NOTES OF THE WEEK

We are not disposed like the professional cynics to be addressed to considerations of a prudential character which refuse absorption in the United States or to absorb part of the people of Canada by sentiment in which it is of no significance either to the donor or to the recipient. The gift appears to have been inspired on the Canadian statesmen took into account that they themselves may be great. "They wish," he continued, "for large powers, large navy. The gift would be mere prodigality and of no value to them the same spectacle which Macaulay says the English proletariat-the worst situated of any Imperial dominion-approves of our domestic common-illth. On the contrary, we are assured that the little hesitation there has been in Canada to the national gift was solely on the terms of the gift are to the same degree increased. England cannot simply recline like a superannuated parent on the aims of her young Dominions. La force oblige; and with every fresh means of power and security the responsibility of the Empire, not to itself alone, but to mankind in general greater. It is not to be denied that, taking it all in all, the British Empire is the best attempt the world has yet seen to establish and maintain a common civilisation; but in comparison with what might be and even (if there is any truth in things) with what must be, the attempt is still in its elementary phase. Canada's gift is therefore not to be taken as payment for work already done, but as a means to work still to do. Nowhere more clearly than amongst Canadian Liberals is this fact realised. Mr. Borden, of course, was too discreet to allude publicly to the expectations his friends entertain of the use England will make of their contribution; but amongst themselves and in private conversation over here there is no illusion in Canadian minds that England at home is to be compared with England abroad. What we may call domestic England shocks Canadian visitors as ambitious and possibly disastrous war. Were the British Navy gone, her policy obviously would need to be cut accord-

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maxims are in need of revision. With country knitted to country, if not by the ties of love, by the ties of interest, war is almost inconceivable. And when to this fact is added the certainty now made practical that the Dominions identify England with themselves, a European war, with England as an active party, is incredible. In other words, the bogey of foreign dishonest knaves or ignorant obscurantist tools will for great social experiments is dead with it. Only disexcuse its prowling existence might afford for delaying invasion may definitely be said to be dead; and any excuse its prowling existence might afford for delaying what are we going to do with it? We repeat that something will be expected of England from her endowment with secure supremacy. Not Canada alone, that something will be expected from England in proportion to England's means. As we have been placed high in power, we are high in responsibility, and never is the responsibility greater, or the inclination to shoulder it less, than when prosperity is shining at its fullest. The trial of prosperity is the last ordeal of power.

The foregoing is not inappropriate to another occasion than the Canadian gift. For some days now the "Daily Mail" has been publishing purple pictures of our prosperity in the matter of shopping. Every employable person, we are led to believe, is as busy as they can be. Is this the time when the "Daily Mail" asks, for agitators to trouble us with demands for reform? "Even trade union officials, whom, by the way, we cannot regard as impertinently importunate—would that they were!" may find it advisable to look elsewhere for industry to canvass till a more convenient season." They may, it is true, find an excuse for delay, but they can find no justification in the facts, even if these are as represented by the "Daily Mail." About this hypothesis there is reasonable doubt. Why should the "Daily Mail" suddenly take it into its head to announce national prosperity? On Friday last, Lord Northcliffe was booming even Consols. We have said, "one on which, no doubt, diverse opinions may be held." No doubt whatever. It is the lesson that Tariff Reform must be dropped. The "Daily Mail," it is clear, has been publishing purple pictures of national prosperity. Tariff Reform, it is obvious, depends for its popular favour on the decline of English industry. No disease, not medicine; and medicine is therefore industry. It would be shown to be flourishing, Tariff Reform is a tactical revolution on the part of Unionists, and, in consequence, a bar sinister to the Unionist succession. We have said all this before, and the facts are of the simplest. The next General Election, come when it may, will be fought, not upon Tariff Reform, though Tariff Reform may distort the result; it will be fought upon the Insurance Act, its amendment or its repeal. The certainty of this makes the supersession of Tariff Reform a necessity to Unionist Party strategy. Without Tariff Reform they may win; with it they will inevitably lose. And hence, we suggest, the "Daily Mail". At the Jubilee dinner to Kropotkine of the long error of his Collectivism or State Capitalism therefor falls to the ground; for the requirements of Collective Socialism are simple, and his friends thought Kropotkine's theories wrong now, however, he believed them to be right. In particular he now agreed with Kropotkine that "the people must do everything for themselves." O what a fall there was, my Collectivists, to the heights now so high! The growth of ideas is always silent. The Labour agitators whom the "Daily Mail" addresses may be induced to turn over in their sleep, but the real revolutionaries are sowing now for the harvest.

If we could attach any importance to the post-prandial utterances of Mr. Bernard Shaw we should be inclined to note as almost momentous his admission at the Jubilee dinner to Kropotkine of the long error of the Fabian Socialism he practiced, for he and his friends thought Kropotkine's theories wrong now, however, he believed them to be right. In particular he now agreed with Kropotkine that "the people must do everything for themselves." O what a fall was there, my Collectivists, to the heights now so high! The growth of ideas is always silent. The Labour agitators whom the "Daily Mail" addresses may be induced to turn over in their sleep, but the real revolutionaries are sowing now for the harvest.

The difference between a revolution by ideas and a revolution by appetites lies in this that the former is continuous in its course and permanent in its effects, while the latter is spasmodic and precarious. A revolution in the existing industrial system is scarcely conceivable as the result merely of periods of bad trade or even of intermittently barbarous conditions of production. Such shifting phenomena are not a sufficient ground for a determined revolutionary party. Their forces swell or dwindle with the ups and downs of imports and exports. And even if the initial energy were sufficient its accomplishment would be unstable. We cannot build the new commonwealth on the sorrows of the poor or maintain it from fear of them. Positive hopes and ideals, ambitions if you will, are necessary both to a persistent revolutionary campaign and an enduring revolutionary structure. There is needed a spirit of reform which cannot be lulled by temporary prosperity any more than it can be deluded by temporary depression. Revolution of character is always in season, but most of all when external conditions promise security and the absence for a while of mere appetites. While, therefore, the "Daily Mail" may advise workmen to keep their heads well down in the manger, now there are plenty of oats, the wisest among them will choose this moment for their greatest activity in reform. Mr. Tom Mann, for example, is not allowing himself to be idle. The propaganda of Syndicalism is going on; and the implications of Guild Socialism are, we have every proof, being rapidly seized. The growth of ideas is always silent. The Labour agitators whom the "Daily Mail" addresses may be induced to turn over in their sleep, but the real revolutionaries are sowing now for the harvest.
us that the chief worm in the Fabian corpse has now abandoned the body of false doctrine, and is contem-
plating a new venture. What shall it be? If Collectiv-
ism goes by the board—dies before birth, as it were—what alternative constructive proposal remains?
It cannot surely be Syndicalism that Mr. Shaw and his friends have in mind. Syndicalism has been riddled by criticism both here and in Italy, where experiment put it to the test. The “Daily Herald” announced last week, nevertheless, that Syndicalism has a complete theory of society. But even Mr. Sidney Webb now knows this to be so. If Collectivism is unworkable, Syndicalism is equally so. There remains, therefore, so far as we can see, only one practical theory which satisfies the demands both of political thinkers and of democratic industrial organisers: it is the theory of
Guild Socialism. The duties of a State do not cease when industrial organisation is popularly controlled. On the contrary, they begin where industry leaves off. It is true that “the people must do everything for themselves”; and this is the truth in Syndicalism. But it is also true that they cannot do everything by themselves; and this is the truth of politics. A com-
bination of the two under another name than Guild Socialism may, perhaps, be expected from Mr. Shaw, who is said to be planning the fitting consum-
mation of his creative career.

* * *

We look forward, as we say, to corporate ambition playing a large part in the coming social revolution: corporate, be it noted, as distinct from individual. “I do not thirst for myself,” said the greatest of the Hapsburgs, “but for my whole army.” Call it what you will—the class war or class solidarity—the fact remains that the proletariat will never obtain a place in the sun by individual efforts, but only by corporate efforts; and these can only be called forth by a corporate appeal to the emotions of admiration and hope.

A conquest for the sake of collective honour is there-
fore much more likely to be undertaken than a collec-
tive ambition. What do the people of the New Age, in Mr. Sharp’s phrase, mean by the fitting consum-
mation of his creative career?

* * *

We suppose that the “Amen Corner” claqueurs of Mr. Lloyd George will find nothing wrong in his latest trick upon the doctors (for his impostures have so far been above sin. In order to accommodate the British Medical Association and its Collective Bargaining (a principle Mr. George professes on other occasions to be anxious to extend), he has proposed the extension of a scheme to that of Mr. Lloyd George, the day after the results of the model election were finally published. Not to put Mr. Lloyd George at the bottom of the pill or even Sir Alfred Mond at the bottom is it worth while to change our electoral system. We can obtain these results without an arithmetical revolu-
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tacle—the spectacle of reformers behaving as if truth did not exist or were so sound asleep that they might safely walk past it.
Current Cant.

"Woman's soul is a pent-up force, and if it is not liberated by the vote, will be a danger to mankind."—Dr. STANTON COIT.

"What is the object of the letter-burners? It is to abolish White Slavery. It is to put an end to hideous assaults on little girls."—CHRISTABEL PANKHURST.

"Any State attempts to improve the condition of the mass of the People should be based not on generous emotions, but on cold business calculations."—HAROLD COX.

"Legislation is entrusted to human beings rather than to the lower creation because the former are endowed with intelligence and moral responsibility."—RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

"To write of the 'Clarion' is to write of myself. For the 'Clarion' is me and I am it, and that sums up the matter."—WINIFRED BLATCHFORD.

"There is immense understanding and sympathy with the poor and unfortunate among the upper classes."—JAMES DOUGLAS.

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"In many respects the working-men are the pampered favourites of fortune. They have the pleasant consciousness of power..."—AN ENGLISHMAN, in the "Daily Mail."

"When we Unionists get back to power the big Imperial question of Home Reform and the Naval Question will be solved in a way that will bring the confidence of the whole nation."—SIR MAX AITKEN.

"In a few centuries' time surviving copies of the 'Daily Express' will be largely scanned by students."—THOMAS RUSSELL.

"One of the few remaining men in London who may claim to be 'exclusive' recently told me that he considered the great restaurant and hotel to be responsible for the demoralisation of London."—"London Mail."

"In many respects the working-men are the pampered favourites of fortune. They have the pleasant consciousness of power..."—AN ENGLISHMAN, in the "Daily Mail."

"The Church is the biggest thing in English history."—THE BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK.

"Miss Mary Glynn plays Oliver Twist; her rendering is as sweetly perfect as it is perfectly sweet."—"Lloyd's Sunday Paper."

"The 'Leap-Year Cracker' will cast the die for many an irresponsible young bachelor this Xmas. To remain adament against the little matrimonial souvenirs which will come dropping into his lap a man's heart must be so hard that one could break stones on it."—"Daily Express."

"The real hope of the working classes is in the Unionist Party."—"The Observer."

"There are two great causes at the root of pauperism—one is sickness, when the breadwinner is stricken down, and the other is unemployment; and does not the Insurance Act operate in the correction? It does not reform the Poor Law; but it dams the stream of pauperism at its source."—BARON FOREST.

"It is clear that there is acute tension in the League. There is a feeling of bitterness between Greece on the one hand and Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro on the other. The Greeks, as I have previously pointed out, had very little fighting to do. Their navy blockaded ports, and their army occupied towns after the small Turkish garrisons had taken their departure; but to suggest that the Greeks ever met equal, or approximately equal, forces of Turks, and engaged in a serious battle, is nonsense. The Bulgarians prepared the way for the occupation of Salonika, and Prince Boris of Bulgaria, out of sheer politeness, waited some distance away until the Greeks should arrive and the two armies might enter the town together. The Greeks, however, although fully aware of this arrangement, rushed along to Salonika and took possession of the streets and the barracks before the Bulgarians, their allies, had realised what was happening. This naturally did not tend to soothe the Bulgarians, who had done all the hard fighting and made the "capture" possible. They complained, both officers and men; and their complaints were echoed, and for much the same reason, from another source. It had been arranged between the Greeks and the Servians that the former should assist the latter in the attack on Monastir. At the last moment the Greeks did not turn up, having halted for some mysterious cause on the way. The Servians who had the full credit of the four days' battle that took place before a numerically smaller Turkish force was driven from the positions around Monastir. They did their work well enough. It is true, including the customary slaughter of prisoners of war afterwards; but where were the Greeks?

In connection with this very battle, by the way, a curious story is being told at the Porte. As I mentioned a few weeks ago, the Western Army, under the command of Zekki Pasha, was ordered to move eastward and attack the Bulgarian army as it was marching on Adrianople. Zekki Pasha could have taken up an almost impregnable position on the River Maritza and thus have prevented the disaster of Lule-Burgas. But only a small section of the army obeyed the order. Zekki and Fethi, the two leaders, were sympathisers of Mahmud Shefket Pasha, the former War Minister, and at his request, or rather command, they preferred to neglect the urgent orders of his successor and risk the ruin of their country rather than the ruin of the Young Turk Party. I have heard many arguments to show why neither army nor naval officers should take any part in politics at all, but none, I think, stronger than this incident.

Now, about eighteen months or two years ago I contradicted the rumour which was then current to the effect that a definite alliance had been formed between Greece and Bulgaria. In addition to the fact that the two countries could do but little to help one another, as I explained, it was obvious that there could not be a formal alliance between two countries which had for so long been jealous of one another as the result of ecclesiastical disputes. The predominant part played at Constantinople by the Greek Patriarch was always the subject of bitter complaint by the Bulgarian Exarch.
The dispute extended not only to the Governments of the two countries, but to their subjects in Turkey. Ottoman Bulgarians and Ottoman Greeks were seldom at peace with one another; and it was their continual wrangling that made the calm and phlegmatic Turk wonder why the Christian dogs could never rest. No formal treaty was ever drawn up between Bulgaria and Greece; and Greece was not a partner in the League conventions. Turkey is, and always has been, of the opinion that her fleet and her merchant ships, such as they are, might be valuable later on. Montenegro will be quietly preparing for the war against Turkey. But her next sacrifice, will benefit least from the outcome of the war. She will retain the slight delay which I referred to at the time. As for the Porte could not come to terms with Athens, the war was proceeded with; but the Turks took care not to offend the war in order to oppose them. Negotiations continued; and it was in consequence of an "arrangement" that Greece opposed the signing of the armistice for a few days. But there had in the meantime been another new factor in favour of Turkey. 

I stated a few weeks ago that it was to the interest of Austria and Germany that Turkey should be weakened as little as possible. An intimation to this effect was conveyed to the Greek Foreign Office by the Austrian Minister; and the Vienna Government proceeded to make arrangements for an independent Albania. The Greeks were further notified that if Austria’s wishes were not complied with Epirus would very likely form part of the new Albania rather than of Greece. These arguments led the Greeks to play the part they did. While directly, to all appearance, there, in Asia Minor, is the real probability, Adrianople and a strip of coast down to Gallipoli, before which they are sacrificing the interests of the nation.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

There is one thing I get sick of, and that is the misuse of the adjective "efficient." It is not too much to say that half the military evils of modern England arise from the misunderstanding of that unfortunate word. It is not a question of military technology, and it is not only in military controversy that the ridiculous mistake is made, but, perhaps, because even those soldiers who write are seldom ready at home with words, it is there that the error has become most glaring. I honestly believe that the time is approaching when everybody who misuses the term "efficiency" should be shot. The wrecked thing has been put on wheels and made into a Juggernaut, before which they are sacrificing the interests of the nation.

"Efficiency" is, of course, a purely relative thing. You cannot call a man efficient in the same way that you can call him fat or thin or pink or blue, without reference to his surroundings or to anything beyond an absolute and well-known standard of fatness, thinness, pinkness and blueness among men. The blessed term efficient simply denotes "able to do that which it is intended to do." A five-and-sixpenny airgun is intended to shoot cats, and does shoot them, more or less, as thousands of happy human boys will testify. It is therefore efficient because it has answered its purpose. A short rifle, magazine Lee-Enfield, Mark III, is intended to shoot the King's enemies, and does shoot them, more or less, especially when they are savages and you can using expanding bullets, which make a truly dreadful mess. It is, therefore, efficient also. Now, what should we say if we awoke one morning and found our military critics telling us that airguns were not "efficient" because they did not shoot as far or as well as Lee-Enfield rifles, that and that, of course, was a common mistake, and it is not too much to say that half the military evils of modern England arise from the misunderstanding of that fortune word. It is not a question of military technology, and it is not too much to say that half the military evils of modern England arise from the misunderstanding of that unfortunate word. It is not a question of military technology, and it is not only in military controversy that the ridiculous mistake is made, but, perhaps, because even those soldiers who write are seldom ready at home with words, it is there that the error has become most glaring. I honestly believe that the time is approaching when everybody who misuses the term "efficiency" should be shot. The wrecked thing has been put on wheels and made into a Juggernaut, before which they are sacrificing the interests of the nation.

Yet that is a mistake which nine men out of ten— even men who are distinguished soldiers—will make when estimating the value of a military force. What such a person usually does is to search the records of his experiences for the most highly organised and skilfully trained body he ever set eyes on—a crack British regiment in India, for example, or a crack Scottish regiment. What should we say if we awoke one morning and found our military critics telling us that airguns were not “efficient” because they did not shoot as far or as well as Lee-Enfield rifles, and that and that, of course, was a common mistake, and it is not too much to say that half the military evils of modern England arise from the misunderstanding of that unfortunate word. It is not a question of military technology, and it is not too much to say that half the military evils of modern England arise from the misunderstanding of that unfortunate word. It is not a question of military technology, and it is not only in military controversy that the ridiculous mistake is made, but, perhaps, because even those soldiers who write are seldom ready at home with words, it is there that the error has become most glaring. I honestly believe that the time is approaching when everybody who misuses the term "efficiency" should be shot. The wrecked thing has been put on wheels and made into a Juggernaut, before which they are sacrificing the interests of the nation.
superior mobility which enabled them to make the best use of small columns on South African lines. In such cases, the solution was found in the concentration and in numbers. Men were pressed where they could not be hired, and deficiencies of training were counter-balanced by a brutal determination and disregard of life which hurled great masses of men against a more skilful, but numerically inferior foe, and went on hurling them until his guard was beaten down. Now consider. An English general who has fought in the Seven Years War, and who remembers the good discipline and rigid precision exacted from the Prussian armies (not to speak of the armies of his own country), is asked, previous to the British declaration of war, to give his opinion of the new French forces. He knows nothing of the fierce determination of the leaders, and he would have been, indeed, a very clever person had he foreseen how the system of living according to one's own country—adopted as a necessity from lack of transport, but subsequently made a virtue and erected into a system—would give the revolutionaries that superior mobility which enabled them to make the best use of their numbers. He only sees a ragged, straggling mob, an offensive thing abominable in any soldier's eyes, a silly, shameful farce. He reports accordingly. A few months afterwards occurs Jemappes. A few months later, and after temporary reverses, there follow Wattignies, Tourcoing, and Fleurus.

I think that the case of most Regulars who complain of Territorial inefficiency is to be explained on some such lines. Our Regular Army is accustomed to a war of small columns on South African lines. In such campaigns, where everything frequently depends on a skirmish of a couple of thousand men, the company officer will frequently find himself in important indep

So much for "efficiency." I give this advice to Englishmen in general. Before rushing into print, wrap a wet towel round your head, sit down and think just exactly what you mean. And above all avoid the vagueness and sloppy thoughts. Try to do without them. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

Unhappily, however, for the British public, there are prominent men in this country who are in such peculiar danger of talking at random when they move off their own ground into the politics of other countries. Theories, for instance, concerning the Young Turks which seemed valid when Abdul Hamid was deposed, have no value whatever now that the Young Turks are practising Hamidianism, and their liberal movement is about to end in a Balkan conflagration. These were our words a year ago. Let us not be tempted to comment in this review on the political state of Portugal. But now the sands of the time of trial have run out, and the results of Moslem Positivism are unfolding themselves before our eyes. The turn which events have taken has not been less than the number of Christian soldiers who, after being nominally subject to the Sultan, but which were enunciated by the French philosophers of the eighteenth century. But once in power, they rose up in their fury and sew the gashes; and the Adana horrors were not inferior to the Armenian atrocities.

The Young Turks formed a species of bastard oligarchy and, like all oligarchies, they governed solely with a view to the maintenance of their own power. They, however, pretended to be animated by a national spirit as intense as any passion of patriotism in Turkey. They loudly proclaimed that European intervention in the affairs of Turkey would no longer be tolerated. The transformation of the Ottoman Empire at no remote period into a formidable Power, they thought, would make it impossible for Powers to refuse to evacuate those parts of the Ottoman Empire which were nominally subject to the Sultan, but which were no longer under Turkey's control. Their plans, to judge by the utterances of a Turkish diplomat, even included "the creation of a dual Monarchy on the Austro-Hungarian model, one half of which, with Constantinople as centre, would be composed of the Turkish, Armenian, Albanian, Greek, Bulgarian, Servian and Kurdish elements, and the other half of which, with Damascus as a centre, would comprise the Arabic-speaking peoples of the Empire, which should be organised in a federal system so as to spare the susceptibilities of Egypt, who, besides autonomy, possesses a line of hereditary sovereigns of her own." The Young Turks persuaded themselves they were prophets whose words were inspired. There is no such insipid bluster. Their short experience, since 1908, has taught them how illusory...
were their hopes. The loss of Herzegovina, Bosnia, Tripoli, and Cyrenaica suggested the possibility of what has occurred, and the Young Turks fared worse even than the Syrian Camarilla, the Arab parasites, or the Kurdish bravos in their attempt to keep the constituent parts of the Empire together.

The Turkish debacle, which is emphasised by the victories of the Balkan peoples, is, however, a lesson which we think Portugal, of all nations, would do well to take to heart. The Portuguese revolution, like the Turkish revolution, was announced by its leaders as a new page turned in the Portuguese history. Theophile Braga, the President of the Provisional Government, when interviewed by foreign journalists, declared that he was more convinced than ever that the Portuguese revolutionary movement was the outcome of Positivism; and, strange to say, the senile mentality accounted for its success by the suggestion that the Turkish revolution was also the outcome of such doctrines.

The Revolution, however, was the work of a military class. The indiscriminate utterances of Captain Palla, the revolutionary leader, have left no room for doubt on this point. "I learned with great sorrow," were his words, published by the "Seculo," just before the events of the Lisbon garrison were, from a revolutionary point of view, quite hopeless; and he "had turned his attention to the sergeants, corporals and common soldiers." These were, indeed, the roots of the revolution. The "Seculo" introduced as "the old and fearless revolutionary who devoted long years of his life to the work of impregnating the atmosphere of our barracks with a hatred of royalty." That these elements achieved success is a fact which will defy no one. They were not fortunate, declared Joao de Menezes, a Republican leader, some months later, in Parliament, "for the Republic that was first proclaimed by the army, because this led to a demoralisation which is now ruining the army."

But Portugal has since been a turmoil of rebellion from end to end, and there seems at present no sign that a more peaceful era is approaching. "The Carbonarios," wrote the "Times" recently, deploring this state of affairs, "have made themselves potentates to be respected in the Republic." "They continue," it added, "to threaten and intimidate all who are not of their way of thinking." Minds less tainted with fanaticism than that of the greater part of Republicans, no doubt, have declared that a revolutionist ought not to be recognised officially the existence of a revolutionary terrorist society. But, nevertheless, the illiterate Carbonario, with a recklessness of barbarity which has in its immemorial history marked the lower orders of Portugal, is committing atrocities that would put Morocco to shame. "It is useless," wrote Carlos Malheiro Dias, the author of "Do Desafo a Debandade," "for the Civil Governor to publish in the Lisbon papers statements to the effect that he does not allow any but the regular police to effect arrests. Every day the zealous Carbonario arrests, searches, and shows it is to be feared in the exercise of those official functions, fanaticism and brutality."

The Carbonarios, said this writer, by no means hostile to the Republic, "have acquired unbounded influence over the Government, prejudicing and embarrassing the mental action of the Cabinet, imprinting on it a Jacobin, intolerant and demagogic character which renders it unsuitable for the performance of duties."

The republicanism of the Carbonario has, indeed, manifested itself in a frightful display of savagery. Hundreds are arrested upon any flimsy pretext and imprisoned on the simple order of the omnipotent Carbonario. "We learn from a trustworthy source," wrote the Republican "Seculo," when Miss Oram, an English lady, the correspondent of the "Daily Mail," was released as innocent after being charged with conspiring against the Republic, "that in the search made in Miss Oram's house, nothing compromising was found, and it seems that the accusations made against her have little consistency, owing to the slight moral worth of her accusers."* (the italics are ours). This, however, is not the only instance of the irrational attitude of mind which the Republican leaders are apt to display. "There are numerous examples of persons who," to quote the "Times," "have been detained on trumpery charges preferred by spiteful de- "

* "Seculo," August 5, 1912.
† "Times," September 25, 1912.
‡ "Times," September 25, 1912.
§ "Daily News," October 9, 1912.

No prophet would, of course, at this moment undertake to cast the horoscope of Portugal. Unimagined surprises may suddenly emanate from Portuguese chaos creating embarrassing situations. Upon one point, however, there is no further excuse in any quarter and the Portuguese cannot blind themselves to the fact that the country has seen a writing on the wall that is not hard to decipher. Few, indeed, doubt that the country is passing through a crisis which, momentous from the view of international interests, will directly or indirectly affect the less divisions of the Portuguese, their general lack of moral discipline, and the turbulent temperament of the so-called popular leaders are to-day closely watched by those who are ambitious of a position of influence in Portuguese possessions; we might almost say that some are nibbling and others grabbing at them. It is therefore, the future of Portuguese Colonies to which our thoughts are naturally turned at this moment by the contemplation of these calamities; and we cannot help reasoning, as well as sorrowing, over them. The Portuguese Empire drew some of the mother country's best blood, as the period is still regarded with a certain patriotic reverence as the best episode in the drama of Portuguese history. Pressing forward and drawing the world after them in their course, the Portuguese burst the narrow limits of their own nationality and in dying to Portugal, lived to mankind. Portugal was largely deprived of her colonies, but her flag still flies in Africa and Asia over nearly 2,500,000 square kilometres and a population close upon twenty millions. These remnants of the Empire on which once "the sun never set," have even in her decline contributed something to her distinction, and their unreflecting loyalty to the mother country is an asset in
Portuguese national life to which due weight is rarely given.

The question to-day pressed upon every Portuguese is whether he will support factions that involve the sovereignty of the nation in the worst of tribal controversies, or whether he is prepared to protect the nation from the approach of that peril. It is, therefore, but natural that the aspect of the crisis is, in the mother country, should arouse the Colonies to a sense of a common home peril and the need of a common policy to meet it.

"It is not by prevaricating, by cloaking what is ugly, and by painting black what we shall succeed in securing for the unfortunate Portuguese nation that peace and progress which we so ardently wish her and for which we are toiling. He commits a crime who, watching a house on fire, tells the inmates to millions, and thus causes their ruin in the general downfall."

Wise words these last; but the warning of the ex-Minister in the Provincial Government was lost on the other Republican leaders. Antonio Jose d'Almeida's wise words, however, seem to have inspired a distinguished Colonial, formerly Portuguese Minister in Argentina, to write a series of articles in the "Jornal das Colonias" in which this diplomat, promoted, under the new regime, to a higher rank and attached to the Foreign Office, considered some of the phases in the Portuguese crisis. But he earned the usual reward of a diplomat who, watching a house on fire, tells the inmates to millions, and thus causes their ruin in the general downfall.

The writer of the articles in the "Jornal das Colonias" was deprived of his official position; and the Ministry of the Interior, hurled at him a very offensive epithet. The "Lucta" had, however, only a few weeks to work. The "Lucta" had, however, only a few weeks before the Revolution broke out, described the simple honest Portuguese, who tills his plot of ground and cultivates the vineyard, as being "like cattle, like savage negroes, like dummies."

The well-known British journalist recorded his impressions of a visit to Ceylon, "The Portuguese are once a nation of gentlemen, high-bred, courteous and chivalrous. As our propaganda make?" had asked Faustino Fonseca, an editorial writer in the "Lucta," among those millions of stagnant barbarians? They cannot read the names on the voting papers. They know nothing of principles, of freedom, or of anything else. Yet the journalists of the "Lucta," these unmanly bullies who seem brutal and unforgiving to those who cross their path, proclaimed that the new régime was received with "delirante entusiasmo."

A crowd of striking passages might be extracted from the "Lucta" illustrating still further the untruth of such a statement as the following made by Dr. Dillon: "When they set forth a statement," said this writer, "the Portuguese outcasts and adventurers, who, in ancient days, had flocked there in search of a Colonial and a countryman of the disgraced diplomat, for the sake of the inhabitants, harried and brutalised by the odious traffic in slaves and subjected to atrocious deprivations. The great trans-Atlantic Dominion claimed equality with the parent State, equality which was generously admitted by the Royal decree of 1815. But the so-called Portuguese democrats not only looked to Brazil as a place for repairing their fortunes, but treated the Brazilians, a people jealous of their honour and peculiarly sensitive to insult, with contempt, which, of course, accelerated the separatist tendencies of Brazil. This is, roughly speaking, the lesson of Portuguese history, a lesson which the patriots of the "Lucta" would do well to take to heart before hurling contemptuous epithets at distinguished Colonials.

Be that as it may. Is the Colonial peril illusory? We propose to answer this question in a concluding article.

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*A Republic,* November 12, 1911.

+ Daily Telegraph,* October 5, 1910.

**Thomas Ribeiro, Vesperas.**
The New Servitude.

What is British labour coming to? During the last dozen years or so workmen in nearly all our industries have been speeded-up by their employers. Now the working-classes generally, looking to be screwed down by the State. Harsher industrial conditions are to be crowned with social servitude. First, the British living mounts up. Then the workman, feeling the working-classes generally are going to be screwed, will soon find himself in an industrial and social hell. That in itself is a striking fact. And twice as many of our industrial prestige? Just let us take stock. Our labour conditions are in process of a mighty transformation—due to the influence of the Americanisation of wealth, and seeing the burden of rates and taxes increasing, our employers set about adopting American methods of hustle and grind. Under the Compensation law and the concurrent "Americanisation" of our industries, we had in ten years a 115 per cent. increase of accidents, and a 62 per cent. increase of deaths from accidents, and to weed out their aged workers. In so doing they were, experience and caution rendered them not only less liable to accident, but also in some industries is well-nigh intolerable. People whose observation of labour is confined to seeing workmen employed by public bodies taking things leisurely have no idea of the pace that is now set in most private establishments.

Feeling the pressure of growing Continental competition, alarmed by loud threats of still keener American competition, deluged with Press articles telling them how much better labour was managed in the new United States than in the old United Kingdom, and seeing the birth of a new United Kingdom, and seeing the burden of rates and taxes increasing, our employers set about adopting American methods of hustle and grind. Under the Compensation law and the concurrent "Americanisation" of our industries, we had in ten years a 115 per cent. increase of accidents, and a 62 per cent. increase of deaths from accidents, and to weed out their aged workers.

In 1899 there was a far more disastrous event for our working classes. There was a war. Not only did that prove costly, result in enhanced taxation and commodity prices, weighing somewhat heavily upon the workers, but it afforded a big opportunity for a big display of ignorance. Our workers threw their capes down regardless of the merits or demerits of that war; they exhibited a certain spirit which it had not been even suspected they possessed; the governing class discovered that the workers were far more foolish than had been imagined, and from that day to this the workers have been the ready sport of the quacks and knaves who compose the worst elements of our new professional political class. Mischievous measures and onerous taxes have been imposed upon the democracy.

It was about that time also—about a dozen years back—that our employers began to "Americanise" their works. Now here is one of the root causes of the recent industrial turmoil—"speeding-up." It is bad enough that living costs should advance. It is bad enough that wages should fail to rise. The hustling—not to say bullying—to which men are now subjected in some industries is well-nigh intolerable. People whose observation of labour is confined to seeing workmen employed by public bodies taking things leisurely have no idea of the pace that is now set in most private establishments.

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Feeling the pressure of growing Continental competition, alarmed by loud threats of still keener American competition, deluged with Press articles telling them how much better labour was managed in the new United States than in the old United Kingdom, and seeing the burden of rates and taxes increasing, our employers set about adopting American methods of hustle and grind. Under the Compensation law and the concurrent "Americanisation" of our industries, we had in ten years a 115 per cent. increase of accidents, and a 62 per cent. increase of deaths from accidents, and to weed out their aged workers. In so doing they were, experience and caution rendered them not only less liable to accident, but also in some industries is well-nigh intolerable. People whose observation of labour is confined to seeing workmen employed by public bodies taking things leisurely have no idea of the pace that is now set in most private establishments.

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More Hygienic Jinks.

By Charles Brookfarmer.


TIME: Friday, November 15th, about 8.25 p.m.

The hall is semicircular, the diameter being a high wall before which a dark green curtain hangs on a pole. This curtain is covered with coloured charts. As the student enters, the lecturer is seen to be fixing on some charts with drawing pins, in which operation he is hampered by two ineffectual females. He is a full-faced man, with Madame Tussaud complication and walrus whiskers. His evening dress (and double collar to match) is of the pattern affected by second-rate parlour magicians. Of the audience (mainly composed of women) most are in ordinary clothes, and a few in evening dress. A tall gentleman enters wearing an opera hat, but at opening his coat he reveals a lounge suit, to the manifest disappointment of the audience, which is following the movements of new arrivals closely and with evident interest. A lachrymose-looking individual is the solitary representative of the Press. A benevolent old gentleman, also in evening dress, is seated at the table, and, after two false starts, announces his pleasure in introducing the lecturer.

LECTURER (in a soft and plausible voice, which at first seem to indicate modesty and self-deprecation): In my lecture to-night I intend to as far as possible discuss the question of Eugenics in Relation to the Public Service. I intend, in a lecture of some two hours' duration, to show that mental and physical defects among paupers necessarily segregate, a fact which is evident to any reasonable being, but which I propose nevertheless to demonstrate. I will also endeavour to demonstrate the truth of another self-evident and generally recognised theory, that these defects, besides segregating, tend undoubtedly to tuberculosis. I may mention that this has been known for the last fifty years or so, but as I myself only discovered it a few weeks ago, I am about to propound a theory which has the double advantage of being at once old and new, whatever that may mean. You will see on your card that the first sub-title says: "The distribution of efficiency in the social group—a question of proportion." You will notice in how daring a manner I start off. I actually assert and will maintain if need be for ever, that the distribution of efficiency in the social group is a question of proportion. How or why I have neither the time nor the ability to show you. Undoubtedly, the great question of the present time is, Why is there such an increase in the families of the poorer classes, and why such a decrease of children among the well-to-do? This also is a question which I prefer not to answer for obvious reasons, but I should like you to just for one minute fix your eyes on this chart. Here is a pauper woman, unmarried, who had twenty-three children and four disapprobations. Ten of the children were idiots; three were blind and also lunatic; eight had venereal disease with minor mental troubles; and six were normal. How comes this phenomenon? As you may have noticed already, I have spent all the time I have been lecturing in asking myself questions and refusing to answer them, and the present half hour has only been spent in no reason to depart from it. We next come to the question of Racial Poisoning, and I shall endeavour still to keep my remarks as clear as I have up to now. The question of poisoning is an important one. Here is a chart of a man whose parents for three generations back showed no signs of bad strain, and who suddenly went mad. Further investigation showed, however, that his grandmother's brother-in-law was blind in the left eye. The coincidence struck me, and the blind eye of his grandmother's brother-in-law was hit on the head with a bar of lead a week previous to his mind going wrong. Can we see any connection of "Racial Poisoning"? Well, the thought did strike me, but the blind eye of his grandmother's brother-in-law took me such a long time to dig out, that I refuse to give it up. And here is the time, I feel, to relate to you my discovery of the most wonderful of even all the eugenic coincidences of which I have heard. A woman on the 25th of June last contracted syphilis. On the 31st of the same month her husband, feeling unwell, went to the doctor, and after a lengthy consultation he was declared to be suffering from syphilis. This tale needs no embellishment. To the less sophisticated among you it may seem incredible, but it is nevertheless true. We now come to the Poor Law and the Poor Law Child. In the full possession of my senses and with absolute belief in what I say, because I know it to be true, I affirm that the Poor Law conduces to fertility among the unfeeling. With all due humility I state this, believing as I do that I am the person most capable of discussing the subject, in this country and the world at large. I may state the case of the woman marked on this chart. She had no less than fourteen children, all illegitimate, and three strongly suspected of having no father. As my proof was obtainable, however, no further action could be brought against them. The moral effect on the educated and sleek upper classes in brushing shoulders with these illegitimate children cannot be imagined. I think I have said enough now to show you that my statements at the beginning, though outwardly rash and certainly brilliantly unconventional, are not graspable, at any rate, by the more intelligent among you, and I do not believe—I say this from my heart—that one of you will be able to go away from this lecture, enlightened even in the slightest degree about the question of eugenics. My lecture has been characterised all through with a lack of balance and purpose pleasing to behold in these horrible democratic days, when everybody knows what they want. If I have been able to amuse and bewildered only one member of the audience, I feel that I have not lectured in vain. (Loud applause. Lachrymose-looking representative of the Press walks out slowly with an expression of utter boredom written all over his face. The Benevolent Old Gentleman talks a great deal about "proclaiming the lecture from the housetops" and the wonderful mental and physical exertion of the Lecturer in collecting facts to prove obvious theories. After dragging in poor Turkey and the irrepressible Balkan States, via Cholera, he declares the meeting to be over, to the boundless relief of at least one of the listeners.)
Notes on the Present Kalpa.

By J. M. Kennedy.

(3) Permanence.

At a very early period in Vedic philosophy the Indian thinkers postulated growth, development, and decay as the condition of the "existence"—say rather the appearance and disappearance—of material as well as non-material things. The principle applied to the life of the butterfly as much as to the life of man; it applied equally to races, the world itself. The "life" of an insect might be but a few seconds; the life of a world was a "kalpa." The "kalpa" was a day and a night of Brahma, or, according to our human reckoning, 4,320,000,000 years. Brahma spends a day (or 2,160,000,000 of our years) in creating the world, and during the night, while he sleeps, it is dissolved into its constituent parts, the only survivals being the gods, the sages, and the elements. Brahma, says the Indian legend, lives for a hundred of his years; and at the end of that time everything is again dissolved into chaos.

Whether we take this legend literally or symbolically, it will contain a profound moral for us if it enables us to realise the long period of time necessary to form the world, and, pari passu, the innumerable "rises" and "falls" that take place. A man of seventy will have seen the birth, development, and death of thousands of generations of a particular insect. Man stands in a similar relationship to a nation, a nation to a race, a race to the world itself. Everything lasts; but duration is a relative term; and everything carries within itself the germs of its own dissolution.

Leaving the question of "growth" or "origin" aside for subsequent consideration, we shall find that "development," in the Vedic sense, represents the successive steps taken by living things and beings—trees, plants, animals, men—to ward off the evil day of dissolution. Only the gods, the wise men, and the elements survive, says the doctrine—i.e., only the gods and wise men have come to realise that "life," in our earthly sense of the word, is merely a preparation for another life: the life we live when we are mingled (i.e., when our "spirits" or "souls" are mingled) with the universal consciousness (the neuter Brahman as distinguished from the god Brahma). The things or beings without "spirit"—i.e., average men, plants, animals—cannot realise that they must not rate the things of this world higher than that which is to come; for even those of them who (like the Christians) profess to have another world in view, in theory, never live for it in practice.

But the gods and the wise men, although they fear ultimate dissolution, nevertheless ally themselves with those qualities which, in this world, most closely approximate to the safest quality of the universal consciousness. This salient quality is the quality of permanence; for the universal consciousness is everlasting. The god and the sage, then, will rate highly the permanent things of the world. And the most permanent attribute of the earth is agriculture. "I will not curse the ground any more for man's sake [the meaning is: on account of the evil deeds man has committed] . . . while the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease." We could parallel the idea underlying this in many an Indian text. Agriculture, and everything that makes for its permanence, will, therefore, be welcome to the god and the sage.

This may lead us through many an incongruous turning; but only in appearance, I think, and not in reality. The House of Lords, for instance, what of it? It is a permanent non-elective form, it is a permanent institution and maintains a tradition, whereas the House of Commons is, in comparison, a short-lived butterfly. In form, then, the House of Lords is more nearly allied to agriculture, hence to permanence, and hence to the sage and the god, than the Lower Chamber. It is a question, however, whether this venerable institution has not entered into Brahma's night and is now dissolving. For some of the peers themselves seem to have no objection to being "elected," which would at once destroy the valuable feature of the institution. And when such a stupid suggestion is put forward by many of those who have seats in the Upper Chamber, we cannot place our entire confidence in that quarter.

The House of Lords owes its permanence, not to its name (for the name could have been in question the Commons would be just as permanent), but to the direct, traditional line of the families composing it.

Wealth must finally be traced to the soil. Anything that tends to interfere with the productivity or operations of the agriculturists will in the end find its interference recoiling upon itself. We know, naturally, that such interference has been taking place in England since the time of Elizabeth at least. It began long before; but the pinch has been felt since the sixteenth century, and in an increasingly acute form. Industries have developed to an enormous extent; labourers were driven from the land to the towns that they might supply the needs of the factories. The yeoman class had perforce to follow. Men who had been independent found themselves to be now mere wage slaves. Men who had been accustomed to rank themselves (as human beings) with their masters, found in the towns a class distinction which did not exist in the country. Religion, philosophy, art, all tended to widen the gap between the classes. The Protestantism supplanted Catholicism; the flights of the imagination gave way to the hard, cruel machinery of reason in its most elementary form; poetry fell before science.

Worse: the huge wealth accruing to merchants and tradesmen enabled them to carry on the enclosure of the common lands on a wider scale than ever before; and thousands of acres were turned into preserves for partridges. The decline of agriculture was accentuated by the inevitable decline of the agricultural classes. The manufacturers and industrialists destroyed the representatives of the House of Commons in 1832; for, under the plea of protecting their "interests"—which were not, and did not profess necessarily to be the interests of the country—they sent forward from the manufacturing towns, not representatives, as heretofore, but delegates. Legislation was drawn up in favour of the industries in the towns and the agricultural interests, which were the really national interests, were left unheard. To-day the effects of this legislation are before us, but few of the masses can understand their signification.

All this did not make for permanence. If the material wealth of a country lies in its soil, assuredly the foundations of its spiritual wealth lie in its yeoman and landed classes, not in the urban populations. Everything of cultural and spiritual value has sprung from a rural foundation; only the cities have given us the Post-Impressionists and the Cubists and the Hyde Park atheists.

It is worth while considering precisely how long this state of things is likely to last. If it were possible for Prajapati to become acquainted with our society, we suppose, he would feel sympathy with us. He could foretell our future to a nicety. Prajapati, indeed, could tell us now; for he already forms part of the Brahman and all the secrets of the kalpa almost and to come, are known to him. If we have not this knowledge, we can at least apply his principles so as to arrive at an approximate result. The problem of England, at any rate, is different from the problem of the British Empire; and they must be considered from two entirely different points of view.
Present-Day Criticism.

"EVERYMAN," that sign of the times, has lately been pretending to suppose that critics who, like ourselves, dislike Mr. Masefield's work, have become silenced by his genius. For our part, the truth is that we find no compensation in approaching Mr. Masefield's work even to criticise it. Our readers will perhaps expect us to notice the "prize" "Merry." What can we say? The thing is doggerel, sin and salvation in Hudibrastics.

Try to imagine if you can
The kind of manhood in the man,
And if you'd like to feel his pain
You sprain your thumb and hit the sprint,
And hit it hard with all your power
On something hard for half-an-hour.

Mr. Edmund Gosse approved it; let him put his approval in permanent form. Let him write for posterity—if, indeed, he has not ceased to believe in posterity, and now thinks that England is already a conquered country forgotten by the gods—let him, if he is not hopeless, write a detailed apologetics of "The Everlasting Mercy." He said, post-prandially, that the year which saw that verse would be ever-memorable. Let him make it even more memorably than it is. But whatever he may write—and we think he will write nothing on this subject—he will not make the year as memorable as it would have been had not one critic challenged the matter.

"Twas Doxy Jane, a bouncing girl,
With eyes all sparks and hair all curl,
And cheeks all red and lips all soul.
And thirst for men instead of soul.
She's trod her pathway to the fire.
Old Rivers had his nephew by her.

"We are invaded by an enormous flood of cheap and commonplace literature, prepared to attract, and for a few moments, to amuse tens of thousands of un-disciplined readers, who cultivate on such food an appetite for more and more entertainment of the same kind. The traditional barriers of good taste, which made the many who did not appreciate the best bow to the judgment of the few who did, are broken down. It is quite customary to find people of finer instincts so disheartened in the face of all the gaudy trash that is circulated by the million that they are prepared to give up the struggle."

Mr. Gosse has apparently given up the struggle, since he wrote that.

I step aside from Tom and Jimmy
To find if she's a kiss to gimme.
I blew out lamp 'fore she could speak.
She said, "If you ain't got a cheek." "But this dismal conception of what we are drifting towards, with our growing disposition for the cheap and trumpery, contains one element of valuable truth. It emphasises the fact that the best poetry is absolutely out of sympathy with, is diametrically opposed to, what is common, false and ignoble."

The room was full of men and stink,
Of bad cigars and heavy drink;
Riley was nodding to the floor
And gurgling as he wanted more.
His mouth was wide, his face was pale,
His swollen face was sweating ale.

But, fortunately, vulgarity can never absolutely invade an entire race; there must always be some—even if only a few, yet a few—who are striving after the higher truth and the higher seriousness which Aristotle names as the qualities which distinguish poetry."

But after Si got overtasked She sat and kissed whoever asked.

My Doxy Jane was splashed by this,
I took her on my knee to kiss. . .

"In all the great writers a thought is found to gain splendour and definition by the mere fact of its being set in a verse-arrangement of perfect beauty."

But if they were they had to die
The same as everyone and I.

"Why not?" said I. "Why not? But no I won't. I've never had my go.
I've not had all the world can give.
Death by and by, but first I'll live.
The world owes me my time of times,
And that time's coming now, by crimes.

"Inexperienced persons are particularly liable to be deceived as to what is a good and what is a bad poem. . . In poetry the art of diction becomes essential. It is no longer what is said that is of moment, but how it is said is of prime importance."

The men who don't know to the root
The joy of being swift of foot,
Have never known the divine and fresh
The glory of the gift of flesh.

"One of the first lessons a reader will endeavour to learn with regard to poetry is the paramount value of a pure style. . . The poet pronounces August truths, involved in forms of perennial beauty."

To see him only lift one finger
To make my little Jimmy linger.
In spite of all his mother's prayers,
And all her ten long years of cares.
He'll come with glory and with fire
To cast great darkness on the liar,
To burn the drunkard and the treacher,
And do his judgment on the lecher.

"Borne along upon the stream of melody, enraptured by the ceaseless pleasure produced by felicitous diction, the reader subjects his own spirit to that of the poet. . . The natural man in the savage state—and he is none the less savage because semi-educated at a board school—cannot be trusted to form a single instinctive impression of poetry. . . The beauty of poetry, and the criterion by which that beauty can be discerned and weighed have to be learned; this art does not appeal to the instinct of the average sensual person."

So when she came so prim and grey
I pound the bar and sing "Hooray,
Here's Quaker come to bless and kiss us;
Come, have a gin and bitters, too.
Or, maybe, Quaker girls so prim
Would rather start a bloody hymn.

"Now Dick, oblige. A hymn, you swine,
Pipe up the 'Officer of the Line,'
A song to make one's belly ache,
Or 'Nell and Roger at the Wake.'"

"Another nail, another cross.
All that you are is that Christ's loss."
The clock run down and struck a chime,
And Mrs. Si said, "Closing Time."

"The more intense is the impression of moral beauty, the more impassioned will be the appreciation of the purest and most perfect verse."

O glory of the lighted mind,
How dead I'd been, how dumb, how blind.
The station brook to my new eyes
Was babbling out of Paradise.
The waters rushing from the rain
Were singing Christ has risen again.

If Saul Kane's sudden conversion to God and good English recompenses Mr. Gosse for fifty pages of obscene brag, it does not recompense us; no, not even with the time-honoured babbling brook and the Biblical river that flowed from Paradise mustered for a show of the arts.
Gipsy Manners.

By Beatrice Hastings

"There's some gipsey down the road, ma'am," said the gardener to me. "I'll just lock up."

As soon as he was safely gone for the afternoon, I went out to look at the gipsies. I do not deliberately aggrivate Scotchmen in this matter of gipsies since that lot which suddenly had a baby and had to camp below us for a week, living largely on our bounty, departed with the garden gate just beyond our wood, where we can see the fires blazing, and the vans, these often gorgeous with rare blue and red colours.

To-day's company was not gorgeous. They had three dull vans and four horses, all hungry and one very lame, and there were seven or eight miserable-looking children. I waved and half-a-dozen of them ran up. Only once before have I seen gipsy children in so poor a plight. This, by the way, was the time when the shepherds set on a party and we had to take the children in, and when I blessed Providence that I had the precise number of brandy-balls in the house, just five.

"Well," I said, as though very surprised, "what do you want?" They grinned; and then looked solemnly at the apples. There were five boys and one girl, an elf in a woman's old frock. "How many families?" I asked. "Three, lady. We's, and they's, and him and her's brothers." It was a little old man about four-foot answering. As I held up an apple they gathered in like sheep after salt. "Gently!" I said, "mind our manners." They ate like little wolves. I went across the road and sat on the fence where the tourists perch to admire the famous Ring across the oat-field and fifteen miles beyond. The baby gipsies ranged around, silently devouring apples and biscuits until their first hunger wore off, when I divided some among them.

"How old are you?" I asked. "Five, laady." Her vast, small, sympathetic voice seemed to wish to remove all suspicion from foreign and possibly hostile bosoms. "How many half-pennies in twopenny-halfpenny, Mirry?" "E-yes, laady!" She held out her hand. Two boys shouted "Five." We elders then took a look, said nothing. "One-for you-one—one-one-hullo, you're all getting mixed." They were. "E's got two, lady." "Alright, well I shall miss him our next time. Two for you—two—two—and at last we finished all up." "What is the little girl's name?" I asked. "Thar won't tell, will yer, me duck; she's afraid her brother will bite her.

"There's a clever girl behind, and presently there was a joyful shouting and a struggle, for the boys wanted that—was that all. They stood so, respectfully, until the men were actually past them; then, as the men swung round towards the camp, the little lads trotted close behind, and presently there was a joyful shouting and much laughter.

Views and Reviews.*

To apply the canons of art to such a book as this would be a mistaken application of zeal. A grievance should simply be voiced, and, if not immediately remedied, should be vociferated until those who have the power apply it. The tactics of the importunate widow are the only ones to be applied when high and mighty persons procrastinate. But, spite of this obvious limitation of literary art, Mr. Stephen Reynolds does manage to do something more than present a series of demands on behalf of the lower deck. He shows us what offences have come, and he states, in most cases, their natural remedies; but this, by itself, would not be an invaluable service. For the remedy of most of the grievances that can be voiced is an economic one; and increased pay, in one form or another, is the sole demand of Lord Charles Beresford's five-fold charter of reform. That the Admiralty, in the person of its First Lord, should promise in March to raise the pay of the men, and should assert in July that "it was not a question that should be the subject of a long and dilatory inquiry, because all the facts necessary for...

* "The Lower Deck, The Navy, and The Nation." By Stephen Reynolds. (Dent. is.net.)
a decision were already known at the Admiralty," and yet, in November, should be subject to the reproach of delaying, at least, the fulfilment of its promises, are facts that would not afford Mr. Stephen Reynolds much scope. Members of Parliament might heckle the Government concerning the mysterious witholding of the £1,000,000; but if Mr. Stephen Reynolds had simply joined in the outcry, his brochure would have been less valuable than it is. His extraordinary talent for reproducing states of mind enables us to see how the offence comes.

It is an adage among the working classes that one must live with people if one wants to know what they are; and Mr. Reynolds, without much straining of the literal meaning, may be said to live with the lower deck. His report, naturally enough, differs in kind as well as in degree from that of those people who listen to and repeat only formulated grievances. To read Lord Charles Beresford's letter to the "Daily Chronicle" is to be imbued with the idea that the granting of the five-fold charter of reform would settle the matter for ever, as Englishmen always want to do: to read Mr. Stephen Reynolds is to attain certainty that the matter cannot be thus settled. "After disentangling very carefully the confused condition of the lower deck, he says, 'The whole of this is due to a small mistake and land himself in big trouble.'"

"Proper sickening, the Navy is, nowadays!" Which, plainly, is not an encouraging or desirable frame of mind. First, that the average lower deck opinion runs so far as to compel our seamen to quit the Navy for the sake of obtaining a better penny-a-day rate. Second, that promotion and punishments are not so far as to compel our seamen to quit the Navy for the sake of obtaining a better penny-a-day rate. Third, that in the Navy, as in that which is general, one finds oneself left with three very distinct impressions, he says. "First, that the conditions of service in the Navy are worse than those of a factory, simply because of the presence of disease, not caused by misconduct, increases: the pension, for those who qualify for it, is inadequate, and only tends to lower the current rate of wages; and the routine of Navy life unfit men for work of a collateral nature. The schemes of things seems to be an attempt to obtain the maximum efficiency without providing any of the conditions of it: the passion for cheapness, so far as it relates to the human element, seems to spring from a pathetically belief in miracles, and miracles of this kind do not happen. Recruiting, Mr. Reynolds says, is only successful among boys: a striking indictment of the whole system. The pay condemns the majority of the lower deck men to remain unmarried: the discipline is irksome and the conditions very poor; and the pay, for instance, is nothing more than a small mistake and land himself in big trouble."

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Mr. Reynolds insists that the Navy is in a condition of hopeless efficiency, that there is no "career" for men in an occupation that is made so abundantly detestable that they only endure it until they can leave it. "Schemes for lower-deck promotion are in the air," he says, "but it is useless to provide the opportunities unless the conditions of punishment are far more advanced to the point of making it worth a man's while to stay on in the Service and finish there his active working life. At present, it is not usually worth while, and numbers of men, well able, refuse to aim at advancement for the low pay and the low promotion. Indeed, it is not an incomprehensible frame of mind. The Navy now calls for a different type of man from that which sailed the ships of Nelson, but the discipline remains the same, if, indeed, it be not actually more hateful. One reason, perhaps, the principal reason, is that which sailed the ships of Nelson, but the discipline remains the same, if, indeed, it be not actually more hateful. One reason, perhaps, the principal reason, is that which sailed the ships of Nelson, but the discipline remains the same, if, indeed, it be not actually more hateful. One reason, perhaps, the principal reason, is that which sailed the ships of Nelson, but the discipline remains the same, if, indeed, it be not actually more hateful. One reason, perhaps, the principal reason, is that, the average lower deck opinion runs so far as to compel our seamen to quit the Navy for the sake of obtaining a better penny-a-day rate. Second, that promotion and punishments are not so far as to compel our seamen to quit the Navy for the sake of obtaining a better penny-a-day rate. Third, that in the Navy, as in that which is general, one finds oneself left with three very distinct impressions, he says. "First, that the conditions of service in the Navy are worse than those of a factory, simply because of the presence of disease, not caused by misconduct, increases: the pension, for those who qualify for it, is inadequate, and only tends to lower the current rate of wages; and the routine of Navy life unfit men for work of a collateral nature. The schemes of things seems to be an attempt to obtain the maximum efficiency without providing any of the conditions of it: the passion for cheapness, so far as it relates to the human element, seems to spring from a pathetically belief in miracles, and miracles of this kind do not happen. Recruiting, Mr. Reynolds says, is only successful among boys: a striking indictment of the whole system. The pay condemns the majority of the lower deck men to remain unmarried: the discipline is irksome and the conditions very poor; and the pay, for instance, is nothing more than a small mistake and land himself in big trouble."

The Admiralty, and the obsession of the public, seem to be the tightest grip on the details of the men's lives, until, indeed, they find that the officers themselves have set an almost incredible network of regulations. Promotion, with its consequent rise of pay, has been retarded by keeping down the personnel, which, for all our shipbuilding, has only increased since 1908 from 128,000 to 136,000; by heightening the necessary qualifications, by keeping fully-qualified men for long periods without promotions, and by setting men to do the work of the rating next above their own, without, however, giving them the pay of the higher rating. The average length of time, says 'The Fleet,' which the average man remains an A.B. has considerably more than doubled during the past fifteen years; this not only keeps him at the lowest rate of wages for that extended period, but very seriously curtails his pension."
At a time when shoddiness, carelessness, bad drawing and general incompetence masquerade as the "quips and cranks" of genius, it is a strange and certainly pleasing experience to encounter genuine effort, conscientious workmanship, careful and almost strenuous observation. Indeed, these qualities are so pleasing, almost as things in themselves, that their only danger, to one like myself, is that they may prepossess him too strongly in favour of work which otherwise might be negligible. I do not mean to imply that apart from the "fine line" of Miss Lancaster, Miss Lucie Layton, from her modest capacity for tearing skies, Miss and Miss Daisy, at the Dore Galleries, is negligible; but her honesty and seriousness certainly led me from the start to look more deeply into her pictures than I should otherwise have been tempted to do.

Miss Lancaster has been, or still is, a pupil of Mr. Sickert. In any case, although she shows all the virtues of thorough and sound training, she is very far from having found herself. She is still in the throes of a contest both with nature and with her own technique. She has never yet learned to do without crutches; she is still a dainty and subtle idea. I confess that in her surroundings I contend, however, that the result of Miss Lancaster's own peculiar gifts is more than her present incomplete mastery of her means and of nature.

Brutal truth to reality in a beginner, however, is not only excusable, it is necessary. It is even a promising sign to-day; for now only begin to give a hand-to-hand struggle with nature, by premature flights of their fancy into the fantastic and the weird. There is nothing of the fantastic, weird, or romantic in Miss Lancaster's work. She is standing on earth and is conscientiously pursuing the purpose and not merely the shape of her work. If one is to swim in the normal waters of reality, one cannot swim in the normal waters of reality, he does not teach it to those who suffer from compression in this sense. If I understand Mr. Carter's meaning aright, this is a thought which would have deserved a space twenty times the size of many a canvas covered by a Cubist or other humbugging crank of the modern school.

If Mr. Carter will take a word of warning from one who in giving it feels his position most acutely, he will beware of overdoing the fantastic. Great ideas are not generated in clouds. When a man's imagination cannot swim in the normal waters of reality, he does not teach it to do so by going up in a balloon.

At the Dore Galleries which I am certain is much less the result of Miss Lancaster's own peculiar gifts than of her present incomplete mastery of her means and of nature.

Wonderfully able as "A Blonde" (No. 12) undoubtedly is, sound and faultless as are "Moi-meme" (No. 18), "Barbara in Yellow" (No. 21), "The Japanese Screen" (No. 16), and "Gold and Blue" (No. 7), I have the feeling that in all these pictures Miss Lancaster is exhibiting more virtuosity than taste, more good schooling than discrimination. And I say this in no carping spirit; for let me remind the artist that her earnestness both cultivated and infected me, and I am doing my utmost to give her an earnest criticism.

It is when you turn from "Embroidress" (No. 10) to the "Painting from the Antique" (No. 14) that a delicate juxtaposition of all this criticism in the size and medium of their expression were out of all proportion to their significance. But it is precisely in his manner that Mr. Carter shows his wisdom. Good taste forbids a platitude being plastered over the face of a pyramid. There is meaning in size. Good taste also forbids what is a dainty and subtle idea being put on the rack or a canvas forty inches by thirty inches. When Mr. Carter presented these etchings and engravings, however, he was well aware of this. He had a relation between his square inches and the magnitude of a thought. Perhaps "The Sphinx London" is the only one of the etchings which suffers from compression in this sense. If I understand Mr. Carter's meaning aright, this is a thought which would have deserved a space twenty times the size of many a canvas covered by a Cubist or other humbugging crank of the modern school.

If Mr. Carter will take a word of warning from one who in giving it feels his position most acutely, he will beware of overdoing the fantastic. Great ideas are not generated in clouds. When a man's imagination cannot swim in the normal waters of reality, he does not teach it to do so by going up in a balloon.
Grinstead.ing the contents to an admiring crowd (November 11); but without apology to the Poor Law Guardians of East Grinstead.)

You, labourer Harris, you grow lean
When in a world so cruel and mean
You must be brief; not one nor two
But half a hundred -fiends in blue
Are now like bloodhounds on your track
To hail you to the fiends in black;
And they, no doubt, will hand you back
A victim to the Beak and claw
And dark intestines of the Law—
And some will say you're drunk and some
You're mad; no canting Liberal
Or democrat amongst them all
Will credit what they choose to call
A "working man," because he's dumb,
With motives such as well become
A "gentleman" who breaks the laws
In some first well-belauded cause.
But better men than you, my lad,
Some have been called, some driven mad.
Should they disgorge before they kill
The man you were, you'll have your fill
Of fighting yet, for good or ill;
This is a Merry England still;
Where, for the witless poor and weak,
Danger is never far to seek;
Should you escape the stupid Beak,
Beware the feeble-minded Bill.

A. R. G.

THE CONVERSION OF G. K. CHESTERTON:
AN EVOLUTIONARY FORECAST BY MORGAN TUD.

TOPICAL VERSES.

CONVENIENTLY ADDRESSED
TO THE "LABOURER HARRIS."
With due apologies if I have misinterpreted his action in recently breaking a jeweller's shop window, and distributing the contents to an admiring crowd (November 11); not without apology to the Poor Law Guardians of East Grinstead.

Fool that you are, if fools rush in
Where angels wish but fear to tread,
And the wise man to save his skin
So admirably keeps his head—
Poor fool, and yet divinely rash,
Where prudent men make solid cash
Of this self-same desire to smash
The system, set the Thames on fire
Just by exploiting this desire;
Where Wells's, Ramsays, Webbs and Shaws,
Those cautious angels of the cause
Daily to some discreet applause
With bills or theories, ridicule
The law and let the lawyers rule,
You run amok, you play the fool,
You actually break the laws.
Poor fool, I say, yet when between
The prison and the workhouse you
Must choose—arm-wrZinging friends in blue,
And devils of a darker hue,
The friends in black, mock pastors who
God's poor to comfort, aid, and cheer
To give, to give, not for yourself
But for some few hungry passers by,
That staves now the mortal cup
The tawdry gew-gaws fly,
The trees, leafless and bare,
Creak and groan a dismal air;
The bracken and ferns lie dead,
Hushed are the song-birds,
The ice upon the pond's surface tells that winter is near.
And all around are white traces,
Where King Frost's hoary hand
Has stretched with freezing touch over the land.
Every old man, so decrepit and bent,
May have his Antediluvian song.
Of a starved lifetime long pent up
That shatters now this mortal cup;
Strong wine that burst this earthen ware,
And overflows at last to scare
The hurrying London thoroughfare.
No little airs or graces here
Of giving, for, the end is near.

THE NEW AGE
DECEMBER 12, 1912.
Pastiche.

The Mines for the Miners.
The British Miners' Guild.
The British Medical Association.
The Society of British Journalists, etc.
The Journals for the Journalists, etc.
The Guild of British Peasants.
The British Engineering Association.

Peasant Proprietorship or The Land for the Peasants.

GUILD SOCIALISM.

MRRIE ENGLAND.

F. Dousbery.

EVERY (OLD) MAN.

You must be brief; not one nor two
But half a hundred -fiends in blue
Are now like bloodhounds on your track
To hail you to the fiends in black;
And they, no doubt, will hand you back
A victim to the Beak and claw
And dark intestines of the Law—
And some will say you're drunk and some
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Will credit what they choose to call
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Some have been called, some driven mad.
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The man you were, you'll have your fill
Of fighting yet, for good or ill;
This is a Merry England still;
Where, for the witless poor and weak,
Danger is never far to seek;
Should you escape the stupid Beak,
Beware the feeble-minded Bill.

A. R. G.

ON THE COMMON.

Cold blows the wind o'er the common bleak and drear,
The ice upon the pond's surface tells that winter is near.
Hushed are the song-birds,
Over the face of Nature deep gloom has spread.
The trees, leafless and bare,
Creak and groan a dismal air;
And all around are white traces,
Where King Frost's hoary hand
Has stretched with freezing touch over the land.

F. Dousbery.

Every old man is welcome here,
Poet or sage or mildewed seer.
See how they hobble on crutches along,
Each with his Antediluvian song:
Into the Strand,
Scrap gripped in hand
All of them moth-eaten
Most of 'em time-beaten,
Out of the ages—
Mouldy their pages.

Every old man, so decrepit and bent,
KNOcked at the door of the house of Dent.
"Manuscripts! Manuscripts! we have for sale,
Yards upon yards of this; sale upon sale.
Nothing there's new in 'em
Sucklings can chew at 'em."
Thus the old hoary-heads, cankered and stale.

Morgan Tud.

Into the Temple of Everyman
Stumbled this ancient and fossilised clan;
The editor handled with reverence each scroll
And gloated with pride on its featureless poll.

Arthur Thorn.

The editor handled with reverence each scroll
And gloated with pride on its featureless poll.

Arthur Thorn.
SIR,—Referring to your letter, signed "Observer," in your issue of October 19th, I beg to say that I had no intention of reflecting on the integrity of either Mr. F. E. Smith or Mr. Harold Smith. In my letter I suggested that Mr. F. E. Smith had been involved in dealings with Mr. Snowden, and that it was a consequence of his propriety in the acceptance of Mr. Harold Smith as a member of the Committee. I unreservedly accept Mr. F. E. Smith's statement that he never, at any time, had any dealings with Mr. Snowden, or direct with theTHE NEW AGE, and it follows that my reflections upon Mr. Harold Smith are equally unfounded. Under these circumstances it is my plain duty to offer both to Mr. F. E. Smith and Mr. Harold Smith, and I hereby do so.

C. H. Norman ("Observer.")

[On behalf of the New Age Press, Ltd., its Editor and its printers, we gladly endorse the foregoing letter of our correspondent, and join with him in expressing our deep regret for the publication of his original letter and in offering our sincere apologies to Mr. F. E. Smith and Mr. Harold Smith for the pain we thereby unintentionally caused them.]

Editor and Managing Director,
The New Age Press, Ltd.

* * *

"THE NEW AGE" AND THE PRESS.

SIR,—Is it possible to have an "evil pen" after the analogy of the evil eye? If so my letters to you must have done your “New Age” harm. On the last occasion I complained that references to THE NEW AGE were growing fewer; they ceased for some weeks altogether! But not so the quotations of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's generous compliment in the form of a skit on your contributors. This is less to be deplored than the fact that these persons also deliberately conceal from their ignorant readers information which they should obtain. But what can be expected if the unmanacled monsters of the "Nation," and of the "Daily News," adopt similar obscurantist methods? At the recent dinner to Mr. Poel this great Shakespearian scholar made a speech, the text of which appeared in your pages and nowhere else. Mr. Poel himself announced at the dinner—whith over 200 distinguished persons present—that his remarks would be published in THE NEW AGE. "The "Nation's" writer mentioned the fact, though he knew of it, and was deploring the absence of public discussion on this subject. The "Daily News" had an interview with Mr. Poel and published extracts from the speech, but without informing its readers. This would be obtained much for Liberal liberty! Ameer Ali, the head of the Mahomedans, has, I note, been complaining that English Labour and Socialist papers have, without exception, been anti-Turk. Considering that when no other journal, Tory or Liberal, would publish a word in favour of the Turks, both Mr. S. Verdad and Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall were writing in Turkish defence articles in THE NEW AGE, Ameer Ali is singularly ungrateful for a Mahomedan. The editor of the "Spectator," however, is not ungrateful; he is merely stupid, though at the same time praiseworthy. Whom do you think he chooses as the Socialist exponent of the case against compulsory service? Not the great Ameer Ali, who disapproved, but Mr. Snowden, whose opinions, he says, are "intellecually contemptible." In other words, they are of just about the same quality as those of Mr. G. Chesterton's generous tribute to THE NEW AGE in his "Daily News" article of Saturday last, Mr. Dingle's discussion of your views in the "Weekly News," Mr. "Justice's" return compliment in the form of a skit on your contributors. Next to THE NEW AGE "Justice" appears to be the only journal that possesses honesty, honour, and a sense of fair play.

* * *

"THE NEW AGE" AND THE BAPTISTS.

SIR,—You may like to add the following to the list of "New Age" enemies:

"Notes of the Week," to a friend of mine studying in one of those benighted colleges we are told are training men for the Baptist ministry. Like successful vaccinations, they "took" (much to my surprise—for at the Baptist level of intelligence light is darkness) and now, though much of my friend's advocacy, THE NEW AGE makes a regular appearance in the college reading room.

How many of the bright young men whose minds are being darkened by reading the paper I am unable to say. But when my soul shall have to stand before the judgment bar of—it beg your pardon, I have unwittingly fallen into an unchristian mean if ever I am given an opportunity to assist in balancing a very long list of sins against a very short column of virtues, I shall pray to God for consummation. The Newman Society, I think, is the head of the latter list. And I think my friend's cooperation will save him from perdition in spite of his course at a Baptist Training College.

R. NORTH.

THE CENSOR IN THE HOTEL.

SIR,—I have for many years taken in THE NEW AGE for the benefit of my hotel, but owing to the attitude of Mr. Snowden's "Observer," you must have done me harm. I was quite prepared to consent to the publication of my letters to you, but now I am not sure. I am afraid that you are not pleased with THE NEW AGE without the "Nation's" writer mentioning the paper, but, unless I am very much mistaken, your money is your own, and I therefore protest against your censorship.

Beatrice Hastings on the question of the White Slave traffic, I am going to discontinue to do so. I have many visitors to my house who unfortunately will prefer for their own comfort's sake to adopt Mrs. Hastings' views, but since I owe it to the Providence of God that both a friend and myself escaped abduction, I know that the men and women who are fighting this cruel traffic are dealing with facts and not fancies. I am so absolutely with them in their endeavours that I feel it is disloyal to them to encourage the sale of a paper which does help to keep people sitting comfortably in ignorance in their armchairs, instead of facing the truth. There are, alas, still many who prefer to accept Mrs. Hastings' attitude without inquiry. You will of course say that as the correspondence is controversial the other side of the picture is also to be read in your paper. That is quite true, but knowing, as I said before, that many people will prefer to accept Mrs. Hastings' views, I do not care to be, indirectly, the instrument that helps them to sleep in ignorance, when I feel so strongly that they should be up and doing.

Your attitude altogether in regard to the "Women's Movement" has changed my view since I took in your paper. I hold you are not even generous in your criticisms against us.

(Mrs.) Emily MacMullan.

* * *

"THE BLACK PERIL." 

SIR,—The spirit in which "Oom Boomslang" (Oct. 31st) criticises "the fair but somewhat uncomplimentary" aspect of the "Black Peril" is wellcome, especially to anyone who tries to call a protest against mediaeval penalties, and does so in a new country where people have not been born in a deterrent climate. In reference to the South African newspaper clipping, I can easily believe that the "greater severity," demanded by white men at the time, was a deterrent, but a demand for fuller satisfaction of revenge, though the nature of the extra severity proposed is not quite clearly indicated.

But certainly there should be also some criticism of the ferocious profession; for where this vindictive spirit is found, it is found associated with the direct influence of priests and ministers of some kind, who always as a body, often individually, have opposed humane progress, and who uphold the teaching of a ferocious old book, and even advise such reading as morally educative. The ignorance of magistrates, who fail to understand that extreme suffering, even publicly inflicted, fails as a deterrent, and is probably an exciting cause of general suffering, and who uphold the ancient Hebrew god of vengeance, who does not understand what the penalty of the lash really means, in varying and uncertain degrees of torture and in degradation. A whipping machine is in use, to punish wife-beaters. Short sentences accompany this penalty, and no doubt save trouble and expense to the Government, but it is questionable if the wife who has her savage partner so soon returned upon her, still further degraded, is in any degree safeguarded.

But extreme suffering, even publicly inflicted, fails as a deterrent, and is probably an exciting cause of crime as seen in the Southern States of the U.S., where negroes accused of assaults upon women are usually beaten alive, by lynching or otherwise. The crime of murder is not unknown in Jamaica, as the Governor, Sir Sydney Olivier tells, but the trouble is practically unknown, with the same race and under a similar climate.

It is not enough, however, merely to express horror at cruel and useless penalties. Search into causes of
crime is needed, and should be demanded, and the courage that faces facts. Do men become wife-beaters or assailants of girls from inherited mental defect in most countries? Or the use of this artificial sex system a usual cause?

Rulers of prisons could certainly, if they had the will, learn much by talks with the prisoners.

Dora Forster.

British Columbia.

* * *

THE GILBERT AND ELLICE ISLANDS.

Sir,—You allowed me in July last to bring before your readers' notice the case of the above islands. It is conceded that this is one of scarceLabour's possessions, that forced labour the natives, though under British rule, are being reduced to a condition of abject beggary, while the correspondents of the Government official was the chief) are reaping tens of thousands of pounds in profits annually. When such a state of affairs existed in the Congo the British public was aroused to make represen-tations to the people of South American Republics. The President of the United States is as good as any two English servants, and the husband, if he ever becomes a household drudge, who does more work than they can do. In a year they marry. The wife becomes a household drudge, who does more work than any two English servants, and the husband, if he ever becomes a household drudge, who does more work than they can do.

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One has had time to grow assured—albeit the jest is stale—at a Belfort Bax sitting his gall-sac to dissociate the feminine world; but the spectacle of a young and beautiful woman kicking her fellows deeper into the mud in which they have previously been lying may be an amazing late, is not a lovely sight. Grant, then, that the majority of prostitutes have stepped into that mud; are we then to leave them to bound there, perhaps, and sit there, which many may, by marriage, become "honest women," as we quaintly say. If we have ever realised that the communion of the union of souls; if the knowledge of this mystery has, in the matter of sex, served to differentiate us from the world of beasts, what is there to which the knowledge to all who are yet ignorant? Is not one's staff also a shepherd's crook?

Nowadays one is a little shy of being sincere, and yet, risking the jeers of Mrs. Hastings, I would suggest that it is a very paltry selfishness that would restrain its "light" from "shining before men." All endeavour that is sincere is "light," even though it seems a glimmer that we have persuaded ourselves is the veritable glory of God.

Is it kind of Mrs. Hastings to keep even a chance of a consumer life? Is there, indeed, to be the memory of her promises are, to a great extent, mere givings Lloyd George hints. Lloyd George is, to say the least, a man of great political machine, that has established a daily and a weekly Press unique in character and in extent, that is mainly composed of an increasing number of the best capitalists, when asked last year if Germany were likely to war against us, said, "Au surplus," I know a

As a matter of fact, they have, of course, achieved a great deal, but it is mainly indirect, as it must be while they are in a minority.

Pardon my prolixity. But let us honour a great man even if he is somewhat egotistical, for that quantity is not unknown in A. E. R. * Fred H. Goble.

THE STRUGGLE FOR BREAD.

Sir,—I am honoured that Mr. Geoffrey Houghton should have read my book, but he appears to have lost the point made by me in the passage to which he refers. As for "Riflemen," he gives no evidence for a conclusion he obviously desires for his argument. Mr. Snowden, I fancy, was judging the German by English political labour experience, which, of course, is no guide. Moreover, the quotation from him was not fair. A. E. R. says I give no evidence. Well, I will tell him what mine is. I have seen something of the German Socialist movement and of the German people in some fifteen or twenty of Germany's largest towns, and much more of the Socialist Socialists and anti-Socialists) and their statements confirm my opinions.

Hervé has said that the Kaiser dare not mobilise his Army, and that the German social democracy is the finest organised force of the world in the world. Austrian capitalism, when asked last year if Germany were likely to war against us, said, "No, they are afraid of their Socialists." I could call more witnesses, but let these suffice.

Now, briefly, I want to ask A. E. R. whether he is justified in saying that the struggle for bread is intensifying? In the first place is it not a revisionist argument? Is not the truer test one of intelligence? Has the area of class-consciousness, political and industrial, been extended? Is the working class intelligently organising itself? That the struggle for bread should intensify would appear to be true Marxist orthodoxy.

In conclusion, I cannot believe that a movement that has created both a great political machine and a great industrial machine that has established a daily and a weekly Press unique in character and in extent, that is mainly composed of an increasing number of the best capitalists, when asked last year if Germany were likely to war against us, said, "Au surplus," I know an

THE SLAVE TRAFFIC.

Sir,—There was a lime within the memory of many of your readers when Mrs. Beatrice Hastings registered in your pages passionate utterings against the wrongs of her sex. I well remember her dramatic description of the terrible scarlet drapery that clung upon the window of a small room in Holloway, where a suffragist sat—exulting. Her sympathy with women's cry for justice brought from her the avowal that she was prepared to "qualify" for prison in that cause. I remember feeling disgust at the thought of rates being expended on the keeping such hysterical ploys in board and lodging.

To-day Mrs. Hastings has nothing but sneers for her sex. What subtle chymistry has been at work in her?
almost nothing to retract in my ancient and, as I imagined, quite dead writings. I wrote the particular article referred to by Mrs. Bax before I had met any of the so-called "advanced" women. I knew all sorts of women, but none "advanced." After I had met these I did not become a member of any suffrage society, although it was soon apparent to me that the activities they engaged in, however noble, were not the business of the so-called "suffragettes." Briefly, my opposition grew somewhat through such things as these: I found that they suppressed women's experiences for political ends; that their idea was actually to get into Parliament, whereas mine was of a subsidiary council of women. I found myself getting the vote cold as any lever of a lapdog about the things which the vote was supposed to symbolise. I thought they meant the same as I did, by many means; my choice in maternity; equal divorce rights, but without maintenance, for if a woman is not too "receptive," she cannot be equal with men. We never can be equal with men; it is not in nature. Philip does not rise because Buthel points the way, but Buthel must always be obliged to Philip for the liberty every woman has to talk in public, and if she abuses the privilege long enough, Philip's natural lordship will reassert itself. The cleverer woman is the better she appreciates the impotency of the male being: it is not a question of individual men, but of the creative power of the sex in all the business of the world. I might say: "I myself, being a clever person, own even these truths." Man is a maker-woman is a mender. In a day like this, where man's standard of intelligence is so unreasonably low, woman may pretend to even nominal equality.

Suffragist women never misunderstood the little feminist book I wrote. Some men were alarmed at my attitude about the right of choice in maternity. But the women hated me for the book. Gracious, I can see why! Listen to this: "A man's position in society is only as valuable as his life, and yet this position is dependent upon women's conditions. It scarcely needs proving that a member of any public body retains his office mainly through his subjection to the rules of the bed-and-board women. No public official could survive an attack on the right of restitution of conjugal rights." Fancy saying such things to women who want now to be able to divorce a man "for the best practical means of socialising poor people"--and I made fun of some of their dearest self-delusions. But above all, I begged them not to be anxious or cruel; in fact, not to be polite whores, but bravely set them free as they were--to women who want now to be able to divorce a man for the best practical means of socialising poor people. I say, let her alone, take the police off her, don't try and imprison her in a "home"; you wouldn't dare meddle so much with any other class of women. That prostitutes are at a great disadvantage. Why don't you plaque the sweeting millionaires to come and be saved by law? And I may say that prostitutes are valuable for the sort of talk that Mrs. Bax indulges about the union of bodies being the supreme symbol, etc. Half the respectable world swears amidst its sanctimonious and foolish women that if marriage is the union of bodies as a duty and a business, the fashionable women who accepted marriage as a duty and a business are the supreme symbol, but she would only answer: "Well, it is nothing to me." The respectable union of bodies is only a symbol that a man and woman are ordinarily in love with each other. The opinion of persons who regard marriage as an unbreakable contract is the only opinion of marriage which is worth examination. All the rest are fancy opinions upon spiritual levels. If Mrs. Bax has the more claim to discuss this matter than others, I may submit to being instructed by her.

In case it is concluded that I do not believe that there may be instances of white slavery, I say that I think there may be some. I have never seen one; but I've never seen a box-constructor. I have heard of them in the life I lead, but the virtue was but something to be priding to begin with. I don't know what I should not want to do with a man (though everything would be useless) who took away my sister, but I should feel proportionately worse towards a man who seduced my son if I had one, possibly more impulsively furious because the boy would lech himself for a nasty fool whereas he was a likely young man. I am assuming that I got her back. I asssume that any girl might get back because every brothel in the world is open to the police. If there is a case, there is a case, and such tales are what men mean when they say that "some women get men hung for nothing." I should say that they had quarrelled. I say the稼 is over for the night. Herself in a bad temper about something or other, the man's demand being inopportune, her "friends" do not let her go without considering anything but her need of a restorative scene. The police doubtless knew perfectly well that she would later on contradict every word she said, and that everybody could see her setting up her greatest friendship before morning. Mrs. Bax behaved very cautiously in retiring just after the feminine nature and reached saturation point. Now I should probably have made a fool of myself and tried to get the girl up to any room and the end of it would have been a firm show-up for me. These women have no patience with other women who want to "reform" them, and they are quite right, for they know that the main cause why they are pushed from front pillar to post is the jealousy and fear of respectable women. Reforming seems nothing but getting them off the market, putting them in a home and moralising at them. Mrs. Bax need not accuse me of "kicking" prostitutes, as she says, into the mud. I treat them as my fellow-suffragettes, and no other class of women, but you know that the bottom of it all is hatred, jealousy, and the secretiveness and loyalty of marital blackmail the secretiveness and loyalty of the harlot serve him well. It is useless to try and convert despairing and cruel women. And this leads me to Mrs. Bax's second topic.

I shall systematically sneer at all yarns which won't bear ordinary investigation. I shall systematically sneer at all "reformers" who shall systematically sneer at all women who come to attack me with fluffy spiritualities and no common sense. With my pen I could write leagues of fluff to inform the public that the supreme symbol is nothing but the supreme symbol, but she would only answer: "Well, it is nothing to me." The respectable union of bodies is only a symbol that a man and woman are ordinarily in love with each other. The opinion of persons who regard marriage as an unbreakable contract is the only opinion of marriage which is worth examination. All the rest are fancy opinions upon spiritual levels. If Mrs. Bax has the more claim to discuss this matter than others, I may submit to being instructed by her.
December 12, 1912.

THE NEW AGE

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Sir,—I have followed the correspondence upon the white slave traffic with great interest. I take off my cap to Mrs. Hastings; her criticism of O. K. Simes is worthy of the great G. B. S. himself. Of course, I understand. Previously I confess I was a little befuddled; things did not appear so clear until [Mrs. Hastings'] letters appeared. Bravo, Mrs. Hastings!

You will observe, Sir, what a notable exception Mrs. Hastings is to the majority of women. Some time ago M. B. Oxon stated in The New Age that women were appendages of the uterus. I understood it to mean that women had no mental claim or ability of their own. In that case, Mrs. Hastings proves the exception to the rule.

What a fighter, Sir! Pardon my heroiic worship. I know it as Mrs. Hastings in her own right, but I must applaud genius when I see it. T. T. T. K. S. (knocked out). If he ain't he must be one of those who don't know when they are best; in which case the referee should have advised him to attendant upon the fair ring alive. Oh what a drubbing I am not laughing at Mr. O. K. Simes (frankly, I pity him). I only desire to show how splendidly exhibited, straightforward, intellectual sparring as that given by Mrs. Hastings.

* * *

A CASUAL JOKER.

Sir,—In last week's New Age Mrs. Hastings raises a query as to the number of girls in refuge homes who attempt escape. I cannot give numbers, but from inside experience I am convinced that a lock hospital I know there were very few. If any, girls who were not eagerly awaiting the expiration of their year of detention and domestic training, in order to return to their life on the streets. Very wide-awake girls they were, —many of them little more than children, and all under 20 years. There was no question of their having been decoyed anywhere willingly and to apparently can be perceived. The plain facts were that that life offered tawdry show attractions which were open to them, domestic service least of all. Why won't reformers of morals face facts?

I might ask with Mrs. Hastings: From where have these thousands of innocent victims come who have been terrorised into prostitution or smuggled across the sea? By what means were they forced? Many working-class mothers have deplored to me the downward trend of their children, but no one has complained of her girl having been victimised by a procurer, nor have I ever known anyone having the most distant acquaintance with a girl to whom this has happened. The White Slave Traffic Bill is just another attempt— and a very successful one—to distract public attention and interest from the real evil of society—underpaid labour.

* * *

VIOLET MUNN.

Sir,—I should like to thank Mr. Stafford heartily for that very necessary letter of his in The New Age of November 28. Hitherto no public correspondence on this matter has been so remotely in connection with a lock hospital I know there were very few. If any, girls who were not eagerly awaiting the expiration of their year of detention and domestic training, in order to return to their life on the streets. Very wide-awake girls they were, —many of them little more than children, and all under 20 years. There was no question of their having been decoyed anywhere willingly and to apparently can be perceived. The plain facts were that that life offered tawdry show attractions which were open to them, domestic service least of all. Why won't reformers of morals face facts?

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* * *

SWEATED JOURNALISTS.

Sir,—Is "Justianin" so far outside the journalistic pale that he does not know of the National Union of Journalists? Let him not be so critical of his friends with whom he has written and there will soon be no more unfair agreements or unscrupulous syndicates and publishers. Mr. W. N. Watts, of Manchester (The Press Club), or Horace Sanders of London (The Press Club) will set him in the right path, or if he will climb the stairs of 126, Fleet Street he will hear of much to his advantage.

* * *

Secretary, N.U.J.

COINCIDENCE.

Sir,—Mr. Arthur Ransome is too well known an art critic, the "English Review" is too scrupulously honest a magazine, to make the series of parallel passages from my writings and from another man's work which "December "English Review" anything more than a coincidence. Moreover, it is certain, is it not, that Mr. Ransome would have named his sources if he had actually paraphrased another man's work? Such coincidences are so extraordinary and have been so repeatedly pointed out to me—that, lest I should be thought to have plagiarised I am, I beg to assure your readers that I did not read Mr. Ransome's article two years before it was written. I could not, indeed, possibly be sure a year ago that Mr. Ransome a year thereafter would anticipate my discovery that [Whistler] was the painter of "Kantianism." Could I?—ANTHONY M. LUDOVICO.

THE CREATION OF MATTER.

Sir,—M. B. Oxon would do well to try and understand the difference between "reasoning" and "mental sleight-of-handism." Logical reasoning means to observe facts, to compare them, to draw such conclusions as are warranted by your observations and comparisons. Mental sleight-of-handism seeks only to deceive the mind easily, by comparisions which only apparently compare but not really.

My contention is that we can only reason about the "unknown from the known." For if you take away the "known" (knowledge reasoning), there remains no reasoning at all except for such superhuman philosophers as persuade themselves that they can conceive "reasoning" as an abstract quality, quite apart from natural phenomena.

We have started to reason about an unknown subject, namely, whether matter was at any time brought into existence from nothing. I, as a mere human thinker, could do nothing but adopt the only method which a poor human can adopt, namely : to judge from the known.

The "known" tells me that matter cannot be made "non-existent." My human conception cannot even conceive the universe in a state of non-existence. Why, the two words "universe" and "non-existence" are contradictory. I can conceive matter in a state of ether or something finer still (although I have never seen such substances, still I can compare the ether or have seen matter in a gaseous form: therefore I can imagine even more ethereal forms), but I cannot, nor can M. B. Oxon, think of "nothingness." We can comprehend "somethingness," but no philosopher, however transcendental, can conceive "nothingness."... Well, then, since I can think of the existence, and since, according to my senses, matter now is in a state of existence, I am therefore obliged to assume that it always existed, even though ever-existence is not within my experience.

M. B. Oxon, not being able evidently to reach this logical standpoint, tries to ridicule me by means of a mental sleight-of-hand. The felicium on which he supports his lever is a mere word; had I used a different expression he would not have been able to make his comparison. I said, "that no scientist has succeeded in reducing matter to a state of non-existence. Since matter cannot become non-existent, it must be therefore ever-existent." I could have expressed the same idea by leaving out the scientist, and could have said : "Since we human beings cannot think of matter as non-existent, etc." That would have made it impossible for M. B. Oxon to drag in telepathy and homoprophathy, and then make his comparison in thinking into that thinking is important point. But, quite apart from that, how can his argument affect my position? They are so dissimilar! Supposing some scientist did think twenty years ago that telepathy and homoprophathy does exist, where in the name of common-sense is the comparison with my argument? No scientist, or any ordinary intelligent person, denies that there is matter in many states of which we are not yet aware, and which we hope to discover; but no sane person ever hopes to discover a means whereby to make matter non-existent! I will be pleased to discuss with M. B. Oxon the points which he suggests, but I must first ask him either to admit that my reasoning is logical or to give reasons why it is not.

JOSEPH FINN.
Simplified Spelling.

SIR,—Your contributor who wrote on new spelling in "Present-Day Criticism" need not support, since he is obviously able to defend himself against the attacks of those who know him, but I feel, however, that I should like to stretch a hand to him for the good, sound sense he showed in his article. Simplified spelling is just what we want to do. For the idlers it is as useful as Halmia, Spellcans, and other innocuous pastimes. Your contributor said, if I remember rightly, in effect: "For goodness' sake, learn to spell "air"/' aired and 'air,' and she gave her rendering of both. Or her lips there is an unmistakable e sound in "air" contrasted with the a sound in "air," notwithstanding the fact that the dictionary gives a like pronunciation to both. I may say that my wife has called for East Kent, and gives quite the diphthongal value to the name of "Alfred," pronouncing it purely Alfred. He is quite an unsimplified person otherwise.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

Sir,—I have an action pending against you, but that is no reason why this letter should not be written by me and inserted by you in your columns. Who the writer of Present-Day Criticism may be I do not know, but apart from his view of Richard Middleton's work, he is doing that man's memory a foul wrong. I say, and can prove, not only that Middleton was the same to the end, but that he was a great-hearted child, and the most unselfish person one could hope to meet. If you, Sir, are as fond of justice as the spirit and logic of your paper would lead one to believe—"the spirit of your anonymous contributor is, of course, excepted—you will stop him from making further cruel and cowardly slanders on one who cannot answer them. Why does he do this? There must be some other motive than that of love of truth, for one who loved truth would never try to find out what the words are, entering into the conversation when they "see a light."

The best puzzlers on this occasion were "maize" and "maze."

A day or so afterwards my wife was talking about this game to one of our visitors, and it was suggested that "heir" and "air!" would be good words for the purpose. But my wife has called for East Kent, and gives quite the diphthongal value to the name of "Alfred," pronouncing it purely Alfred. He is quite an unsimplified person otherwise.

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Sir,—I have an action pending against you, but that is no reason why this letter should not be written by me and inserted by you in your columns. Who the writer of Present-Day Criticism may be I do not know, but apart from his view of Richard Middleton's work, he is doing that man's memory a foul wrong. I say, and can prove, not only that Middleton was the same to the end, but that he was a great-hearted child, and the most unselfish person one could hope to meet. If you, Sir, are as fond of justice as the spirit and logic of your paper would lead one to believe—"the spirit of your anonymous contributor is, of course, excepted—you will stop him from making further cruel and cowardly slanders on one who cannot answer them. Why does he do this? There must be some other motive than that of love of truth, for one who loved truth would never try to find out what the words are, entering into the conversation when they "see a light."

The best puzzlers on this occasion were "maize" and "maze."

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L. H. WHITE.
THE SPIRITUAL AWAKENING OF THE WORKING CLASS.

"For it is clear to-day, if it was never clear before, that spirituality of mind, culture and innate taste are not new, if they were not desired to be, the monopolies of one class. They can no more confidently be looked for among the wealthy leisured classes of to-day than amongst to-day soaks himself in genuine literature Oxford or Cambridge, or the studious working man who to-day is in genuine literature."" Sir,—When I read the above passages in THE NEW AGE a few weeks ago, I was astonished at the remarkable knowledge of the contents of the works of our young working men displayed by the writer, and a great wave of ecstasy possessed my soul, such a feeling as one experiences when a magnificent landscape suddenly appears before one, or the sound of a beautiful melody greets one's ears, for it is good to know that there are men with the brains to understand and the courage to help us in our struggle for emancipation.

I was born in the slums of Manchester, one of a family reared on the munificent sum of twenty shillings per week, and spent the whole of my thirty years among the poor, may be pardoned if I claim to know something of the lives of the proletariat, that great mass of propertyless people who very often do not know from whence the next meal is to come, and who can never be sure that next week they will not be starving.

It would seem almost impossible for the spirituality of mind, culture and innate taste to penetrate a mass of people where the infant death rate, even in these Lloyd Georgian days, is often over 200 per 1,000, and yet such is the case.

When we attended the old, dirty, insanitary elementary schools, we usually did so after a breakfast of bread and treacle, or bread dipped in the fat from fried bacon. At rare intervals, we were treated to half an egg, while the rarefied diet of the young aristocrat who dreams dreams.

At holiday times, especially at Christmas, when an unusually large number of friends and relatives were present —uninvited as well as invited—there would be a free for the children would cower in a corner yelling with fright. Stuck on the walls were ""Oura is a Happy Home,"" ""God is Love,"" etc.

When the great coal strike took place in 1896 we were treated to half an egg, while the rarefied diet of the young aristocrat who dreams dreams.

At Sunday School we attained the dignity of being in the senior class, where we held discussions with all-powerful truths for Truth. So we did not frequent any more the dancing-rooms, public-houses, or the street corners, but read books on History, Religion, and the Founding of the Ancient and Modern—Ethics, Metaphysics, Philosophy, Poetry, etc. We lifted up our eyes to the Sun as it set in a blaze of glory, a blaze not a whit greater than that which burned in our souls as we vowed that, come what might, we would seek and find the Truth.

Walking to our work we read Marcus Aurelius, Goldsmith, Pope and Dr. Johnson. Over our meals we read ""The Pilgrim's Progress,"" Plato's ""Republic,"" More's ""Utopia,"" Dante and Homer, and at night we sat in quiet corners reading ""Felix Holt,"" ""Silas Marner,"" ""Jude the Obscure,"" and Gibbon, J. R. Green and Motley.

The desire for truth and knowledge grew until it became the supreme passion of our lives; we compared what we read with what we saw taking place around us, and we began to find rockbottom.

We realised that there was much injustice and little justice to be found in the world. We discovered effects and then searched for causes. We made the acquaintance of Robert Owen, John Stuart Mill, W. E. Gladstone, and Whitaker Ellis—found the causes, and a glorious vision of a glorious future—a vision that inspired us to work with all our strength to bring about such a revolution in thought and action as would make the earth a beautiful and happy place to dwell on.

No! It is not the young aristocrat who dreams dreams. It is not the Pall Mall loungers who live in ideas. It is the young democrat, the uniting Socialist worker who is saturating himself in real literature, who has noble ideals, and visions of a truly great future for the class to which he belongs, and for humanity in general.

Come with me to the mines, factories, and workshops, and there I will show you young fellows steeped in Ruskin, John Stuart Mill, Kant, Browning, Shelley, Darwin, Wagner, Buddha and Mahomet—young men deeply versed in science, literature, art, and politics.

GEORGE SIMPSON.
MR. STEPHEN REYNOLDS.