NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We have given our reasons for wishing to see the oligarchy untempered even by a show of effective self-defense. The name of oligarchy may not in these dangerous on that very account. Unfortunately, also, ignorant, apathetic days arouse the suspicion and hatred we have fewer defences against it. When the oligarchy inspired in former times; but the thing itself is more fall out among themselves the people have no security. Excluded classes could be depended on to revolt if the oligarchy, with the result that unless the oligarchy middle and the proletariat classes are confederates of the, oligarchy, with the result that unless the oligarchy.

Another advantage is possessed by a modern Government which even the Emperors of Rome did not enjoy. Their income for the purposes of government is safe, and so will be the Franchise Bill by the time the twelve months hence. But the Insurance Act, as we believe it to be a piece of simian mimicry was introduced and we venture to say it will not be an Act that are now rising and will continue to rise on this issue. The Unionist Party will therefore appear to have no advantage if on the single decisive issue of the election they alone have nothing to say. For it is obvious, in the second place, that even if the Unionists refrain from criticism, the Liberals themselves will not be able to refrain from promising amendments. The Act must certainly be amended after the next election, and the question is whether Unionists or Liberals shall have the credit of amending it. If, therefore, the Unionists refuse to discuss the matter, not only will the present friends of the Act vote for its authors, but its enemies will be compelled to do so.
the same. Thirdly, we ask in amazement why the Unionist managers do not know that even those
know—namely, that the Insurance Act has embittered
just the marginal people whose change of
vote determines the result of every General Election.
The habitual Liberals and the habitual Tories vote as
they do because it is their duty to vote at the next
General Election? Base as most of them have proved them-
selves to be, they are probably not so degraded as to
be anxious to lick the hand that has struck them; but
if the Unionists are determined to redress, what is the doctors'
alternative but to vote for candidates who do?
In dropping the Insurance Act the Unionists are throwing
away the support of a minority quite sufficient to decide
the election. Nor is all this mere unsupported argu-
ment. An analysis of the turnover of votes during
recent by-elections makes it clear that some ten per
cent. of the electorate has really changed its view of
the election. Nor is all this mere unsupported argument
of another colour. What in the world have Mr. Lloyd
George and education in common? A man totally
unknown to the ancient Liberal system may be as
its objective a type or model man and citizen. But
of another colour. What in the world have Mr. Lloyd
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George and education in common? A man totally
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its objective a type or model man and citizen. But
of another colour. While the Unionists are muddling and puzzling,
it cannot be denied that the Liberal wigs-pullers are getting
on with their business in an astonishingly efficient
manner. So detestable a measure as the Insurance
Act, with all its accompaniments of gutter-corruption
openly conducted by Mr. Lloyd George, would have
ruined a Minister in any other days than these, and
his Ministry with him. But the Cabinet, it appears,
is not only to be allowed to commit criminal blunders;
it is to be allowed time and opportunity to retrieve
them. Judging by the announcement made by Lord
Haldane on Friday last, the new measures of public diver-
sion in the interests of the Liberal Party is a "colossal"
scheme of popular education. The Land Campaign, it
may be concluded, has been postponed to serve as a
pleasing background for the aesthetic tastes of the Land
Reformers; but in the foreground of the picture are
people. Probably never at any time in English history
of the scheme offer a thousand chance that the scheme will probably offer
of sending wage-slaves' sons to Oxford. It will be
useless for us to point out to the former that as a party
they pride themselves on having no use for edu-
cated men, and to ask them in considerance what motive
than snobishness will impel them to support
the new scheme. And it will be equally useless to
attempt to disillude the public about the educational
value of Oxford for the one in a thousand who may go
there. Oxford and Cambridge are the Mecca and
Medina of the superstitious masses of England; and
though the places be swarming metaphorically with
vermin, the shrines be empty of culture and the halls
almost deserted of educators, the metaphor remains as
a husk quite capable of filling if not of satisfying the
public demand. Yes, the new scheme of the Liberal
caucus will be popular enough. It will keep the votes
safe in the arms of Mr. Lloyd George; and, in the end,
it will establish the warning that the halls are not
moulded to the young brain, or filled with the
whole system must of necessity in its plan its
own preservation. But it is precisely the present order
of society that revolutionists question! And they are
now going to inculcate it as an article of faith and in-
struction from the pulpit. Our dear brother, Stephen Walsh, our reverend
friend, Mr. Arthur Henderson, our unerring sheep, Mr. Crooks
ii at present we have not decided whether our model
citizen is to be a member of the servile State or
definitely in the direction of a revolutionary idea can be expected of a State sys-
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now going to inculcate it as an article of faith and in-
struction from the pulpit. Our dear brother, Stephen Walsh, our reverend
friend, Mr. Arthur Henderson, our unerring sheep, Mr. Crooks
and Mr. Brace, they will have many companions in the
days that are to come. No longer will they be singular
and ridiculous in their class, but their type will prevail.
Blessed shall prove to be the meek.

* * *

In discussing the alternative government which modern politics necessitates, it will be observed that we have not thought it worth while to mention the Labour Party. Twenty years ago the Labour Party was, if not in the running for Government, at least framing well to that end; and ten years ago, almost exactly, the public was confidently expecting that to-day the Labour Party would come to be a force in national politics. How comes it, then, that after twenty years the Labour Party is more negligible, less interesting and more decadent than ever it has been? That these statements are true of it we will take a more acceptable opinion than our own to witness. Nobody will accuse Mr. Philip Snowden of a bias against a Party of which his eloquence has been the only ornament. Yet both in the "Christian Commonwealth" and in the "Labour Leader," of late weeks Mr. Snowden has been expressing as much the same view of the Labour movement as we have expressed for years in these columns. That the Labour Party is a failure may therefore be taken to be an established proposition, and the only questions that remain are, first, the reasons of its failure and, second, the means of its restoration. In the "Christian Commonwealth" Mr. Snowden appears to be inclined to lay the blame upon the Trade Union section of the movement. Trade Unionists, he says, are by no means wholly converted to Labour representation at all. The big unions in particular have done nothing to educate their members in the principles of the Labour Party and their leaders in general are much more disposed to Liberalism than to Labour in politics. Thus it happens that in elections the Trade Unionist often refuses to vote for a Labour candidate; and in the House of Commons itself the Trade Unionist M.P.'s can seldom be prevented from voting Blindly Liberal. Hence the continued weakness of the party as a Labour party.

* * *

On this complaint of the politicals concerning the industrials we have the following comments to make. It is not altogether a matter of surprise, though it is to us a matter of congratulation, that the trade union movement has offered resistance to its perversion to political ends. Economics and politics, as we say for the thousandth time, are the relations of parallel causes, but of cause and effect. The trade union movement that confines itself to raising the economic position of its members is therefore more effectually engaged even in the work of politics than when it divides its attention with a desire directly, or under the former circumstances it is creating the power which politics will afterwards infallibly register, while under the latter it is spending its power as fast as it creates it. We may therefore feel encouraged rather than depressed by the fact which Mr. Snowden deplores of the disinclination of the trade union movement for politics. It is by a sound instinct that men organised for an economic end refuse to be distracted by political ends; and we confess that the defeat of the Bill for the reversal of the Osborne Judgment is for us a welcome sign that even the little political action indulged in by trade unions has proved to be too much. But, secondly, what are the principles of the Labour Party in which the big unions have failed to educate their members? A political party, aiming, like the Labour Party, at a social revolution, should, in our opinion, have two objects, and, consequently, two methods of carrying them. In the industrial movement to insist upon partnership with the national ownership of capital; the other is to prepare Parliament and the public to admit this claim when it is made. This double object, as we say, involves a double field of appeal. In the industrial world the business of the Labour Party is to instruct the trade unionists in the economics of wage industry, in the economic means of abolishing the wage system, and in the exercise of the economic methods which alone can be successful. In other words, a Labour Party, as one of its two activities, should lead the industrial movement in the industrial field. In the political field, however, is not less important, though no more; it is to influence politics in the direction of democracy and in the direction of the State ownership of capital, with all that this implies. * * *

But now let us see how far the Labour Party as it exists has attempted to discharge these offices. It is not necessary, unfortunately, to examine the matter closely, for the Labour Party shows that the two activities of the party, instead of being harmoniously conjoined, are mutually discordant; the economic movement has little sympathy with the political movement; the political movement has less sympathy with the economic movement. And, as so often happens when two movements, born to be friends, become enemies, each is not only suspicious of the other, but suspicious and doubtful even of itself. As a sad result of twenty years of mutual misunderstanding, the industrial section of the movement is blind to the political object and blind to its own industrial object. Mr. Snowden may complain that trade unionism does not see the importance of Labour representation; but we complain that trade unionism does not see the importance of constitutional representation. And where is the fault if not with the Labour Party, that has been trying to stuff the working man's ears with politics against the stomach of his economic sense? And what principles too! What principles! The Labour Party professing at the same time to be democratic to have! Item one: the belief in the representation of Labour by Labour: a doctrine that cuts clean into democracy, which is the absence of class government. Not, it will be observed, representation by the representative man, be he rich or poor, of one class or of none, but representation by the single class of wage slaves. Item two: the belief that an economic revolution can be brought about solely by political means. A profound misunderstanding, this, of the whole nature of both politics and economics. Economic power operates in politics precisely as bankers' balances operate in the world of exchange. They need not be produced, but they must always be producible. The Labour Party in the House of Commons, called upon at any time to support its claims, is demonstrated, in the absence of an economic backing, to be guilty of bluff. And it has been too often to say that a Party should lay down any credit left. This leads us to item three: the belief that what Labour wins by bluff (otherwise wirepulling) is economically valuable. As a matter of fact, demonstrably, politically, economically, the whole activity of the political Labour party has resulted in fifteen years in a loss to their class of fifteen per cent. in relative real wages; a loss by bluff (otherwise Meliorism) of one per cent. per annum. Shall we still be accused of malice if we say that with their present programme of the Minimum Wage, etc. (the whole Fabian campaign for paid jobs under Government, in fact), the decline in wages will continue? To these items, comprehensively, perhaps, Labour, and for-givably, unscientificly, for the political novices, we may add the jumble of items partly sentimentally partly opportunism, for which, if we could grant forgiveness, the Trade Union movement itself never can. If it be properly educated in the wisdom of the Labour Party means that the Trade Unions are to become at once cosmopolitan and epicene, then we say that they will never be properly educated on this side of paradise. For nothing is more clear than that on these matters, if not upon its former matters, the trade union takes the view, and properly so, of the English citizen rather than of the capitalist wage-slave. When, therefore, Mr. Snowden complains that the Trade Union movement is indisposed to the Labour Party, we can reply that the reason is obvious. The political principles of the Party are class when they should be national and their economic principles are national when they should be class.
Current Cant.

CURRENT HYSTERICS.

". . . This man in the thick of London's battle, fighting so gaily and splendidly, fighting with so fine and demolish a spirit for all that is beautiful and true, for all that is strong and eternal. . . . He is our Galahad of London, our fighting captain charging at head of London's religion against the vast black army of London's iniquity. . . . His acquaintance with the intimate soul-life of our great city. . . . Such a heartstrong, passionate, beautiful and selfless life as this. . . . This brave captain of righteousness.

"Mr. Lloyd George is a wonderful man—a wizard. I look upon him as the hope of the country."—Dr. Russell WALLACE.

"The success of the Insurance Commissioners in securing the adherence of the majority of the doctors grows daily more overwhelming."—"Daily Chronicle.

"Many specious arguments have been used against the Insurance Act, but the ten million arguments in golden specious ready to be shoved out from Monday next dispose of them all, and the sharing out will go on in perpetuity."—"News and Leader.

"We make no apology for calling attention to the Insurance Act, although a fortnight after New Year's Day has passed there will be little need, as it will then speak for itself daily and hourly. In view of the blessings which will then begin to flow in a never-ending stream into the homes of the poor, how petty and trivial seem to be the objections of duchesses and others. . . . !"—"The Liberal Monthly.

"The true nobility of any country are the insured men."—Vice-President HALEY-FISKE in "The Policy.

"Insurance men must in these days be expert in sociology as well as in the thousand other deep things."—"Insurance Spectator.

"On Wednesday next the Insurance Act comes into full operation. It has overcome all obstacles."—"The Christian World.

"Socially, London leads the world, and sets the standard for humanity. Lord George is the first gentleman in Europe. . . . The result is that London Society, which is headed by the Monarch himself, easily leads the world, the first of the many triumphs with which London must be credited."—"The Standard.

"We take off our hat to Lady Beatrice Cecil for being engaged to the Hon. William Ormsby-Gore."—"The Sketch.

"Lord Haldane is himself a modern. . . . He sees that it is the duty of the Liberal leaders to stir up the nation to save its soul alive."—"The Star.

"The 'Express' has never wavered or wobbled."—"Daily Express.

"A White Slave Novel. . . . Where are you going to? The irony of the title is bitter—as notable both as a tract and as a work of art. It will be one of the most-talked-of books of the season. We trust the author will go on. . . ."—"News and Leader.

"The astonishing figure of nearly two million tons of shipping under construction in this country has now been reached. As might be expected this prosperity is fully shared by the workers."—"Evening News.

"Lady Adby's third wedding . . . youthful bridegroom. The scene was fully choral, beautiful, with the hymn—'The voice that breathed o'er Eden.'"—"Daily Mail.

"New Year's Day is a milestone which the least observant of us can hardly fail to pass unnoticed."—"Westminster Gazette.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

The most strenuous endeavours have been made by the Ambassadors during the week to reach some sort of agreement which will enable them to intervene between Turkey and the Allies. There have been serious differences of opinion all along; and feelings of exasperation, although they have not actually burst forth into war, have certainly been smouldering for days. The tension was due partly to the hurried mobilization of Austria and Russia, and the refusal of one to give way and disarm before the other. Pressure was brought to bear on Servia, who has officially announced her intention of removing her troops from the Austrian frontier; but Austria and Russia still confront one another, armed to the teeth, on their respective frontiers.

In the course of the week, however, one element of peace was introduced into the disturbed situation. The aged Austrian Emperor, as is well known, has always been peacefully disposed; he does not wish his remaining years to be clouded by the horrors of war. Several days ago, in discussing the Balkan question with his Ministers and the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, he positively announced his intention of abdicating if, by some means or other, war were not averted. The weight of Austria was therefore thrown on the side of peace, and direct negotiations were entered into between the Porte and Vienna on the one hand and Paris and Berlin on the other. The revised attitude of the Ballplatz towards the Quai d'Orsay, it was noted with some amusement, was very different from the haughty tone adopted three months ago; but the French Government was not merely willing, but anxious, to overlook the past.

The plans proposed, and already partly carried out, were these: The negotiations between the delegates representing Turkey and the Allies were to be allowed to break down. The Peace Conference was to be suspended, as it actually has been. In the meantime, through the somewhat circuitous route of Vienna, Turkey and Bulgaria were to enter into negotiations with one another regarding Adrianople and the disposal of the Islands. It was pointed out to Kiamil Pasha that Bulgaria was chiefly interested in the railway, which ran some two or three miles distant from Adrianople, on the opposite bank of the River Maritsa—where, by the way, if the Turks had entrench themselves in the first place they would have won a decisive victory. Obviously the Bulgarians would have regarded the railway as insecure if the Turks still retained possession of it; therefore it was agreed that Adrianople and the Vardar Valley should be divided between the two countries; but it was suggested that Turkey should retain merely the town of Adrianople and dismantle the fortifications.

This plan was favourably considered by Kiamil Pasha, the Grand Vizier, and by Nazim Pasha, the War Minister. Unfortunately, it could not be agreed to all at once. The elections were coming on, and any Cabinet guilty of giving up the Adrianople fortifications would, in spite of all attempts at gerrymandering, have been swept from office. Again, there were the troops at Chatallja to be considered, not to speak of the feelings of the population. About the Islands there was also some little difficulty. Turkey rigorously insisted on retaining Mytilene and Chios, as well as Lemnos, Tenedos, Imbros, and Samothrace, the latter four being close to the entrance to the Dardanelles, and therefore necessary for strategic purposes. The Greeks, on the other hand, claimed Chios and Mytilene; and the four Islands at the Dardanelles were claimed on behalf of the Allies.

There seemed to be another deadlock here, but a way out of the difficulty was suggested by Count Berchtold. His suggestion was that Turkey should be allowed to keep Chios and Mytilene, the two Islands off the coast of Asia Minor, with a large Mohammedan population;
and that the Allies should take the other four Islands on the condition that they should not be fortified. The remaining Islands would also be taken away from Turkey; but their definite disposal could not be ascertained. Some would go to Greece, others perhaps to Italy.

In return for all this bargaining, the Triple Alliance not only tried to bring about peace; it used its influence in favour of Turkey, and is still doing so. The Great Powers have whittled down their differences to the minimum; but there is a great divergence of opinion among them as to the disposal of the Islands. The Austrian view I have given in the preceding paragraph. It should be added that Count Berchtold is anxious to secure the six Islands mentioned for Turkey.

This altered attitude of the Triple Entente—which, as I pointed out last week, was favourable to Turkey rather than the contrary—is due chiefly to communications made by the Russian Government to Paris and London. The Tsar's advisers emphasise the fact that Turkey will be more than ever bound to the Triple Alliance as a result of the present negotiations, whatever that result may be; that a large Turkey, with strategic islands at hand, simply means, in the event of an Austro-German combination, and that, above all, the coming elections throughout the Ottoman Empire will greatly add to the strength and influence of the Young Turks, Kianni's opponents—and not only the opponents of Kianni, but the opponents also of England, France, and Russia.

These representations had some effect. France, while making it clear that she would not abandon Turkey altogether on account of the many French interests financial and otherwise, involved in the Near East, showed a tendency to agree with the suggestion that Turkey should be asked to take into account the victories of the Allies, even though most of these victories were, in a military sense, more apparent than real. In return, the French Government undertook to afford as much protection as possible to Turkey's remaining interests, and to see to it that the Ottoman Government should have every facility for raising a loan after the definite termination of hostilities.

England, on an undertaking being given that her interests in the Near East, especially in connection with Cyprus, should be respected, also expressed a willingness to support the Allies' demands in connection with the Islands. Like all the other Powers, England is anxious to maintain the peace of Europe; and if peace can be maintained only by the expedient of putting pressure on Turkey, then pressure will be put on Turkey.

If negotiations on the bases mentioned above really do lead to the conclusion of peace between Turkey and the Allies, it will be a very unsatisfactory peace for all concerned, except perhaps Greece. The delimitation of Albania will offend Servia and Russia if it pleases Austria, and vice versa. Bulgaria, having spent a much larger proportion of money and wasted more lives than her Allies, will find herself relatively little better off than she was before, and she cannot find herself much better off without encroaching upon territory which is claimed by Greece. Besides, Roumania wants "compensation," which can only come out of Bulgaria. Again, the Montenegrins, after having wasted many lives and fought bravely, have not yet succeeded in taking Skutari, which was to be the capital of the new Montenegro; and in any case Austria insists upon Skutari being included in the new Albania. The Turks, with nearly 200,000 trained men on European soil, will be threatened by a combined naval demonstration at Constantinople if they do not give in, and if the war party gets the upper hand at Constantinople they will not be allowed to give in. And even the Great Powers themselves, if they bring this result about, will secure the future full of fear, anxiety, and mutual suspicion.

**Guild Socialism—IX.**

The Inventor and the Guild.

Those who advocate an economic revolution are often challenged to explain how they would provide for the adequate protection, encouragement, and development of inventive genius. This question, coming as it usually does from supporters of the existing order of economic society, implies that the inventor to-day receives adequate reward and appreciation. Nothing could be further from the truth of the inventor's life. The piety of Mr. Samuel Smiles lends some colour to the belief that capitalism treats its inventors generously, whilst the occasional prominence of some inventor whose financial capacity is at least equal to his inventive genius—Marconi or another—also affords opportunity to the capitalist apologist to proclaim the El Dorado that awaits the same inventor. Nevertheless, it may be confidently affirmed that there is no body of men who are more consistently robbed under modern capitalism than the inventors. For every prominent inventor's name there are thousands of men who have added enormously to the efficient production of wealth, but have been cheated out of the commercial results of their invention, sometimes by downright robbery (for the inventor is peculiarly easy prey), but generally by the working of the financial system which now dominates industry.

But first let us impersonally examine the function of the inventor and the scope of his work.

Occasionally an absolutely novel invention crosses the industrial horizon. It is a sport, the emanation of some unique experience or many a happy inspiration. In the main, however, inventions are the natural offspring of the inventive and constructive work that has gone before; they are only partially novel—the novel feature is only a detail of the completed invention. Indeed, as often as not, an invention is a combination of well-known factors or a new application of them. New conditions call out new applications of existing practice, and the new invention, therefore, is a social product, subject to suitable reward for the ingenuity exercised. This is recognised by the doctors who explicitly forbid their order either to patent a new medicinal process, or to keep private its chemical formula. Now a doctor who discovers a new cure or devises a new treatment is just as much an inventor as a Marconi or an Edison. Yet he must disclose all the essential features of his discovery, whilst Marconi is permitted to create a new vested interest. The reasons for the medical attitude are significant. In the first place, a doctor belongs to a liberal profession; he is a gentleman, by Act of Parliament. He must therefore serve truth first, his own personal interest being subsidiary. He obeys the rule laid down a generation ago by Ruskin: he must at peril cure his patient first, his fee being relatively of no importance. (Ruskin tried to shame the merchant into acceptance of the same principle, but Manchesterism was too strong for him.) Secondly, a physician cannot create by a frank exchange of experience that medicine can fulfil its mission. Thus the individual interests are merged in the larger interests of the medical guild. So strongly is this point emphasised by the governing body of the doctors that advertising is condemned and punished as "infamous." The doctor has learned what he knows from organised medicine; he must give back to the same organisation any special knowledge which he may acquire. Another reason is that experience is gained at the expense of the public, which not only subscribes to the upkeep of the hospitals where medical
students acquire their experience, but submits is flesh and bones to the tender mercies of the medical stripping. In this way has grown up the tradition that the doctor has no right to a monopoly of his acquired knowledge or discovery, but only monopolies of his skill, and the monopoly of the guild is its exclusive control of labour power. The medical profession, as a whole, has enormously gained and not lost by the denial to its individual members of any legal rights in their inventions and discoveries.

The reasons that govern medical practice in this respect ought to be equally applicable to the engineer, the chemist, or the manufacturer. But their legal status is not so nice; they belong to the class of profiteers and are accordingly exempt from the obligations imposed upon the liberal professions. In this subtle way does modern capitalism write itself down as self-seeking and ungenerously. But when it turns upon the revolutionary and demands fair-play for the inventor, then the retort is obvious and fatal.

It is a commonplace that to-day every inventor is indebted to the labours, researches and inventions of the thousands of his predecessors. Fair-play he must, at least of course, receive; but he is entitled to no monopoly. Even if he devises an absolutely unique invention, novel in every particular, unanticipated in even its minutest part, he has no valid claim to a monopoly, for the community has nurtured and educated him, and without the community there would be no effective demand for his product.

It is necessary thus to reduce the claims of the inventor to their true proportion and social worth, because the commercial notion prevails of inflated rewards for an invention, even if these rewards go to the capitalist who exploits the invention and robs the inventor. In practice, however, the inventor's position tends to be regularised. Thus, the railway companies and large shipyards generally formally retain the right to acquire the improvements of their engineers, in many cases without compensating even the inventors. In most of the manufacturing businesses, provision is made for the encouragement and payment of inventive employees. In a large agricultural machinery works in Canada this practice has reached a higher development, an inventing department having been in existence for many years. In this department are gathered together all the inventive and fertile brains of the establishment, their function being to improve existing types of agricultural machinery, or substitute some workshop research in a chemical laboratory in its arrangement and particularly in the type of man occupied there. It is the aim of the clever men engaged by the firm to get into this department. The result is that an inventive spirit pervades the whole establishment; and, in consequence, the products of this firm are famous throughout the world.

Now in this interesting work, a man may experiment for years before producing any satisfactory commercial result, but he is maintained throughout by the community while he works in comfort. The result may be either a greatly improved machine, or a new one. If the inventor employed by this firm received only his regular pay in cash (as he would have no cause to complain), his time is paid for; he experiments with materials paid for by the establishment; he has the use of very expensive and highly complicated machinery which would be denied to any private inventor; he has the willing co-operation of twenty other men equally inventive and equally concerned for the credit and maintenance of the inventions department. But, however ingenious may be the results, it is evident that the inventors engaged in this department derive their inspiration from the work and practice of those who have gone before—inspiration it may be from some elderly but inarticulate engineer, or from an observed trick of cleverness or clumsiness of some farm labourer. Inventions come out of man's inner consciousness; they are social products.

In the case cited, the inventor receives consideration and encouragement; he is probably reasonably happy in his work. But it is unusual treatment for the inventor and by no means indicates the treatment he receives from the community. The inventive gift is almost universal; men and women in every walk of life are perpetually devising new things. The majority of these inventions are commercially worthless, but at least they can be turned to some commercial value. What happens to the inventor if he be in no way connected with a reputable manufacturing concern? He almost invariably falls into the toils of financial sharks whose only purpose is to extract out of the inventor every penny possible, without the slightest regard to the inventor's interests, or the efficient exploitation of the invention. Let us trace the invention from its conception and birth onwards. If of commercial value, it works at it, and finally completes it. He has spent his resources on working models, on experiments, possibly also on publicity in the appropriate (as often as not the inappropriate) technical journals. The next step is to market it. We have postulated that he has no business connection with a suitable manufacturing house.

He accordingly goes to a patent agent who advises him to protect himself by taking out a patent. To do this he will need a sum of money which may reach as much as £400. A. B. is in despair. "I haven't got it," he tells the agent, "I have spent all my resources on the inventive processes." The agent replies that by the terms of the charter of his society he must not take any financial interest in any inventions which he absolute as agent. "What am I to do?" asks A. B. "You had better see C. D.," answers the agent. A. B. accordingly visits C. D. C. D. examines the patent, remarks that it is a good thing, but regret he cannot personally finance it. But if A. B. will give him a commission note, he knows of a financier to whom he will give an introduction. They proceed to discuss the terms of the commission note. C. D. says that inventions are a drug upon the market and, therefore, in business results, he accordingly wants a good share of the plunder. They finally agree upon 10 per cent. A. B. and C. D. accordingly step round to the office of E. F., the financier. E. F. is sympathetic; he regrets that he cannot undertake to finance any invention unless it is fully protected. If, therefore, A. B. will protects his invention, then they can get to business. Again A. B. is in despair. C. D. comes to the rescue. He thinks that, now that E. F. has consented to take an interest in the invention, his friend G. H. would advance the fees for the patent rights. G. H. is accordingly approached. He, too, is sympathetic. Yes; if E. F. means business and, say, agrees to advance the fees for the patent rights, G. H. will pay the fees. But it must be clear to A. B. that he is doing him a most important service and, as he is not in business for his health, he expects A. B. to give him a half interest in the business without any improvement, or to refuse, so he assigns one-half of his interest to G. H.

The patents are accordingly, after much delay, finally secured. A. B., C. D., and G. H. next go back to E. F., the financier. "Certainly," he says, "it is a good thing; therefore we will form a company of £30,000 capital—£10,000 for you (A. B.) and your group, £10,000 for me for my services in floating the company, and £10,000 for working capital." Thus A. B. has £10,000, but he must pay G. H. £5,000 of it and C. D. £500. He, therefore, by his agreement is entitled to £4,500 out of £50,000. But in a week or two E. F. tells A. B. that he can only find £15,000 and proposes that A. B. shall take shares instead of cash. A. B., being proud of his invention and believing in it, readily agrees.

The company is formed in due course. But E. F. is a smart city man and knows the value of the patent. He nominates the directors and holds the company by the working capital is speedily exhausted, the company goes into liquidation, E. F. buys the assets (the patent rights mainly) for a song, and A. B. is swindled out of the fruits of his invention and born skill.
trial system. The history of inventions and patents in Great Britain is a history of derelict inventions and broken hearts.

Now let us visualise the process under the Guild system. Having abolished wages, the motive to extract profit and profits out of an invention completely disappears and the army of vultures and harpies who prey on the product of the inventor's genius (not forgetting that as food it is a social product) is as deadly as a newly-born child to its mother. He wants time to nurse it, to perfect it, to work out the developments that inevitably flow from it. If such opportunity be afforded him, he is probably perfectly happy. He is, in reality, a creative artist. The instinct to create is in him quite as much as it is in the painter (who is also an inventor), or the writer (who is also an inventor), or the musician (who is also an inventor). In their own conditions and a happy atmosphere in which the inventor can work, the Guild system will be the triumph of the inventor and the conquest of degrading labour by the machine that displaces it—displaces it to its own advantage and not, as to-day, to the unemployed or unemployables.

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LEITH HILL.

I.

Old watcher of the ancient street of Stane!

Who sawest, beneath, that last of Rome go by; And many years of sunset wear and die—

Of stricken stars, by shafts of morning slain;

Old guardian of strange secrets unrevealed

How waters rose and fell, and waters died—

With black vast seas of shadows whence the cry

II.

Of immemorial moment—talk that flows

When thy great head beneath the Northern Star Hath nodded through some solemn evening's pall,

As I have drawn me nearer, and to me

Smugs.

Pages from a Book of Swells.
The Deputy Diocesan.

By T. H. S. Escott.

What the gentleman's gentleman is to the gentleman, Beau Brummell's valet to Beau Brummell himself—what the dowager's companion is to the dowager, what the spick and span new City knight's lady is to the old fashioned baronet's wife, or what to the dame of quality is the pet poodle dominating equally the boudoir and the housekeeper's room; that the suffragan bishop has long since become to his superior, the genuine diocesan.

A well-meant attempt on the part of his surfeited subjects and his secular votaries to call his comfortable private residence in the Grand Parade as Mozambique the Palace fell rather flat; it was, indeed, discouraged by his lordship himself, who promptly struck a nolo episcopari attitude. "A little less my lordning and no palcing at all, if you please," he said to the Reverend Paradyse Pot, a too obsequious perpetual curate, "lest some kind people should say I am fool enough to like it. A matter of fact he does not like it, or at least the suffragan bishop does, which comes to the same thing. The Mozambique bishop's superior, the present wearer of the Diddleborough mitre, an expert in wary and ambitious churchcraft. Mr. Paramount, the Prime Minister who promoted him, did so because he had thus far passed for one who at heart looked upon the Church as the spiritual department of the Civil Service. Those who had lived with or served under him called him among themselves the dark horse of extreme ritualism. He had no sooner been enthroned in Diddleborough Cathedral than the visor of Evangelicalism dropped off, and the ecclesiastic, bent on running the Church against the State, and raising the priesthood above Parliament, stood revealed. From the Palace the Romanising curates within his jurisdiction received the office secretly to counterwork their old-fashioned rectors, who, during their college days had, if at Cambridge, been branded as "Sims," or, if Oxonians, had been nicknamed "Smugs."

Throughout the country parishes the reaction took some time to engineer; but the popular and more or less fashionable places, subject to the Diddleborough sceptre, soon underwent a complete change. The new diocesan had satisfied himself that he was safe from the scandal-raising interference of brawling Protestants. This done, town congregations began to be asphyxiated by clouds of incense, and dazed by the ancient rite of excommunication could not literally be revived; the best available substitute for it was adopted by warning off those who had found legal wives in their sisters-in-law from the Communion table. A look into the King's closet, it used to be said of the elder Pitt, intoxicated him. Exactly the same effect is produced by the Reverend Marcion Malleable's brevet patent of nobility upon the weak nerves of the lower clergy. The average Mozambique parson is not remarkable for social breeding, culture of any kind, or brains. Hence, like others of his kidney, he is hypnotised by a title, whatever his antecedents, his private prejudices or convictions, if he has the energy to possess them. Less than a word, a mere look, from the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Mozambique subdues any passing disposition to independence or self-assertion, and sends him to heel like a cowed terrier. His zeal even transcends his instructions, strong as these are; for, as everyone knows, he is a man with a mission—that of bringing Mozambique.
its preachers and teachers, into line with dominant Anglo-Catholicism by crushing out all signs of Low Church life.

They are very musical at Mozambique, and the Diddleborough prelate's Mozambique vice-gerent finds his most effective tools among those concerned with the manufacture of devotional melody in all its branches. Thus the local vicar, at the suffragan's instance, is gradually controlled by his choir master and the organist. This is quite the most effective and cleverly executed part of the new Episcopal programme. Musicians, vocal or instrumental, are the most pertinacious of man or of womankind. Consequently they are indispensable allies of the revolutionary faction in every English parish. The concord of sweet sounds literally drowns the feeble pastors are also their masters, and that they might quite drown by the chanting of psalms to strange answers to any popular demand, but simply to show to a selection of trained voices, mostly after the Roman the public worship. The gentleman who presides over the keyboard and the ambitious soloists give the parson no peace till the voice of the pulpit and the hetern is quite drowned by the chanting of psalms to strange tunes and the vain repetitions of unintelligible anthems. The singing, formerly congregational, is now restricted to a selection of trained voices, mostly after the Roman fashion, from the adjacent theatres. All this, not in answer to any popular demand, but simply to show any recalcitrant members of the flock that their new pastors are also their masters, and that they might as well try to stop an automobile on the rampage as stand against a law-sleeved gentleman's gentleman.

"The bench full enough already," exclaimed the other day a Episcopal enthusiast, "why Londos itself, if it is to be properly Christianised, wants a dozen bishops of its own." The droll notion of Episcopacy in these latter days being specially concerned with the manufacture of devotional melody in all its branches, the peasants, the frankly ignorant, theSTEP; they are very musical at Mozambique, the Diddleborough prelate's Mozambique vice-gerent finds his most effective tools among those concerned with the manufacture of devotional melody in all its branches. Thus the local vicar, at the suffragan's instance, is gradually controlled by his choir master and the organist. This is quite the most effective and cleverly executed part of the new Episcopal programme. Musicians, vocal or instrumental, are the most pertinacious of man or of womankind. Consequently they are indispensable allies of the revolutionary faction in every English parish. The concord of sweet sounds literally drowns the feeble pastors are also their masters, and that they might quite drown by the chanting of psalms to strange answers to any popular demand, but simply to show to a selection of trained voices, mostly after the Roman the public worship. The gentleman who presides over the keyboard and the ambitious soloists give the parson no peace till the voice of the pulpit and the hetern is quite drowned by the chanting of psalms to strange tunes and the vain repetitions of unintelligible anthems. The singing, formerly congregational, is now restricted to a selection of trained voices, mostly after the Roman fashion, from the adjacent theatres. All this, not in answer to any popular demand, but simply to show any recalcitrant members of the flock that their new pastors are also their masters, and that they might as well try to stop an automobile on the rampage as stand against a law-sleeved gentleman's gentleman.

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 provinces—unless the Republican authorities have altered the old administrative system.

Superficially considered, representative government so closely resembles government by delegation that the two forms are often confused, so much so that now, as in England, a form of government by delegation which most people still regard as government by representation. The distinction between the two has so often been emphasised in the columns of The New Age, by other writers as well as myself, that it is unnecessary to refer to it at length. Briefly, a representative should be the nation in miniature; whether in power or in opposition, he should have the interests of the nation at heart rather than the interests of any particular group or party. As a rule, on the other hand, is returned to power by a specific group or party for a specific purpose; he does not act on his own initiative, but is merely a machine for carrying out the dictates of the people who command him. A representative, on the other hand, as Burke pointed out long ago, represents, not only his own party, not merely his own constituency, but the nation as a whole.

It is surprising that this distinction is now lost sight of and that many people still regard as our representatives those members of the House of Commons who do not represent the nation so much as particular interests; the railway interest, the brewing interest, the labour interest, and so on. This is the rule of delegate politics. No one is now made nowadays to interpret the wishes of the nation as a whole; far from it. "Minorities must suffer," is the pompous, but literally true, dictum of one of our most prominent Cabinet Ministers; and minorities do suffer. They suffer more now than they did in 1800, they suffered more in 1800 than in 1600, and if we go back to 1500 we shall find that minorities and majorities, according to our modern use of the words, did not exist at all.

How could there be a majority and a minority within the fold of the universal Church? Minorities, as it happens, are composed of human beings; but a minister says, in effect, that they "must suffer" in order that a "majority" political system may be bolstered up. What a descent this is from one extreme of Indian thought a reference to Jain literature will show; for the Jains, in the purely literal sense of the phrase, would not hurt a fly. They would not even allow the earth itself to be harmed: "A wise man should not act sinfully towards earth, nor cause others to act so, nor allow others to act so," we may read in the Acharanga Sutras. Is there any question here as to the superiority of India?

For even representative government itself, though naturally superior to government by delegation, is at best a makeshift. The wealth of England, as of every nation, lies ultimately in its agriculture, not in its city factories; and the unit of agricultural life, the family, the unit of government by delegation is at the very least as desirable as a representative government, if not better. The family, the unit of agricultural life, is naturally superior to government by delegation, is at the same time a fundamental unit of a representative government.

The unexpected had happened. After ten years of depression, mascons were "all employed."

Time was when mascons were proud of themselves and their craft. As in the days of Solomon, despite the advent of machinery, the job was still to be seen bankered, as it came out of the ground. Few other trades could say the same—perhaps none.

When Duncan Matheson was a lad the mascons had a distinctive dress. A white flannel jacket and trousers of worsted cord but where there had altered and old Duncan was heard to declare—more in sorrow than in anger—they had "become like City clerks."

During the long depression, however, the dress of the mascons had ceased to be so natty. When the family income no longer allowed them to hold on to their little traditions, the fashion of a charwoman, dress ceases to be a major consideration, and so it had proved with friend Duncan. True, the two girls in service had been very good; but twelve pounds a year left very little "for father," when necessary for themselves had been bought; not that father complained.

But trade was better, and as old Duncan carried his tools into the yard there was a look of satisfaction that had not been there for many a long day. "The missis'' would be able to take "off," and so on. The things that had not quite "run out" could be rescued from the pawnbroker. There were other things beside.

"Ullo, Duncan! Where've you bin orl this time? Ain't seen you since I don't know when." Thus an old chum's greeting as Duncan appeared, ready to start. Duncan and Matt Thornton had been boys together.

The yard in which the start was to be made was known as "the rat pit." In a low-lying slum neighbourhood, it consisted of an irregular-shaped piece of ground, difficult of access. The shed accommodation was worse than the yard itself and consisted of some corrugated iron-roofing, loosely framed to a few uprights. It was only a few feet higher than an upstanding man. It was not so bad when "things were quiet," but when trade was good the number of men that could be squeezed into so small a space was remarkable. It was not so good for their lungs.

The lungs of a horse are valuable: those of a mason can be renewed inexpensively—one has only to start a younger man. Old Dick Stother knew this when he erected his workshop. Not that he was worse than the younger man. Old Dick Stother knew this when he built the last house. When old Matheson bankered his first job he felt a bit awkward. "Being away from it so long makes a bit o' difference," he remarked to his neighbour. The hammer arm seemed stiff, and the chisel hardly travelled as sweet as Duncan thought it might. However, he just battled along. By mid-day some blisters had appeared on his hands, but that had happened before, and was not much to worry about; but that old ache in the chest.

Getting towards the back end of the day, a youngster who wanted a mould, as youngsters sometimes do—essayed a joke. As he told some of the boys he would do, he gave "old Duncan" a fright. "Jack Phillips is going for you, Duncan; buck up!"

Jack Phillips, I might remark, was just a harmless kind of chap who always worked hard, for fear of the sack. The White Slave.

By R. Barrett

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Masons are, as a class, as suspicious toward each other in a workshop as any class can be. There is probably a reason for it. Whatever it is, old Matheson had only to be told once that he was being "chased," to believe it. During his time he had been known as a "fast man" himself, but he always prided himself upon one thing—if he was fast, his work was worth looking at. There were some who declared "were fast, but—rough!"

When Matheson was sure Phillips was "going," he "lifted his arm up." It needed no foreman then to watch him for the spirit of the old war-horse was there. Bat bat, bat bat; bat—every blow doing its work; each true to the draft and the square. Somehow, during progress, youth seemed to have returned. The blisters were forgotten; the pain in the chest was away—and Phillips was losing ground. Just on five o'clock the job was finished. Phillips was behind, a quarter of an hour at least to go, and as Matheson said going home—"I ain't done yet."

Next day he didn't turn out.

"Mason's Journal," December, 19—
Brother John Matheson, entitled to £12 funeral allowance.

Night-piece in Philistia.

South of the Thames there is a suburb which Londoners disdain. It is bespattered by the mud of crime; crime which is merely base and sordid, flowered of all crime's ornate elements. It is additionally famous as a central shrine of Philistia; no word more South

doubted bargains. These are adorned with delightful relief against the precursive blackness; the unimportant, and vociferous. Round the shops are many Londoners disdain. It is bespattered by the mud of

bargain-hunting women; their faces lit by the light of a draper's you get

the radiant distances.

But there is Monday morning, and the morn- of early rising and late resting, of being a minute

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a cheap glitter which emulates the stage. The young who are reared in Brixton must have a superior endow-

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You cross the road, opposite to the police station, and you come abruptly into a place of great activity. The shops are large, prosperous, and replete with un-

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SOUTH

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Unedited Opinions.

Life and Death.

Suppose that the existence of the soul were generally admitted, would any great revolution of idea occur? Would not people continue their present customs?

While these were unchallenged, certainly; but when new decisions were to be made the new belief would be decisive. It is a mistake to suppose that new ideas destroy the old, or even take their place. What they do is to rob them of their future; and the old habits continuing in the absence of a new idea they would, they deliver up their expiring authority, not to their likes, but to their unlikes. The dynasty is changed.

And what, do you imagine, would be the first acts of the new master-idea?

The substitution of a real for a conventional belief in the soul would, I conceive, be first followed by a change in our view of the relative values of life and death. At present, as you know, they are regarded as final in practically every sense: in themselves, as standards of value, and as phenomena of consciousness. Once really postulate the soul, the two orders of existence implied by life and death become relatively indifferent. A king, in fact, is set over them.

But can anything be conceived to be of more value than life or of less value than death?

Ah, nineteenth century! How it remains with us! Yes, rightly considered, there are things more important than life and things worse than death.

More important to whom? To lose life is surely for the individual, whatever it may be for the race, the greatest evil. In denying its supreme value, are you not subordinating the individual to the species, sacrificing his good to theirs?

That was the opinion until recently undoubtled; for the vulgar notion of utilitarianism was put to uses as base as life. Utilitarianism was conceived as serviceableness to life: to individual life in the first instance and to racial life in the second. In the name of life, therefore, an individual was first invited to consider himself, and afterwards invited to consider the race. If the two interests should clash, he was supposed to accept the majority vote of the latter, and to subordinate his own interests to the interests of the many. The individual utility was expected to give way to the collective utility.

What is vulgar in that?

In the assumption, first, that the utility of one individual is inferior to the utility of numbers; in the arithmetical competition of morality; and in the indefiniteness of the standard. Two happinesses are not greater than one; qualities are not virtuous because common to a majority; and, in any case, the standard can be disputed by asking for a re-count of the votes. Even supposing that we were to accept as our criterion the greatest good of the greatest number—that is, by voting on it—it is always open to us to challenge the verdict as being improperly influenced. In fact, such verdicts have often been successfully appealed against. What was declared on one day to be the greatest good of the greatest number has been declared on the following day to be not the greatest good. Utilitarianism of this kind, indeed, is the determination of virtue by the votes of the mob; and the mob, as you know, acts on whim. How can such a tribunal be regarded as a fixed standard?

But unless you require the individual to submit to the weight of numbers, is not anarchy the necessary outcome? Would you have each man a law to himself?

As little as I would have him under the laws of others, but note, first, that the anarchy you apprehend from such man being law unto himself differs only in form from the anarchy of a majority being a law unto themselves. The determination of the matter is, in each case, force, and force alone. A majority is not necessarily right in its decision because it is a majority. On the other hand, an individual or a minority is not wrong of necessity because he is one or they are few.

In a practical world, however, what alternative is there to the anarchy of the few save the force of the many? Of the two, surely the latter is preferable.

But not preferable in my opinion, but inevitable, and there's an end of it. You cannot discuss the matter, for reason is excluded. If you maintain that two people who agree are more moral than one person who disagrees, the case can be argued; but if you insist that the two are morally because they have together more force than one, it is no longer a matter of reason but of arithmetic and avoidumps.

Where is the standard to be found, then?

In the recognition of the value of virtue, in the idea of life; and in the common submission of the few and the many to that same standard. Utilitarianism, I repeat, postulates life itself as the final goal; of the individual first, and of the community when doubt arises. But this is merely the forceful selfishness of the many overruling the powerless selfishness of the few. There is no real standard in the matter whatever. If, however, both the few and the many agree to submit both themselves and their differences to a standard based not upon numbers but upon fixed ideas, the causes in any dispute may be argued pro and con with a hope of rational conclusion.

And this fixed standard you discover in the admission of the existence of the soul?

In its real admission; and in the ideas that flow from it. For it is obvious that, if the soul exists, neither life is the greatest good nor death is the greatest evil. The one and the other are to be referred to the soul for their certificates of value.

In assuming the existence of the soul, however, are we not simply extending our definition of life? Not life as ordinarily conceived is the criterion, but life as including the soul as well as the body. In other words, you are enlarging but not abrogating the doctrine of utilitarianism.

For the soul's life, however, there is not the correlata of death; and hence the life of the soul is not of the same order as the life that can be contrasted with death. Only that life is good which can be contrasted with a negatable sense that can conceivably be made "evil" by its extinction. The life of the soul being immortal, it cannot be regarded as partaking of good and evil. In short, there is no criterion of its value above itself. I conclude from this that though we colloquially speak of the life of the soul as if its nature were similar with bodily life, in reality the two orders of life are different; and, in consequence, utilitarianism that implies impurity as well as utility, death as well as life, is ruled out. I should prefer to speak of the soul's existence as distinct from the body's life.

What better are we off, however, for our standard if the bodily life is not related, usefully or the reverse, to the existence of the soul? If the two orders are discreet, they can have no relation. We are as if we had no souls. Our souls are as if our bodies were not alive.

What mutual services are rendered?

Of mutual services in the strict sense, none. The soul owes nothing to body, though body owes everything to soul. But what is there strange in that? The notion of mutual services assumes their absolute equality; but we have just denied their absolute equality. Any order of life that can suffer death cannot be equal with an order of life that cannot suffer death. Mutual services are therefore inconceivable.

But then must the bodily life be prepared to submit itself to the soul for nothing?

Yes, absolutely, for nothing, with no expectation, no demand, no hope, no desire; a scorn of consequences to itself.

And the same holds for a community as for an individual; they, too, must be prepared to obey the soul at all costs.

What, otherwise, is a standard but an expediency?

A fixed standard such as we are now discussing owes its very value to its incapacity for bestowing rewards of any kind or for punishing misdeeds, or for articles judged by it. Similarly the soul gives nothing to life or life to soul. But without the soul life has no value either for one individual or for many.
Through Alien Eyes.

By Ezra Pound

I.

It is the day of loose impressions and I detest them, and the truth about a nation is a sacred mystery upon which none but the professional journalist may gaze unveiled. About one's own country one has convictions—more or less right, but about a foreign country one has only impressions. Take them for what they are worth; they may offend you.

Why do I live in England? Because I am an artist of a sort—though poetry is not usually counted an art—still I am given to thinking of myself as an artist, so it comes to the same thing so far as I am concerned. And England is a comfortable, musty old studio where no one runs carpet-sweepers under my easel.

I know that I am perched on the rotten shell of a crumbling empire, but it isn't my empire, and I'm not legally responsible, and anyway the Germans will probably run it as well as you do. If they don't run it rather better I shall go to Paris, for I am not particularly fond of Germans.

One can write on "America" with what The New Age calls "moral indignation," for one has the flickering belief that one might thereby do a little good. Of course, we have just about as much muddle as you have, but our confusion is like a heap of iron filings, partially magnetized; while yours is a dead heap. Let me explain this metaphor.

If you pour a heap of iron filings on to a glass plate they form a heap; no amount of care and thought would make you able to arrange them bit by bit in a beautiful manner. Clap a strong enough magnet to the underside of the plate and at once the filings leap into order. They form a rose pattern on the lines of the electric force; move the magnet and they move in unison.

God forbid that I should deny that America is, economically, in a mess, but one feels, or believes one feels, some sort of force—call it the spirit of the country, or a belief in the future—moving to its assistance.

Does anyone honestly feel the same for England? As a stranger, who had been courteously received, I tried to maintain the illusion.

The archaeologist told a friend of mine that centaurs had existed; no amount of care and thought would make you able to arrange them bit by bit in a beautiful manner. Clap a strong enough magnet to the underside of the plate and at once the filings leap into order. They form a rose pattern on the lines of the electric force; move the magnet and they move in unison.

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Does anyone honestly feel the same for England? As a stranger, who had been courteously received, I tried to maintain the illusion.

The archaeologist told a friend of mine that centaurs had never existed, "For," said he, "if centaurs had existed we should have found skeletons of centaurs." And I said this was all nonsense; that of course, centaurs had existed; that centaurs were an article of faith; that next he would deny that unicorns ever existed, and "then the Empire would go to smash." I was told in the finest English accents, that the Empire would, unicorn or no unicorn. And that, under various wordy disguises, would seem to be the gist of it.

I suppose the lion on your arms stands for strength, or what we call "bluff," and which you term "reserve," and the unicorn must stand for superstition. And your most scholarly strategists are busy telling you that your lion is stuffed with sawdust and cotton batting. And all this is perfectly natural.

Of course you need conscription. You need to conscribe the unemployed. You are wasting your human resources. But if you conscribe the unemployed you send up the price of wages, a thing which no Liberal Government would ever be persuaded to allow. And if you did send up wages your employers would import labour to send them down again, and then you'd get more unemployed to conscribe, and by this process you would get a plausible army which would be "a burden to the State."

And of course the State ought to be supported by a tax on unearned increment. There should be—with the possible exception of a light poll-tax—but one tax, and that should be levied solely on what I have called "property active." It should be levied on men who make a profit on the labour of other men. It should not be levied on the land which gives, and which should be cheap. And this sort of tax would deth the vicious circle whereby all labour is turned to the loss of the labourer.

Then, of course, your land tenure is utterly ridiculous. The American who comes here with the intention of starting business simply laughs at the system and goes elsewhere.

Of course these matters do not concern me. Simply, there are so obvious that even a more or less "impractical" person like myself has them thrown upon his retina.

And then, of course, you ought to have universal adult suffrage; not that one believes in popular government; but that any people ever would take the trouble to govern themselves; but it keeps the populace in a good temper, politically, if they think they have a share in the ordering of the nation. Suffrage is good for the national spirit, it produces political indifference. The people feel that things are not quite right, but they will have a vague suspicion that they are, themselves, to blame, and this will keep them quiet and affable.

It is conceivable that an oppressed and underfed producer might fight in defence of a country in which he thought he had some interest, but that he would show any energy in protecting property, let us say a factory which has the month before been with difficulty restrained from destroying, is a doctrine to be held by no sound man.

Of course I am a pacifist; every American is a pacifist. War is a mess and a bother. It is, between nations of equal civilization, an anarchonism. And there is "England's danger." As we have seen in the past few weeks, an Oriental despotism has no show against a constitutional government; and between such dissimilar organisations there is but the one argument, force.

The Englishman has the sense of property—of his own property. It has made his empire; made it as fanaticalism made the empire of the Crescent. The German has the sense of the State. This is a thing more modern and destined for its own slow victory. All this is of little moment to me. I am disinterested and detached from the particular encounter as much as if I were a fairly perspicious Chinaman. It is only a game of chess.

Yet from the personal side your sense of property is a power-failing source of astonishment to me. The emphasis which the British subject can put on the possessive pronoun strikes us transpontines as at once hateful and barbaric. In a world of flowing phenomena how comes it that this otherwise quiet person can burst into violence with a my house, my this, my that, or the other? We are startled. It is unpleasant, a little gruesome. We understand why the island is said to be full of ghosts haunting their houses. We fall back upon a questioning irony. That anyone could want anything so much! We understand the riddle of your burdensome possessions overseas. We understand why the Oriental stands back and lets you replace his house with your own.

This curious atavism! Is it a matter of climate? Did you descend from the walrus, while the rest of mankind was busy descending from the apo? Is there an original difference?

This curious fetish! You have gone to all lengths for it. You have made, over and over again, blood sacrifice. You have squandered human resources for the material resources. And where we seek liberty, or what I suppose you would call "irresponsibility," because you cannot see that is a feeling of being responsible for something else than the things for which you find it natural to feel responsible; where we seek liberty, you clamour for a sense of "safety," another ignis fatuus.
The All-Round Failure of the Germ Theory of Disease

By Herbert Snow, M.D. (Lond.), etc.
Late Senior Surgeon (29 years Surgeon) Causer Hospital.

II. MICROBES AND SUPPURATION.
THE OBSOLETE ANTISEPTIC THEORY.

The Antiseptic System of Surgery, to the introduction of which the late Lord Lister owed his extraordinary fame, was based on the theory that certain specific micro-organisms cause suppuration in wounds; and that by destroying them before they could gain access thereto, suppuration was prevented.

Hence the invention of the Carbolic Spray, and all its accompanying cumbersome technique, which in the seventies of last century wearied the heart of the surgeon, and not seldom killed the patient.

It was eventually discovered that no human power could possibly devitalise the millions of microbes which gain access to every wound during the briefest operation. Lord Lister had to confess at Liverpool, on September 16th, 1866, that his whole theory was erroneous, and that it was only "the grosser forms of septic mischief" which had to be reckoned with in surgery. The Carbolic Spray, and even the "Antiseptic washing and irrigation," had been authoritatively abandoned by him six years earlier, with an expression of regret for the introduction of the former.

Lister was wrong, and frankly confessed it. Yet to the end of time should his fame continue, for he worked indeed a great miracle, which to those who, like myself, remember the days previous, would seem almost inconceivable. He actually made surgeons and dressers wash their hands, and carefully cleanse their nails—a thing almost unknown before! A marvellous transformation there has been. Oh, the mal-odours of the air.

Antiseptic surgery was then replaced by Aseptic; which being translated simply signifies careful and wholesome cleanliness—that and nothing more. Instead of striving to kill the germs, we severely let them alone, concentrating all our attention upon that cleanliness of patient, of doctors, of nurses, of dressings, which assuredly in this matter is not merely next to godliness, but is infinitely preferable.

Lister was wrong, and frankly confessed it. Yet to the end of time should his fame continue, for he worked indeed a great miracle, which to those who, like myself, remember the days previous, would seem almost inconceivable. He actually made surgeons and dressers wash their hands, and carefully cleanse their nails—a thing almost unknown before! A marvellous transformation there has been. Oh, the mal-odours of the wounds and the wards, and the busy hands of doctors, students, and nurses at work therein, during the pre-Listerian period! Oh, the foul black nails of justly celebrated surgeons, I can remember in that not very remote epoch!

But for the germs themselves, the "progenic" micrococci, the streptococci and staphylococci, et al similia—these bogeys were quickly found to be unentitled to the high estate conferred on them by Lister; and had it not been for medical obsession by the Germ Theory, must have fallen into utter contempt. It was proved that in all the natural mucous secretions of the body they exist in myriads. They are perfectly normal inhabitants, to all appearance perfectly innocuous, of the bronchial tubes, nose, mouth, throat, etc.

Lister admitted that his carbolic spray sucked them into its vortex, carried them into the operation wound in far vaster numbers than would have penetrated otherwise, and was not strong enough to kill them. Lockwood found it all but impossible to sterilise the skin of his own hands, let alone that of the patient, completely; and further, that on areas, such as the scrotum, where micro-organisms specially abound, his operation wounds appeared to heal the better for their presence.

Corrosive Sublimate, the most potent killer of germs known, entirely precludes healing, as every surgeon knows; the wound obstinately continues raw.

Lister at the Berlin Congress officially discarded his "Antisepsis" and his Aseptic method. Instead he introduced the invention of surgical cleanliness to Lyme. With Bantock, he abominated the spray, even when its vogue was overwhelming, and experience proved the justice of their contention.

III.
THE FALLACIES OF THE BACTERIOLOGIST AND THE TRICKS OF TRADE.

But unfortunately, both in the medical and surgical departments of the healing art, powerful vested interests had by this time (i.e., 1890, when Lister at the Berlin Congress officially discarded his "Antisepsis") arisen, and, in combination with still more powerful financial forces outside the faculty, were compelled to prop up the decaying Germ Theory by every possible method and at all hazard. Consequently, when Aseptic Surgery displaced Antiseptic, it was officially proclaimed coram populo that the former was only the corollary of the latter—which it really negatived in toto. Lister was induced to ally himself with the successful new school, and to confer upon its edicts and practical prescriptions the unparalleled lustre of its world-wide reputation. At the Royal Medico-Chirurgical Society on June 20th, 1901, the Antiseptic method in surgery was solemnly buried in the presence of its author, but proclamation was also made that the new Aseptic was "the outcome of the Listerian method." The proposition is ingenious; but one might as well describe the locomotive as the outcome of the stage coach.

So much for surgery. But in medicine, still greater forces were indispensably pledged to maintenance of the belief in special micro-organisms as the cause of specific disease. Pasteur had invented Serum-Therapy, beginning with fictitious cures, whose validity he signally failed to prove, for Rabies and Anthrax. Millions of capital were being invested in commercial enterprises for the manufacture of sera to cure or to prevent human maladies, and sold on the credit of the Germ Theory. Hence it was impossible to suffer public belief in the
the evil potency of Germs—by this time thoroughly established—to be trampled out by the hard facts of Science.

So nothing was spared that could serve to prevent a perception of the actual truth. The total failure of every one of these nostrums to accomplish its ostensible object was concealed; their frequent dangerous effects disguised, and the statistics of disease manipulated towards the desired end. To this end, purposely falsified upon any extensive scale. In the whole wide field of Serum-Therapy so far, not a solitary genuine success has been scored. The fact is categorically demonstrated by the Majority Report of the Royal Commission on Vaccines (q.v.).

THE THERAPEUTIC FAILURE OF SERA AND VACCINES.

The most striking example of non-success in the supposed remedy introduced on the faith of the Germ Theory is afforded by the Diphtheria-Antitoxin, now manufactured and sold in such large quantities throughout the civilised world. As with the other Sera in the market, it is not exactly what it professes to be. To the medical profession it has been given up as useless.

The Therapeutic Failure of Sera and Vaccines.

* For the many evil sequelae of the Diphtheria-Antitoxin, see "Diaphtheria," by Dr. James Dundas, "The Hospital," May 27th, 1895.

For the dangers of Serum-Therapy in general is devoid of any rational basis.

The Royal Visitation Commission has elicited from medical officials witnesses an unqualified admission of the failure of sera or vaccine introduced for Cholera, Consumption (Koch's Tuberculin), Pneumonia (Marmoreck), Anthrax (Pasteur's Antitoxin), Dysentery, Puerperal Fever, Smegma (Haffkine's Vaccine), and has continued ever since to be accurately recorded in human and lower animal disease, and are exploited commercially at a large advertisement outlay. Sir Alfred Wright ("Studies in Immunisation," page 301), affirms that Serum-Therapy in general is devoid of any rational basis.

Diagnosis.

A very important misuse of the Germ Theory lies in the substitution, sometimes enforced officially, of artificial and unreliable diagnostic methods for the previous reliance upon clinical signs. This is in the highest degree prejudicial to medical education, tending to develop an academic race of practitioners devoid of practical acquaintance with their calling as healers of men, relying upon book-knowledge and artificial tests for disease, bigoted and narrow in an extreme degree.

The fallacy of a microscopic test founded on the presence or absence of a particular germ, for any special malady whatever, is conspicuous in every single instance of its employment up to date; and that for reasons already stated. No microbe can invariably be detected in cases indisputable of the malady with which its name has been associated. For every such micro-organism has been over and over again detected when there could be no suspicion of the malady it was supposed to bring. Also there is no badge whereby a pathological microbe can be differentiated from one contemptuously harmless. The former is always closely simulated in appearance by sundry varieties or forms of the latter, and bacteriologists of the highest skill confess themselves liable to be deceived.

Thus the Klebs-Loeffler bacillus of Diphtheria cannot be morphologically distinguished from any other bacillus by bacteriologists, from Hofmann's bacillus, of most innocuous, Koch's Tubercle bacillus cannot be discriminated from the harmless Timothy-grass bacillus and the Smegma bacillus. It also closely resembles the...
bacillus typhosus of Typhoid, for which the Timothy-
genus bacillus is again apt to be mistaken. The
nonococcus is very like the common micrococcus catarr-
ahalis of the nasal cavity; and the diplococcus intra-
cellularis of Weichselbaum, which is given out as caus-
ing Spinal meningitis, though in the beginning himself confes-
s its origin is often in the original fat
globules. And so on throughout the whole list.*

It may be noted that whenever a so-called "patho-
genic" germ is closely mimicked in appearance by
other organisms, which have no charge of morbid lésé-majesté
has been brought, and which are assumed to be harm-
less, the bacteriologist applies the microscopic "pseudo" to
the latter. Thus we read of a "pseudo" Diphteria-
bacillus, a "pseudo" Typhoid-bacillus, and I know not
how many more. The fact is significant as well as fre-
frequent; at once indicating the unreliability of current
bacteriological tests.

Every practical surgeon or physician who works him-
self with the microscope—I fear there are not too many
such—will admit the extreme danger of implicit reliance
upon almost any microscopic test in the diagnosis of
disease. Too many failures in every direction have to
be reckoned with. I can personally testify to the
numerosity of the perfectly needless operations for supposed
Cancer which have been performed in past years upon
organisms perfectly free from that fell disease, through the
erroneous interpretation of microscopic indications.
And in these last, resort to high powers of the micro-
scope, such as used in Bacteriology, and which must
obviously vastly enhance the sources of error is rarely
needed.

The True Position of the Microbe with Respect
to Disease.—Conclusions.

The Lancet of March 20th, 1909, in a powerful
editorial, confesses the inadequacy of the Germ Theory,
and practically throws it overboard as a scientific ex-
planation of morbid phenomena. It says: "It is not
at all rare to fail to find the causal organism in an in-
dividual case of the disease. ... Many organisms
which are considered causal are frequently to be found
in healthy persons. The organisms of enteric-fever of cholera
and diphtheria are not pathogenic examples. When a 'causal organism' is injected into
an animal, often it happens that it gives rise to a dis-
 ease bearing no resemblance to the original malady."

No scientist has yet ascertained with precision what
part in morbid phenomena germs really play. The most plausible view is that advanced by Dr. Granville
Bantock in his admirable résumé of the subject, to
which, in composing this article I have been greatly
indebted (The Modern Doctrine of Bacteriology, 1902);
that they simply act as scavengers, disintegrating the
dead or diseased tissues into their component elements.
We only know for certain that their presence in any
given malady is by no means invariable; that in
numerous zymotic diseases many years of assidious research
have failed to detect solitary true germs, whose
absence must therefore be inferred; that such as have
been found cannot be causal, and can never be made to
 reproduce the special disease, when inoculated on
animals, apart from the "virus" associated insepar-
ably with them.

The editor of The Lancet states in the above article that
"it is the bounden duty of the conscientious
physician to think of the possibility of a disease
itself of inducing the disease, and a tertium quid must be
assumed," even in the relatively few maladies which
bacteriology has plausibly associated with a special
germ. There is always some unknown quantity be-
sides this, the microbe or se is in some way connected
with the disease. That is the limit of our positive knowledge, which
at present can deal with nothing beyond gross causes.
We see the zymotic fevers always engendered by some
obvious septic condition, or else by some conspicuous
breach of hygiene. We succeed in preventing the
 progression of the infection, and by careful heed to the laws of
nature. In what element the contagion which most of
them exhibit resides we are absolutely ignorant; nor
do we know anything in minute detail, of their first
origin. But however fascinating the hypothesis that
they somehow are caused by the infinitely small
organisms which swarm everywhere around, we can-
not legitimately avail ourselves of it, for the simple
reason that science cannot show any even plausible
foundations for the theory.

Experimentation in the laboratory and elsewhere
with so-called "pure cultures" of micro-organisms,
casts no light whatever upon their real nature and
functions. They are so infinitely small—many billions,
or even trillions, too small to be inspected even con-
ever to regard them as perfectly divested of the con-
ditions in which they have been carried with them from the
blood, or spinal fluid, or diseased tissues whence they were
originally taken. And even with that the inoculations
never succeed in real disease—there is no present
cause to believe that the inoculated animal may become ill; but it invariably
fails to afford convincing or even plausible proof that it
suffers from Diphtheria, or Malta Fever, or Typhoid,
or whatever the special fever in question may be.
Nevertheless, the bacteriological revolutionassumes
that the specific disease is reproduced, and sets to work
accordingly to invent a lucrative anti-toxin. He en-
tirely overlooks the abundant sources of fallacy, such as
the decomposition of the culture-medium, the contami-
nation of the specific microbe, the introduction directly into an animal's
blood-current of a huge mass—billions or trillions—
of bacterial elements, the abnormal and usually very
unhealthy condition of the usually caged animal experi-
enced upon, etc., etc. All these points count in
 explanation of illness produced by such inoculations,
and invalidate scientific inferences from the symptoms of
the victims.

Daily the Germ Theory is being more and more
pressed into the service of commercial enterprise on
the false pretence of a warranty by Science which it
has never received, and which in twenty years since
Pasteur it has been unable to acquire. It obsesses the
faculty. From the more или less beneficent opinion of
officials, often in very high places—Haffkine's
Plague-vaccine owed its huge vogue very largely to
the advocacy of Lord Curzon, though now a universally
confessed failure. The sale of the Diphtheria Anti-
toxin is being similarly ''pushed'' at home, though
doctors had far better results before it was invented.
The American soldier is undergoing compulsory inocu-
lation against Typhoid, to the huge pecuniary benefit
of the serum manufacturers.

From the precedings shown in the pre-
ceeding pages and many others of which space for
even the mention, I would strenuously urge that it is
time for the learned and the really scientific to recon-
sider their attitude on this matter and to look for some
other explanation of morbid phenomena than that
afforded by the supposed action of germs, with all the
mischief that attitude has so far brought, and the vast
increase of disease (as proved by Mr. Coleridge) in
every single department wherein it has been adopted.
On the facts as they stand, we may reasonably cast
the Germ Theory into the limbo where already rest
the搜索er for truth to free himself and his kind from any
imposing legislation or proposition of the conscientious
searcher for truth to free himself and his kind from any
crushingly laden inculcums to medicine and the whole
Ass. Medica.
Views and Reviews.*

When an Anarchist becomes reasonable, he runs the risk of being unintelligible. We can all understand that the State (whatever the word may mean) does not give liberty, equality, or fraternity to the people; and that, therefore, the State ought to be abolished. That there should be no government of man by man is an intelligible proposition, if it is not a particularly reasonable one; but that there should be some government of man, if only by the fact of free federation, renders nugatory all the destructive criticism of the Anarchists. Either Anarchism is or is not a system of government; if it is, the Anarchists ought to apply their energies to showing us that it has not the inherent defects of other systems; if it is not, we ought to be given some proof or prophecy of the results that would follow the abolition of government. But to tell us in one breath that the State is the cause and conservator of all our troubles, and in the next to tell us that salvation lies in the establishment of the Commune, is to kick the problem of government out of the front door and lead it in again by the back door. For a Commune is as much a form of government as a Monarchy, an Aristocracy, or a Democracy; and it can only be successful if it allows a greater freedom to the individual and gives him a greater assurance of stability and safety than any other form.

To this very necessary task, Kropotkin does not direct his energies. He is concerned mainly to show that the State is based upon inequality, and therefore ought not to command the support of reasonable men; and to assume that if equality were the basis of men's dealings with each other, we should be as near the millennium as we ought to be. But it is rather strange that a man who rejects all metaphysics, as Kropotkin does, who does not recognise the "categorical imperative" and pretends that it is unintelligible, should use words like Justice and Equality. These are as much abstract terms as Law and Morality, and a State, whether dignified by a capital letter or not, that was founded on them would be as partial and incomplete as the present State. Far from being a scientist using the "inductive-deductive" method, Kropotkin shows himself in this book to be a philosopher dealing in metaphysical terms.

We may admit that "the State is, for us, a society of mutual insurance between the landlord, the military commander, the judge, the priest, and later on the capitalist, in order to support each other's authority over the people, and for exploiting the poverty of the masses and getting rich themselves." We may admit all this, and yet fail to see that a Commune will be otherwise. For the members of a Commune will be people, and not personifications of abstract principles; they will desire equality and individuality, liberty for themselves and law for other people, and a whole host of incompatibile things; and the tendencies of practical people to settle a question will result in the adoption of a via media which will be a tyranny to the extremists of both kinds. Once admit, as Kropotkin does, that "it is impossible to conceive a society in which the affairs of any one of its members would not concern many other members, if not all," and you have thrown Anarchism overboard, and the question of government is readmitted.

This book abounds in contradictions. For example, we are told that "so long as Socialism was understood in its wide generic and true sense—as an effort to abolish the exploitation of Labour by Capital—the Anarchists were marching hand in hand with the Socialists of that time. But they were compelled to separate from them when the Socialists began to say that there is no possibility of abolishing capitalist exploitation within the lifetime of our generation." The natural inference is that Anarchists think that it is possible that a successful revolution against the State would abolish capitalist exploitation, and that, therefore, the only thing to do is to abolish the State. But we are told that "the chief aim of Anarchism is to awaken those constructive powers of the labouring masses of the people which at all great moments of history came forward to accomplish the necessary changes, and which, aided by the now accumulated knowledge, will accomplish the change that is now called forth by all the best men of our own time." In other words, it is not possible for the Anarchists to abolish capitalist exploitation within the lifetime of our generation.

We do not deny—indeed, Guild Socialists cannot deny, that the people are capable of constructing new forms of economic organisation, nor shall we deny that these forms will require a new political structure, but the State remains on this hypothesis as a necessity. There must be law of some kind, morality of some kind, even in an economic organisation; and it is ridiculous to suppose that Law and Morality can be waved aside as being unintelligible. Certainly, the nature of the Law, the nature of the State, will depend upon the object in view; but Law and Morality there will be. But we are told that "when an Anarchist is told that, according to Hegel, every evolution represents a thesis, an antithesis, and a synthesis, or that the aim of Law is to establish Justice, which represents a materialisation of the Supreme Idea, or yet again, when he is asked: 'What is, then, according to you, the Aim of Life?' the Anarchist shrugs his shoulders." Yet if, as Kropotkin also says, "no struggle can be successful if it is unconscious, if it has no definite and concrete aim," the Anarchist ought not to be shrugging his shoulders; but doing his best to define his objective. If he does not know what is the Aim of Life, how does he know that Communist-Anarchism is the best form of Government? And if Communist-Anarchism is really dependent upon ignorance of metaphysics, the social revolution ought to have taken place ages ago, for the masses never knew metaphysics.

It is certain that Kropotkin is wasting his time in eliminating everything but reason and fact from his consideration. We know, as a matter of fact, that action is not prompted by reason but by affection; and the attempt to confine our activities to the use of the "inductive-deductive" method is really absurd. It is not a method created by the labouring classes, and for that reason it ought to be tabooed by Kropotkin: it is not a method used by them, and its adoption by the Anarchists can only mean that Anarchism is a subject for academic discussion. It is a little strange that Kropotkin, in his attempt to state the rationale of Anarchism, should have harked back to Darwin and his school for his basis and his method. For if there was one principle which Darwin enunciated more emphatically than another, it was "Natura non facit saltum." We know now that the phrase is no more than an obiter dictum; and de Vries should be the scientist of the Anarchist rather than Darwin, Bergson the philosopher instead of Herbert Spencer. But with that curious versatility that makes an Anarchist an interesting person, Kropotkin eschews all metaphysical speculation that might support his argument, in favour of the "inductive-deductive" method that cannot produce results for centuries.

A. E. R.
The Story of Francois Horatio and his Three Companions. By Hiltel Samson. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)

This is the modern version of the pious story. Francois Horatio is an errand boy in a City warehouse. His father was a sailor, with Spanish blood in his veins; his mother was an Italian and a devout Catholic. So Horatio Nelson was one of his heroes, Don Quixote de la Mancha was another, and St. Francis of Assisi was another girl from being run over at the Marble Arch.

REVIEW.

Samson admires. He seems to have spent most of his business hours hanging about Berkeley Square and talking to Don Quixote through the railings; the rest of his business and leisure time he spent in walking about London to provide Mr. Samson with an opportunity of writing this book. Strangely enough, his ignorance of all that Mr. Samson thinks that he thought did not prevent him from spending week-ends with his employer, and falling in love with his daughter, who was at least ten years older than the errand boy. The employer, forsooth, gave him the "Pecilia," and the lady gave him a flower; but the blood of Nelson flowed in his veins, and he was mortally wounded in an attempt to save another girl from being run over at the Marble Arch. "Vice is its own reward, but virtue needs a biographer," says a modern essayist. Mr. Samson really ought not to to these things. If he wants to write a book about London walks, or about romance or mysticism or courage, let him do so, but he ought not to set an errand boy, not even a Jagooner, trotting round London so that he may write what is neither a book of travel, a novel, nor even prose poetry. The whole conception is ridiculously false in fact; for example, orphan errand boys living in the neighbourhood of Waterloo Road do not have a sitting-room reserved for them, do not have foster-mothers whose whole duty in life is to wait upon the orphan, they do not spend week-ends in the country with their employers, nor do the employers' daughters tend their graves, even if, unknown to them, the errand boys have been their lovers. Nor should Mr. Samson, who has cast his story in a biographical form, address the reader and the subject of the biography indiscriminately. If he wants to talk to Francois Horatio, he may; if he wants to talk of him, he may; but the necessities of literary form prevent him from doing both.

A Tramp's Sketches. By Stephen Graham. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

Mr. Graham's record of his tramping about Russia, and his pilgrimage to Jerusalem, are of no particular merit as literature; the whole book might be published where some of it was written, in the day of its writing. But during his pilgrimage Mr. Graham claims the privilege of preaching to us, and the claim is somewhat presumptuous. For we all know that industrial civilisation is a damnable thing, that "God made the country, and the devil made the town;" but if our industrial civilisation exist, Mr. Graham could not have published his sketches in the "St. James's Gazette," and he would have had to beg his way through Russia. Had he done so, it is not inconceivable that his report might have been different from what it is; certainly, a man who travels, even on foot, with recommendations from the Governor of Archangel to some extent a privileged person. But it needs no tramp through Russia, no pilgrimage to Jerusalem, to teach us that "the country is at present the great enemy of the individual man"; nor does it seem to us that the wider distribution of the pictures in our galleries, allowing one room to a picture, would help even those "men who feel in themselves the instinct for the new life," and who "must take steps to make space for themselves and to make temples." Really, such suggestions are not relevant to the problems that perplex us. If Mr. Graham thinks that society ought to be organised on a different basis, let him not go tramping about Russia in search of copy to be sold to the St. James's Gazette; let him demonstrate on what basis society ought to be organised, and tell us whether the structure can be shifted by revolution or without it. We have a problem complicated by politics, by economics, by hygienics, to mention only a few of the complications; and simple preaching at us from the outside is useless to us. Either Mr. Graham knows, or he does not know, what is the matter with society; if he does know, let him tell us what it is and how it can be altered; if he does not know, let him hold his peace. His given suggestions are puerile.

A Modern History of the English People. Vol. I. 1880-1898. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.)

The least that is expected of a historian is judgment. But Mr. Gretton is satisfied to record without comment or any attempt at valuation. In consequence his book as history is worthless. As record, however, it might have had some use. For example, the "Times," the "Spectator," and "Punch" appear to have been the main sources of the author's materials; and beyond or behind them he seldom or never ventures the suggestion or the surmise of his own. The book is written in the style of the annual review of the year published in the "Times" leading columns, and is just about as accurate and illuminating.

The Physiology of Faith and Fear. By W. S. Sadler. (Patish. 6s. net.)

At this time of day a work of this kind is of small importance. We need particularly exact knowledge on the subject, a demonstration of the physiological basis of faith and fear. It is not the clinical evidence of symptoms that we require; we need the microscopic and anatomical evidence of structure, the bio-chemical and electrical proof of function; in fact, we need to know not only what happens but how it happens. The circumstances in which this book was prepared militate against its usefulness for this purpose; "this work is based largely upon the author's lectures on psychotherapy delivered in connection with his clinic at the Post-Graduate Medical School of Chicago," and psychotherapy is a useful addition to the art of the physician. But we need science to increase the precision with which that art is exercised; we need not so much the practical conclusions drawn from individual cases as the survey of the whole literature dealing with the subject and the induction of the laws governing the phenomena. Professor Sadler does not satisfy these needs: he makes too many assumptions, and relies upon the usual assumption that the body and the mind are two separate factors in the problem of health. But it is impossible thus to distinguish them scientifically; we are still in saying that there is no mental symptom, however obscure, and no mental symptom without a concomitant bodily trouble, however imperceptible it may be. We simply cannot accept the simple division of diseases into functional and organic, because the words convey no meaning to us. For example, is cancer a functional or organic disease? The researches of Dr. Forbes Ross suggest that it is simply a problem in bio-chemistry. Professor Sadler's attempt to limit the usefulness of psychotherapy to functional disorders is absurd, for we do not really know what they are. The division dates from Virchow's cellular pathology, which doctors in practice have to ignore. The book, however, has too many good qualities; it publishes again matter which has long been familiar to readers of psychotherapeutic literature. Its original contribution is largely a quotation from Professor Pavlov's "Vivisection." Professor Sadler's book only illustrates the commonly known fact that "your merry heart goes all the way, your sad one tires in a mile." It can only be recommended to those who have no previous knowledge of the subject, and those who care nothing for diagnosis and prescription.
Is it conceivable that we, bleeping and scuffling, follow one particular shepherd whom others are following, in order to spare ourselves the exertion and the risk of selecting our own, in order to shelter behind the gestures and babbling of our fellows so successfully as to screen our own priceless reality from the daylight? Ego is undeniable an ever-present, covenantly cherished treasure in our midst—who so vain an idealist as to dispute it? But does it go so far as this? Can it?
I do not know.
I merely ask.
But if it should happen to be so, then what is Fame?

P. SILVER.

A BALLADE OF DISORDERED DREAMING.

Last night I fell asleep and dreamed a dream.
So realistic I was horrified.
I woke, to find things are not what they seem.
Lord Northcliffe had committed suicide;
And Bonar Law had fallen in the Clyde.
The Duke of Westminster, I can’t forget,
For huge protective tariffs sobbed and cried.
I cannot say I felt the least regret.

In Hades, in a cold pellucid stream
An atheist stood chin-deep in the tide,
Like Tantalus—I heard the blighter scream.
Masefield by Gabalsworth was vile;
Lloyd George became a Sisyphus and tried
To roll up hill a stone—the National Debt.
A Liberal peer was murdered, but yet
They swarmed in shoals across the Great Divide.
I cannot say I felt the least regret.

A bull had gored Sir George Albu at Cheam.
Sassoon had gone to Palestine to hide.
Cadbury had eaten too much chocolate cream.
Carson and Smith the Covenant denied.
Balfour was married to a Suffragette;
And H. G. Wells was shouting for a guide.
I cannot say I felt the least regret.

Envoi.

Prince, Heaven opened and I looked inside.
No politicians had arrived, but yet
They swarmed in shoals across the Great Divide.
I cannot say I felt the least regret.

C. W.

EPIGRAMS: MANNERS SERIES.

TO THE QUEEN OF THE HELLENES.

Do not, O royal lady, persist in your whim to visit that monastery where you will be exceedingly uncivil.
Although the respect for vows is granted to be no part of a woman’s understanding, there are other considerations which should hold you back from offending these inoffensive monks.
Reflect that if but one man there is faithful to his Order, you will come away complaing of insulting him; but the world will be just to him!
Then, walk you never so firmly across the three and a-half flags of the courtyard, or down that strip of corridor which will be left bare for you, the moment must arrive when one may be compelled to slay even a preceptor. go! go spel
Gather never again a mob to the gates of Thebes, forever

TO THE DEAN OF PETERBOROUGH.

Are you, then, reverting happily among the break-hearteds? You know and declare that savage punishment increases crime, and this you must say in the teeth of your spiritual superior, who was brenzoured about foggling: “Truly the duties of a Kshatriya are hard when one may be compelled to slay even a preceptor.”

TO PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY.

When the students kissed your assumption of being devoted to Greek, that was no delightful sound to your ears, yet His very echo ravishes me. Come no more among us with trains of women warbling your Euripides. Gather never again a mob to the gates of Thebes, forever shut as these must be. Go! go spel as ye liek it; go,
your photograph to be wrapped around grocers’ goods; go do what you please, and take what merit may.

T. K. L.
Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

"The Tide" has ebbed, and it is possible now to see what it actually brought to us. The only contribution to our knowledge is a biographical fact: we have learned that Mr. B. Macdonald Hastings has never read Ibsen. The accusation was really silly: there is not a trace of Ibsen in the play, nor is Mr. Hastings a sufficiently significant person for us to bother much about the sources of reference of his inspiration. In its main idea, "The Tide" has a marked resemblance to "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"; and a curious remark in the stage directions shows us that Mr. Macdonald Hastings has attained the point of view that Mr. Frank Harris adopted in "Mr. and Mrs. Daventry." Mrs. Daventry, it will be remembered, was the modern neurotic type of woman married to a clean, healthy, euspetic Englishman, whose robust health was a perpetual injury to the desires of her soul, which subsequently expressed themselves in adultery. Only those with longer memories than most dramatic critics have, can remember how Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who played the part of Mrs. Daventry, said: "He has spoiled five years of my life, and that I can never forgive, never, never forgive." Mr. Macdonald Hastings actually says of Dr. Stratton, in the stage direction: "The audience is immediately struck with the contrast between the man's excellent health and vigour and Felicity Scarth's distracting fragility and physical decadence." The thinking part of the audience—one critic and about two rows of the pit—say to itself: "There wouldn't be that sort of woman if it weren't for that sort of man." The "mother hunger" of this play is not derived from Stephen Phillips; for the woman in "Paolo and Francesca" expressed herself in poetry. Mr. Macdonald Hastings uses the style of Dr. Saleby, and it is the irony of fate that Miss Cicely Hamilton, who declared in "The Great State" that "the State Endowment of Motherhood shall not take the form of a bribe to bear children or an economic stimulus to her sexual instincts," should now, in the person of Mrs. Bretherton, have to express the hunger of the childless woman. "Isn't it an awful ache, dear? I suffered from it for years—long, long years." To hear these words from Miss Hamilton, delivered in her best platform manner, relieved a somewhat tedious exposition with one touch of unconscious irony.

I have referred to "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and "The Tide" has more resemblance to that example of the "speckled hen" drama than to any other. "There is nothing so silly as a young man's first love, unless it be an old woman's last passion," said a character in the "Daventry" play. Paula Tanqueray's last passion, it will be remembered, was for respectability. She wanted to be not only respectably married, but (once again the hunger of the childless woman) to be loved by her step-daughter, and received by the county people. She proved that it was easier to get married than to add the other things to marriage, and she committed suicide. The county people do not matter to Felicity Scarth: she is a town-dweller, and everybody is received in London; but Mr. Macdonald Hastings asks us to believe that the "mother-hunger" can be satisfied by a marriage, and that marriage is salvation to a certain type of woman. Mr. Macdonald Hastings has not read Ibsen: I doubt that he has read Nietzsche; so he may not be aware that Wagner also proved that "young hysterics like best to be saved by their doctor (the case in Lohengrin)." It is impossible to discover anything but the rubbish of modern thought left by "The Tide."

I might go on enumerating the recollections aroused by this play, but space forbids; I have to consider it as drama. I cannot help wondering whether Mr. Has-
Art.
The New English Art Club and the Chenil Gallery.
By Anthony M. Ludovici.

It cannot be mere accident that the type which heads the list of the few hopeful signs and omens of our age should be represented by Mr. John, with all the sequence and poetry of a masterly advocate or special pleader, in a series of pictures which show as much versatility of manner as diversity of subject. Neither is it mere accident that the critics overlook and will continue to overlook this work. Mr. John makes no attempt to lure us to this type by prettiness—no modern would or could call these people—his people—“pretty.” They are given to us simply, free from ornament, restraints, or flourishes. Even that shaming of human sun without one of their eyes surveying the body with taste knows that it is suspicious.

To the superficial observer there may seem to be an element of the Gothic in this painter’s work. As a matter of fact, no painter is so remote from the Gothic. To all the vast multitude of urban malcontents who nowadays brush your sleeve in the public highway, to all these teeming millions with slight or pronounced outward casts of the eye, the characteristic of the essentially romantic and Greuze type of beauty—John’s pictures are not only an enigma, they are a sentence of death. These may sound sensational words. But they would be so only if they were used without understanding or sincerity, merely for the purpose of creating an effect. As a matter of fact, all these people with outward casts are people with Causes, with Banners, and with Grievances. They see East and West, North and South, simultaneously. How could they help being romanticians? They cannot even contemplate the setting, living “sun without one of their eyes.” They are to with all the despair of drowning incompetence, amounts in John’s work to a simple ingenuous thing which passes quite unnoticed because it emanates so naturally, without design, from the main idea, which is not an empty or anaemic aesthetic canon, but a grand human subject.

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It is, however, doubtful whether he is successful in the sense that Wells, Arnold Bennett, and Rodin are successful. It is far more probable that his real fame does not extend beyond the boundaries of a narrow circle. That part of it which overlaps this boundary is surely the outcome, rather, of the snobbery of the ignorant, who are drawn by a well-known name more than by the genuine admiration of people who know. In “The Mumpers,” John introduces you to his friends, to the people who are allowed, with affectionate hospitality, to throng his healthy imagination. Their type is immensely attractive, and presented as they are with that ingenuous candour with which a child shows you his pets, there is a charm about them which is irresistible. But in the first place there is one essential condition that must be fulfilled, and that is, that you should like these people, that you should think them highly desirable. This condition fulfilled, you can but admire. If for a moment, however, you allow your attention to wander from this delightful company by the side of which the real modern man on the seat opposite looks more like a sad memento of life than life itself—and allow your eyes to dwell on the fashion of the work, maybe you will find some grounds for wishing that John were more careful, more punctilious, more ceremonious in his manner of address. Without being aware of any technical shortcoming you may feel, and rightly, too, that the general effect of his work is that the grand style, the lordly majestic manner of ancient pictorial oratory is entirely lacking in it. You may applaud its simplicity, while regretting that courtly finish, that elaborate polish, which, quite free as it ought to be from effeminate meticulousness, yet fills you with a feeling of reverence and gratitude. By grating here I mean that sense of obligation which you feel when some one has gone far to please you, and has overrated your critical faculty and fastidiousness in advance, without having ever met you.

If it were not for the fact that this courtly polish, this grandiose style that is the true tradition which very often must last as long as the period which separates Giotto from Mantegna—its absence would be a grave fault, an inexcusable blemish. But who is the outcome of tradition to-day? Are we not all talking the same language and our acts as well—all of us, that is to say, who are in earnest and who are working with a definite taste and a definite measure?

When you repair to the Chenil Gallery, the same thing strikes you. These adorable people stare out at you again from all sides—Strange Company (52), Two Gitanas (No. 50), The Two Friends (No. 58), Gitana and Child (No. 55); you feel that you love them all and are grateful that at last they are being selected and advocated even with roughness and small ceremony by Augustus John. But behind the simplicity there would make them perfect and which would make you a different man and this age a different world, this is once more entirely absent. I have shown you why. I believe the reason to be a good and sufficient one.

Before leaving this gallery let me say one word more about two other painters. Mark Gertler is extraordinarily attractive. Building upon his thorough conscientious method he has sought to do wonderful things. He appears to be young. When he has found and appropriated his love, all this painstaking and severe stuff which he has shown you so far will unbend. Let us hope that grace will follow. As for J. S. Currie, he has never occurred to anyone to say that he is “curried John without the condiments.” It ought to have.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE INSURANCE ACT.

Sir,—The following widely-signed Memorial has been sent to the Prime Minister.

MARGARET DOUGLAS.

Dear Sir,—The numerous Conservatives, Radicals, Socialists, Suffragists, and Anti-suffragists, desire to draw your attention to the fact that many thousands of persons of all political views are deliberately and for conscientious reasons ignoring the provisions of the measure misnamed the Insurance Act.

At employers we hold that we have no sanctions for interfering with the liberties and discretion of our follow-
citizens in the manner prescribed by the Act, which gives us tyrannical control of the wages of other people simply because they happen to be in our employ.

As Employed Persons we insist on our right to accept or decline "benefts" which must be paid for by our own money.

Unitedly we protest:
1. Against the fraudulent privileges given to proft-making companies under the Act to the detriment of the old-established Trade Unions and Friendly Societies.
2. Against the boss-bred plagues of agriculture and the agricultural labourer by the flat rate of taxation imposed.
3. Against the cruelty of taxing the very poor, the casually employed, and unhealthy at the same rate as better paid workers and depriving them of full benefts.
4. Against the breaking of every pledge given by the Chancellor of the Exchequer when commending this Bill to the nation.

For instance, with regard to the medical beneft, he declared the first condition of success to be the "whole-hearted, cordial, and unreserved support of the medical profession," which is now being threatened, bullied and brow-beaten in order to force attendance on the old-established Trade Unions and Friendly Societies.

The cases of the agricultural labourer by the flat rate of taxation imposed, again, was promised for July 15, 1921, but it is common knowledge that "the first-class hotels" have not yet been built, and patients are being recommended for treatment in their homes, in disused fever hospitals, and hospitals under the Metropolitan Asylums Board. Again, the Act was to be administered solely by the society for the cure of the sick, but the bulk of the increased membership due to compulsion has gone to the companies previously mentioned.

Against the system of inspection, registration and control instituted by the Act, which deprives the workers of their liberty, places them in a legally inferior position to the rest of the community, and degrades them in the eyes of all free men and women.

Against the repeated refusal to pay attention to the protests of all sections of the community culminating in the refusal to allow the people to exercise their ancient constitutional right of laying their grievances before their Sovereign in person.

Holding these views we can only decline to concern ourselves with the carrying into force of the provisions of the Act, and we are prepared, with thousands more, to suffer punishment and fine in proof of our sincerity, as many members of our voluntary Association have already done. But as free citizens of a country still professedly free and governed nominally on representative principles, we urge that you give full and serious consideration to these widely held and weighty objections to a measure which your Ministers have received no mandate from the people and have therefore no authority to enforce.

THE MEDICAL PANELS.

Sir,—I think it is a thousand pities that the almost too clever writer of your "Notes of the Week" cannot refer to Lloyd George with aspersions Wales and all things Welsh. He invariably uses the Chancellor as a bludgeon with which to beat all Welshmen. Good men have come from Wales, indeed, it is a source of national pride, that they always will be. But surely the reduction of the labour in any given industry would be to the advantage more of those in it than of those out of it. What object would a Guild have in opposing labour unions and labour legislation because its members who would first profit in point of leisure by them? There are obstacles to adopting improvements to-day even in State services, because the world would benefit by them; secondly, the workers would not profit by them. If inventions were introduced to sort letters by machinery, for example, who would profit by them? Not the workers, since many of them under existing circumstances would be dismissed. Far from State capitalism or Collectivism, welcoming labour-saving devices, State servants must at present fight them—that is, compete with them. Unless pari passu with the introduction of machinery the workers' hours are reduced, they have no motive in welcoming it. A Guild, on the other hand, has the greatest inducement to get its allotted work done in the speediest effective fashion, and especially if its work is not pleasing in itself, preoccupying on your province and will conclude with an apology borrowed from Mr. Simpson in the "Daily Herald" of Jan. 3: "The 'Eye-Witness' (sic) have created quite a new mental atmosphere"—in which it is a pleasure to write.

PRESS-CUTTER.

L'ACTION FRANCAISE.

Sir,—Mr. G. Depoulain imagines that The New Age is "very late" in its ideas about "L'Action Francaise," because he has quoted three books to which I did not refer in your issue of December 26. I did not profess to give a complete bibliography on "L'Action Francaise," nor certainly could hardly speak of two of the works mentioned by your correspondent, insasch as they were published some time after my article was written. As for "La Doctrine officielle de l'Universite," there was no particular reason why it should be considered in an exposition of the doctrines of "L'Action Francaise." It is essentially a criticism of the Sorbonne and of French education, an interesting subject, but outside the scope of my article.

All that is specifically "Action Francaise" is Lassere's book, the inevitable anti-Semitic, anti-Protestant and anti-democratic atmosphere which pervades it. Mr. Lasserre believes that the university is a creation of the Revolution and therefore inherently evil. That philosophy of the Sorbonne is, it appears, socialist and revolutionary, its ideals are democratic, consequently French education is in a condition of anarchy. Mr. Seignoulet, who is a particularly objectionable person in the eyes of Mr. Lasserre's disciples, is, by a strange coincidence, a Protestant. Nevertheless he is also attacked for their political or philosophical opinions, under the cloak of an examination of their teaching methods. What's more, Delebeuf's entire doctrine is that the university is largely or nearly entirely guided and run by the Jesuits, who are either directly or indirectly influenced by the Jesuits. Their influence is hardly ever felt, but it is definitely an influence for good in the French press. What the Jesuits are or are not, we do not know, but of this thing, however, we are sure, that it is not a virtue in the eyes of Mr. Lasserre. The Jesuits are also attacked for their political or philosophical opinions, under the cloak of an examination of their teaching methods. What's more, Delebeuf's entire doctrine is that the university is largely or nearly entirely guided and run by the Jesuits, who are either directly or indirectly influenced by the Jesuits. Their influence is hardly ever felt, but it is definitely an influence for good in the French press.

WALTER G. WHITEHOUSE.

THE NEW AGE AND THE PRESS.

Sir,—The Press without The New Age is the play without Hamlet. Yet the deers will have it so. Lately however, there has been a revival of interest, and the "Kentish Observer" has its Skibereen Eagle-eye upon you. In its editorial notes of January 9, the aforesaid defines The New Age as "the organ of those Socialists who consider themselves most adversely intellectual in this country," and then proceeds to extract half a column of the "Notes of the Week"—with laudatory comments. "Heretofore, I have never been block to the "Daily Herald"; and possibly to the lazier of your readers. Suspecting, at first, a misprint, I took the precaution to peruse the "Notes of the Week" in the original, and there, as usual! In its issue of January 2 the "Daily Herald" suggests a "Guild of Taxi-Drivers" as an easier and more obvious Guild-Socialism than the textile industry would be to the advantage more of those in it than of those out of it. What object would a Guild have in opposing labour unions and labour legislation because its members would first profit in point of leisure by them? There are obstacles to adopting improvements to-day even in State services, because the world would benefit by them; secondly, the workers would not profit by them. If inventions were introduced to sort letters by machinery, for example, who would profit by them? Not the workers, since many of them under existing circumstances would be dismissed. Far from State capitalism or Collectivism, welcoming labour-saving devices, State servants must at present fight them—that is, compete with them. Unless pari passu with the introduction of machinery the workers' hours are reduced, they have no motive in welcoming it. A Guild, on the other hand, has the greatest inducement to get its allotted work done in the speediest effective fashion, and especially if its work is not pleasing in itself, preoccupying on your province and will conclude with an apology borrowed from Mr. Simpson in the "Daily Herald" of Jan. 3: "The 'Eye-Witness' (sic) have created quite a new mental atmosphere"—in which it is a pleasure to write.

OLIVER DAVIES.

L'ACTION FRANCAISE.

Sir,—Mr. G. Depoulain imagines that The New Age is "very late" in its ideas about "L'Action Francaise," because he has quoted three books to which I did not refer in your issue of December 26. I did not profess to give a complete bibliography on "L'Action Francaise," nor certainly could hardly speak of two of the works mentioned by your correspondent, insasch as they were published some time after my article was written. As for "La Doctrine officielle de l'Universite," there was no particular reason why it should be considered in an exposition of the doctrines of "L'Action Francaise." It is essentially a criticism of the Sorbonne and of French education, an interesting subject, but outside the scope of my article.

All that is specifically "Action Francaise" is Lassere's book, the inevitable anti-Semitic, anti-Protestant and anti-democratic atmosphere which pervades it. Mr. Lasserre believes that the university is a creation of the Revolution and therefore inherently evil. That philosophy of the Sorbonne is, it appears, socialist and revolutionary, its ideals are democratic, consequently French education is in a condition of anarchy. Mr. Seignoulet, who is a particularly objectionable person in the eyes of Mr. Lasserre's disciples, is, by a strange coincidence, a Protestant. Nevertheless he is also attacked for their political or philosophical opinions, under the cloak of an examination of their teaching methods. What's more, Delebeuf's entire doctrine is that the university is largely or nearly entirely guided and run by the Jesuits, who are either directly or indirectly influenced by the Jesuits. Their influence is hardly ever felt, but it is definitely an influence for good in the French press. What the Jesuits are or are not, we do not know, but of this thing, however, we are sure, that it is not a virtue in the eyes of Mr. Lasserre. The Jesuits are also attacked for their political or philosophical opinions, under the cloak of an examination of their teaching methods. What's more, Delebeuf's entire doctrine is that the university is largely or nearly entirely guided and run by the Jesuits, who are either directly or indirectly influenced by the Jesuits. Their influence is hardly ever felt, but it is definitely an influence for good in the French press.

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OLIVER DAVIES.
that the ineffectiveness of the works in question would make them useless and meaningless after a short lapse of time, even to your correspondent.

Mr. Depoulain accuses me as saying that "the Three Political Ideas" of Mr. Maurras were clericalism, militarism, and anti-Semitism. My contention was that the title of his book indicated exactly the number of ideas inspiring "L’Action Francaise". In all the literature associated with the "L’Action Francaise" movement, there are only three—and the only three—ideas which stand out clearly. It is unnecessary for Mr. Depoulain to remind readers of the New Age that the mental calibre and social position of the journalism of "L’Action Francaise" is mere Billingsgate. And Mr. Galsworthy, as your contributor suggests, is certainly not an anti-Semite. I should not say there is any trade or profession in anti-Semitism, and its political literature devoid of any sound economic criticism of society, it will be unnecessary for the journalism of "L’Action Francaise" is mere Billingsgate, and its political literature devoid of any sound economic criticism of society, it will be unnecessary for

It is refreshing to find that Mr. Depoulain at least admits that "L’Action Francaise" is identified with the marriage, birth, & deaths of Liberals. And his sound epithet that he and his friends classify Jews and Protestants together as enemies of France. I can only repeat that I have frequently seen them so classed, and moreover, Mr. Depoulain shows himself penetrated with the official spirit of anti-Semitism towards those whose form of worship differs from his own. He aims: at reminding the Protestants "that they are French people. So Catholics more require then our minds? Are all Mr. Depoulain’s co-religionists “patriots” and all Protestants traitors? Obviously French Protestantism seduced to the "L’Action Francaise", owing to its well-known sympathies with democracy and Socialism.

Mr. Depoulain, whose friends describe their opponents as “capable” on economic questions, he warned of the danger of misconceptions about the political implications of the Presidencies of M. Briand with his political views and public life. He has not brought forward a single constructive idea in politics, the theory that I have failed to do justice to the cause which he champions. So long as the journalism of "L’Action Francaise" is mere Billingsgate, and its political literature devoid of any sound economic criticism of society, it will be unnecessary for the New Age to be chronologically "up to date" in its consideration of the neo-royalist movement. Meanwhile, I would suggest to Mr. Depoulain that the date of publication is not necessarily a guarantee of modernity.

Sir,—I observe someone connected with the “National Union of Journalists” remarks when "Jasmin" is so much out of the " pale " of journalism. It would be interesting, Sir, to know what " pale " there is in journalism. I should not say there is any trade or profession in anti-Semitism. I have not brought forward a single constructive idea in politics, the theory that I have failed to do justice to the cause which he champions. So long as the journalism of "L’Action Francaise" is mere Billingsgate, and its political literature devoid of any sound economic criticism of society, it will be unnecessary for the New Age to be chronologically "up to date" in its consideration of the neo-royalist movement. Meanwhile, I would suggest to Mr. Depoulain that the date of publication is not necessarily a guarantee of modernity.

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**ERNST A. BOYD.**

**JOURNALISM AND A TRADE UNION.**

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**HUMANITARIANISM IN THE "DAILY MAIL."**

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writes as a plain, blunt man—a man, that is, as blunt in feeling as he is in style, in which there is doubt, that bull—sense of his will suit the "Daily Mail" public down to the groundlings. The damaging statement, however, to which I refer, is his sneer, unfortunately just and most meritorious work in humanitarianism as behind their own blink, unsentimental ways? That is the reply that Mr. Galsworthy has evoked, and he may be asked how he could meet it before an assembly of business friends. It is disgraceful that the humane machinery should be patented at all. The Guild of Doctors or Dentists would expel a man as a fraud if the legal price of his patented instrument or method he had discovered. At least, the same standard is demanded of humanitarians. But Mr. Galsworthy himself can and ought to read the correspondents, readers, on the other hand, will now remember nothing else.

D. HOLMBY.

[Our correspondent's letter has been held over for a week, and we reserve the opportunity of answering its fulness of its prediction. In the "Daily Mail" of Friday, January 10, the President and Secretary of the National Federation of Meat Traders' Associations publish a letter specifically calling attention to Professor Wallace's comment and agreeing with it. Evil communications corrupt good propaganda.—Ed. N.A.]
cancer. What is needed now is that his ideas and facts may be put to the proof by other medical men, and either corroborated or contradicted. All that the public can do is to insist on the treatment being tried, when cases come under its notice, and to avoid like the plague any instruction from amateurs who cannot even read a review of a book correctly.

ALFRED E. RANDALL.

**THE TRIBE OF BARKER.**

Sir,—What are we to do about the complaint of "An Actor"? There are two tyrannies—that of the star, which is stellar, and that of the producer, which is pedantic. Both flourish to-day—the actor-managers who are knighted and the tribe of Barker, Bornecault, Vernon, Poel—who are benighted. What is the way out? Gordon Craig? or is the author to rule the roast? Someone must bear in mind that the producer's way is better than nothing. How often did we see at the Court people who had fooled for years in the old mechanical way. Yet Barker, real actors. And he is still doing it. Did Ainley ever act as now at the Savoy? And who would have thought it of Coffin? But the one man who can produce much and at the same time allow actors freedom (not the licence the older actors claimed and made artistic anarchy on our stages) is Iden Payne, the real maker of the Hor- niman Repertory, which now he has left it to decay, become, through Stanley Houghton, a London fashion. And London has no use for Payne, any more than it has for Craig. Barker may be extreme—"An Actor" proves it—but actors left to themselves are infinitely worse. The producer is at least an improvement on the star. Grant him damnable, still what is "An Actor's" alternative? It would be interesting to know.

OLIVER COSWAY.

**MR. GRANVILLE BARKER'S METHODS.**

Sir,—"An Actor," one gathers from his article in your this week's issue, disapproves of Granville Barker's method of producing plays; but need he have expressed himself in words so bitter? There must be a right method; what is it? The right person to decide what shall be done in respect of any particular play is clearly the author; but if for some insurmountable reason the author is not available (through lack of experience, for instance), some other person must take the work on himself and do his best to interpret the author's intentions. To leave the interpretation of each character to the fancy of each separate actor would be to produce a hodge-podge of unrelated effects. No author who cared anything for unity and at the same time allow actors freedom (not the author) would be content to give an actor (and we mean a proper one) a piece of each separate actor would be to produce a hotch-potch of which go to the making of a desired effect. It may be possible for an actor to convert a weak part into a strong one, but he will run the risk of almost certainly upsetting the balance of the play—always assuming that the play is properly poised.

Whatever Granville Barker's methods of rehearsing may be (and he is the unbounding autocrat described by "An Actor," whose description surely lacks verisimilitude) there can be no doubt about the result. You get a homogeneity in his productions which is very pleasing after those top-heavy and lop-sided performances in which such-and-such an actor-manager concentrates attention to himself without giving a thought to balance, unity, or anything else but his own importance. If Mr. Barker is the unbounding autocrat described by "An Actor," whom come the appearance (and we are entitled to ask nothing more of an actor) of spontaneity in Mr. Ainley's and Miss Beringer's performances in "The Winter's Tale"?

Your contributor, like many another actor, is probably inclined to overrate the actor's view of a character and its relation to other characters in a play. The author—confiding him, the producer, who acts for him—ought really to have a voice in the matter.

HERMON OULD.

**QUIET IN VILLAGES.**

Sir,—The use of police for the humiliation of cities is being extended in Berlin, where recent regulations require, among other things, that no singing, shouting, shrieking, singing, shouting, or loud talking shall be permitted in the streets; drivers shall not drive in a noisy or terrifying manner; horns in which music is being played must keep their doors and windows shut. I wish that similar regulations, if impossible to London barbarians, might at least be introduced into country villages, where the sound of gramophones, motor bicycles, bells, church and social songs almost counterbalances the advantage of good air. If our rural aristocracy desires to revive its old-time superiority here is its opportunity. As the squire was formerly distinguished by his civilization, he may now become distinguished by his humanity.

A VILLAGER.

**BELLOC AND NIETZSCHE.**

Sir,—Will Mr. P. V. Cohn, by your courtesy, please oblige with his own or the Nietzschean rendering of the phrase "Her proper place" (top of column 1, page 215, in a recent issue of The New Age)? and will Mr. Cohn please further state whether he sees any connection between the philosophy concealed in the familiar phrase quoted above and the doctrine of original sin, which, as I understand by his concluding sentence, Mr. Cohn repudiates?

MARY GWATHORPE.

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