for the general reader.

Industrial Warfare. By Charles Watney and James A. Little. (Murray. 6s. net.)

As a résumé of the recorded events in the capitalist labour world of recent years this volume is painstaking and fairly complete. We are taken step by step, documents in hand, through all the main disputes of the prevalent industrial unrest, and an attempt is made to forecast, from the current drift of thought, the lines of the labour legislation of the future. Our authors are of the opinion that the Government will shortly proceed to give effect to law to agreements between masters and men and will assume in this respect the responsibility of both parties of a sum of money in hostage for breach. The trade unions, they agree, are at present unfavourable to this plan in general; but it is thought that this prejudice will die down. Compulsory arbitration before and after strikes is the forecast of the coming industrial legislation. It is, however, in their analysis of "the exact significance" of the growing unrest that the authors of this volume appear to us to be less careful than elsewhere. We very often have heard the phrase "the class war," it is not exclusively or even mainly a "catchword of the demagogue." On the contrary, it exactly describes the fact of which the present volume is a witness—the economic anagnosism of Capitalism and Labour. Again, our authors are disposed to accept without question the current middle-class conceptions of "the working-man." He is not "idealist," they say, meaning that he does not act on ideas. His "ability to organise on a large scale" is "that most conspicuous"; and this in face of the creation of the trade unions in the heart of the enemy's country! "His great defect is his reluctance to accept responsibility or even to run risks." There is something in that, but the causes are obvious. In any event, an analysis of industrial unrest that omits to mention the idea of the abolition of the wage system as a contributory factor cannot be regarded as complete; and the omission of Guild-Socialism and the inclusion of Malthusian (or Social Darwinian) theories in a movement do not add to our respect for the authors' judgments.

Marshall Ney. By A. Billiard Atteridge. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Atteridge must be warned against over-elaboration of a subject. He has already written Napoleon's Brothers" and "Joachim Murat," and the publication of this book suggests that he is projecting a whole series of biographies of Napoleon's generals. We may say frankly that we don't want them. But for Napoleon, his generals would not have retained to this day their interest; and they were so much men of his making, that only to help us to understand the rise and fall of that genius, are they valuable. The objection to all these biographies, that are simply history within narrow limits, is that they lack understanding and shatter comprehension with their insistence on unimportant facts. Marshal Ney was certainly a military hero, and if Mr. Atteridge were capable of an artistic presentation of his heroism, the book would have been justified. But Mr. Atteridge is matter-of-fact, and as a matter of fact, Marshal Ney was only a spoke in Napoleon's wheel, using the phrase both literally and figuratively. Napoleon is the key to the lives of his generals; and Mr. Atteridge, by attempting to write of them as though they were independent beings, has cut them off from the source of their life. There was only one phenomenon of the period, and his name was Napoleon; the others were simply his means, of which the only interest was their efficiency.

Werewolves. By Elliott O'Donnell. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

Mr. O'Donnell cannot be congratulated on this piece of work. The stories that he has collected are horrible enough, and gain an additional horror from Mr. O'Donnell's argument that they are true. But beyond offering some proleptic reasons for his belief, which, after all, only establish the truism that it is as easy to believe as to disbelieve in the real existence of werewolves, Mr. O'Donnell does nothing to make his book valuable. Had he attempted an explanation of the phenomenon of metamorphosis, we might have been instructed; had he, at the same time as he offered us the formula for becoming werewolves and the means of exorcising whose efficacy he doubted, that he did us some means by which we could prevent inadvertent or malicious lycanthropy, we might have regarded this book as a public benefit. But he offers us nothing but some sensational stories which will frighten sensitive people into leaving us deserted by the most ghastly phenomena of man. It is our duty to protest against such researches into black magic being offered to the general public. In the absence of knowledge of adequate means of protection, such stories can only appeal to a sense of curiosity, and perhaps perpetuate the very evil they depict.
Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

It has never been really difficult to define Shaw’s relation to the drama. He began as a reformer; he argued that a change of subject matter would produce a new drama, and that the demands of that new drama would create a new art of acting, which would result in a new style of stage-setting. Being the perfect Wagnerite, he declared war against “conventions,” whatever that word may mean. “Behind drama lies philosophy,” he cried, and he insisted that there could be no new drama without a new philosophy. That new philosophy he has given us; and it may be summed up in a phrase. Talk unconventionally and behave conventionally, was Shaw’s prescription for society; and on the stage he set his characters to illustrate the glorious results of this new philosophy. He dispensed with literature, and offered polemics; he dispensed with characters, and offered disputants; he dispensed with acting, indeed, he boasted of the difficulty he had in preventing actors from acting, and in making them comport themselves like English gentlemen. In spite of his own argument that drama is conflict, he deliberately chose for his protagonists types that never were in conflict, set them where they could not conflict, to do that about which they would not conflict. He attacked the “conventions” of the upper middle-class by the simple device of making actors behave like gentlemen and talk like himself. If this be drama it can only be called the drama of elimination. He has eliminated literature, action, and personality; and in his latest effort, “Over-ruled,” he makes the stage of no effect, and reduces even the furniture to one Chesterfield and two chairs.

Let me summarise the play. A man and a woman sit on the Chesterfield, and discover that they are in love with each other, are married to other people, ought to be ashamed of themselves, but cannot resist the divine passion. Therefore, they kiss, and are instantly alarmed by the sound of the voices of their respective wife and husband. They depart, and the seat is instantly occupied by the other man and women, and the reverse argument is stated. This man does not talk of his morality, but of his immorality; he knows that he is doing wrong (although he has not even kissed the woman), and he glories in being wicked in intention. The other couple drift back, the two women sit on the Chesterfield, the two men on chairs, each by the side of the other man’s wife, and the dreary discussion goes on. Love versus morality is supposed to be the theme, and the little sketch is called a “demonstration”; but nothing is demonstrated, the argument is not carried to a conclusion, but is terminated by the dinner-gong.

It is to be hoped that this is Shaw’s farewell to the drama: it is clear that he has no further misuse for this form of art. For if his purpose was, as he declared, the reformation of drama and the ancillary arts by the introduction of real people and real problems, it is clear that he can no longer achieve even the result he desires. Love versus morality might be a real problem if real love came in conflict with real morality, but Shaw takes pains to make us understand that this is not real love or real morality. There is not even a problem to be solved, a conclusion to be demonstrated, in this sketch: unless it be the obvious conclusion that Shaw’s idea of drama is making cyphers cancel each other. Even as farce it fails, for farce is the serious presentation of a ridiculous subject; and Shaw has no subject. Nor can he in this case take refuge in his usual retreat, that it is a satire of the English middle class; for to do absolutely nothing is not only not dramatic, but is not characteristic of that class. He began his career with the negation that drama did not exist, and he has ended by proving it in his own case. Even from the point of view of social reform, which is regarded as the real object of drama, this last sketch of his is a confession of failure; for the conventions he once pretended to deride he now accepts. These respectably married people remain respectably married; nothing is intended to happen, and, to give Shaw his last negation, he shows that nothing ought to happen. Ex nihilo nihil fit. In short, he has definitely declared himself a nihilist.

“Over-ruled” is a demonstration, but not of the kind that Shaw intended. It is a demonstration of his incapacity as a dramatist, and of the fact that his philosophy, at least, has no relation to drama. But the issue is even wider, for Shaw’s utter collapse is only proof of the collapse of the whole reform movement in art. Musicians who want to abolish key-signs will find themselves compelled to abolish bars, then notation, and lastly the stave itself; and be left with the necessity of improvisation, which is not an art form, or the total abolition of music. It is high time we understood that we have at last reached the stage when the display of the chemical formulae of colours on a canvas is all that is needed to inform the public of the artist’s intention. In poetry free rhythm has become a commonplace, so that, as Byron said to Wordsworth, “what he speaks is poetry really verse and verse is merely prose. Everywhere we see the decay of form, which is really the decay of art: the impulse that is now communicated is not the impulse to create, but the impulse to escape from the necessity of creation. By the deluded this is regarded as the proof of the Dionysian revival; but Nietzsche, from whom they quote, insisted that neither Apollo nor Dionysos would win in the eternal contest. Indeed, it might be maintained that if Dionysos ouststrip Apollo, if impulse go so far beyond achievement that nothing is possible but improvisation, that Dionysos is not Dionysos, the impulse is not an artistic one. The everlasting creation of new forms is an impossibility to an inartistic race; but at least we may demand the continual revivification of the old forms as a proof of the genuineness of the impulse.

On this point, we refuse to be “Over-ruled.” If realism results in nihilism let us confess our error and return to romanticism. We must encourage the re-introduction of action on the stage, even if we have to tolerate melodrama for a time. We must remember that an art that presents only mental symptoms is an insane art, that the springs of action are in the affective not the intellectual nature. No man ever did anything with his reason but inhibit his impulses; and the inhibition of impulse is the death of drama.

MOTTOES OF LEADING CITIZENS.

(A suggested improvement on a feature in a contemporary.)

Mr. Arnold Bennett. Quid Pro Quo.
Mr. G. K. Chesterton. Tot homines, tot sententiae.
Mr. H. G. Wells. Je ne sais quoi.
Mr. G. B. Shaw. Faber mug fortunae.
Mr. Hilaire Belloc. Gaudeamus.
Mr. J. L. Garvin. Quid rides.
Mr. F. H. Sabine. Stemmata quid faciunt.
Mr. W. H. Smith. Tertium quid.
Mr. Asquith. Nemo mortalium omnibus horus sapit.
Mr. Sir Rufus Isaacs. Hic Jacet.
Mr. Lloyd George. Honi soit qui mal y pense.
Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. Il n’a ni bouche ni epore.
Mr. J. J. Garvin. Quid rides.
Mr. G. B. Shaw. Faber mug fortunae.
Mr. Hilaire Belloc. Gaudeamus.
Mr. J. L. Garvin. Quid rides.
Mr. F. H. Sabine. Stemmata quid faciunt.
Mr. W. H. Smith. Tertium quid.
Mr. Asquith. Nemo mortalium omnibus horus sapit.
Mr. Sir Rufus Isaacs. Hic Jacet.
Mr. Will Crooks. Hol Polloi.
Mr. George Lansbury. Ete Ille Iachryme.
Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. Il n’a ni bouche ni epore.
W. S.
**Pastiche.**

**BLUE BIRD.**

But, I said, if artists are to be so exclusive as to live on a disc of grey blotting-paper in the middle of the sea, I don't think I can be got to grow, so that for the good of my saving these poor ones? And just then I looked so inviting that I couldn't help plunging in though I don't know how to swim, and I was stuck out so far. Goodness, do you do something, I said, do stand just looking on; but he hadn't come down yet from the day before, when we thought he was a dolphin, because no human being ever went upon it with anything about, and if the celluloid wave hadn't gathered just then behind me and scooped me in I should have been drowned. And it was very dull on the blotting-paper island, only he said, Oh, you wait until Prince Panjatniall arrives, then everything will brighten up. The Brum-magen deck spiders everything. Prince Panjatniall was drowned, I was nearly drowned, everybody, the most expensive babies and all, though she sacrificed her own life to save them, were drowned. And the whole world rang with the story. I saw her with my own eyes as wet as wet, standing under an enormous wave on almost dry sand, and why didn't she run out when she got a chance, for her hair was wringing, and there wasn't a single expensive baby left to stand there, for when the wave fell in like the roof of the Crystal Palace, she threw her manuscript afore, but it got wet all the same. And then I saw that one leg was simply up to the hint in sand and barnacles. It was a great reforming force perished un-

*...*

**THE POET.**

"'Arf a crack! The dam thing's wild! They cort yer for mug, I'm thinking." 

The landlord winked his eye and smiled; 

The customers, they went on drinking. 

The skylark in the little cage, 

Against the bars and worn ceiling 

Kept fluttering in a frantic rage, 

As tho' devoid of sense or feeling. 

There was a lot more but what with my salt tears absolutely dripping and what had been washed blobby by the extraneous sea roses in passionate pain, 

Then I said, I sail. Hall, oh hall, Prince, Prince Panjatniall! " . . Blue Bird. 

There was a lot more but what with my salt tears absolutely dripping and what had been washed blobby by the extraneous sea roses in passionate pain, *...* 

**ALICE MORNING.**

**AFTER READING "DORIAN GRAY."**

A brooding pallor wreathe around my brain, 

And round me roses red in passionate pain, 

And smirching the wan moon in wax and wane, 

A new world of waste paper, with 

Streams, quite refreshing, though "..." 

..."Cup," which to subject, in 

Dental extractions; by any sense of the rest. And that horrid Brum-magen went round saying when they knew all that the whole thing was Mormons. 

**HENRY MILLER.**

**Sagas of Our Times—V.**

By Chas. Manson.

More than a century's gone since the gutters ran 

Blood, and the knife—a wild Melody—rose and and 

Cended amidst a fierce Chorus of black ex- 

Cration; when few for the Wrongs of the many a 

Toned. So was scattered the Froth from Humanity's Brew. And so ended "The Terror."

And yet once a 

Gain is a circle com-

Pletted. Once more has the Ferment of years reached a Head. Not, as formerly, 

Pleasure pursuing, but 

Scrambling for gain do the Few, with hot feet, tread the Winepress, and fill up the Vats of desire from the Sweet of the suffering Mass underfoot. Crimson 

Floods in those days swept the land; but in ours a di-

sese fills the veins of the Few, and that yellow, 

Broth of the soul of the Human, which, for a moment, 

Of the essence of the Body, health, and that neither a 

Life, there is no disease, nor death, nor any 

Tissue; the cause—the con-

Sumption (vicarious): or 

Things like tobacco and 

Beer, also cocoa and News. 

For relief, there are 

Some wiser patients, who try auto-bleeding. But 

Most, to the grave in the Grip of the plague, slowly 

Slide, thus expiring, 

Post-mortem life too un-

Easy to think much a 

Bout. Then the Stare, by com-

Pulsion, ordaining the Thing intolerable, 

Issues its forms for the Patient to fill up and 

Send to the surgery, 

Known as the Test. 

Where sits the Surgeon-in-

Chief, Mr. Lloyd George, di-

Recting which patients to "Cup," which to subject, in 

Case of resistance, to 

Dental extractions; by 

Which (or the other) the 

Yellow microbes, from the 

Blood, are withdrawn in warm 

Streams, quite refreshing, though "..." 

Leaving the patient too 

Often anemic. With 

Diphtheria fully charged with the 

Microbes, and labelled "Old Age" or "Insurance," this 

Surgeon compels vacci-

nation, which "takes" rather 

Badly. Whilst other wise-

Acres and quacks, each with 

A consignment of home 

Facture, are flooding the World-of-waste-paper with 

Cures quite innocuous. 

Still waits the Nation, how-

Ever, for such restor-

Atonic as it may be. 

Come with the wisdom and 

Light of a New Age.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR,
THE WHITE SLAVE BILL.

Sir,—Your correspondence column in your issue of October 24th instant rightly describes certain notices which appeared in "Daily Mail." In my opinion, your "Notes of the Week" in the same issue might aptly be described as a disgrace to The New Age.

As one who has read your comments on men and things with intense interest and admiration since your "penchant-a-day" days, I have been surprised and pained at the attitude you have adopted towards the White Slave Bill. I refer not so much to the criticisms you have passed on the Bill itself as to your attitude towards those men whose mission it is to guard against this evil. As I have long been impersonally demonstrating, is the "rock of ages," by clinging to which all the rogues to God and flouters of Christ prosper for the benefit of the law, as "the law," Dives is fraud to his Creator, and has Lazarus famishing for crumbs from his glutinous repast. Clinging to "the law," Dives, episodically and secularly, is damned. In the name of God, sir, let us amend, or end, "the law".

But, apart from your personal experience, "the law," as I have long been impersonally demonstrating, is the "rock of ages," by clinging to which all the rogues to God and flouters of Christ prosper for the benefit of the law, as "the law," Dives is fraud to his Creator, and has Lazarus famishing for crumbs from his glutinous repast. Clinging to "the law," Dives, episodically and secularly, is damned. In the name of God, sir, let us amend, or end, "the law".

A. CROFT HILL.

THE NEW AGE.

Sir,—As one among so many to whom the weekly advent of your journal brings light into dark places, may I be permitted to express my thorough appreciation of the closely reasoned constructive policy outlined in the "Notes of the Week"? I am acquainted with several members of the Social Democratic Party here in Cape Town, and am glad to notice that your influence is being felt among them. Consciousness of the real necessities of the industrial condition of England is woefully absent in minds comparatively unacquainted with the national confusion now so scandalously apparent in the legislation of the Liberal majority. As the outcome of unrestricted capitalistic exploitation, May every success attend you, sir, and a widening influence to all your labour is the best wish of...

A CAPE TOWN READER.

THE LAW.

Sir,—In your "Notes" in the issue of The New Age of October 24 you refer to George Meredith as expressing a "yearning for dainty tit-bits of women's flesh". May I call your attention to the fact that this is very far from what was really written in that "letter to a friend engaged to be married" (page 54, Volume I, of the recently published edition)? The actual words were:—

"I am so miserably constituted now that I can't love a woman if I do not feel her soul, and that there is force therein to wrestle with the facts of life (called the Angel of the Lord)."

"But I envy those who are attracted by what is given to the eye—yes, even those who have a special taste for women's flesh, and this or that particular little tit-bit—I envy them! It lasts not beyond an hour with me."

"Surely this is the expression of a feeling distinctively different from that implied by you—namely, "dog-lust." A misstatement in your admirable "Notes" is so rare that it would be a pity to allow one to pass unchallenged.

R. H. Stockdale, Ross, May I state that over two years ago I mentioned The New Age to Mr. W. C. Anderson, and received the curt reply that it was a Tory paper?

E. MEYKELL.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Sir,—In your "Notes" in the issue of The New Age of October 24 you refer to George Meredith as expressing a "yearning for dainty tit-bits of women's flesh". May I call your attention to the fact that this is very far from what was really written in that "letter to a friend engaged to be married" (page 54, Volume I, of the recently published edition)? The actual words were:—

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E. MEYKELL.

A BLOODTHIRSTY PACIFICIST.

Sir,—That prominent pacifist, Mr. Nevinson, surely gives himself away in his dispatch to the "Daily Chronicle" last week. Telegraphing from Stara Zagora, he complains that war correspondents with the Bulgarians are shut out from the spectacle of bloodshed. "We correspondents are not sent here to describe scenes of perfect peace, and our confinement is irksome." He is, however, contradicted by the "Daily Chronicle," which says: "...the war is still young." A pacifist who is not compelled by duty to witness war is merely a humbug when he
witnesses war for profit. I suspect Mr. Nevinson revels in thrills like any cinematograph crowd on condition that he may luxuriate at a price in indignation afterwards.

MR. J. L. GARVIN'S MILITARY (FIFE) NOTES.

Mr. J. L. Garvin's military genius. Here follows a copy of the authentic original:—

'I, the undersigned, in enrolling myself as a member of the Irish National Band of Newcastle-on-Tyne, pledge myself to conform in every way with the conditions of membership, namely, to become a bona fide member of the Independent Branch of the Irish National League, Newcastle-on-Tyne, as well as of the Band, and to hold all pecuniary advantages accruing to me by reason of my being a member of the Band, or to be surrendered on demand from its executive; and I bind myself to abide any further conditions that may be laid down from time to time by that branch in addition to the organisation of the band, or by the bandmaster acting by its authority.'

Nobody can fail to detect in this early work of Mr. Garvin the predominance of the Molkish occupation which he has now become. Peter the Second.

SOCIALISM AND MOTINO.

Sir,—Mr. H. Croft-Hiller invites Socialists to adopt the conception of God as Baal, that is to say, as monopoliser of the supply of metaphysical justification of social terrorism, of an indeterminate minority. Mr. Hiller himself speaks of the other's right at all except that of using superior power in the name of religious conviction. Hence, of course, one has to read an author if one is to understand what he is doing. One wonders what connection the writer named Emerson (which has no relation to Wilde 's 'TheUnknowable,' in the writings of Nietzsche, the apostle of Baal-Moloch, of experiments by our great poets. One wonders what is the precise description of their treatment of the authors. Our spelling is the result of the academy and the actor when he makes the word "dull to hear, as with the same vowel as 'bird,'" the "c" in "scent," and the "h" in "ghost." This should greatly like to live as well as he speaks his words, but I am only the foolish biographer of the critics. L. H. Green.

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING.

Sir,—The writer of "Present-day Criticism" returns to the charge with a graceful courtesy which I, with my "clumsy" methods, cannot hope to attain, and with a profound knowledge of the elocutionist's Elizabethan period, with which my acquaintance is evidently most superficial. I am still completely in the dark as to how the elocutionist brings out the special parts as he chooses. His "I" by shutting the teeth down quickly on the lower lip. I have spoken in public a good deal, even in the presence of elocutionists, and my speech has been criticised by them occasionally; but they never suggested that it was that of the "low comedian," although I confess to pronouncing "heard" with the same vowel as "hurt," "is," with "z," and "mine" with the same vowel as "my, sigh, eye." The writer of "Present-day Criticism" regards the spelling of the Elizabetians as due, not to the whim of the printers, but to the well-considered thought of the authors. Where we find the same word spelled in two or three different ways on the same page, it is "experiment" of the part of the authors. One describes the result of experiments by our great poets. One wonders what rendered opinion. L. H. Green.

Sir,—The new spellers perhaps believe to bully the world with an array of names. From these extracts from their little magazine you may guess their culture. "Cheeky" is the precise description of their treatment of all persons who disagree with them.
adequate opinion of the grossest clowning of our generation.

Sir,—Your contributor, Mr. John Playford, displays a
carpenter's vice in his last issue that is
certainly unworthy of a critic of art. Even if we admit
his assumption that Thomas Beecham does all the valuable
things in music in this country, it cannot be denied that
Sir Henry Wood has done all the invaluable things. To
estimate the educational influence of an institution re-
quires long consideration. I can remember the time when only to go to
the Promenades was to be ball-marked as an artist. After
that, to appreciate a Wagner programme was to be
honoured; and even the delectable Debussy, in a
imaginable mysteries of a new heaven and a new earth
were visible to us who appreciated it. But what has been
the result? One can hear Wagner items, Strauss items,
even the most mundane Debussy, in a
programme now, and hear them rapturously applauded. "Till
Bulenspiegel," for example, is now so familiar that it can
be played to the rabble at the last performance of the
season. We have come a long way in ten years by the
guidance not of Thomas Beecham, but of Sir Henry Wood.
Another instance may be given. Last year the concerts were well attended, except those on Wednesday nights when symphonies were played. This year even the Wednesday night concerts have been well attended. The season that has just closed has been, as John Playford truly says, "rich in box-office receipts, and applause"; and the programmes would have been impossible as a commercial success ten years ago. The stupendous nature of this achievement may not be visible to one who is interested in the "revival of Gaucic," but Englishmen who remember the Grand Military Tattoos
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and the programmes would have been impossible as a commercial success ten years ago.

Sir,—Mr. Playford's article appears to me to be a
better case for Beecham than he has done if he wants to
transfer our allegiance to a new idol. Sir Henry Wood,
soever his "meagolomania," has, for the most part, not
injured the strings of his orchestra, although everyone knows
that in fortissimo passages the percussion and wind instru-
ments smother the strings. On the other hand, Beecham proves his "indispensability" by creating a
band of wind instruments, for which it is admitted that
there is a public for it, and that it is an indispensable." Sir Henry Wood made this piece popular,
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