NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We hope nobody will waste any pity on Mr. Lloyd George in the approaching collapse of the Insurance Act. Pity is often the enemy of right, and in the conduct of his Bill Mr. Lloyd George has throughout done nothing but wrong. By their isolation, however, from the rest of the victims the doctors have now succeeded in focussing the attention of the insured upon the heritable elements of the Act, with the effect, we confidently anticipate, that an amendment of the measure is now inevitable. It is well enough known that one of the chief baits of the Bill was the offer to the insured of a free choice of doctors whether on the panel or not, except at the discretion of Mr. Lloyd George, not only of doctors on the panel, but, where panels cannot be formed, to doctors specially "sent down to doctors in other words, to Mr. Lloyd George's choice of doctors. And for as the "whole-hearted, cordial, and unabashed support of the medical profession" which Mr. George predicted in June as "the first condition of the success of the Act," it would be difficult to find a more exact contrary than the state of things now existing. Moreover, nothing said or done within the last few days by Mr. Lloyd George or by his Commissioners appears likely to clear the air or to sweeten the tempers of the aggrieved parties. The doctors, in particular, are scarcely likely to feel conciliated by the final choice offered them of Panel or Ruin. Where they still refuse to enter a panel, their practice is to be stolen from them by Government-imported doctors who are legally endowed with a monopoly of the medical attendance on the insured persons of the district.

If, as the "Times" says, the doctors will stand that, they will stand anything. But the same applies to the insured persons. The latter have in many instances contracted relations with local doctors extending over many years. Are they now prepared at a word from Mr. Lloyd George to cut this bond and to link themselves with strangers who have the additional demerit of being scab-doctors and blacklegs to the local men? We think not. If even the medical profession as a whole is prepared to see the practice of its most honourable pledge-abiding members stolen from them, the patients of the unfortunate doctors are not willing, we believe, to be transfixed like sheep from doctors they know and respect to doctors they do not know and cannot respect. The prospect, therefore, of the breaking down is now more imminent than ever it has been. There needs only one district in which no panel can be formed to produce the conditions of an explosion which will blow the Act sky-high. And there are at present several such districts. Let it be imagined what will happen in an unpanelled district when Mr. Lloyd George ventures to "send down" some of his scabs to take the place of the local doctors. A horse-pound, we should say, will be the least uncomfortable greeted for them, and their subsequent stay in Coventry will be as prolonged as their resolution to play a pawn's game on behalf of Mr. Lloyd George. This being the case, we have only to wait a few days for the first proof of the failure of the Insurance Act. It may take the form of suspending the medical benefits, or, as is more probable, the form of promising amendments. But in either case our contention from the first will have been justified—namely, that the Act as it stands is impracticable. * * *

We are as much amazed by the silent indifference of the Cabinet to the extraordinary doings of Mr.
Lloyd George as disgusted by the slavish servility of his victims. Of none of the latter is it possible to have a very high opinion. One by one they have allowed themselves to be terrified or bribed into a system where they will in all probability be prisoners of the Insurance Commissioners. As Mr. Lloyd George would say with a snap of the teeth, “Let there be no mistake about that.” But of one thing under the circumstances to expect a little more. Save for one or two of its score of members, the Cabinet at the outset was unanimously hostile to the Insurance Act. There is scarcely a disaster in its subsequent career that was not predicted to Mr. Lloyd George by one or other of his colleagues before the Bill was actually passed. They would be more than human to refrain now from reminding him of what they foresaw, and of what he then contumaciously waved aside under threat of resignation if they should insist. It is not, however, right that they should confine their present criticisms to the privacy of lively Cabinet meetings. After all, it is the Cabinet and not Mr. Lloyd George that is responsible for the virtual orvirtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or virtual or 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An absence of legislation of any kind, may, however, be quite to the taste of both the capitalist parties. It is not yet avowedly to the taste of the Labour party. Nevertheless the Labour Members would be hard pressed to name any measure which would justify their continuous support for a party that is so remote from the present Government. In their annual reviews of the Labour year, written in the style of Old Moore's Almanac and published, appropriately, in the 'Christian Commonwealth,' and the 'Labour Leader' respectively, Mr. Philip Snowden and another have been at least contrary conclusions. For the 'Labour Leader,' the year has been a 'red-letter year' for labour; though all the 'progress' that can be named was admitted by the policy of strikes which Mr. Snowden and the 'Labour Leader' condemn. The party, it appears, opened the year with three good resolutions: to secure a living wage for everybody, to bring about an Eight Hours Day and to nationalise monopolies.

How far these resolutions have been carried out we will leave our readers to judge. Our own opinion is that these objects, as a direct consequence of the pusillanimity of the Labour Party, are actually more remote than ever. Nay, we may say nearer and with worse circumstances. Mr. Snowden has admitted that, whereas the miners have been nationalised and the railways as well last summer. It is impossible, of course, to prove this to the satisfaction of the Labour Members of Parliament. Do they draw £400 a year and must they not as a necessary corollary earn it? Of course they must. With such dispositions as theirs to shirk discussion and to hide from facts they must needs suppose that they have not actually more remote than ever. Nay, we may say more and with full knowledge of the circumstances, Mr. Snowden, it will be remembered is a particular critic of the method of the strike. The strike is useless, he believes, that workmen should be legally deprived of the right to employ it. It is scarcely credible that after his grand treacherous declaration to this effect he should account the miners' strike of last year as one of the most fruitful events in the annals of Labour. Yet he does so in words that leave no doubt as to his meaning. But for such a strike, he gives his readers to understand, the miners' strike of last year has been almost barren for Labour, in spite of the work in Parliament of the immortal party and their "rather active" policy at the ballot box, that the political method must be employed to the exclusion of every other; and to this end the industrial or economic method must be frowned upon. Well, the political method, to the exclusion of the economic method, has been tried now for twenty years, as the economic method, to the exclusion of the political method, was tried for more than twenty years before that; and all science as well as all experience are there to prove it to be a lie.

Next of the means that have been employed. It follows consistently from the false theory that emancipation can come only through Parliament and the ballot box, the political method must be employed to the exclusion of every other; and to this end the industrial or economic method must be frowned upon. Well, the political method, to the exclusion of the economic method, has been tried now for twenty years, as the economic method, to the exclusion of the political method, was tried for more than twenty years before that; and all science as well as all experience are there to prove it to be a lie.

The series of articles on Guild Socialism will be resumed next week.

** DIXI, DIXISTI. **

A skylark twits the linnet,
How can you—can you sing?
Sitting in that silly hedge
You never turn a wing!
A gossip is the linnet,
That song's a roguish thing!
Just a note or two,
Then crickets whispering.
Current Cant.

"We have travelled since the days of Elizabeth, when the relations of parent and child meant something more than the Socialist relations between fishes and their spawn."—Vane, Esq.

"Everywhere there are signs of the development of the spirit of a good intent, which means that privilege will no longer be comfortably accepted without service."—"Daily Express.

"The lack of the vote prevents the proper performance of all womanly duties."—Edith Aytton Zangwill.

"There are ideals to be followed in all journalism, and we are confident that the Editor of Reynolds' Newspaper..."

"The spirit of a good intent, which means that privilege will no longer be comfortably accepted without service."—"Daily Express.

"The truth is that all classes are happier in every way than they were fifty years ago, and they are going to be happier yet. The Insurance Act is going to bring healing and help to the sick."—"The Star.

"The instinct of peasant life is cruder than the instincts of commercial and professional life."—"A Doctor" in the "Morning Post.

"The King walking both ways and returning with the Royal children attended service at Sandringham Church yesterday, and his Majesty will be out shooting this week as usual."—"Daily Mirror.

"It is, of course, true that great possessions are often accompanied by a lack of taste and imagination, and this is naturally more common in American than in European. Here tradition and the respect for wit and learning temper and chasten the mere outpouring of guineas."—"Daily Express.

"General Bramwell Booth, in an interview, refers to the King's promise to Queen Alexandria in 1881, that he would read a chapter of the Bible daily, and says: 'I consider this bit of public testimony from our popular King-Emperor may turn out to be one of the important events of our time. Only think of the effect on the Army and Navy alone! Talk about armaments! Why, if the King's soldiers and sailors will only do what their King does, I believe that would give England such an army and such a navy as the world has not had since the days of Cromwell and the Ironsides.'—""The War Cry.

"The sooner Doveholes (near Buxton) is lighted with lamps the better it will be for its moral character."—Rev. D. G. Douglas.

"Altogether the position is as bad as Government blundering and tactlessness could make it, and might serve as a warning example of the evils of Socialism.

"Morning Post.

"It is not likely that any reader of the 'Guardian' will be deceived by the commotion that is supposed to have arisen in the Unionist Party over the subject of Tariff Reform. There is no commotion within the Party."—"Nottingham Guardian.

"THE SERVILE STATE.

"Rhyl magistrates have decreed that two o'clock in the morning is far too late an hour for shop assistants to dance."—"Evening News.

"Religion is penetrating and re-shaping national ideals and activities in the interests of 'loving mercy, doing justly and walking humbly with God.' It is so affecting the district and city councillors—and Parliament..."—Dr. Clifford.

CURRENT CAKES AND COFFEE.

"At the Bidesford Bethel Society, last week, two members of the Sunshine and Social Committee brought in trays full of cups of coffee with cakes and biscuits. This was a complete surprise to nearly all present."—"The Christian Endeavour Times.

CURRENT SENSE.

"The importance of 'Nothing' has to be pointed out before it is noticed; this is indicated very clearly in an article in the 'Morning Post'..."—"T.P.'s Weekly.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

I write before the result of what is supposed to prove the final meeting of the Peace Conference is known; but it seems inevitable that no satisfactory conclusion can be reached. The Turks refuse to surrender Adrianople; the Allies refuse to moderate their demands on this point. Hence a deadlock which only an appeal to the Powers or a resumption of hostilities can solve. Far from being willing to give up Adrianople, the Turks propose a boundary line which would bring the Ottoman territory in Europe as far to the west as Kara-Agatch, i.e., a point on the coast within 150 miles of Salonika itself.

The Turks think that an appeal to the Powers might serve their purpose better than a resumption of hostilities with the Allies. They do not fear what the result of a renewed campaign would be, but they are afraid of their hereditary enemy, Russia. The Tsar's Government kept a sharp eye on the whole position of affairs for months before the war broke out, and M. Kokoff-seff knows as well as anybody else that the Russian army, in its present state, would not be a match for the combined armies of Germany and Austria. But it would always be possible to make a sudden attack on Turkey at some point in Asia Minor, and, as all the best Turkish troops, regulars to the number of 160,000 or so, are at present on the heights of Chatalja, such a move on the part of Russia could not very well be met by the Porte. Being aware of the possibilities of this manoeuvre, Nazim Pasha is strongly urging on the Cabinet the advisability of appealing to the Powers in the first instance, only having recourse to arms after the appeal has failed.

The aged Grand Vizier, Kiamil Pasha, is desirous of following this course; but there are two highly important factors which he must, in spite of himself, take into consideration before yielding to the War Minister's entreaties. One is the temper of the Ottoman population, especially at Constantinople; and the other is the temper of the troops at Chatalja. If an appeal to the Powers is unsuccessful in preserving for Turkey the greater part of the vilayet of Adrianople, including the celebrated fortresses and the town, the troops at Chatalja will at least murmur if they are ordered back to Asia Minor without having struck a blow. And if Adrianople, on the advice of the Powers, is given up to the enemy, the lives of the Cabinet would not be worth purchasing at any price.

In so far as anything can be said to have been definitely arranged by the Porte, an appeal to the Powers, in the event of a breakdown of the peace negotiations, has been decided upon. But, though the Porte, in its appeal, may ostensibly leave the solution of the whole difficulty to the Powers, the decision of the Powers will in all probability be subjected to Turkish modification if it does not coincide with and make allowance for Ottoman feeling in connection with Adrianople. And in appealing to the Powers the authorities at the Porte are bearing in mind that, so far, reported in the Press—that considerable dissensions have arisen among those taking part in the so-called Ambassadors' Conference. The representatives of the Powers are not agreed. Germany and Austria are in favour of supporting Turkey. Great Britain and France are really sick of the matter, with a bias in Turkey's favour. Russia naturally sympathises with her Slav countrymen. Taking advantage of the divergent views which are known to exist, Kiamil Pasha hopes that, in the end, Turkey may not do so badly by an appeal to the Powers to decide the questions in dispute.

* * *

Up to the time of my writing these lines (January 3), every newspaper in London has devoted its energies to
Military Notes.

By Rometty.

"SUPPOSING that 20,000 French were killed or wounded at Waterloo, and allowing 5,000 of these to have fallen by the fire of the artillery and the sabres of the cavalry, it leaves 15,000 to the share of the infantry: and reckoning the latter at 30,000 only, though the number present was greater, it required an entire army's hard fighting before the 10,000 had disabled 15,000 adversaries: that is, all the exertion of two men during an entire day only brought down one enemy. The above estimate of the efficiency of modern tactics may, indeed, be considered as bigoted by some; but the result of which is that only to the most sanguinary battles fought during the war, such as those of Marengo, Talavera, Borodino, and others, but by no means to actions of minor note. At Kolya only a few hundred French were put hors de combat, and at Viminac 10,000 British only killed and wounded 2,000 French after what was called a smart action."

Lieut.-Colonel Mitchell, the author of the above passage, which occurs in "Thoughts on Tactics," published in 1838, a book of exceptional intellectual and literary ability—is complaining of the indecisive nature of fire tactics in general, which, as he observes, operate more by smoke, noise, and the threat of killing men than by actually killing them; the result of which is that the enemy is merely put to flight instead of being slain, and, if he can rally, is able subsequently to continue the contest. On the other hand, "at Cannae 45,000 Carthaginians stretched upwards of 50,000 Romans on the field of battle, in lines only to the most sanguinary battles fought during the war, such as those of Marengo, Talavera, Borodino, and others, but by no means to actions of minor note. At Kolya only a few hundred French were put hors de combat, and at Viminac 10,000 British only killed and wounded 2,000 French after what was called a smart action."

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It is perhaps unnecessary to remark that, if the battles which Colonel Mitchell remembered were indecisive, those of to-day are more so: that the percentage of loss per battle has fallen considerably, and that the percentage of loss per hour of an engagement has fallen more considerably still. It is worth our while to inquire to what extent of this. If rifle fire applies itself a weak and indecisive thing, may it not be worth while to return to some simpler and more effective weapon, and, if not, why not?

Towards the beginning of the eighteenth century, European soldiers, led by the "after Dessauer" and the Prussian drill-book school, convinced themselves that fire was everything and the arme blanche nil—except, perhaps, as a sort of threat to put the finishing touch to fire—and as everybody came to the same opinion at the same time, a sort of tacit agreement was reached to fight by fire alone (at any rate, so far as the infantry was concerned). Was this inevitable? Was the musket of that period so immeasurably superior to sabre, scimitar, or pike that tactical action did with nilly to be based upon its effects? Or was the whole business a delusion? The answer is simple enough. If at any period the unlikely arme blanche had ever overthrown the musket in fair fight, Colonel Mitchell's point is proved, and its abandonment in favour of the younger weapon was premature. A study of military history seems to show that such was indeed the case.

Leaving cavalry out of the question, we have records of two races upon whom the "after Dessauer's" ex-
ample failed to make any impression—probably because they had never heard of it. The one was the Highlanders. The other was the Turks. Both charging on foot, and armed only with the sword, unsupported by any sort of fire, repeatedly broke well-trained troops, who waited to receive them. The exploits of the Highlanders in 1745 are too well known to need recounting. In 1854, however, a similar charge was witnessed by the Christian time to take effect. These clumsy implements on only one occasion. But the spearmen were un-supported by artillery or rifle fire, which unsteadies the hostile aim. Suppose that the advance of the mounted tailors who took its place, resolved with yet greater ease—but as time went on, well-trained, well-mounted cavalry became scarcer and scarcer, and men, judging by the failure of the mounted tailors who took its place, resolved that against infantry the arm as a whole was powerless. Again the power of the rifle was increased, though nearly to such an extent as is supposed, so that when in the Sudan and elsewhere rushes of savage spearmen attempted to close with British infantry they succeeded on only one occasion. But the spearmen were as much as courage, the Christians, thus self-deprived of all manoeuvring power, must have been annihilated every time.

But such was not the case. As everybody in Western Europe was brought up to regard the pre-dominance of fire tactics as part of the natural order of things, and as either nobody knew what happened in Eastern Europe, or, if they knew, did not exert themselves to draw the obvious inference, the value of fire remained unquestioned. Occasionally well-led and well-disciplined Austrian and Russian infantry never withstood the rush of the Ottoman swordsmen until they learned by bitter experience to cover their front with chevaulx de frise and other obstacles, which broke the Turkish impetus. Even then the Austrians made no more impression than a solution in the present condition of our social system; but Mr. F. E. Smith, the rising hope of Tory Democracy, never even got so far as that. His article on "State Toryism and Social Reform" in a recent "Oxford and Cambridge Review," is the byword; it shows us not only how ill-adapted Mr. Smith is for writing on the subject, but also the vulnerable point in the Conservative Party itself.

The article in question gives the experienced reader the impression that it would make a capital speech to deliver to the gallery, or to the members of the House of Commons. It occupies twenty-six pages and does not contain one definite suggestion, practicable or impracticable, for applying any Conservative principles to the solution of the social reform problems. Mr. Smith does not tell us explicitly what he means by social reform; and he is vague enough in his explanation of what he conceives to be the principles of Toryism. He tells us that the Tory must believe in the continuity of the State and in its uninterrupted existence into the future, as Burke told us more than a century ago; and he tells us that a plan for the amelioration of social conditions must be tested by our ascertaining whether it makes for the benefit of the community and the continuity of the State. If the first test is the advancement of the commonwealth, the second test is the continuity of policy and the stability of the State." But what form of State, what commonwealth, what policy? The exasperated reader does not know what Mr. Smith means by the State. We are led to infer that he means the State as it exists at present, i.e., a State containing capitalist exploiters and proletarian exploiters, which does not take us much further. Not a word about yeomanry, not a word about land, not a word about the moral evils of the industrial system and the moral benefits of agriculture.

Another sentence: "There is only one test either of a Tariff or a Social measure: 'Does it or does it not add to the total productive efficiency and prosperity of the whole people?' If it does so add it is justified by the patriotic and national doctrines of the party; if it does not so add, it must be whistled down the wind." Here, again, we may respectfully ask: What productive efficiency, what prosperity, what do we know only from sad experience what "productive efficiency" means: it means that workmen are to be rendered more efficient in order that their employers may have bigger profits. It will be useless for Mr. Smith's party to try to "get round" the workman by talking to him about the improvement of his productive efficiency; but, if Mr. Smith and his followers have not by this time found out that fact for themselves, what shall we think of their observation or of their intelligence?

It is useless to suggest that Mr. Smith had not sufficient space at his disposal to explain himself more fully. There is nothing of consequence in the article that could not have been packed into one-fifth of the space. There are numerous inconsequential sentences, and even whole paragraphs: "If the spirit in which the Opposition approached the Unionist Housing Bill were applied to the whole field of Social Reform, and it were admitted that there is no hopeless antagonism between class interests which cannot be reconciled under a higher national unity, the fundamental Unionist principle of Social Reform, and one that should be free to consider every measure upon its merits." This sort of thing takes us nowhere—it is nearly as bad as the mouthing of the "bonds that bind the mother-country to her children overseas," and the "higher interests of the Empire" which we heard in other quarters. But it would sound all right in the House of Commons—as, indeed, would the whole

The Lawyer in Politics.

God help the Tory Party!

There is good reason for this ejaculation. We have been assured for a twelvemonth or so that the "old gang" were gradually being cleared out of the Conservative ranks and that the newcomers would soon put before us a strong social reform policy which would at once dish the Radicals and the Socialists. Social reform began to be talked about in places where the phrase had hitherto been associated with Labour members and the disruption of the Empire. Numerous writers in the Conservative papers proceeded to assure the country and the party that something would have to be done or there would be no future for Toryism; Labour would be placated, the demagogues silenced.

Mr. F. E. Smith was identified almost from the first with this new tendency in Conservative thought. Other writers juggled with phrases, said nothing, and did meaning; it was alone that Smith have looked for something more than tithe-tattle about the Empire, Imperial Federation, and so on. For Mr. Smith was pointed out as the leader of the Young Tories, and he, apparently, really meant to do something towards realising our hopes. He wrote several articles and made several speeches. We have looked in them vainly for any new plans, any new proposals for relieving the unfortunate. Mr. Bonar Law said last year that workmen did not need charitable legislation such as the Insurance Act; they wanted higher wages. Even such charges were worse than a solution in the present condition of our social system; but Mr. F. E. Smith, the rising hope of Tory Democracy, never even got so far as that. His article on "State Toryism and Social Reform" in a recent "Oxford and Cambridge Review," is the byword; it shows us not only how ill-adapted Mr. Smith is for writing on the subject, but also the vulnerable point in the Conservative Party itself.
article, with the possible exception of the first seven lines. They are as follows: "Almost the most pressing of our problems to-day is that which is vaguely described as that of Social Reform. The problem, indeed, grows more pressing every month that the failure of Liberalism to put more things right makes itself manifest, and that the time approaches nearer when a Unionist Administration will find itself responsible for a creaking, rusty sausage-machine. And who ever heard of anything approaching further? But our poor language has a still harder knock to face towards the end, when Mr. Smith asserts: "We are not for Individualism or Socialism, for neither are founded on fact." They are not, indeed.

As a final example of indefiniteness, take this: "The laissez-faire Conservative or Whig wishes the State to touch nothing: the Socialist, and in a lesser degree the Radical-Socialist, wishes the State to touch everything, and to touch it the wrong way. The modern Conservative, like the old Tory, wants the State to touch some things, but to touch them in the right way.

What is this right way? Not once in his article does Mr. Smith make the slightest attempt to give us the least notion. There would be nothing to criticise in the article at all, except its indefiniteness, had he not written these words in his peroration: "We have to deal with the Liberal ideas that imply the urgent necessity of the democracy of to-day, not with the theories of the past or bubble hopes of the future."

Here Mr. Smith makes two mistakes which lead us to despair of himself and of his party: he confuses an idea with a theory, and he despises both.

A theory, in the modern use of the word, is something cloudy and impracticable, such as Rousseau's theory of the natural man. An idea is a practical, concrete formula which has its roots in the realities of life, and acts, and can be acted upon accordingly. Burke's idea, for instance, that our Members of Parliament represent the nation and not merely their constituencies. Conservative ideas underlie Burke's dictum; Liberal ideas underlie the Insurance Act. Politics is a conflict of ideas; and a poor idea is better than none.

The Liberal Party's ideas to my mind are injurious to the Liberal Party. Mr. Smith's only really positive statement is a theory, in the modern use of the word, is some careless of one who is assumed of the effect he produces. The large eyes, the black hair which curls over the high brow, the arched nostrils and sensitive lips produce an impression of reticence amounting to languor—under which, however, burns the fire of impetuous ideals. He is silent and watchful.

The light falls upon Disraeli's face as well, and shows him at the age of 64, tired but indomitable, proud and flippant. After their eyes have met for a long moment, Disraeli puts the lamp again upon the table and seats himself, looking not at the intruder but across at the opposite wall—in deep thought.

The YOUTH: You do remember me?

Disraeli (without emotion—his voice hard and dry): I have never forgotten you.

The YOUTH: You see—and that is why I am here.

Disraeli (turning to face him): My whole life is a memory. I have done exactly what you decided that I should do.

The YOUTH: You think, perhaps, that I have come to congratulate you upon your triumph; you are at last Prime Minister.

Disraeli: After forty years!

The YOUTH (with sudden vehemence): And at what a cost!

Disraeli (with pride): It has cost a great deal.

The YOUTH: My life, for one thing!

Disraeli (with dry amusement): That seems too much to you?

The YOUTH: And not to you?

Disraeli: Isn't that always the bargain? When I was in your boots (his eye rested upon the slender, highly polished foot of the youth)—I was a dreamer; a great dreamer; I wrote sonnets in secret; I spoke carefully—in the best fashionable English. Yet now, I am a practical man of affairs—Prime Minister of England.

The YOUTH (bitterly): In this, the year of our Lord, One thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, in the reign of Her Majesty England's Queen, whose favour I believe you have won quite easily.

Disraeli (his hand up in bantering admonition): "Favour" is not the word—"Esteem." I have won
her Majesty's esteem—but not easily (with pride). I have never won anything easily. My talent, if you please, lies in my ability to conceal my struggles from the curious—English people.

The Youth: That, at least, is easy; they never see beyond the edges of your speeches, and when I write to burlesque politics and society as I find them in England.

Disraeli: They avenge themselves by saying that you write to pay your debts. But they buy your snares. They forget that they do not understand because you are young and look a little like Lord Byron.

The Youth: I am twenty-four!

Disraeli (irrally): Yes, yes, I know. I remember quite well posing for the pencil sketch which you so admirably resemble.

The Youth: I have taken none of their flattery seriously. I have too keen a memory of the time when I wanted to go to Eton—and could not! (He turns his back upon Disraeli suddenly in emotion.)

Disraeli (indignantly): They have not been in 'many lands an unpaid slave. Your nerves are strong as cables holding your family, from your friends—hoping, you try to believe, for a sign from the God of your Fathers that shall cool the fires of life within you. You will look upon them as a sacrifice of your life when you come back to England to carry out your purpose.

The Youth: Do you not cherish your contempt in the inmost heart of you, to nourish your wrath in the loftiest silence of your mind, to feed the resentment—from which, you believe, you can never be freed—in the secret recesses of your soul? (He walks the length of the room and turns to look directly at the youth.) You may face this course with a little fear. You will be seized by illness of body and soul—which, in you, are as yet one—and must be severed if you are to fulfil your task (bending towards him). For long hours you will lie as the dead. For long days you will stay apart from your family, from your friends—hoping, you try to believe, for a sign from the God of your Fathers that shall cool the fires of life within you. You will look upon them as a sacrifice of your life when you come back to England as a bond of two worlds.

Disraeli: (Voice): You have no choice?

Disraeli: Pride! And how proud of me the English are!

The Youth (with disgust): What a mess of pottage! Disraeli (amused): Of which I have never—tasted.

The Youth (incredulity): Every act of your life—

Disraeli: Is born of the decision I made when I was twenty-four; and I am only sixty-four. I shall live to be a hundred. The Jew is long lived when he feeds upon himself. I shall succeed! You give me new spirit! I shall press forward. I shall sheathe the sword of England in her colonies: I shall butch the Church of England; I shall chain the ballot to property: I shall forestall all rebellion by reforms; I shall defeat Irish independence. You gave me, just now, the names upon the bricks of the structure I am rearing.

The Youth: Would that the Jews in Egypt had made them without straw!

Disraeli (with sudden triumph): Ah, you are beginning to understand! They are bricks without straw, and the cornerstone is mouldering! I shall make England an Empire! (quietly). Have not all the peoples of the earth lost their kingdoms through too great power? Thou who wast born in a library, who spent thy youth in the tomes of history, whereto is thy knowledge? Thou canst not be blind like these to whom, in my wisdom, I give glory and promises of wealth and strong institutions as bonds for their security. That day when I see the Queen of England crowned Empress of India, "then let me die, O Lord, with these, Thine enemies!" For I have used my strength to pull down the walls of the temple which is false to Thee! By the false purchase of a canal I shall make a way for the waters of Thy wrath. I shall bind the peoples of India and Egypt to the chariot wheel of a lie. I shall make fat the lives of those who still have strength in their leanness to resist their ruin, and they shall forget Thy poor until at last they rot in stinking tribute to the Greedy Mammon of their worship! I have spent my forty years in the wilderness that I might serve Thee, O Lord God. (A woman's voice at the other side of the closed door breaks in.) Oh, Dizzy! Dizzy! How long! May I come in? What is the matter?

Disraeli (with suavity as he moves quickly to the door and locks it, turning the key silently): I—I hope I have not—frightened you, my dear, by the denunciation of your enemies. (Laughs.) You will give the key back to me. (To the door.) "Oh, dear, dear, you did! Enemies? Poor Mr. Gladstone! Dizzy, is someone there?"

Disraeli: Yes—yes—I'll not be long. Don't wait up.

(Voice): I'm so sorry. I do beg your pardon—I
won't—" voice trails off into silence.) (The Youth has turned and his head is bowed against the high mantelshelf. Disraeli lifts his monocle and surveys him in silence.)

Disraeli (indifferently): Only as one must if one wishes to drug them with their own stupidity. I have done in the name of justice and truth—Israel, Son of Israel! (There is no answer.) When I have finished my task I shall go hence (quickly). The dreamer turned statesman shall dream again; while one of the aristocrats, who hates me for my power and subtlety, shall say over my quiet body: "The zeal for the greatness of Britain was the passion of his life" (his face contorted). At last! at last! laughter may come to life in me! Sometimes I fear it may spring from my throat too soon and undo what at great a cost I have done (quietly). Ah, yes, I shall be mourned grandiloquently; but the last degradation I shall ever be called upon to suffer shall be in the tomb when the Empress of India sets over me the words: "Kings love him that speaketh right!"

Mr. Granville Barker's Gramophones.

By An Actor.

The popular tradition that actors can "feel the pulse" of an audience, and adjust their emotional powers to what they feel in such a manner as creates a magnetic vinculum between the stage and the auditorium is well-founded. But such a co-operation is only possible under certain conditions. Briefly stated, they are these:—

The actor must be allowed to act. He must be free to play to what he feels. The fact that the mood of both spectator and actor can never be exactly the same twice makes this condition imperative. The actor's impulses must be given scope. He must be given space. He must not be hampered by extreme technical stage-rules, that is, he must not be too strongly limited to what is professionally termed "business."

These conditions being absent, the audience will remain cold and detached; the actor himself will become conscious of isolation from his audience and perform mechanically. What has happened in the modern theatre that this last and negative state should be so common? The cause has manifested itself in an official bureaucrat, the "producer." The "producer" has erected a barrier between the emotions of actors and audiences. "A 'producer' must not be judged by what he produces. If he 'produce' free and spontaneous acting let him be praised; but if he produce a microcosm of the Servile State and offers us mechanics instead of histrones, science instead of art—let him be damned.

The prevalent system of play production finds its extreme expression in Mr. Granville Barker. It is a system which is producing a new and automatic type of actor. The assumptions upon which Mr. Barker has apparently built his system of "production" are, briefly, these: that by reading a play a cast can conceive (even if the author be absent or dead, in the case of Shakespeare) precisely what effect the author wished to produce upon his audience. He, the "producer," must therefore visualise each character himself and finally the play as a whole. Having accomplished this he must engage actors whom he considers physically suited to the various characters. When the cast is complete he must call them together and in six weeks of rehearsals make them reflect the conception of the play with which he himself is saturated. He must make them understand that he, their "producer," is the author re-incarnate, infallible, and to be obeyed implicitly. Clearly this is the Fabian method. Mr. Barker is the Sidney Webb of the theatre. Mr. Webb's vision of a society of flesh and blood puppets may be compared with Mr. Barker's vision of a theatre for human marionettes. Both are bureaucratic ideas.

Under Mr. Barker the actor has to accomplish this: he has to remember the temperament of Mr. Barker and to learn to reproduce it every evening and at matinées. The actor for Mr. Barker is nothing more than a gramophone record made during rehearsals by Mr. Barker himself, and the more faithfully the nightly reproduction the more affectionately does Mr. Barker pat the "actor" upon the back. In the usual commercial gramophone factory there are thousands of records, each one being the result of individual expression; but in the Barker factory there is only one record; a boss record, upon which are registered the brain-waves of Mr. Barker. At rehearsals the boss disc revolves at a terrific speed, whisking up into its own motion the human material within reach and reducing it to a pulp, that readily lends itself to the process of recording. The Barker disc is then pressed firmly upon the plastic matter, and when the resulting gramophone record has been made it is introduced into the stalls in order to observe the result, he perceives with pride upon the stage facsimiles of his impressions. If by some unhappy chance a portion of the material has not been sufficiently soft to take the impression, and exhibits alien characteristics, then is the boss disc applied again and again until the desired result is obtained. No patience is spared; no recalcitrance accepted. Imagine an actor suggesting to Mr. Barker that he, the mere actor, knows something about the character which he is going to depict! The shadow of the boss disc as it descends upon him will mercifully hide his blushing confusion, and the next time he will know ever so much better than to mistake his gifts.

Let me take the reader into the theatre during a rehearsal where he may see for himself the process in detail. I have not attempted to reproduce the scene and patter realistically, but it is a fair representation.

The company have not yet committed the dialogue to memory. They huddle in the "wings" and study their parts. Suddenly an awed whisper goes round—Mr. Barker has arrived. A long and impressively quiet consultation with the leading members of the company takes place. Mr. Barker is endeavouring to infuse into them his conception of the various characters. He then passes quickly into the stalls in order that the rehearsal may commence before the "artistes" have quite forgotten what he has impressed upon them. "Curtain up," calls the stage manager, and the rehearsal begins. The "artistes" are a little nervous, especially those who have not previously been "produced" by Mr. Barker. The first seven lines of the dialogue are spoken—Mr. Barker rises and dashes from the stalls across the improvised rostrum to the stage—a long consultation takes place. Mr. Barker, consumed with energy, explains something at great length to the "actor" who scribbles notes upon his "part" and nods expressively. 'Oh, yes,' he puts in "quietly." Mr. Barker, I understand. He doesn't really feel like that
at all. I make him too robust. He doesn't really feel angry till he gets opposite the window. I quite understand; and I make him just a little bit too hasty: 'I must feel him just a trifle less hasty.' Mr. Barker nods quickly. 'That's it. Just a little teeny bit less hastily robust.' 'Curtain up,' the stage manager again. The first seven lines are the same, the second line different—this is Shakespeare, let it rip. Now, once again and back—go, pause—pass across, right hand outstretched louder—gently, softly, set it down, down, piano. Then the breath in quickly—nah—ah—nah—no! no! no! You haven't quite got it. I'm really very sorry, gentlemen, but we must get this right. Once again, please. Back once more, oh! and just one moment, Mr. Coggett—before you start again do please try to remember that you are not eating nuts in Epping Forest. Please remember that this man's temperament is more vigorous, more virile—once again, please.' Four hours of this, and the rehearsal is dismissed till the afternoon. Six weeks of it and the play is ready to go on with.

And now what are the critics and the public going to say about it? Will they believe it? Or is it possible that they, likewise, have had their intelligence levelled down to the gramophone record standard and cannot distinguish spontaneous and genuine acting from the mere mechanical repetition which Mr. Barker's method produces? What will Mr. Barker reply? That as we have no actors left, it is necessary for him to teach men and women exactly what to do and how to do it? In that case, I should rejoin that Mr. Barker can merely succeed in stereotyping incompetence. Every moment he devotes to this end must intensify the evil of which he complains. The need in our theatre to-day is for men who can inspire, not for men who can teach. If our stage is to develop a spacious freedom which will unfetter the souls of actors we must have men who can inspire. The Barker method cannot accomplish this. Mr. Barker's idea is fundamentally perverse; he starts upside down; he plays the sincere tyrant from the beginning; as soon as he takes the play into his hand to read he assumes omnipotence.

A writer in this journal pointed out recently in an article on Shaw that 'the inhibition of impulse is the death of the Drama.' Mr. Barker's system is the inhibition of impulse.

The Explanation.

A short while ago I was sitting in a café on the quay side, Newcastle, disposing of a substantial dinner and reading the report of a speech by Miss Stephenson, daughter of Sir William Stephenson, Lord Mayor of the 'Canny Toon.' The lady had been indulging in a particular brand of laudation of the Insurance Act, as thus: 'Of all the Acts ever passed by Parliament, the Insurance Act was the greatest temperance measure of them all.' I was pondering upon this pronouncement, when the door opened and twelve rope factory girls filed into the room. Four of the girls seated themselves at the opposite side of the table to me and each deposited a small paper parcel in front of her. The waitress appearing, the girls ordered, 'A basin, please.' Large basons were brought in, containmg some kind of thick spooky material, for which a penny a basin was paid.

The girl immediately in front of me, a bonny lass of eighteen or so, blushed scarlet as she opened her meagre parcel before a man stranger, disclosing two thin slices of dry bread.

Turning to her nearest companion, she explained to me in the following manner the cause of her poverty.

'Vell, I say, Meg, I wish to Christ I was in Dundee.'

'Why—what would do in Dundee?'

'Well. I'd get wages that would enable me to buy a decent dinner, anyway.'

'Oh, would you, though! If you did, it would be by doing some fellow out of a job, and then you'd have to keep him.'

'Even if I did, it would be better than this. Here we can't get enough to keep ourselves. And our fellows can't get enough to keep us. So we have to do without both food and fellow.'

'Ah—that's true. And then that Lloyd George comes and sneaks threepence a week off us—bad luck to him.'

I handed the last speaker the morning's paper and advised her to read the speech of the lady mayoress. I didn't want to hear her comments. But I was satisfied that there are more possibilities in the way of 'temperance' attached to the Insurance Act than had ever occurred to the wealthy Miss Stephenson.

PETER FANNING.
Notes on the Present Kalpa.

By J. M. Kennedy.

(7) Families.

That the rise and development of representative institutions should have coincided with the rise and development of trading and industrial interests, is a remarkable fact; but there are two further coincident phenomena which are equally noteworthy. One is the gradual migration from the country into the towns; the other is the decline in the stamina and spirit of the people. The philologist, too, will remark with interest that up to the beginning of the eighteenth century the word Democracy hardly appears in English literature, while, on the other hand, from the eighteenth century down to the present day its use has become more and more frequent. We can hardly take up a newspaper or book, no matter what the subject, without finding some reference to Democracy, always with the implication that the "people" are at last coming into their own, that the "people" are now more powerful than ever they were—the truth being that Democracy actually existed when it was not talked or written about, and that the thing itself no longer exists when we cannot escape from the mere word.

In a New Age Editorial Note which appeared, I think, early in 1910, the writer acutely summed up Democracy as Government of the people by consent on reflection, and Demagogy as Government of the people by consent without reflection. I gave, I think, the spirit if not the exact phrasing of the definition; and, if my memory serves me, there was nothing in it about "by the people," in fact, nothing yet governned themselves. By this I mean that no great movement, no great legal, theological, ethical, or social principle, ever emanated from the "people" qua people, the people considered as a whole; but only from a few select spirits among them—the "leaders," as we say. But it was quite possible, formerly, for the people to show satisfaction, or otherwise, with the proposals set forth by their leaders on their behalf. The people might be swindled and flouted and derided; but there were stages beyond which their leaders could not go. What and where these stages were had to be learnt by practice; and in ancient times the lessons were usually painful. The patient Teuton, the less patient Anglo-Saxon, tole-rated more than the quick-tempered Gaul.

Now, what cannot fail to be remarked about ancient history is this: there were numerous wars, international and inter-tribal; but there were very few instances of what we now call class-wars—it is significant that the very term is modern. It is useless to argue that "classes" themselves are modern; for, apart from the Indian castes, there were classes in every Western country as well. Most schoolboys have learnt that in Branksome Hall there were nine-and-twenty knights of fame, who were attended by nine-and-twenty squires of name, and that nine-and-twenty yeomen tall waited, duteous, on them all—besides the tenantry and the bold Boodle, who, even in death, topped the pyramid. And away beyond this there were classes in the time of Alfred; further back still, there were classes in Britain when Caesar landed; and there were classes among the primitive Silures. But, I repeat it, there were no class-wars.

The explanation is simple enough. No tribe was so large that the leaders (i.e., the various chiefs and those who came after them in the hierarchical scale) ever lost touch with their followers, i.e., the "people." All were of one blood, even though noble blood might flow through the veins of one man and blood of a coarser quality through the veins of his fellow. No chief would have taken a few followers of his blood—the blood of the race—dubbed them slaves, and set about "exploit-
ing" them; however often he might act thus towards his enemies. Every unit in the tribe knew and sympathised with the wants, passions, and emotions of his companions. The chiefs knew their men; and the men, whether in peace or in war, boldly supported their chiefs.

It is difficult for us at the present day to realise, much less to exaggerate, the influence of this feudal system on the development of English life. Not merely down to the time of the Wars of the Roses, but down to the time of the struggles between the Cavaliers and the Roundheads, loyalty to the reigning king was infinitely less a feature of the English social system than was loyalty to some individual chief. It was the chief who had a following, or as in later times, to the head of some county family. Indeed, the history of England is very much less the history of kings than the history of families; and the chief distinction between 55 B.C., A.D. 1066, and 1642, lies in the factor of combination. The tribes, loyal as they were to their chiefs, simply could not be induced to combine for the purpose of opposing the Roman invasion. It is not, as a rule, sufficiently emphasised in our schools that more than eleven centuries separate Caesar from William, that the Cromwells and the Earls of Essex, the Williams (including even the Protector) awakens no suspicion in the placid Puritan mind of Carlyle, who does not think it worth while to stop and inquire why the wealthy Williams should have financed the Cromwells.

In Gaul and in Greece the families exercise great power also, but Rome is perhaps the most striking instance of the power of families in a State. The Fabii, the Claudii, the Horatii, the Metelli, these names, and dozens of others, recur from early periods of Roman history. Again let the philologist amuse himself, if he will, by going over the records of Roman families and picking out the Sabine names from the Latin, imagining, no doubt, that here and there he can distinguish a trace of the still earlier Etruscan; the sociologist will be content to note that the power of Rome meant the power of the families composing the State; that Rome languished as the families lost touch with the administration on account of the rapid growth of the empire; and that, finally, Rome diminishes, the families sank into gradual insignificance with the development of representative institutions and the rise of the usurer.

A wonderfully conservative force, this family life; a wonderfully elemental force. The humblest existence of a race or a nation is like some uninteresting flat surface, until suddenly we are confronted with an almost mountainous name, the name of some great family, some great poet, an artist or man of science that stood above the common ruck. These people are the leaders of "the people"; these individuals are the guiding stars of the nation. And theirs is the responsibility of leadership, well or ill directed, according to the faith that is in them.

January 9, 1913. THE NEW AGE 227
When the East wind sweeps from the woods
Or the clouds of the West fall in rain,
Within doors the hearth-fire shall glow.

The shepherd will bring us beech-logs and split oak;
He will throw on the flames olive-boughs
And juniper to scatter sweet scent from the fire.

The lad, Julus, will play by the hearth,
Hold low your head, Benacus, hide yourself; for
now no God glides among the laurels.

HIERONYMUS FRASCATORIUS.

LAMENT FOR ITALY.

(A passage taken from Book I of his narrative poem
"De Morbe Gallico," in three Books.)

O my country, for so long glad above others, sacred
land of the Gods, wealthy, strong in men, happy with
lush fields, and Athesis and Benacus—who can relate
your calamities and the tale of your misfortunes?

What grief is like our grief, our shameful disgrace,
our barbarous rule?

This will be joy, if the fates grant us
your calamities and the tale of your misfortunes?

And we will read Maro together.

This is also translated by Du Bellay.)

O ancient ruins and upasifted hills,
Only the name of Rome is left to you.
Triumphal arches and colossal forms,
And marbles cut from Parian hills,
High heads of pyramids,
And noble fane and amphitheatres—
Age wears you down at last,
Fate brings you to this day.

But time could never desecrate
Rome, and the name remembered of Æneas,
Nor shall, while those clear chronicles remain,
Which no age takes away.

Others may falter in the silent race;
Calliope, you only can endure.

Present-Day Criticism.

To take thy hand, dear Virgil, and to creep
Out of this garden, where sad lilies grow,
And sighing damsels pine away and steep
Their souls in dull monotony of woe;
And press their hand against their side, and weep—
What joy it were! Our dulness grows so deep,
That, seeing thee, not one but straight would leap
To take thy hand.

O let me roam where singing shepherds keep
Their flocks, and hear them, till the sun drops low,
Pining to Pan, forgetful of the sheep,
'Mid money fountains and grass more soft than sleep,
Where I may chance, if Pan should will it so,
To take thy hand.

You don't know who wrote that! It wasn't you,
Mr. ——. But there, comparisons are odious. These verses are from the "Perse Playbook," a collection of verses written by boys of the Perse School Cambridge —by young eighteen and ever so much younger! And in this volume is the spirit we have been seeking far and wide, the "young, fresh, and charming" spirit of a tune perpetually new in poetry. You may say that the verse is rough, imitative, stamp it with all and the new generation and may Heaven defend it. Listen to this:—

Cloud, O cloud, I love thee,
Streaming across the sky;
Cloud, O cloud, I love thee,
Thou art brilliant to the eye.

And thy great and powerful flight
Doth to our dark hearts bring light;
Rush across the sky with great might,
Then cloud, O cloud, I love thee.

O cloud, do not rush too fast,
Else then many dangers pass,
Keep thyself to the very last,
We will of God's great mercy think.

O cloud, do not rush too fast,
Else then many dangers pass,
Keep thyself to the very last,
We will of God's great mercy think.

My flowers are dying, dying;
Rush across the sky with great might,
Then cloud, O cloud, I love thee.

We are much in want of rain,
Many prayers to God we raise;
Burst and give the flowers drink,
We will of God's great mercy think.

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Cloud, O cloud, I love thee,
My flowers are reviving fast:
Cloud, O cloud, I love thee!
The rain is gone, and the sun
Is shining very brightly;
Where is my cloud, my own dear one?
O cloud, O cloud, I love thee!
Thou hast watered my dear flowers,
Lost thy life, and lost thy all;
Thou hast watered my dear flowers,
Lost thy life, and lost thy all;

Thou hast watered my dear flowers,
Lost thy life, and lost thy all;

We have quoted the poem in full for its grace and variety, its economy and stability, its drama, its pure faith and devotion. Creation cannot not be praised except by enumeration of its attributes, but we may select here for unequal wonder that divine skill of the words where the child gathers the name closer to him when the dear cloud has broken itself among his flowers. "O cloud, cloud—"

Mr. Caldwell Cook, in introducing these poems, lightens the natural gravity with which readers must regard such early publication. A score of remarks in his "Essay on Boy Poets" show his honest method which produces so admirable results. Here is an incident reassuring as to the unspoiled boy: "Another poem was read aloud to the whole form, and due meed of praise given to the writer, who came after school with paper and pencil to take down his eight fully lines at my dictation, as he said, they sounded good, and he thought he would set them to music."

But we need not distress ourselves in the least concerning these young verse-makers. In their work is no sign of artificiality, and that is to say that they must be in masterly hands. Perhaps these lines from Mr. Caldwell Cook's preatory verses on the boy poet tell even better than the essay of his simple ideals and grip of the classic standard:

Not in defeated hope
Is the key of the time he sings,
Nor in the mood that downward gropes
In quest of newer things.

He will certainly not fail to assure "him" that there are no new things, only things of perpetually new value. The writer of the verses to Virgil, a senior boy, must, we suppose, have made his return from an excursion in our moderns: "We droop about in such a tedious row." It is not poetry, but it is true: we ourselves have said it, only not quite like that. But we will not spoil our pleasure by thinking about the tedious row of our aversions. Enough — the new spirit goes back to Virgil.

Of the ballads in the "Playbook" we must quote two verses from "The Little Wooden Bark."
The title phrase is cleverly delayed until the second verse, the first being all sudden description of the storm at sea:

She was a little wooden bark
With the top-mast gone afore, and each big breaker so cruel did shake her, and her crew they were but a score.

Axed, a few grey sullen rocks, All lashed with foam so white;
And went down in the dim grey light.

Comparisons shall not be made, but we might quote a solid hundred examples of modern verse whose authors have tried to wring the mimng. One must, however, live simply in order to write simply, live fully to write with substance. Our aversions live luxuriously, feverishly, and while they fancy themselves to be writing simply, we see only an exhibition of simplesse, or rather of infantilistic simper —

We cannot resist reminding our readers of the poems by the little maid, Ruth Pitter, whose spirit sings the same tune as do these others of the new generation.
Per contra, a micro-organism has been discovered in more or less frequent association with the lesions of Diphtheria, Tuberculosis, Cholera, Cubonic Plague, Tetanus, Typhoid Fever, and Meningitis, and a few more. In each instance it has been put forward as the cause; and on that assumption a serum or vaccine has been commercially exploited as a cure or as preventive of the particular disease in question. Let us briefly inquire into the credentials of some of these germs; and consider how they would satisfy the requirements of genuine Science.

Koch’s Postulates.

But first it may be premised that germs in general are of extremely numerous varieties, and that morphologically these varieties often bear so close a resemblance to each other, that even a highly-skilled microscopist has the greatest possible difficulty in distinguishing one from another by its appearance under the microscope. Also the micro-organisms found in disease are commonly mixed and blended in almost indistinguishable form. Hence Professor Keibel, of Berlin, the discoverer of the Cholera and Consumption bacilli, laid down five postulates with which any germ must comply, before it could be scientifically admitted as the vera causa of any malady whatever. At the time Koch was practically the head of the Bacteriological world, and his dictum was unhesitatingly accepted by bacteriologists. Apart from expert opinion, it obviously applies to common sense.

In order that a micro-organism may be scientifically held causal, it must—
1. Always be discoverable in association with the particular disease.
2. Not occur under conditions of health, or in other diseases than the one indicated.
3. Be capable of cultivation for many generations outside the body of the host.
4. Produce the same disease when subsequently injected into the body of another animal.
5. Must be always be found in this second animal host.

Not a solitary germ yet discovered has succeeded in fulfilling all these conditions. In fact, no single microbe put forward by bacteriologists as the cause of a disease has yet complied with more than one, and which is a point of particular significance—that one is the third of the above.

In other words every micro-organism yet found in association with a definite disease has quite failed to fulfill all, and out of five tests which the leading bacteriologist of his day laid down as absolutely essential before it could be counted a genuine cause, or held in any sense etiological. Witness the examples following:

The Bacillus of Diphtheria.

The microbe to which Diphtheria has been for the past seventeen years attributed and whose presence in the throat-mucus now constitutes the official and sole acknowledged test for the presence of that malady, was discovered by Messrs. Klebs and Löffler, and is called by their name. They could not detect it in 25 per cent. (one in four) cases of undoubted Diphtheria. See also Osler’s Practice of Medicine, page 153, where Osler, practically the leader of modern Medicine, admits its frequent absence even in bad cases.

Since its discovery as above the bacillus has also been found in abundance in the throat-mucus of innumerable healthy people; and this by many independent observers. Ritter detected it in 127 perfectly healthy school children. Hewlett and Murray found it in 15 per cent. of children in hospital with various maladies other than Diphtheria (British Medical Journal, June 15, 1901.)

The organism has a very wide distribution. It has been detected microscopically in the contents of vaccine vesicles, in tuberculous and emphysematous lungs, in mucous discharges of catarrhal, in stomatitis, rhinitis, conjunctivitis, in eczema and other skin eruptions, in gangrene, noma, ozem, &c.

Injected into the body of another animal the Klebs-Löffler bacillus invariably fails to produce disease in any way resembling human Diphtheria. The horses so treated for the purpose of manufacturing Diphtheria-Antitoxin from their blood-serum, show no symptoms, apart from general malaise, of that malady. (See evidence of Professors C. J. Martin, Proc. Royal A.P. Commission, Q. 11897.)

Tuberculosis.

The Tubercle-bacillus was discovered by Professor Koch in 1881. He endeavoured to prove that it is the cause of Tubercular Consumption, but entirely failed to do so; all his conclusions were promptly contradicted by Professor Middendorp and others. Nevertheless, this microbe has since been elevated to the baleful potency of a malignant African fetish. It has caused unhappy consumptives to be shunned like lepers; is now dangerously threatening the milk trade, the agricultural interest, and even the general arrangements of industry at large.

The germ does not make its appearance in the spuia of consumptives until that disease has continued for several months. Dr. H. J. Loomis (Medical Record, July 29th, 1895), states that it is not infrequently absent from patients with very advanced disease and "extensive mischief in the lungs." (Pulmonary Tuberculosis and Sanatorium Treatment, 1910.)

Professor Middendorp denies that the bacillus exists in any tubercular nodules of recent formation, and prior to the onset of degenerative processes. Spina, Charrin, and Kuskow failed utterly to detect it in Acute Miliary Tuberculosis, wherein, were the causal theory of Koch genuine, it must needs be specially abundant.

A noteworthy element of fallacy in reference to the value of inferences from experiment with the Tubercle bacillus upon the lower animals lies in the fact that most of such experiments take place with the guinea-pig. In 1868 Dr. Wilson Fox proved that it was easy to produce Tuberculosis in that animal by almost any tissue-irritation, and by inoculation with miscellaneous substances very varied in character. Eleven of thirteen guinea-pigs became tubercular through the subcutaneous injection of pneumonic lung-substance, four out of five by that of putrid muscle, others by the insertion into their tissues of silver-wire, cotton thread and the like. (Lecture, Royal College Physicians, May 15th, 1868.) Dr. Fox’s conclusions were confirmed by Dr. Waldenburg and have never been contradicted. They appear to invalidate the bulk of the "scientific" researches which have since taken place with this microbe; not excluding those most elaborate and prolonged investigations by the Royal Commission on Tuberculosis.

The Microbes of Plague, Cholera, Tetanus, &c.

The Times of January 13th, 1896, quotes a Report to the Plague Commission at Agra, by Mr. Hankin, Bacteriologist for the North-West Provinces. "There was no doubt that cases of Plague occurred among human beings in which no microbes were visible at the time of death. This fact was first proved by the members of the German and Austrian Plague Commission." The "Comma bacillus" was discovered by Koch, who proclaimed it to be the cause of Asiatic Cholera. Dr. Klein, who was about to proceed to India to investigate the origin of that disease, did not believe in Professor Koch’s statement and experimentally drank a wineglassful of comma bacilli in "pure culture." No effect followed; and Dr. Klein remains alive and well to this day. At Hambach Pettenkofer and Emmich swallowed the actual dose of a cholera patient with results similarly negative. Pettenkofer concluded that "the specific virus of cholera does not arise from the comma bacillus, but is evolved in the human organism." Cunningham (quoted by Granville Bantock, The Modern Doctrine of Bacteriology, p. 67) met with cases of cholera free from any traces of the comma bacillus. Bantock cites one of sudden death from this source at Paris in which none could be found. The micro-organ-
ism occurs in people suffering from nothing more grave than constipation. A Government Inquiry into the Etiology of Asiatic Cholera, 1855, says: "Organisms like comma bacilli cause cholera. These have nothing definite to do with disease."... It is impossible to maintain that the evacuations of a person affected with cholera contain actual or potentially the cholera poison in the shape of cultural labourers must be most common; yet they are very rarely attacked. True because such wounds among gardeners and agricultural labourers have been repeatedly inoculated hypodermically with pure cultures of the active form of Typhoid Fever, is found in healthy persons, and according to Major Horrocks, R.A.M.C. (British Medical Journal, May 6, 1911) has no specific character whatever. He finds that it is easily changed into other forms (B. Contagii, etc.) by cultivation, etc. It has never been found in the water, to which many virulent epidemics of Typhoid have plausibly been ascribed. Dr. Thresh, the well-known Medical Officer of Health, told the jury in the Malvern Hydro case, that he had accidentally swallowed a wineglassful of the "pure culture" of virulent typhoid bacilli without the smallest ill-consequence.

On experiments involving the like conclusion, Dr. J. W. Hodge remarks: "In medical literature I find a number of recorded instances of the apparently healthy human body having been repeatedly inoculated hypodermically with pure cultures of the active bacillus typhosus, the supposed cause of typhoid fever. These fully virulent cultures have also been injected into the rectum of the human body, and applied to large abraded areas from which the cuticle had been removed... With no other effects than those resulting from the puncture or abrasion." He makes a similar statement about the bacillus of Anthrax; and says that so far as his knowledge extends, all such experiments with other microbes reputed pathogenic have been negative. (American Journal of Neuphotaphy, February, 1911.)

These remarks are specially pertinent at the present time because of the recent official order that the whole United States Army is to undergo inoculation with Anti-Typhoid serum, a remedy resting in toto on belief that the b. typhosus is the source of Enteric fever.

It is admitted that the microbes ascertained to generate Spinal Meningitis, Anthrax, Influenza, cannot be detected in all the victims of these disorders by the most careful search. No pathogenic germ has ever been found in the air.

Mosquitoes and Malaria.

The present position of the favourite official view of a germ as the cause of Malarial fevers, and conveyed by the mosquito, may be here glanced at. On the general theory, it may be remarked that Malaria abounds where the insects are entirely, or almost entirely, absent; as in the tropical highlands generally and the elevated regions of Rhodesia (Bantock). That the fever is at its maximum when the insects are entirely present, and at its minimum when these are most numerous. That the malady is apt to follow a chill, after long years of immunity in temperate Environment.

Secondly, we note that although the theory has been current for nearly twenty years, wherever it has been acted on, it has totally failed in actual practice. Wherever operations for the destruction of the mosquito (per se) have been carried on, as at Maim Irir, for seven or eight years (Lancet, April, 1909), they have proved useless. The malady was not in any way alleviated by such labour and sacrifices involved. So far as it is possible to obtain unbiased official testimony, we learn that only the gross measures of sanitation count. (To be continued.)
"I compare virtue to a city whose inhabitants enjoy perfect happiness; wise, courageous, just, temperate, almost gods. All which is to be found among us; theft, violence, covetousness are banished from this fortunate city; all the citizens live at peace. . . . Some years ago, when I was going there; he even urged me to follow him. . . ."

"Too mad, or young the offer I refused" (Iliad).

"I was at that time only fifteen years old, but, for all that, I was then, perhaps, in the suburbs, even at the gates of the city. This old man told me . . . that all the inhabitants are strangers come from other countries and they are princes barbarians, slaves, cripples, dwarfs, poor, in a word, no one is refused; it is their custom to inscribe all who will, without regard to fortune, dress, appearance, birth, ancestral rank. None of these things are valued. All that is necessary is for a man to have intelligence, a love of good, to scorn delights, and live laborious, with a love of good, to scorn delights, and live laborious, and marked the bubbles rising to the surface and burst. Some are quite small and break as soon as they are born. Others last longer; new ones come to join them, and they swell to a great size; but all must inevitably burst."

In the "Menippus," "It has not escaped your observation," says Menippus, "that the sun projects certain shadows of our bodies on the ground. Philocles: How should it be?" Menippus: "These, when we die, are the prosecutors and witnesses which bring home to us our conduct on earth." In the "Voyage to the Underworld," the same idea is carried out in a different form. "Never yet did mortal man sin but he carried about the secret record thereof branded on his soul." Again, in another passage from the "Menippus," "The man of spirit, I believe for departed spirits to drink the water of Lethe?" Rhadamantus: "Certainly, Cynicus." Let this be the sole exception. Rhadamantus: "The soul of each deceased man is to be found among the gates of the city. This old man told me . . ."

"As to your present luck," "Charon," Lucian uses a similitude for the life of a man: the bubbles of life, which was to fight the battle of learning and common-sense against the powers of ignorance and superstition. His "Imaginary Conversations" already share the fate of other classics and are known to a few only in each generation. Most famous of all Lucian's admirers is the Dutch scholar Erasmus, of whom Drummond said, "From the beginning to the end of his career he remained true to the purpose of his life, which was to fight the battle of learning and common-sense against the powers of ignorance and superstition." His "Colloquia," a series of lively dialogues with still the same gallery, cast in a more modern form, of resemblance, and similarly of outlook, between the two, although Erasmus was a theologian, fighting the battles of his Church, and Lucian, an Agnostic, free to think and speak as he chose. [THE END]
Views and Reviews.

EMERSON has reported a conversation in the course of which Coleridge said that " Sicily was an excellent school of political economy, for in any town there, it only needed to ask what the Government enacted, and reverse that to know what ought to be done; it was the most felicitously opposite legislation to anything good and wise. There were only three things which the Government had brought into that garden of delights, namely, itch, pox, and famine." The epigram will apply with equal force to the conditions of rural England, although it would be necessary to substitute tuberculosis and fever for the diseases mentioned. But it is no exaggeration to say that famine has actually been produced in rural districts by the action of the Government. The land was stolen from the people by Enclosure Acts; indeed, Thorold Rogers says, "I contend that from 1563 to 1824 a conspiracy, concocted by the law and carried out by parties interested in its success, was entered into, to cheat the English workman of his wages, to tie him to the soil, to deprive him of hope, and to degrade him into irremediable poverty." That indictment still stands, with the exception of the second clause; for Mr. Green shows that the Public Health Act has only prevented the agricultural labourer from keeping this from his landlord, and thus deprived him of an additional source of income from wages, while the Town Planning Act has squeezed him out of 13,000 cottages, and provided only 116 new ones in their stead. The word "conspiracy" may justly be used to-day; but it is a conspiracy to drive the workman from the soil.

"If rural England was once ruled by its magistracy," says Mr. Green, "to-day it is ruled by the large farmers; and it is this class more than any other which is bringing about its decay. Perhaps, though, it would be hard to say whether it is the large farmer, in his desire to add field to field and to prevent the agricultural labourer from getting land or living in cottages independent of him as landlord; or the large landowner, in his insatiable desire to obtain huge pleasant preserves, vast deer forests, and multitudinous rabbit-warrens who are the Empire."

Whoever may be responsible for the greater harm, there is no doubt that the influence of both is vicious. Political intimidation, we all know, is common in rural districts; but, as Mr. Green says, "political tyranny is only possible where it has behind it the pressure of the economic screw." Political intimidation really does not matter; for whichever party is voted into power, the condition of the agricultural labourer is not improved. Either there is no legislation for his benefit, or the legislation has a permissive clause which enables local authorities to ignore it, or the very structure of local government inhibits any improvement of the conditions of rural life. Whilst political intimidation is sporadic, says Mr. Green, "breaking out acutely every five or six years, the tyranny exercised by the farming class over the labourer is an exorciation that never ceases. The large farmer is not only on the Parish Council, but is invariably to be found on the Rural District Councils; and very often on the County Council. In the employer-landlord of the countryside are to be found the three jaws of Cerberus—the P.C., the R.D.C., and the C.C.—and he is the watchdog to the domains of Pluto, who keeps the labourer imprisoned within the Hades of village life. His dog-in-the-manger policy of preventing labourers from having access to the land, is one that is detrimental not only to the labourer but to all of us as Englishmen, for it leads to bad tillage. He is not content with making the land yield more; he adds field to field, but only with increasing his gross income and his control over the lives of others."

There are objections, mainly of a psychological nature, to a benevolent despotism; but for a tyranny that is malevolent and punitive, that decrees semi-starvation and ill-health for those subject to it, there is no possible justification. For the one case, reference must be referred to Mr. Green's book; I can only say here that when people have to live on bread and lard, they are half-starved, and that when two parents and six children occupy only one bedroom and the landing at the top of the stairs (girl of four and two who grew ten years slept in a chest of drawers), their health is not of the best. Such are the conditions in which our agricultural labourers live; and that these conditions are maintained with silence peculiar is the agricultural conclusion to be drawn from the facts. For Mr. Green quotes actual cases in which men have been evicted from their dwellings, and discharged from their employment, for simply complaining of the condition of their cottages.

Apart from the condition of the labourers (and Mr. Green shows that this is worse than the official reports suggest), the insanity of the modern tyranny of the countryside is manifest in the conditions of agricultural production. Kropotkin, in his "Fields, Factories, and Workshops," a book that ought to be re-published, told us years ago that he had seen ten men at work in a field that in Belgium would have found employment for 2,000. Mr. Green has more than once pointed to the fact that in rural England, and has noticed the same scarcity of agricultural labour. He has photographed, in one case, one solitary labourer at work in a field; and he quotes a tradesman in the neighbourhood of Great Raisington saying: "The farmer is no field-labourer at all: he is a cattle farmer and but one labourer to the hundred acres. There is a five-hundred acre farm here where only a shepherd, a cowman, a ploughman, and one field-labourer are kept. But they won't let anyone else have a try." Not one sheep to the acre; and Kropotkin told us that in Jersey they kept one head of horned cattle or cattle unit (which is equivalent to eight sheep) per acre! The result of this desultory tillage is that our produce per acre is valued at only £4, while Belgian producers £200 worth of produce per acre.

When Mr. Green reveals the impotence of the Parish Council to improve the condition of the agricultural labourer, he speaks us a parish councillor; when he condemns the state of agriculture, he speaks as a practical farmer. He agrees with Kropotkin and Thorold Rogers that farming on a large scale, apart from the oppression of the labourer, does not produce the best results; and in support of his contention that the smallholder is the better farmer, I may quote Thorold Rogers: "Though the individual capital of peasant holders (I am thinking of much more than miserable acre allotments of the worst land in the parish, at double the rent of the best) is small, the proportionate capital is large. I am sure, at least, that if intelligent labourers had the prospect of getting a ten or fifteen acre farm, with a decent dwelling and corresponding farm offices, the amount of capital per acre with which they would stock their holdings would soon be relatively far higher than that of the large farmer, and that the produce per acre would be far larger, especially if they betook themselves to dairy farming and ensilage, as the small fifty-acre farmers of the Eastern States in America are doing, and with such marked success, on the worst land in the world."

That is a prophecy of what will happen when England returns to reason, and Mr. Green shows us that it has not yet happened. The one wise thing that is to be done is to discharge from employment; moreover, without financial assistance the impoverished farm labourer cannot capitalise a small holding. If agriculture is to survive in England it can only be by freeing the labourer from the dominance of the farmer, by restoring him to the land, and assisting him to bear the first charges of production. If agriculture declines, England is doomed; for a town-bred population has neither fertility nor stamina. But there is a serious risk, as Mr. Green shows; that of the agricultural labourer against the intolerable conditions of his existence, and in that prophecy lies our only hope. The country gentry, to whom Mr. Fabian Ware appealed so pathetically, are only concerned to feed their game on the crops of the farmer; the farmer is only concerned
to make his labourers live in insanitary dwellings, drink contaminated water, and starve while they produce food. In legislation there is no hope, for the administration of the law is in the hands of those whom we should legislate. As Thorold Rogers said: "If there be evil at work in the condition of those who live by wages, most of the cure must come from themselves. There is no means for it but self-help." Mr. Green shows that the adaption of the means is impossible, and to those who know how dangerous the uninformed action of men's the warning of this book is commended. A. E. R.

REVIEWS.

The Crook of Gold. By James Stephens. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

"The Crook of Gold" is what the Scots would call all blearthes, and ill-written blethers at that. On the opening page our ear detects half a dozen clumsy syntactical constructions, including a quite unnecessary split infinitive. The style throughout is modelled on the same careless pattern, if pattern simple negligence or ignorance can afford. Nor is the story itself such as would uplift the phraseology and allow us to forget that the style is altogether inadequate. It all about it, with leprecauns, the Professors, the Thin Woman, and such-like idle abstractions mingled in a pastiche with realistic policemen. Of thread in the story or collective mean-lepracauns the Professors, the Thin Woman, and such-thing we can discover none. Now and then Mr. Stephens less pattern, if pattern simple negligence or ignorance is. the warning of this book is commended.

the law is in the hands of those against whom we should blethers, and ill-written blethers at that. On the open-turns an amusing phrase, but in the midst of the mock-legislate.

the phraseology and allow us to forget that the style is in deciding. Of one thing, however, we are certain: constructions including a quite unnecessary split infinitingleasing page our ear detects half a dozen clumsy syntactical constructions. Women writers invariably spoil the mould of the work.

Rosemary and Rue. By Beatrice Stott. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.)

Miss Stott in hurriedly sacrificing her "Rosemary" in a sentimental marriage has actually sacrificed her whole work, for the "character" as earlier drawn exhibits good breeding, courage, and self-control, qualities which do not fail altogether and at once. Women writers invariably spoil the mould of the work. It seems as if Miss Stott had intended to draw a circle, and, feeling her hand tremble, had reached out desperatoly for arabesques—anything to help her round. Charlotte Bronté savagely mutilating Rochester, George Eliot drowning the Tullivers, are examples of this feminine distrust of the necessity of completing a work. Miss Stott, after living most sympathetically with "Rosemary" for over twenty years, seeing her through a bewilderingly miserable but courageous childhood, a miserable but strong and thorough-bred girlhood, a miserable but courageous and sensible young womanhood, dumps her as any female of no consequence into a sentimental marriage with a lying cad—moreover, one long since found out by Rosemary, who is supposed to go to detested arms at no better instance than the reproaches of the man's equally detested mother! It won't do. Many women would have behaved in this common manner, but not Rosemary—that is, if character means anything at all. Rosemary, left in her tower at the lake, was the true finish of this story. The stupid cruelty of the feminine hand alone could have dragged her forth and driven her to bleak white in the company of a low, loose man, as a fitting expiation of a youthful error.

The Temple on the Hill. By Elsa de Syarz. (Sedgwick and Jackson. 5s. net.)

A tale of Rome, written in somewhat precocious English. The matter is full of the morbid sentimentality which has apparently rotted peasants of all countries since novelists discovered a market for rural sketches. There are enough ill-gotten and ill-favoured yokels in these pages to turn Yeats and Mansfield envious. Nor is the pure but desirous maiden neglected.

Nephele. By Valentine Goldie. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

"From among the rustling and sighing of the muted strings the inexpressively touching voice of the alto oboe languorously disentangled itself, hung in a long-drawn phrase of overpowering sweetness on the heavy, warm air, swelled strongly and swiftly to a cry, and dropped in strange intervals to silence." But why not describe the affair precisely?

John Rosenburln. By New Car. (St. Catharine Press. 2s. 6d.)

Written to demonstrate the superior nobility of the black-leg and his rise "from Socialism to Individualism" in spite of the "great tyranny" of the Trade Unions.

The Unbearable Bassington. By H. H. Munro. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

Author's note: "This story has no moral. If it points out an evil, at any rate it suggests no remedy." There is never any mistaking the Bodley Head wit! It makes one feel as though at dinner with a hostess who has made a silly joke and is herself laughing at it. The ragged-ribboned sex of ill-gotten and ill-favoured London societies—we are all societies and somebodies nowadays, since Society has married the Jews and the Gaiety Girls—niffs and sniffs here in the usual Bodleian way. "And what shall it profit a man," thinks Francesca, "if he save his soul and slay his wife in tortuous prose?"

Answer: The ancient wisdom long since ruled out little tormented hearts from the great battle, so don't worry—blessed be Thou, be off!

Officer 666. By B. Currie and A. McHugh. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

"Splash! The grape-fruit hit her in the eye!" Modern literature.

Macmillian's Sevenpenny Series: The Passionate Elopement, by Compton Mackenzie; Greifenstein, by Marion Crawford; Aunt Rachel, by D. Christie Murray; Limbo, by Algeron Blackwood; Not Wisely but Too Well, by Rhoda Broughton.

Huperoaniuia. By W. Lyon. (Elkin Mathews. 1s.)

What a fashion it is becoming to borrow a Latin and less Greek by way of a preface. Let us submit and ourselves talk about the flight of Icarus. Mr. Lyon rose from a dusty room, "gaunt and bare," into tremendous regions where he met a lady, sans dire, who invited him to go "where never mortal invaded yet," although there were gathered all the dead poets. So Odysseus and Æneas were misrepresented, and we can only call the boastful Dante by very harsh names. He and the others exaggerated if Mr. Lyon's account of poets' paradise, certainly the most recent, is reliable.

Studies and Appreciations. By Darrell Figgis (Dent. 5s. net.)

Mr. Figgis is one of those writers who make a reviewer's life easy. He not only gives a really descriptive title to his book but he actually writes an essay to tell us what to think of him and his work. He concludes his essay on "In Praise of Praise" with this passage, which makes all criticism unnecessary. 'The man who will not praise has not passed his own soul. He has never risen to the splendour of confidence in himself, and so, instead of royally acclaiming others in a spirit of frank equality, he will be found for ever fortifying himself and his little prowess by the twin agencies of censure and hyperbole. And, therefore, praise is not only the acclaimer of greatness; it is not only the creator of greatness; it is the proof of greatness in a man. You may know the little man by his sign; it is stamped on his speech. He will be for ever saying that praise is a good thing, and a necessary thing, but that he has not yet found anything in his age and generation worthy of his praise. That is to say, that though you could raise an age of giants by praise, it would take an age of giants to do it.' So now we know what to think of Mr. Figgis and his work.
Steps to Parnassus.
Some Essentials of Criticism.
By J. C. Squire.

It would be ridiculous to pretend to instruct any young man in respect of judgment. It is impossible to in-
culcate by maxim, rule, or example a faculty for the
man in respect of judgment. It is impossible to in-
properly

You know whom to write about; your mind is a
calendar of the names, dates, characteristics, and love-
affairs of all the greater writers of all ages and climes,
and you have well-stocked libraries at hand, where you
may look up facts about any lesser person whom you
may find it desirable to mention; in what style shall
your articles be written?

Firstly, keep your imagination and your sense of
humour (if you are endowed with such) in check, as
also your independent judgment. It will disturb your
readers if you make jokes: the exercise of imagination
will demand from them a mental effort which they do
not desire to make (or they would be reading books);
and, in the exercise of such an effort, the attention of
your readers will be solent and an act of treachery to the whole body of
critics.

Secondly, your work will gain much in impressiveness
as weight to distinguish numbers of references to authors, living and dead. Remember
that almost any author may be mentioned in connection
with almost any other. If he cannot be brought in for
comparison, he can be brought in for contrast; and,
if that fails, he can be brought in by way of paren-
thesis. Perhaps an illustration or two may make this
more clear.

(1) Mr. Timmins is a great satirist. He is in the
tune of descent from Aristophanes and Lucian,
Rabelais and Cervantes, Swift and Byron. It is true
that each of these great masters had qualities of which
he is devoid, and that he has qualities which none of
them possessed. For a parallel, for example, to his
subtle artistry of phrase we should have to go to  Walter
Pater, and we can remember no one since Catullus
(except, perhaps, Heine) who could so suddenly etch
his appetite. If he reads about Shelley all one year, he
may find it desirable to mention; in what style shall
your articles be written?

Thirdly, as to phraseology. Individual phrases, if
you read sufficient current criticism, will come ready
easy enough to your pen. Do not forget to use the word
"stuff" at least once in every article, as : "This is no
ordinary book; it is compact of the very best stuff of
most existent philosophers. Other books are legion in number,
and a few specimens, chosen at random, must suffice:—
"The root of the matter," "divine discontent," "fauc-
ent humour," "beautiful but ineffectual angel," "lim
volumes," "tears away shams and illusions," "har-
ing and elusive beauty," "that subtle sympathy which
is the secret of his spell," "rare tenacity and singlesness
of purpose," "that vein of cynicism that mars so much
of his best work," "a veritable mine of quaint lore," "decked
How with its name of an outward philo-
sophy." These are but a casual string which might be
lengthened indefinitely. With respect to more sustained
passages, there are two chief ways of making them
effectively. You may make them continue through
several times in different forms. The second is to fasten on
any metaphorical expression which comes uppermost
as you write, and to elaborate it in all its details.
The "Dunno" Man. How He Loses His CHANCES EVERYWHERE.

At Dinner.

The Host: Nice old likes this Insurance Act has made.

The Guest (mystified): What Insurance Act?

The Host: Why, Lloyd George's, of course. What do you think of the chap? Isn't he a thoroughly old rattle.

The Host (still mystified): I—er—really don't know. Who is—er—Lloyd George?

The Guest: You know my word, this is a bit too much. I must find somebody who does know who Lloyd George is. (Which, after due inquiry, he succeeds in doing, much to the discomfiture of the guest.)

In the Office.

Employer: You want a better job. Righto, I've got one for a man who is well versed in modern sociological problems.

Employee (somewhat puzzled): Well, sir, I 'opes we've got nothing to complain of. I knows my job all right.

Employer: Quite so. All our employees give satisfaction. But this job is for somebody who follows current events with interest, and has an intimate knowledge of the trend of modern thought. What do you know, for instance, of symbolism? Could you discuss with a client the most recent tendencies in economic theory?

Employee (gasping): Bit out of my line. I ain't got a bloomin' degree.

Employer: (Sorry, my man. You'd better stick to downstairs.)

The "Dunno" man fails everywhere. He does not possess the key to that topical knowledge so essential to the equipment of the up-to-date man. His remedy is to follow our reasoning to its logical extremity, I maintain that a nation in which every man is freely clothed and freely fed—that is, a society in which every man possessed of more than adequate material wealth were by nature so benevolent as to bestow half upon a fellow creature who had none, such a society is tottering upon the brink of commercial ruin and is doomed. Fortunately our Saviour over Did not foresee the growth of material chaos both for the party generally, there was recently inaugurated a great movement for the elevation of the masses, a movement destined, we believe, to effect a revolution in the economy of the nation.

The promoter of the scheme bears a name which, if we could but divulge it, would be recognised at once as a name well-known as the founder of a school of eugenics, and one who has invented a system of dumb-bell exercises for the human body. This benefactor of the race, whose heart has been stirred with many coats and many who have no coats at all. New, I must ask you seriously to consider whether this would result today would be to violate the injunction of Christ as expressed in the text before us? Focus your attention upon that section of society having many coats, the small but vital section possessing the power to circulate the material wealth of the civilised world which is indeed the very life-blood of the nation. Conceive this class imposing upon their fellow men, with an example which the moral stamina of the workers—those who have become suddenly possessed of sumptuous sable and fur-lined astrakhan overcoats would most assuredly suggest forthwith refuse to labour: for it is clear that once their bodies were seductively clothed they would be under no further necessity to keep themselves in toil. The second half of our text is open to the same moral objection: "He that hath meat let him do likewise." Here again it is evident that every man gratuitously well fed in addition to being well clothed nobody would be under the necessity of working either for bread or for raiment. The industry of the country would be paralysed, the moral stamina of the people sapped irretrievably.

"He that hath two coats let him impart to him that have none; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise." The text, as it stands, is obviously sheer idealism. Jesus Christ our Saviour could not possibly have foreseen the havoc that would infallibly result from implicit obedience to His commandments: the inconvenience of our having to wear bars adorned plainly in the fourteenth verse of the same chapter, in which He instructs the people to be "content with their wages", and it is His character as our Lord points out, contentment. It is my firm conviction that industrial unrest would simmer down and eventually disappear were the people to take to heart this great and sublime lesson of contentment.

The "Dunno" man fails everywhere. He does not possess the key to that topical knowledge so essential to the equipment of the up-to-date man. His remedy is to follow our reasoning to its logical extremity, I maintain that a nation in which every man is freely clothed and freely fed—that is, a society in which every man possessed of more than adequate material wealth were by nature so benevolent as to bestow half upon a fellow creature who had none, such a society is tottering upon the brink of commercial ruin and is doomed. Fortunately our Saviour over Did not foresee the growth of material chaos both for the party generally, there was recently inaugurated a great movement for the elevation of the masses, a movement destined, we believe, to effect a revolution in the economy of the nation.

The members of the gathering, which met in camera, desire, for the present, to remain anonymous, anything in the nature of self-advertisement being entirely at variance with their simple purpose.

We have, however, been so fortunate as to obtain some crumbs of information which we hasten to distribute among the readers of the New Age.

The promoter of the scheme bears a name which, if we could but divulge it, would be recognised at once as a household word among the English working classes. He is well-known as the founder of a school of eugenics, and has invented a system of dumb-bell exercises for the unborn.

This benefactor of the race, whose heart has been stirred...
by the age-long cry of the masses for pauper et circuses—having already supplied the last-named luxury, has now turned his attention to the question of the nation’s food. To manufacture a cheap and harmless drink was but the work of a moment to this man of brilliant intellect. And dowered with this world’s goods will thrive still more. Nay, human life.

plied with the precious foodstuff entirely free of cost. great quantities, of the last necessity of those unable to afford a penny will be supplied. Poverty, obesity, hunger, thirst, deformity, disease, destitution, crime itself will thus be swept away.

The people having asked for bread will be given, not only more bread, but cake, woe, and corsets into the bargain. This great scheme has, we understand, the endorsement of many men well-known in the sphere of politics, and of others who enjoy a European reputation in the scientific world and in the world of letters.

We are not in a position to say whether this movement has received the sanction of the Church, a prominent clergyman having hailed as the Saviour of the Poor and the Friend of the Working-man, this great Reformer, to whom an eternal debt of gratitude will be owing.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC.

Sir.—Surely Mrs. Hastings’ quibbles in her reply to Miss Wenders is an expression of maternal feeding. When almost all infants of comfortably-off folks are reared by hand and yet have a very low mortality rate and maintain a high standard of health, need one hesitate to question the desirability of breast feeding?

Let no one hasten to put forward the stale old argument of the rate of mortality amongst breast-fed infants in the poor classes, as compared with the less high rate amongst breast-fed children, for, since the atrocious hand feeding is due to poverty and ignorance, such an argument can be used, logically, only in condemnation of low standards of living and ignorance of the most elementary rules of health.

Why, because breast feeding was at one time the only convenient method, perhaps the only possible one, of rearing babies, should it be assumed to be necessarily the best method under entirely different conditions when there is every facility for raising healthy infants by hand?

Breast feeding amongst would-be health preachers is merely a fetish—it hasn’t a single fact to back it up.

Miss Wenders is herself conscious of a growing disillusionment in her class as to the necessity of feeding their children, else why should she fear that a few words of Mrs. Hastings might result in their refusing to do so?

How does the benefit does she imagine infants gain by being fed, from a mistaken sense of duty, by women who have been medically warned that they are poisoning their children—on of an endless stack always ready.

When almost all infants of comfortably-off folks are reared by hand, and yet are not filled with disgust at their resultant flaccid muscles and shapelessness, I see no reason why they should not nurse their infants providing that whilst so doing they do not flaut themselves before those who do not wish to be condescended to.

VIOLET MAINE

[Mrs. Hastings replies: The truth is that I don’t care a tacking-thread whether women feed their children or not. Some thrive on breast-feeding and some don’t, and with bottle-feeding results also differ. But I am too aged now to want to waste time discussing the rights of a thing which mostly depends on feminine whim. My original reference to the old world was no more than a shrug at the absurd halo put on by modern women, who, when feeding from the breast—one of an endless stock always ready. Mrs. Mayne is always vainly about this matter to any woman who has taken the halo—she doesn’t know of women who have been medically warned that they are poisoning (or “starving” as it is euphemised) a child, but who can scarcely be accused of being personally, I think, any my real dutiful mother for having been induced not to feed me, for I have equal energy and good health with all, and at least double that of most of her nurses children: I ascribe my liveliness to the perpetual pluck of my Bottle. Had my mother worn a halo, no doubt but I should have been poisoned. I think it is a fact that hand-fed creatures are, as a rule, livelier than the others, country people as much as city people. I have set on foot this epoch-making movement for the supply, in greatly increased quantities, of the last necessity of human life.

Poverty, obesity, hunger, thirst, deformity, disease, destitution, crime itself will thus be swept away.

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We are not in a position to say whether this movement has received the sanction of the Church, a prominent clergyman having hailed as the Saviour of the Poor and the Friend of the Working-man, this great Reformer, to whom an eternal debt of gratitude will be owing.

SIR,—A, soothing, letter of condolence Mer- madika Pickthall has written to the ”Thinkers of the Moslem World,” in your issue of December 26th. It sounds like:

“Diddums! And did someone hurt him? Dear wee chappie! You are all that is good, and they are naughty, and all that is bad. So just don’t think any more about it. Soon you will grow up strong and wise, and God, settle them for good” . . . and so forth.

A strange letter to find in a journal like The New Age, where every statement a more or less correct deduction from existing, and not imaginary factors.

“Turkey will emerge the brighter from this slight eclipse, please God, and will pursue the course of true Islamic progress and enlightenment, in which her steps were set, when thievish enemies assailed her.

In that case, all the existing powers, as thievish, and the Turks, centuries ago, assailed the Balkan States, and upset the “true” course of Christianity and enlightenment in which those Balkan States were set. And a still on keeping up for centuries.

Who speaks of right and wrong in this age, when right is always on the side of the stronger? For years past, Turkey preserved her integrity by utilising, in her best possible manner, the envy and jealousy of her stronger neighbours, and, in its interior, by inciting one element of the population against another, by stirring up racial and religious differences. A group of Powers were interested in the existence of a powerful Turkey; and the federation of the Balkan States was prevented by using all means—just and unjust—as such a federation would have been a menace to Turkey’s strength. However, such a federation was formed, and the Turks rendered it perfectly normal, that the Balkan States should have selected for their attack a time when the enemy’s strength was at its lowest. Brilliantly, the Balkan sweat would have liked the Balkan States to wait until Turkey should be at her very best. A war, in itself, is horrible to humanity, and Turkish, when a nation is at war, it naturally utilises all available means to win the fight. If the Balkan States could enlist the sympathies of the interested Powers, by putting before them the cause of Christianity, so much the better for them. It is as justifiable as on the part of Turkey to promise Austria a province, or another bribe, for her interest. Another quotation from this letter: “True Islamic progress and enlightenment . . .

I do not believe in true Islamic, nor in true Christian progress and enlightenment. Excluding Christian Socialists, there is hardly a Socialist who would base true progress upon of the religious systems; and if Turkey will emerge brighter—if ever it was bright—it will be not emerging from Islam to principles and ethics laid down by natural philosophy, and other exact sciences. There is only one path of true progress for all the human world, a path the direction of which is defined by naturally correct deductions.

The future of Islam, Christianity, and every other religion, is to be reduced to so many philosophic systems and to be used for reference, etc., as the philosophies of Nietzsche, Socrates, and Aristotle, etc. The future value of Islam is purely archival. In other respects it will die.

Socialists do not believe in war. They advocate world cooperation; but while humanity is still under the influence of the right and wrong is unsettled by the difference of strength, one need not accuse the Balkan States of every wrong, and condemn them
On the other hand, there are sincere Catholics among the members of the “Action Française,” but can you say that the Catholic friends of Positivist and even Pyrrhic philosophers are sectarian? Now let us see the chauvinism of the “Action Française.” Here I am afraid that you confounded the feelings of Mr. Dreyfus with the idealism of the Pope. “Action Française” was the only paper, with the Socialist organs, which denounced the last military tattoos as a trick of the enemy. And, with us, the caution of the Pope—sympathy for this “blind enthusiasm” which is kindled by orchestras and excites a nation without teaching her. We prefer discussing the self-sacrificing deeds of the brave with the “Marseillaise,” and telling them that Patriotism is a feeling which cannot be explained, but must be obeyed. Yet, for you, we are mere chauvinists, that is to say.

And lastly, you find that we are anti-Semitism. You are quite right, for a minute at least. Most unfortunately your lyrical strains and your rages, you write that our first purpose is the expulsion of Jews and Protestants. You forget or are unaware that we never put Jews and Protestants on the same level. We know perfectly well that French Protestants are our brothers, and we don’t say Catholics, Protestants and Jews, but French people and Jews. This is a matter of race, not of religions—[Mr. Driéry’s speech to the “Lycéens et collégiens,” June, 1912]—and the only thing we aim at is to remind the Jews that they are foreigners in France, and the Protestants that they are not French. Moreover a great number of them seem to have forgotten. Moreover our King has no Pharaonic tendencies towards those Jews, and Mr. Léon Blum puts in a monograph (p. 63) will tell you that under His reign the Jews will enjoy a quiet life, when they are freed from the annoying task of leading France to ruin. Nor is this all. In the last part of your article, you generously offer us many stupid theories. Though we are the disciples of Comte, Taine and Fustel de Coulanges, we know—because you tell us that we are hooligans. Yet, you tell us that we are ready to leave our interests in the hands of a monarch and “to place ourselves at the mercy of an oligarchy.” How can you write that this is the ideal of Mr. Marius and his friends? With such ideas we should be sheer saints or mere fools, as you like, but you yourself tell us that we are hooligans. Yet, we are neither saints, nor fools, nor hooligans, but only reasonable people who try to be logical in their pursuit of the national renaissance, and who have got rid of all the prejudices which blinded our forefathers. Though you speak of our poverty of ideas, of our simple method of reasoning, we are so logical in our theories that Mr. Bergson’s disciples, the “pragmatists,” generally reproach us with being of the most romantic of romantic—the terrible and passionate—[Mr. Guy Grand, one of our Syndicalist opponents who at least understood our ideas, compared Mr. Marius” “constructional materials” to a “perfect Greek shrine, so rational they are. Yet, you affirm that “he has no definite constructive proposals,” and that you “must be content without principle, with jingoistic federalism and local federalism.” However, Mr. Marius is considered even by his opponents as one of the most competent authorities on the question of decentralisation, and Mr. Paul Boncour, the Republican minister, consulted him when he wrote on this subject. On “professional federalism” you have Mr. Valois’ book, “La monarchie et la classe ouvrière,” in which the details of France’s history are explained precisely all that seems so vague to your eyes. You are not only unable to grasp our ideas, but you also alter the true character of fact. You depict a people which is not only of foreign extraction but of foreign faith as the enemies of all foreigners, and you say, trying to be ironical, “Germany, it appears, is buying up all the mines of France.” We negroes, but a negro is not a negro, according to your logic.

Sir,—In connection with the present peace negotiations of the Balkan States there are some questions one would like to put to the crusading public.

Is it true that the Bulgarian Regular troops, which marched on Salonica, buried alive the Turkish wounded of the victims of the four Allies, including fugitives? What treatment did the Jews receive at Salonica? Is the Mohammedan population of Macedonia being exterminated in a ghastly manner, as alleged.

Sir,—I take the word “clerical” because he was filled with the principles of mutual aid, and the survival of the fittest, the survival of humanity at large, over circumstances which come between it and its progressive evolution.

* * *

Our Fellow Christians.

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L’ACTION FRANÇAISE: A REPLY TO MR. BOYD.

Sir,—The “Liturgic Year Book,” to which I referred after reading Mr. Boyd’s article on the “Action Française,” says that The New Age is a Socialist paper of advanced ideas. Yet, allow me to tell you you are very much mistaken.

You call me a clerical. I take the word “clerical” because he was filled with the principles of mutual aid, and the survival of the fittest, the survival of humanity at large, over circumstances which come between it and its progressive evolution.

For the honour of Christianity which has been invoked—[Mr. Driéry’s speech to the “Lycéens et collégiens,” June, 1912]—and the only thing we aim at is to remind the Jews that they are foreigners in France, and the Protestant that they are not French. Moreover a great number of them seem to have forgotten. Moreover our King has no Pharaonic tendencies towards those Jews, and Mr. Léon Blum puts in a monograph (p. 63) will tell you that under His reign the Jews will enjoy a quiet life, when they are freed from the annoying task of leading France to ruin.

Nor is this all. In the last part of your article, you generously offer us many stupid theories. Though we are the disciples of Comte, Taine and Fustel de Coulanges, we know—because you tell us that we are hooligans. Yet, you tell us that we are ready to leave our interests in the hands of a monarch and “to place ourselves at the mercy of an oligarchy.” How can you write that this is the ideal of Mr. Marius and his friends? With such ideas we should be sheer saints or mere fools, as you like, but you yourself tell us that we are hooligans. Yet, we are neither saints, nor fools, nor hooligans, but only reasonable people who try to be logical in their pursuit of the national renaissance, and who have got rid of all the prejudices which blinded our forefathers.

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know that they cannot. Certainly your article is not always as intelligible as this "stupid quibble," and some-times you don't seem conscious of what you write. You tell us that "our ideas belong irrevocably to the past." And then you go and use your ideas, the articles which appear in your paper provide the readers with an extensive vocabulary of abuse." Have we old ideas or have we new ideas? You are not able to choose.

Remember that you must understand your opponents' ideas before discussing them, and do not mistake insults for arguments. I know that you reproach us with the "vocabulary of abuse" in our paper. "l'ami de Soleilland," and Fred Masson "le sombre maboul." I don't think that any Socialist writer is un acquainted with us. We have not only twenty groups of speaking opponents are welcomed. After your careful perusal of the works of our leaders, Messrs. Maurras, Jules Lemaître, Paul Bourget, you know how to wield French language, you are able to express your thoughts in good French. So you may come and discuss with the "royalist hooligans," who are always very ready to exchange ideas with Socialists and Syndicalist opponents.

IS CANCER CURABLE?

SIR,—With reference to the interesting review by Mr. Randall in your current issue of the recently-published book by Dr. Forbes Ross, may I be permitted to point out that, although Dr. Ross has undoubtedly added to the systematic study of the subject, the underlying idea that the causation of cancer is largely attributable to a deficiency of uncooked or conservatively-cooked foods— principally vegetables — in the common dietary, has been recognised and published for years past by certain other scientific investigators, many of whom might well be directed by it into more fruitful paths for research, but to the average lay mind it will prove too technical and in- volved to be of practical value. This Society has been formed to encourage (not to exterminate) honest investigation of this scourge, and to disseminate in cheap and simple form such facts and recommendations as should prove to be of popular utility. The co-operation of all sympathetic persons is in- vited, and the fullest information will be furnished gratis.

DOUGLAS MACMILLAN, Hon. Sec. Society for the Prevention and Relief of Cancer, 15, Randolph Road, S.W.

** PRESENT-DAY CRITICISM. **

SIR,—It is only fair to such of your readers as do not know Mr. Machen's work, to point out that if he "writes bunkum for a living" (New Age, Dec.)—which concerns nobody but himself—he has also written (possibly for his own satisfaction) works of extraordinarily exalted insight and imagination; and this book is one of the most eloquent letters ever written. The reviewer's task is simply to explain the main ideas of the work to his readers. I can do no more than indicate that Mr. Machen is a master of the craft.

[The rest of the text is not fully legible due to the quality of the image.]

[The text continues with various articles and reviews, including discussions on cancer, American criticism, and freethought lectures.]

[The text concludes with a list of freethought lectures and an advertisement for the Forthmob Restaurant's annual dinner.]
SIR ARTHUR WING PINERO.