NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is one of the essential principles of capitalism that profits must, as far as is humanly possible, be left undisturbed. The public may be grossly overcharged, and the workmen may be sweated and underpaid; but capitalists, while a few among them may, perhaps, regret these things, take good care not to amend them. If any business concern finds its expenditure increased, two courses are open to it, and two only. It may meet the additional expenditure out of its profits, or it may raise its prices to the public. Under the capitalist system from which we are suffering at present, only the most demented idealists would expect employers to penalise themselves by reducing their profits so long as there remains an opportunity of penalising the public. We saw so many instances of this in 1911 and 1912 that they almost became monotonous. The success of the transport workers’ strike was at once followed by an increase in freight and passenger charges; and the miners’ strike, though on the whole a failure, led to increases in the cost of every variety of coal. We are shortly to see another illustration of the principle; for the Railways Bill is rapidly passing though its final stages in the House of Commons.

This Bill is surely the most ironical comment ever made on the Labour Party. Petrified by the “sudden” outbreak of the railway strike, although it had been spoken of for weeks beforehand, the Labour M.P.’s, led by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Arthur Henderson, and Mr. J. H. Thomas, pulled themselves together sufficiently to secure a truce of twenty-four hours, a truce which was fatal to the men’s cause. Having sought inspiration from the Cabinet, these three public-spirited supporters of law, order, and capitalism gravely conveyed to the overworked, underpaid strikers some cock-and-bull story about a forthcoming German invasion. This story, supported by an appeal to the “patriotism” of the men, was reluctantly swallowed; and then, while the gods held their sides, Labour members and Cabinet Ministers proceeded to talk about “Boards” and “settlement proposals” and what not. The scorch of the public was led to understand that the men’s wages would be increased, and that, if any cost in the working of the lines should result from the increased wages, a Bill would be introduced, authorising the companies to increase their charges proportionately.

This Bill, since it is a Government measure, must eventually pass. But it is going to be passed in the form desired by the Government, and no amendments will be accepted. In the course of the discussion on February 12, Mr. Bathurst, the Unionist member for Wilton, moved, surely reasonably enough, that the Railway Commissioners, before deciding whether an additional rate was justified in any particular circumstances, should set off against the increased expenditure any economies effected by the company in dealing with traffic. Mr. Buxton replied that, if this amendment were accepted, the “undertaking given to the railway companies could not be carried into full effect.” Sir A. Markham then inquired whether the President of the Board of Trade was under an agreement with the railway companies to accept no amendment. There was a general rumour in the House, he added, that such an agreement had been arrived at. Mr. Buxton evaded this very direct question by stating that he desired that the Bill should pass intact, and any amendment of the principle of it would weaken the undertaking of the Government. As if this were not a sufficient confirmation of the view often put forward in these columns that the Cabinet is merely the Executive of the capitalist interests of this country, Mr. Buxton kindly proceeded to give yet another proof of our contention. He proposed three amendments in the name of the Government; and two of these were agreed to before the House, sitting in Committee, rose. But Mr. Buxton, in introducing his amendments, casually mentioned that he had placed them on the paper “as the result of negotiations with the railway companies”
— the railway companies, if you please; not the men, not the trade unions, not even the Labour members of the House, but the railway companies.

The Hendersons and the Thomases appear to have taken no part in this interesting discussion; and perhaps, bearing in mind their muddles of the past, we may congratulate ourselves, and the men, that they did not. The most salient feature of the House of Commons ever since the 1906 election has been the growing stupidity and apathy of the Labour Members. Every strike has found them unprepared; every dispute has found them, when they have recovered their few wits, ready to support the Cabinet and its capitalist backers. For this reason we are prepared to attach less importance than might have been expected to the fusion into one body of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, the General Railway Workers’ Union, and the United Pointsmen and Signalmen’s Society. A body of nearly 200,000 men might contingently be expected to carry out the greatmen of the charge, a acknowledged tactics of the Chancellor of the Exchequer? A mere Irish Nationalist killed, dissected, and buried any reputation for financial integrity which Mr. Lloyd George may have had left to him, and the only slight assistance he received was from Mr. Austen Chamberlain. From the Labour benches was not a sound of applause or funeral note. After a Trade Union “fusion,” we observe, the Labour Members can join heartily in singing “Auld Lang Syne” (what could be more appropriate?) and on the stump they can be loud enough in their denunciations of capitalism and capitalist governments. But, when they are in the House, we confess we can only look upon them as Bismarck looked upon the inhabitants of the suburbs of Paris when he saw them after the capitulation: “The men had no sooner taken notice of our uniforms than they assumed angry countenances and heroic attitudes. It reminded me of a command which used to exist in the Neapolitan army, ‘facia feroce,’ or ‘make your faces fierce,’ instead of saying ‘shoulder arms.’ With French people all is pompous and imposing, as on the stage.”

The remark no longer holds good of the French people—we have only to think of the recent successful opposition to capitalist labour legislation. But the mantle of the Neapolitan army has now fallen upon our Labour Members, to whom Bismarck’s comment on the French people of his time applies equally well.

While the Labour Party is “making fierce faces” at the Railway Bill and other capitalistic measures, Mr. G. K. Chesterton has been proving his moral and political honesty by resigning from the “Daily News.” He resigns, as he tells us in last Friday’s “Herald,” lest the next great measure of social reform should make it illegal to go on strike—a bitter comment, this, on the Insurance Act, Section 87 of which provides that a workman who voluntarily leaves his employment without just cause shall be disqualified from receiving unemployment benefit. At a time when, as it would seem, hireling journalists are only too willing to write exactly what their employers tell them to write, Mr. Chesterton’s action comes like a refreshing breeze in a desert. It says a great deal for the corruption of modern English journalism that such a resignation would have caused little surprise thirty or forty years ago it calls for our gratitude and respect at the present day. After the numerous instances of journalistic turncoats which have come to our notice during the last few years, it is gratifying to know that there is still one honest man in Fleet Street. Sodom, it will be recollected, could have been saved by ten righteous men. We cannot see that the “Daily News” has now any reason for existing.

With every successive “big story,” to use their own parlance, the tone of the newspapers seems to decline still further. The very last ounce of sentimental copy has surely been squeezed out of the accounts of the death of Captain Scott and his companions. We are glad to think that here, as usual, the Press is utterly unrepresentative of the feeling of the people of England, and that our newspapers, sobbing like the Walrus, are bought only because there is no other satisfactory method of keeping in touch with current events. The dead explorers themselves, we dare swear, would have been among the first to repudiate the slush that has been written about them; though what, after all, can we
expect from a Press "run" chiefly by Scotsmen and Irishmen who appear to have left most of their national feelings behind them in the land of their birth? These aliens appear to imagine that it is a simple matter to appeal to the people of England by turning on the tap of sentimentality and letting it run copiously. But the English—ah, the English!—have not yet taken to making public displays of their grief. The nation as a whole, at such times, simply continues the tradition of Captain Oates, who left the hut when he felt himself dying and perished in the blizzard over rather flimsy incompatibilities. This action, in its fine simplicity and dignity, is almost Homeric, and even the daily Press, we notice, has been too cowed to comment on it at any length.

We feel, it must be admitted, no great enthusiasm over the discovery of either Pole. But a task which is in itself of no great consequence becomes almost noble when its execution involves the risk of sacrificing the lives of brave men. Any monetary rewards, or even any rewards, which the admiralty of the Scott expedition might have expected as the result of their voyage, could not have failed to be utterly disproportionate to the risks run and the dangers and discomforts encountered. We should all have realised as well as we say, to have been quietly ready to assist the families of the dead explorers, without the gush which the Press has vomited over them—we dislike the expression, but no other is possible. We have been sickened by the interviews with this, the other relation, with ghoulish conjectures as to whether Mrs. Scott has yet heard this subject to insert in facsimile a message from the runaway Rev. Albert Knight, then on his trip to Australia under the name of Herbert King. After this exciting episode, the Scott film once more made its appearance. The examples of bad taste, execrable journalism, commend us to the drawing on paper of the last generation degenerated into the scrapy photographic sheet of this. The despicable was clearly demonstrated by the "Daily Mirror," directly connected with the Scott expedition on nearly every page for two or three days, suddenly dropped this subject to insert in facsimile a message from the famous message. We feel sure that Dr. Wilson never wore such a said smile, and the theatre. Exactly as the theatre has degenerated into the cinematograph, this was only one cause, as we have already indicated, of a mechanical and that any sacrifices they may make will more and more that any sacrifices they may make will benefit neither themselves nor their country, but only the capitalists, who are now slowly but surely, and all unconscious of their own doom, grinding the country to powder.

This phenomenon, we would add, is even more evident in the United States than it is here; and what the United States is, England, under capitalism, is gradually becoming. The United States, with more than double our population, has a standing army, on paper, of only 90,000 men, with a State militia, on paper, of a little more than this number. (It is this State militia, by the way, which always calls out to shoot poems may scream about "sacifice" and "service of the State" and so on, the people of England are realising more and more that any sacrifices they may make will benefit neither themselves nor their country, but only the capitalists, who are now slowly but surely, and all unconscious of their own doom, grinding the country to powder.

The The relationship of capitalism to defence is not taken into account by the wirepullers who are utilising Lord Roberts as their figure-head in the present conscription campaign. Not being statesmen, these people have to resort to all kinds of shady tricks—tricks at which a decent white slave trafficker would turn up his nose. The Paris correspondent of the "Times," if information which reaches us from the French capital is correct, has lately been busy going round to the editors of well-known dailies and asking them to take special steps to report Lord Roberts's speech of Friday last, at Bristol. Copies of this speech have also been circulated several days in advance; we had the pleasure of reading one in Fleet Street two days before the speech was delivered. Such senseless procedure as this can arouse nothing but profound contempt. If steps had been taken, a few years ago, to maintain our yeoman class on the soil, on the lines we laid down, for example, in last week's New Age, we venture to say that the problem of the Territorial Army would have solved itself.

These matters apart, can anyone explain the enormous waste in our military administration? The system which enabled the Bulgarians to put nearly 350,000 men into the field against Turkey cost, on an average, £1,600,000 a year for the last four or five years. The estimated cost of our Territorial Army for the financial year 1912-13, is £2,280,000, and for the previous year the cost was £2,766,000; and our Territorial effective numbers 280,000 odd. If to these amounts we add the material supplied to the Territorials, though charged to the Regular forces, we should find that this gigantic fraud cost us something like £4,000,000 per annum. If, instead of pulling wires, the "Daily Mail" and the "Times" threw some light on these items, the country as a whole would be benefited, and certainly interested.
Current Cant.

"On every hand one is glad to see signs of a re-awakening of interest in poetry."—"The Bookman."

"Eugenies, thanks to men like Darwin, we hope is destined to become more potent as time goes on."—T. H. GREENFIELD.

"Thanks to an intelligent and sympathetic public it has fallen to my lot for the second time to command success in journalistic enterprise... I fully recognise that if the interest of making money for my readers is bound up with the steady expansion of this enterprise, the while contributing to their merriment, I shall also be helping forward the good work of a great and generous public."—A. MORETON MANDEVILLE.

"If you write for the Press, one of the first things you realise is the extreme difficulty of saying just what you mean."—Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS.

"The problem before London is, therefore, how to make the fullest use of her tremendous resources... Millions of pounds have been circulated, all new money, to London's coffers... The whole world grows wealthier, holidays become more frequent... It would be shamefully to neglect such a gorgeous opportunity for easy money-making."—The "Standard."

"Ibsen has conquered London but slowly."—RUPERT HYDE.

"In the midst of the present confusion, when no one knows what a day may bring forth, when surprises are continually sprung upon us, when we ask with bated breath: 'What next?' it may be as well to spend a few moments in looking back and looking forward."—"The Vote."

"In many directions we recognise a new spirit of unity of aim and endeavour making for the advantage and advancement of Wales."—"Cardiff Times."

"An Englishman wants to sing in Church and the choir will not let him. So Englishmen do not attend church except in Switzerland."—"Fairplay."

"Some people certainly possess a natural gift for drawing, but the lack of ability need not debar one from becoming skilful as an artist."—"T.P.'s Weekly."

"It is the custom to depreciate agriculture as a business vocation, but it is prospering, perhaps never more so, and we may anticipate still greater prosperity under the benefit laws which have been passed by the present Government."—PROFESSOR JAMES LONG.

"I do not believe that any minister would seek to enrich himself illegitimately."—BONAR LAW.

"The free, open, and unhindered discussion of public affairs in the newspapers is an essential condition of popular government. No respectable journalist wants to turn the Press into an engine of darkness."—"Daily Mail."

"Newspaper proprietors, printers, railway advertising contractors, billposter and advertising agents, could do a great public service by creating what I submit that public interest urgently demands, an Institute of Commercial Advertising."—THOMAS RUSSELL.

"Mr. Balfour gay and schoolboyish, bubbling over with mischievous glee. Mr. Long deepening in colour and in anxiety. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, a picture of racking and despairing anguish—and Mr. Bonar Law going pale and pink by turns as his bustling lieutenants keep him informed of the ups and downs of this supreme testing-phase in his wonderful generalship."—"The Nation."

"Mr. Chesterton seems to me to be in considerable danger of developing into an intellectual and religious reactionary."—CHARLES SOROLLA.

CURRENT COMMERCIALISM.

"Mr. Jacobs, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Houghton, Mr. Maugham—to name only a few—openly write for the theatre as a trade. What a contrast is here with the great age of English comedy."—"Saturday Review."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

I have several times recently had occasion to refer to the rather strained relations existing between Austria and Russia, which arose out of the crisis in the Near East. As I indicated, diplomatic measures were being taken to bring about a better understanding between the Cabinets of St. Petersbourg and Vienna, and about a fortnight ago the Emperor Francis Joseph took the extreme step of sending an autograph letter to the Tsar of Russia by a special courier. The courier on this occasion was Prince Hohenlohe, a nobleman who, although not very well known in diplomatic circles here, has the reputation abroad of being exceedingly tactful in his handling of rather difficult personal relationships. It is with great regret that I have to record that his mission on this occasion proved unsuccessful. After the whole question had again been thoroughly investigated in St. Petersbourg, it was realised that the divergence between the views held by the two Governments was so great that no ultimate decision could be reached by the Tsar and Prince. As definite particulars of the negotiations which had previously taken place between the two countries have not yet been published, I may perhaps summarise them here.

It was all along Austria's wish that, if Turkey could not be entirely rehabilitated in the Balkan Peninsula, the new territory acquired by the Allies should be as small as possible. It followed that the first serious difference between St. Petersbourg and Vienna became apparent when the delimitation of the new Albania had to be considered, as it was seen that Albania would inevitably become a kind of annex of the Dual Monarchy. Count Berchtold wished the northern portion of the new State to be fairly large and the southern boundary rather narrow, in order that Austria might have as much and the Greeks as little influence as possible.

The Russian Government was undecided for a time whether to suggest that Albania should be large in order that Servia might secure a little influence on the northern end, which would naturally be used to Russia's advantage, or to bring the boundary within as narrow limits as possible in order to restrict Austria's influence at the same time. This point is still undecided.

Again, Russia wished Bulgarian territory in future to include a very large portion of Macedonia and Thrace. Austria, jealous, and with some reason, of Russia's influence in that quarter, insisted that Turkey should retain a large part of Thrace, including even towns like Kirk Kilisse and Adrianoipe in the north, Demotika towards the centre, and the port of Dedeagatch in the south. Here, again, the negotiations became protracted. I refer not only to the Ambassadors' Conference in London, but to the semi-official pourparlers which were being carried on at the same time between Count Berchtold and M. Sazonoff.

At the time of writing, no immediate action by either of the two Powers concerned is likely; for the Kaiser has also sent a private letter to the Tsar, making it clear that Austria could not count upon German support. This being the case, it is still, I find, regarded as highly probable in London diplomatic circles that a solution of the difficult questions at issue will be found without recourse to arms. It must, nevertheless, not be forgotten that for the last three or four weeks Austria has had at least 900,000 men under arms and ready to march at a moment's notice. The extent to which this calling up of reservists has affected the commerce and social life of the country cannot be imagined. Impatience exhibited by one side or the other at this juncture may lead to lamentable results.
I emphasise the importance of St. Petersburg at this juncture because the Tsar, who favoured a peaceful Balkan policy until a few weeks ago, has now fallen under the influence of the war party. This has led to some friction with the Foreign Minister, M. Sazonoff, whose continued occupancy of his present post is almost inevitable if peace is really to be preserved. In this connection I have only to add that the Austrian military authorities have been having considerable trouble with their Slavonic troops, many of whom are ready to join the enemy if war breaks out.

The recent events in the Near East have naturally withdrawn the attention of Western Europe from the Far East; but the rioting just reported from Tokio has led many financiers in London and Paris to reconsider their plans regarding the immediate future of Japan and China. It must not be assumed that the Japanese mobs have risen in revolt against either their monarchical or their parliamentary régime. There is a strong movement in Japan which might almost be called Socialist, but up to the present it has been devoid of any political significance or influence. The Japanese have not yet recovered from the disastrous effects of the war with Russia, and I do not think I exaggerate when I say that, all things considered, Japan is to-day probably the most heavily taxed country in the world.

The lower classes of the people, driven to desperation, have simply rebelled against the prevailing high prices.

Although I have referred by courtesy to the Japanese Parliamentary régime, I do not necessarily wish it to be inferred that any such thing exists within the western meaning of the term. The Japanese Diet, or, rather, the lower half of it, known as the House of Representatives, is in various moods as the German Reichstag. The Ministers, nominally pledged to party government, find themselves checked, when they are not careful, by the ruling military oligarchy. Of late, however, a new commercial party has grown up in Japan, and is contesting the supremacy of the so-called "Elder Statesmen," or Gengo, in very much the same manner as the Parliamentary supporters of the Manchester merchants contested the supremacy of the Tory landlords in England in 1832. I do not speak of the "Whigs," but of a proper and commercial party in Japan of the same sort as the Kokumin-to, the party formed by the union of the Progressists and the Boshin. The older Constitutional Party, known as the Seiyou-Kai, which controlled the House of Peers in the past, is heading off any subversive movement. The Labour leaders—large posts in London, smaller posts in the provinces. These appointments have not been made because of the beautiful eyes of the recipients; they have been made because it is either consciously or sub-consciously understood that the Civil Service is the real palladium of the existing social, political and economic system, and accordingly Socialists and Labour men who join it of necessity bear their share in heading off any subversive movement. The Labour Exchanges and the Insurance Act have afforded many opportunities to practise this sterilising policy.

The accession to the ranks of the Civil Service of a certain number of men alleged to be democrats has, of course, in no way demoralised Downing Street and its purlieus. Classification still rules, appointments to the first class still being the perquisite of the Universities. In this way the bureaucratic organisation is securely linked to the governing classes; they worship the same God; their tone, manners and ambition derive from the same source. It is not, therefore, surprising that the British bureaucracy is regarded by the bulk of the working population as an element of oppression—a governing class, having behind it the armed forces of the police, the army, the navy and the psychological discipline of the churches and the medicine men.

The conjunction of the State Socialists with the bureaucracy was obviously inevitable. State Socialism involves bureaucracy because it has never realised that democracy is impossible if co-existent with the wage-system, and, as we have shown, State Socialism can only pay its bondholders by maintaining the wage system. A democratic bureaucracy is a contradiction in terms because it has always been, is now and always will be, the governing arm of the governing classes. As the existence of a governing class is the negation of democracy, it follows that bureaucracy is essentially anti-democratic. The instinct, therefore, of the working classes that warns them against the domination of the Civil Service is at bottom the instinct of democracy. So far as the alliance between bureaucracy and State Socialism has gone, its effects are psychologically rather than actually oppressive. The Fabian Society has always been frankly bureaucratic; it has pursued its meiost policy through the agency of the public services. "What is a bureaucrat?" asks the young Fabian gaily. "One who works in a
bureau,'" is the glib answer. "What is a bureau?" he further asks to clinch his point. "Only an office," answers the chorus. "Quite so," says the self-assured young man, "and if we called him a clerk there would be strenuous impotence of labour politics. Apart, how influence of the bureaucratic organisation. To be a Jack bureaucracy, the official Labour leader has none. He government reforms but does not revolutionise. And, has natural yearnings for a swift passage from the bureau," 'is the glib answer. in Office in Whitehall is to him far preferable to the and he loves the ordered ease of the Civil Servant. He wagery, it obviously does not want either revolution or democracy. To disregard it as a political necessity is at irrelevant to the Socialist agitation. And they wring the result would be precisely the same

But would not the Guilds produce their own crop of hard-shell bureaucrats? They become the eyes and ears—the spies—of the governing class, warning it how far it may go, whilst curtailing industrial discontent into acquiescence by promising or suggesting trifling easements. If the number of Labour-bureaucrats were multiplied by a hundred, the result would be precisely the same; you do not weaken your enemy by giving him your own men—despots who remember your weaknesses and forget your strength. In America, where the bureaucratic purchase of Labour politicians is done on a wholesale scale, the results are precisely the same as in Germany, where the bureaucracy trains its own spies. Here and there "Labour is mocked, its just rewards are stolen."

Nevertheless, it is treason of a peculiarly odious type. What purpose do these Labour-bureaucrats fulfil? They become the eyes and ears—the spies—of the governing class, warning it how far it may go, whilst cajoling industrial discontent into acquiescence by promising or suggesting trifling easements. If the number of Labour-bureaucrats were multiplied by a hundred, the result would be precisely the same; you do not weaken your enemy by giving him your own men—despots who remember your weaknesses and forget your strength. In America, where the bureaucratic purchase of Labour politicians is done on a wholesale scale, the results are precisely the same as in Germany, where the bureaucracy trains its own spies. Here and there "Labour is mocked, its just rewards are stolen."

But would not the Guilds produce their own crop of hard-shell bureaucrats? Would not the inevitable Guild hierarchy play the same part as the existing Civil Services? Are not the high officials of a Trust as bureaucratic as any in the Government service? Of course they are, and for precisely the same reason: they are appointed to guard the interests of rent and capital. That is exactly the function of the government official. How then would the Guild official differ in essence from the Government or Trust official? In two fundamental respects: (a) Because there would be no exploiting, they would go with the wage system; (b) Because the Guilds would democratically elect their own officers. We have previously remarked that the workman is an exceedingly shrewd judge of competent work and of industrial administration. In less than one generation there would not be

an incompetent official in any guild. The Guild membership would judge his competence, not by the glibness of his tongue nor by the suavity of his manners, but by his skill in producing wealth with the minimum expenditure of labour. Every Labour economy effected would spell either greater wealth for distribution amongst the members or more leisure to dignity and recreative life.

From all this is drawn an inference of profound importance: industrial democracy is the bedrock of a free social life. Political freedom without industrial power is a cruel and antilaissez faire class struggle. It is fatal to forget that economic power precedes and controls political power. We see, further, that an analysis of bureaucracy proves it to be anti-democratic and, therefore, contrary to the spirit and principles of Guild organisation.

It is only when the democratic forces turn resolutely away from political action and concentrate upon the acquisition of industrial power (they can only do it by applying democratic principles) that they will discover bureaucracy—the outward and visible manifestation of the power of the possessing classes. And, through the influence of reputable Labour leaders will be deemed some—it is largely due to the glib answer. Words, however, have their associations as far correct in its estimate of the regenerative infertility of wagery, it obviously does not want either revolution or democracy. To disregard it as a political necessity is at irrelevant to the Socialist agitation. And they wring the result would be precisely the same

Let us then iterate; that its ending by Guild Socialism will mean a prolonged war, that Guild Socialism cannot be born without the efforts, inherent in every real revolution. Plutocracy will not be bowed out; it must be thrust out.

The gradual invasion of industrial conditions by the bureaucracy—factory acts, insurance, and the like—has opened the democrat's eyes to another important aspect of this problem: In all matters relating to wealth production, the bureaucracy competes with the Government. Parliament passes Acts governing the conditions of factory and workshop life only to waste succeeding sessions in amending them. Industry is too complex, too integrated, to be subjected to the amateurish interference of political bunglers. The factory inspector is a joke both to employers and employed; they know when to expect him and they systematically deceive him. There is no factory rule or regulation worth its paper value unless it be obeyed with the willing consent of the industrial population. Under the Guild organisation, these Parliamentary enactments would be regarded as superfluous and impertinent; if industrial democracy cannot regulate its own factory conditions, then Guild Socialism is a mirage. The fact is, however, that the bureaucracy has discovered that humane employment means larger profits; it enhances the commodity value of labour. All the factory acts have been followed by greater commercial prosperity. The employers, armed with economic power, reflect that power through Parliament. In consequence, they clip and trim labour conditions to suit their ends, often to appease labour with soft solace and to benefit by the credit that is gained by nominally humanitarian legislation. But all the time, rent, interest and profit are increasing whilst real wages are falling.

The present friendly relations that exist between official Labour and the bureaucracy must be speedily terminated. We know of nothing so undignified, if not
The Path to Glory . . .

By Brette Morgan.

Nine-tenths of the men who enlist in professional forces at times other than those of great patriotic enthusiasm enlist from that love of adventure, and especially of military adventure, which exists to a greater or less degree in all men. If there is a conflict between the rotation of the recruiting statistics and those of economic depression—a coincidence which is barely traceable over any long period—it does not prove that men enlist for beer, bread, and baccy, as the economists do falsely assert, but that unemployment or bad employment causes a man to reflect seriously upon the possibility of gratifying an impulse which, if he were free of the restrictions of his own condition, he would repress altogether, or attempt to satisfy by joining the Territorials (Romney—Military Notes, January 23).

In what degree does the Army satisfy that love of adventure alluded to in the above, and, more particularly, the love of adventure of the men who enlist? It is nearly eleven years since peace was declared in the Boer War, and there has been no real approach to public knowledge to a fresh war, while we are no nearer to-day, notwithstanding the insensate ravings of Lord Roberts and his imitators, a scrap of any sort which might attract those imbued with that love of adventure forming, according to Romney, the impulse behind "nine-tenths of the men who enlist," etc. I submit that, with the possible exception of a spell of strike-breaking, there is less pressure in the Army than in any one of a dozen callings one might name in a breath, including the perilous profession of an anti-Suffragist Cabinet Minister.

There may be a clue to the mystery of the genesis of "Romney's" words in the words "recruiting statistics." It may be that "Romney" is depending on some sort of statistics for proof of his assertion. But there is not, or was not, any mention of the motive for enlistment to be found in any of the soldier's "documents." And, if there were, I contend that they would be absolutely unreliable, because, as I shall show, this is a point upon which the recruit is not disposed to be truthful, and, though he may wax confidential to a comrade he will lie as a matter of course to an enemy. The only reliable data, therefore, are those collected of the men, from the men, and by the men, the opportunity only of those who have lived the life in barracks and the field, in the "coffee-shop" and canteen, at drill and in prison to the strain of the也正是。I suggest that eight years of it, in half a dozen stations, at home, abroad, and on active service, coming into personal and comradely contact with an aggregate of some six thousand men, cavalry, artillery, and infantry (including militia), affords one a far better insight into the real motives ("causes" is a better word) behind enlistment than a stack of statistics. I shall show that it is rather doubtful whether even one-tenth enlist from "love of adventure," and, moreover, that at least eight-tenths join from causes connected with unemployment or bad employment! The conclusions set out are arrived at from either direct statements, unmistakable hints, or unconscious betrayals of the real causes for enlistment furnished by the men themselves.

It will be understood that I am dealing with the one point alone—the motive for enlistment. Mr. Seccombe I can leave with perfect safety to "Romney." Besides, it does not need two steam-hammers to crack one nut! And I care not a pin for Romney's arguments regarding the methods of obtaining armed forces. So long as the peoples are mutton-headed enough to supply armed forces for their own subjugation, it matters little whether they be pressed or purchased. And so long as "diplomatic" cards figure in the sleeves of the "diplomats" instead of on the public table, the people will continue to be pressed or purchased.

In the first place, I assert flatly that, of any hundred men, at least fifty enlist as the result of unemployment and as the last resort of hunger and despair! Another cause is non-employment as distinct from unemployment. By this I mean that condition result-
from "blind-alley" or preliminary "knocking-about" indulged in by thousands of youths before settling to permanent employment. They are really not of "working" age, and, as they have never had a real job, they are distinct from those who have had, say, several years at some definite and regular trade, and have lost that job. I call them "non"-employed. They are anything from fifteen to nineteen, and "drift" rather than "enlist" into the Service by thousands yearly, well-developed boys of fifteen passing as eighteen, the lowest age for "enlist." I should say one-tenth of the total are of this description.

I am of the opinion that a similar number join because, though employed, they are dissatisfied with their "job." Army life is continually, and truly, represented as an "easy time, with plenty of good grub, and pocket-money"; that is the recruiting sergeant's most killing bait. When this delightful prospect is contrasted by the majority of civil workers to the average wage slave, there is little needed to persuade large numbers to throw up that for what the common term is "a good job."

The remaining tenth of the eight-tenths whose enlistment is connected, as I have said, with employment, or, "for beer, bread, and baccy," as the economists do falsely assert, is that class who look upon the Army as a "career." The type of story, wherein the hero invariably attains commissioned rank (as told by silly and ignorant word-grinders of the Garvice class), is responsible for a certain number of enlistments, while there are hundreds of cases where the ranks are regarded as the back door of the Officer's Mess, failure to pass examinations having precluded the front entrance. But usually the "career" is of more humble expectation. The higher non-commissioned or warrant rank is regarded as the limit of ambition. Thousands of sons, nephews, and friends of men who have attained those ranks hope merely for similar rewards. And considering all things, good pay, food, clothing and quarters, while serving, with a pension of half-a-crown at termination of service (while still in the early forties) contrasts quite favourably with the majority of civil workers. The thousands who join the various "departmental" corps, such as the Royal Engineers, Army Service, Veterinary, etc., enter as they would any ordinary trade or profession.

I have admitted, though doubtfully, that one-tenth join from "love of adventure." That admission of course because his father or grandfather served, though with no idea or worry about "careers," and he who exists simply and solely to rejoin a brother or a chum.

So much for that "spirit of adventure." If only nine-tenths did so join they would not need to! There would be no Army to join.

But they do not enlist from any spirit of adventure. As I have tried to show, the majority are where they are from sheer economic necessity, and as an inevitable result of the system which breeds the rascals, and subjection, but is cunning enough to bribe or bludgeon its victims into still more damnable instruments for its maintenance.

II.

Well, there is the beginning of the loose end which commences with the enlistment. After dealing briefly with the middle and the finish, I will offer a few suggestions showing how this loose end—a period of Army service—may be spliced at the beginning to the original thread of a youth's life, tautened throughout, and spliced again at the finish to the remaining portion of the man's career.

Now, for God's sake, let me be preserved in what modesty I have left, but really, so far as I have seen and read and heard, with the same sort of voice protesting against the present military system as a wastage of men as productive units—and (this is the mark of singularity) supporting my protest by facts and figures. Also, so far, I have been smothered by the indifference of all whom my erratic murrins have reached.

"Wastage" is the keynote of most criticisms of military conditions. Mr. Norman Angell offers a thesis—unanswerable, in my opinion—touching on the value of treasure in armaments. He proves to financiers that militarism—either active in war or passive in peace—does not "pay." The only persons whom Mr. Angell will not eventually convince are shareholders in concerns manufacturing munitions of war—and Army officers expecting promotion. Mr. Robert Blatchford grieves the wastage of man capitalistically exploited in deadly industries who might be "made men" by Army life. Mr. Harry Quelch regrets the wastage of men as unarmed agitators when (in his Citizen Army) they might become armed revolutionaries at The Day (Mr. Quelch's Day). Ruskin and Tolstoy passionately protested against the wastage of men by battle-slaughter. There will have been more men within the next twenty-four hours by selfish industrial conditions than by slaughter in the whole of the Balkan War. And generally more painful deaths and wounds—without any "glory" either. Lastly, Lord Roberts beweeps the wastage of men in mind and body白白 wage slaves; they are really not of the common term is "a good job." They are anything but useful employed in "defending their country." Said country being available, when properly "defended," for sale in some parts of London to "defenders" (and others) at £1,100 for six feet by two! Of course, Lord Roberts does not say so much. And beside, he will probably get his "six by two" (five by two in his case) for nothing if his friend the "Daily Express" has anything to say. "Tariff Reform means The Abbey for All."

Now, may I ask that for a moment Mr. Angell will quit wrestling with Rothschilds, Mr. Blatchford painting his military Super-man, Mr. Quelch his Revolutionary's Calendar (Perpetual), Ruskin and Tolstoy (in their disciples) their "clotted gore," and Lord Roberts his study of the 27,000 men in four days, or a national hero may expire, exclaiming: "Thank God, I have served my country. She needs me—she needs me—but I have another appointment. Kiss me, Blumenfeld!"

And, in this moment of detachment, will they contemplate this statement: On any one day, out of 100 ordinary Army Reservists and ex-Army men (excluding Engineers, Army Service Corps, Veterinary, and other Departmental Corps-men), 35 will be absolutely unemployed or "snatched odd jobs"; 50 will be "labourers" pure and simple, earning only the wretched pay of labourers; 20 will be porters, doorknocks, care-
takers, servants, potmen, messengers, watchmen—anything of the "standing around," irresponsible, non-productive, "easy" and scurvy type of job—while some are "husbands" only, married to lodging-house keepers or women-workers, "doing the housework," etc.; to be found "skilled" or, at any rate, included in the organised industries; 5 will be "miscellaneous," embracing various "occupations"—the writer recalls two typical instances, a music-ball manager, and a Church Army organiser.

The figures themselves are sufficiently significant, but they become only the more ghastly when one realises that these men were—at the time of enlistment—"picked" more or less far as a certain fixed standard of height, a rigid medical examination, a guarantee of respectability (not much, certainly), by requiring "picked" them. Now, these "picked" men, what is the condition, are from the commencement well-clothed, plentifully if plainly fed, warmly housed, and otherwise well-cared for. They are compelled (if undeveloped) to undergo gymnastic courses, and encouraged to undertake voluntarily, as a certain exercise (drills, parades, route marches, etc., for infantry; drill, parades, grooming, etc., for cavalry and artillery). Their rooms are clean and fairly well ventilated, and generally they are pretty scientifically supervised and mothered. I should say that from the point of view of physical conditions, the average soldier is twice as well treated as the average wage slave.

How it comes then, that, from my figures about 85 per cent. of these "picked" and physically well-trained men, are really "unemployable," estimating fitness for employment according to the standard of any organised industry?

Without propounding any more conundrums—it is the life. Singularly enough, while the military ideal is made for a life of leisure, the conditions of military efficiency are in opposite ways: that soldiering and other practices in barracks; corrupted and tempted by vicious practices; or to follow some recognised trade or profession—to be paid while so doing proper wages having regard to what he receives in kind, food, clothing, quarters, fuel and light, and so forth. Several articles would be needed fully to develop this idea, but that soldiering and other occupations might be practically combined and pursued should be clear when one realises the extraordinary efficiency attained by many volunteer corps wherein military training is pursued in spare time only, after a full day's ordinary work. Pursued alternately, military efficiency and industrial efficiency at the same time should not be beyond the powers of skilled organisation.

Now that I have shown what, from the point of view of the worker concerned, is the problem of militarism, I will dissolve the Committee of Inquiry I called in the commencement of this section—apologising to some for the presence of the others.

War on Capital.

In a former article we made an analysis of the electorate, and we came to the conclusion that in the first place the proletariat has not got a majority of votes, and, secondly, even if that class had a majority of votes, it could not, under the present representative arrangements, send to Parliament a majority of Socialists. Against that conclusion Socialists may argue thus:—"That the possession of the political machine by the proletariat will be accomplished through a long series of struggles and battles with the capitalistic class. That just as the workers have reached their present franchise by stages, so the evolution of the party will be continued until the present representative system be changed and the party which will command the majority of votes will also have a majority of representatives." Against this line of reasoning I advance the following: (1) That the workers did not reach their present franchise by their own efforts and strength, but got it as a result of the struggle between the middle classes and the aristocracy; (2) That against Socialism all the possessing classes are united, and it is not likely that they will sit and wait until the Socialists have a majority in Parliament. As long as they have the power they can so manipulate politics, and restrict the franchise, as will secure them against a Socialist victory. True, it would be "unconstitutional," and would probably call out bitter protests from the proletariat, but protest would have the same effect on the Cossacks who, when passing through Prussia during the Napoleonic wars, stole a goose from a farmer. The goose not being pleased with the Cossack's embrace, protested loudly, which brought out the farmer. The farmer, seeing the Cossack make off with his goose, cried out with great indignation, "For shame, Herr Czak! for shame!"

Lassalle pointed out long ago that the Constitution of a country does not consist of written laws, but of organised force; and The New Age has often emphasised that fact. People must be very credulous to believe that because the workers have a right to vote, and even to send a few dozen members to Parliament, they will also let them go as far as the taking possession of political power. No one who understands the seriousness of the case will for a moment entertain such a hope. So long as the different parties representing property can make use of the working man's vote, so long will they allow him to amuse himself with it. But should the proletariat become so class-conscious as to turn its vote against the property classes, then it is inevitable that the possessing classes will sink their differences, and will fight the proletariat tooth and nail. What is there to prevent the possessing classes curtailling the working men's franchise, so that a social revolution on Constitutional lines shall become impossible? Against such a contingency the Socialist has a ready reply:—"Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must."

Not only do Socialists recognise a physical force revolution as a last resort, but those of the capitalists' spokesmen who are not too reserved hint at it. If we are to take the opinions of the Standard" as a criterion of what the property classes think about the matter, it is quite clear that the latter would not wait for the proletariat to strike the first blow. A quotation from a leading article in that paper, dealing with the Socialist resolutions passed by the Trades Union Congress in Bath, some years ago, may be interesting.
Says the "Standard" :-
Assume, for a moment, that the majority of the electors in the United Kingdom were bent upon such spoliation as the Congress has sanctioned. Assume that they seriously set themselves to put the will of the people into law. Even then the battle would not have been won or lost. The strength of the propertied classes is not to be measured by the counting of noses, and the promoters of the Social Revolution would find much sterner arguments than platform rhetoric or Parliamentary divisions. Only in the United Kingdom were bent upon such spoliation by force does not lie in numbers.

The proletariat has in a violent conflict with the possessing classes, a few words on the possibility of changing a political revolution and a social revolution.

A change in the very life of the people, new conceptions of ownership of property, of working, of buying, and of selling; and what cannot be achieved by battle between two fighting armies. Let us now return to a consideration of the proletariat's chance of success in a civil war with capital.

Firstly, we must remember the old adage: Possession is nine points of law. By this it is meant that when people are in possession of something it is hard to dispossess them. To dislodge a party from an occupied position requires a force ten times as strong as the party in occupation. The propertied classes possess all the organised forces of the State, military, naval, and police. They also possess the money, with which they can arm tens of thousands of the "Lumpen-proletarier." What a pound a day, with plenty of whisky, could do we can learn from the strike-breakers in the United States. The rich could mobilise their forces and collect the taxes. The mass of the people might even remain ignorant of the cause of the fight. A social revolution, a change in the very life of the people, new conceptions of ownership of property, of working, of buying, and of selling; and what cannot be achieved by battle between two fighting armies. Let us now return to a consideration of the proletariat's chance of success in a civil war with capital.

Notes on the Present Kalpa.
By J. M. Kennedy.

XIII. Links (continued.)

It is not merely in fairy-tales that animals speak, or that we have to deal with monsters. The early literature of practically every nation is filled with legends out of which our fairy-tales have developed. Not merely animals are in question, but also gods and giants and heroes as well. All readers of Genesis will remember the story of the male and female Leviathan. The Talmud tells us more about them. When Leviathan drank, we are told, it took seventy years for the sea to recover its former state. He fed on another monster which was 1,000 miles long. But then there was Og, the giant saved by Noah from the Flood. Of him the Talmud tells us another story—the story of a hunter chasing his prey, running while doing so along what appeared to be a piece of an enormous bone, embedded in the soil. This bone, he ascertained afterwards, had formed part of Og's thigh. In a previous article, I referred to the Indian, Krishna, who held up a mountain. These legends are not so fantastic as they appear; they are no more untrue than the story of the Flood. Researches of recent years have supplied us with particulars of monsters such as the dinosaur; and scientists have a vague habit of telling us that such huge animals lived "millions of years ago." However long ago it may have been, the mere existence of skeletons shows us that there was a time when brutes long since extinct did actually walk the earth and swim in the sea.

These legends became crystalised into definite legends; and from them come the stories of giants and demons which we find in all early literatures.

But there were periods in the history of the world (or, rather, the pre-history of the world) when man had to do battle with more enemies than he knew. Among them, the flood, earthquakes, internal convulsions, and other cataclysms of nature. At times it must have seemed as if the planet were being kneaded by invisible hands like some mere mass of dough. We have a very definite tradition concerning Atlantis; we have every possible scientific reason for believing that Ceylon was once part of the mainland of India, and was probably connected with Madagascar. We know that at one time England and France were not separated by a narrow channel of water, and that Java was joined to the southern coast of Asia on the one side, and to South America on the other. The solitary speck in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, which we know by the name of Hawaii, was once larger than it is now, and had companions around it. Earth-quakes, as we should term them, earthquakes on a scale which we can hardly even conceive, separated countries that had previously been joined, flooded the Mediterranean basin, and sucked civilisations like that of Atlantis into the depths of the ocean.

It is not assumed that these catastrophes occurred all at once. They were probably separated by whole geological periods. And yet, when Oriental literature is
properly collated, we may have to revise our hypothesis very considerably. It is difficult for us to know more than we do of the actual facts contained in Latin, Greek, and, though to a lesser degree, Egyptian and Hebrew literature. Every line, almost every word, has been analysed and re-analysed. But Chinese literature, and even more particularly Indian literature, infinitely more rich in scope and variety, has hardly been touched yet.

All the more reason, then, why one remarkable coincidence should be mentioned. If we take the Hebrew records in Gen V and VII, we shall find that the date of the Flood is 2348 B.C. Reckon up the ages of Adam at the birth of Seth, Seth at the birth of Enosh, and so on down to the age of Noah at the Flood, and assume the record to begin at 4004 B.C., and the date 2348 will be the result. This is taken as undisputed in Biblical chronology. Now turn to a very different text, that classic of Chinese history which we know as the Shoo-King, not written by Confucius, as is generally supposed, but by the illustrious Brother of the Sun-God himself, the Begetter of the Human Race. Every line, almost every word, has been parallel to the Old Testament story. But what was the flood referred to? It was a great deluge mentioned in many fragments of Chinese literature, and it occurred, in the reign of Shun, which genealogists relate to that reign have been deciphered; and we find that the Chinese Flood swept over the country in the year 2348 B.C. Few legendary parallels are more striking than this.

Geological upheavals, floods, and the struggles with monsters of land and sea assumed three definite fabulous forms. There is the legend of the Flood, the legend of the Great Tortoise, and the legend, more vague but still connected with the same, of the Beast of the Apocalypse. These legends were all started in the pre-historic age, they came down through the historic age, and they form the connecting link between barbarism and civilisation. It would be beyond the scope of this series to set forth a detailed account of them. Three or four volumes of The New Age could easily be filled with references to the Beast alone. To think that the number 666 applied to Nero is pure conjecture; for the original mystic number of the Beast appears to have been 616, and it is equally conjectural to suppose that 616 refers to Caligula. But this Beast of the Revelation appears to us in the form of Antichrist and Antichristian legend which, while never yet been satisfactorily explained, it was simple enough to say that it arose in early Christian times, and that Antichrist was merely a pleasant way of referring to those Roman Emperors who persecuted the Jews. These legends were all started in the pre-historic age, they came down through the historic age, and they form the connecting link between barbarism and civilisation. It would be beyond the scope of this series to set forth a detailed account of them. Three or four volumes of The New Age could easily be filled with references to the Beast alone.

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usually obtuse, allow themselves to be officially set up as deterrent examples: no one in particular contrives the situation—it comes about by the same means that maintain the standard of culture. Words are one means, no doubt, of doing much, but is it quite enough for a judicious student: and if we could collect the words which guided the recent demonstration of Oxford men against Professor Murray, we should expect to find nothing more (or less) conclusive than Arnold's remark. If we quote a paragraph from the aforesaid article in the "Daily Mail," we may be quite sure to show that the new sort of professors quite realize their position, and, further, to what extent they professedly want at either University; he is the most unbearable dull freshman departs dull; but a dull youth is not one in particular; and it is to be hoped, "his example will do very much to maintain the standard of culture. Words are one method to copy the "Daily Mail" exposes its absurd designs, in the true spirit of the University. There is, certainly, has small chance of forgetting the fact. Here is a pat on the back for the "quite exceptional school of historians" now gathered at Oxford, which happens so "fortuitously" since the Prince of Wales is up. Let us hope that at least one freshman may set about imitating the example of the Prince, and call upon Sir William Anson or another Warden for a little discussion of the events of the week. Discipline is, perhaps, somewhat slack in certain quarters, indeed, where the Cow does seem not quite able to fill their gowns. Sir William is not a very new don!

By luck, before we go to press, a second and longer article, following up the "feeler" in the "Daily Mail," further displays that journal's witless efforts to drag Oxford, "Dancing Dons" is the headline, and the thin purport is to be written by an old Magdalen man, who, in the tone of a dormitory, describes a little display of country dancing by certain Oxford men, as though this and these were in the true spirit of the University. There is, certainly, has small chance of forgetting the fact. Here is the style and the man busy inventing that "common report" we have already heard about: "If you cut chapels too much, the Dean, instead of spluttering solemnly and being pomposus will say: 'Look here, it's rather rotten of you to make me take up my time on this sort of thing. I'll gate you for a week, but I should have thought it more sensible to go to chapel.' And no doubt the student would think it more sensible of this mythical dancing dean to go to chapel than to gate the giddy student for absence! "What makes him really angry is to have an over-serious Rhodes scholar wanting to talk intelligently to him on the way to a football match."

Now let us admit that the dancing don is not unknown at Oxford. He is, moreover, not altogether discouraged—when his example is unmistakable, when he is ripe to rottenness and disturbance, he will write him for a soft lot. Oxford belongs, not to dancing dons, but to classic dons and to serious, young men. As the old Magdalen man unwarily states: "It is not very good for the future of country dances." Cecil Rhodes did not make his bequest for the future of country dances, or for the benefit of dancing dons. The whole article is a libel of the meanest sort, calculated to injure the feelings of scholars and gentlemen. To our minds, Oxford is a little dis-
The Crow.
(From the Mahabharata.)

The King of Koçala sat enthroned,
Whom into his country came a sage
Had reared the king to royal might
In art and craft of State control.
He carried a crow within a cage,
And travelling swift by day and night,
Till versed in every city's scroll,
Names of high officers he intoned:

"Come hither all who do not fear
The corvine science I practise clear!
He that is wise will watch the crow
Past, present, future fates to know."

Proclaiming this, the Rishi sent
His crow upon the kings domain
To note how wealth was earned and spent
In every bridge it found a flaw
No right in all that land it saw
To Kshemadarcin, bowing low,
And swords a-rust in empty forts lay maculed
Here, doors of steel hid devilish glee,
Then on the statesmen hurled his crow
The sage of rigid 'vows returned
No gate was armed, or battlement,
And saw where seal and gem a-row
And woods by robbers ridiculed.
And here stood hovels built with pain,
No soldiers practised on the plain-
Cause and result the crow could see.
"O King, who steals thy wealth away?
This man and these I charge this day
Those courtly thieves, awake with rage,
Heed, lord, the warning of the crow
Uprose the Rishi and sought the King—
So Wisdom's eye is slain by men
And pierced the crow within the cage
Through guardless corridors did creep
Thou art the King, thou art the land,
And while from thought he fell to sleep,
Command my speech lest

Thy nature, long averse from good, impress of evil takes.
Thou hissest like a desert pit that swarms with living snakes.
Thou art the precipice that hides the honey-seeker's fall,
Or as attractive, poisoned food, thou slays't with secret gall.
"How art thou like a swan pursued by vulture, wolf and dog,
Like these thy ministers would blaze should Time devour thy fame
It feeds the parasites that feed the rising forest flame
Upon thy unsafe quietude
Forgive, though friendly force intrude
Unto my soul's prosperity?
That sage and said: "Shall I not hear
All words of thine, who art not blind
Unto my soul's prosperity?
Speak, O regenerate one, nor fear
Say what thou pleasest. Sec, I bind
My ears with thy sincerity."

The sage said: "Know that curses fall:
Who serves a king need dread them all—
The curse of friends, the curse of foes,
The King's own curse whose self-wrought woes.
Leap like virulent snakes or fire
At him that chides a king's desire.
Yet he who fails to persuade his king
For countless years goes wandering!
Friends by intelligence aid friends
When virtue's wealth of merit ends
And perilous seasons, blank and poor,
Approach the mind's six-opened door
This crow of mine, O King, was slain
Upon thy service: yet no stain
Do I lay on thee, but pray thee gird
They love not thee that slew this bird.

I crossed thy land as through a stream
Where fierce-toothed fish did threatening gleam.
I crossed thy land as through a glen,
By rough Himalaya locked from men,
Where lurks the tiger jungle-born.
O'er foodless streams a boat may cross:
The crow, my boat, is now my loss!
Through gloomy regions lamps may shine:
The crow, my lamp, is now not mine!
Thou thinkest own kingdom canst not tryst—
How then, O King? Here rot and rust
Are mingled with the ripe and green,
Here good and bad are equal seen,
Here righteous strangers find a grave
Whilst thou thy evil kin dost save.
Intelligence should leave this land
Where all misdeeds supported stand.

"My life with thee is like his life
Who in a room with snakes abides,
Or his that feeds a hero's wife—
Behind my footsteps danger strides.
Thou art to me as hunger's food
But from thy officers I shrink—
As rubbing blunts the points of thorns.
In former days I served thy sire—
We two for thee thy kingdom won;
Commit no more this fault, O son,
Of trusting ministers of desire!

Thou art to me as hunger's food
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And forth thy borders pass again.
Forgive, though friendly force intrude
Upon thy unsate quietude!"

King Kshemadarcin summoned near
That sage and said: "Shall I not hear
All words of thine, who art not blind
Unto my soul's prosperity?
Speak, O regenerate one, nor fear
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That sage and said: "Shall I not hear
All words of thine, who art not blind
Unto my soul's prosperity?
Speak, O regenerate one, nor fear
Say what thou pleasest. Sec, I bind
My ears with thy sincerity."

The sage said: "Know that curses fall:
Who serves a king need dread them all—
The curse of friends, the curse of foes,
The King's own curse whose self-wrought woes.
Leap like virulent snakes or fire
At him that chides a king's desire.
Yet he who fails to persuade his king
For countless years goes wandering!
Friends by intelligence aid friends
When virtue's wealth of merit ends
And perilous seasons, blank and poor,
Approach the mind's six-opened door
This crow of mine, O King, was slain
Upon thy service: yet no stain
Do I lay on thee, but pray thee gird
They love not thee that slew this bird.

I crossed thy land as through a stream
Where fierce-toothed fish did threatening gleam.
I crossed thy land as through a glen,
By rough Himalaya locked from men,
Where lurks the tiger jungle-born.
O'er foodless streams a boat may cross:
The crow, my boat, is now my loss!
Through gloomy regions lamps may shine:
The crow, my lamp, is now not mine!
Thou thinkest own kingdom canst not tryst—
How then, O King? Here rot and rust
Are mingled with the ripe and green,
Here good and bad are equal seen,
Here righteous strangers find a grave
Whilst thou thy evil kin dost save.
Intelligence should leave this land
Where all misdeeds supported stand.
The Chronicles of Palmerstown.

By Peter Fanning.

In the course of years I have often been asked if I could explain why men who do not usually indulge in the habit of giving something away for nothing, show such anxiety to secure seats on town councils and boards of guardians, seeing there is no pay attached to such offices.

When in reply to such questioners I have suggested that there are other ways of killing a dog than choking it with butter, I have generally been met with the query after truth are at first mildly incredulous, then flatly.

When you respond that if he has not knocked it down he has certainly struck the fact a nasty blow, he blazes up with: "What! Do you contend that Mr. Black, who is churchwarden at St. Jude's, and Mr. White who is sacristan at St. Just's, are part of a pack of rogues?"

When you finally reply that he do contend this, and that, moreover, you know for a fact that these gentlemen are the worst members of the pack, the honest inquirer quits you in disgust and you afterwards find that by his instructions you have ill-treated an enemy for life. Our friend has been accustomed to seeing Messrs. Black, White and Brown once a week ing at the street corner about 12.25 waiting for open- ing time, Councilors Black, White and Brown, having sion at every step, top-hatted, frock-coated, carrying three volumes of Christian literature ostenta- tiously displayed on a level with their gold watch- guards, pass by on their way home from their respective places of worship; and their poor victim is im- pressed by their deportment into a belief that they are what they appear to be.

I, too, once possessed a similarly simple faith, but a close study of the works of these gentlemen and their congeners has cured me of all belief in the integrity of the Blacks, Whies and Browns. On the contrary, my investigations into the working of our town council, Poor-law Guardians, Education Committee and police court have left me with the firm conviction that our public authorities are a conspiracy against the people; that our local authorities, so far as the manual classes are concerned, resolve themselves into nothing less than instruments of oppression and plunder; and, further, that all mea above a certain social stratum—parsons, priests, ministers, property owners, plutocrats and publicans—are bound together not by any formal rules or organisation, but by a common understanding that to fool, fleece and exploit the people is their one mission in life.

How and why I reached these conclusions I propose to relate in the following pages, merely promising that I wish the readers of The New Age to understand that the cases quoted are taken from our public records and are not the figments of a lively imagination.

It will be best perhaps to begin at the beginning and explain how I came to take such an interest in municipal affairs, and how the attractions that could induce me to attend council, education, guardians and police court sittings for twelve years almost without a break.

Some fourteen years ago I set up business in Palmers- town as a grocer. After I had been here a few weeks a gentleman, striking the attitude peculiar to Jacks-in- office, presented himself at my shop. Being busy at the time, I inquired what I could do for him. "Oh, I've just called about your rates," he replied. "Have you been here before?" I asked. "No—this is my first call," he said; "well, leave your demand note on that counter and I'll attend to it." When my stomers
in the Town hall, even if they were all engaged doing nothing but writing letters, to expend the amount of money shown; and as a test I called public attention to the matter in the local Press. My surprise was fully justified, for in the Appendix, "miscellaneous expenditure" was never mentioned, but a somewhat similar amount was now shown under the heading of "Sundries." Again I inquired what the term sundries covered, and then "sundries" disappeared also, and the amount under the heading of "miscellaneous expenditure" was increased.

(To be continued.)

Lord Eversley on the Flogging Act.

[We have been asked to reprint the speech delivered by Lord Eversley in the House of Lords on the occasion of the passing of the White Slave Bill. We do so with much pleasure.]

LORD EVERSLEY: My Lords, I hope I may be permitted to state in a few words the reasons why I support this Amendment. I understand that the Lord Chancellor, who gave notice of this Amendment, is not prepared to support it. I hope he will pardon me for saying that this is a somewhat unusual and perhaps unprecedented course. The Amendment is one of very grave importance. It is for the purpose of excluding, except in cases of certainty and consequent convictions, the punishment of flogging. It proposes also to bring this clause into harmony with Clause 6 in this respect, and it proposes also to give effect to the wishes of the majority of the House of Commons as declared in the sixth clause.

I need hardly state that I detest the crimes at which this clause is aimed as much as any of your Lordships, and I agree that no punishment which the State thinks fit to apply to these offenders is too severe for them. The only question is whether, having regard to the past experience of this country and other countries in respect to flogging, there is reason to believe that it will be efficacious as a deterrent, and whether this kind of punishment is not attended with other evils which make it undesirable to apply it. This is no new question with me. So long ago as the year 1781, when I was connected officially with the Home Office, I gave a good deal of time to examining the records of that Department with regard to flogging, and I came to the conclusion, which I believe is the same as every one, with one or two exceptions perhaps, who has served at the Home Office, that flogging has not in the past been a deterrent of crime. Several discussions arose on the question during the period that I was a member of the other House, and I took my part at times in opposing or defeating the extension of flogging. The most important of those discussions arose in the year 1885 upon a question very analogous to that of the present clause. It was proposed to extend flogging to a crime quite as detestable as any crime included in this Bill—namely, rape of young girls—and a discussion of great importance arose on the question, in which four of the most eminent lawyers of their time took part. Three of those eminent lawyers afterwards became members of this House. I refer to Lord James of Hereford, Lord Herschell, Lord Davey, and Sir Edward Clarke, and I think your Lordships will agree that it would not be easy to pick out four men of equal eminence at the Bar. They all concurred in the view that flogging had in the past been no deterrent of crime, they all opposed its extension, and they all pointed out other evils attending upon such punishment, which, if applied to the case of the Bill was thrown out. I wish I could quote to your Lordships fully the speech made by Lord Herschell on that occasion. It was one of the ablest I had heard from him. Among other things he pointed out that it was an entire mistake to suppose that the Act of 1862, commonly called the Carrotting Act, which applied flogging to cases of robbery with violence, had in fact put down garrotting. He showed that the outbreak of garrotting in London which had occurred in the previous year, 1862, had been entirely put down by a firm and severe administration of the law, under which all persons concerned in that crime had been sentenced to long terms of penal servitude, with the result that at the next sitting of the Central Criminal Court, or Old Bailey, the last conviction for garrotting was congratulated the Grand Jury upon the complete putting down of that crime, and this was months before the Act of 1863 was passed. Lord Herschell also pointed out, in respect of other kinds of crime of robbery with violence which were included in the Act that there had been an increase and not a diminution of those crimes in the years following the Act of 1863, showing clearly that the fear of the Act had not deterred people from committing these offences.

The same view of the effect of the Carrotting Act was given by the late Lord Aberdare in the debate in the House of Commons in 1875, and later in 1890 by Mr. Asquith, who had previously been Home Secretary, and also by the late Lord Ridley, who was at the time at the head of the Home Office. I think, therefore, it is absolutely certain that flogging under the Act of 1865, commonly called the Carrotting Act, had no effect whatever in putting down garrotting.

But, my Lords, we are not confined to experience of that Act in respect of flogging. I need not remind your Lordships that flogging was almost universal in Europe up to the middle of last century. In this country flogging was the punishment applied to almost every kind of offence, great and small, under our Criminal Code, and persons, both men and women, were flogged in great numbers. Men were flogged before they were hanged. Men were flogged for every kind of offence of an immoral character. They were flogged for petty thefts and for libel. In the case of men they were flogged publicly, and I believe there were not less than sixty whipping-posts in London alone, showing the number of persons who must have been flogged in those days. All this flogging had no real effect upon the diminution of crime. In fact, there is good reason to believe that it rather increased crime than otherwise. It was the same on the Continent. Flogging was almost universal there. It was the punishment for offences great and small, and I believe I am right in saying that in petty courts of Germany ladies of the court were not infrequently flogged for breaches of etiquette. Perhaps I may remind the Bench of Bishops that flogging was at that time speak of approved by the Church of Rome. The Church of Rome appears to have had a firm belief in the efficacy of flogging. Flogging was the punishment applied to all offences under ecclesiastical law. Flogging also was recommended by the Church of Rome as a form of penance, and priests and even bishops flagellated themselves in private, under the belief, no doubt, that that was the best way of curbing the evil spirits within them. Sometimes these flagellations took place in public, and priests headed processions throughout the streets of persons who were flagellating themselves till their backs streamed with blood.

Towards the middle of the last century a change came, and I think it was one of the most remarkable changes which have come about in the last hundred years. Flogging came absolutely to an end. There is not at the present time a single country in Europe whose Criminal Code recognises flogging as a proper mode of punishment. Everywhere throughout the Continent it has come to an end. The Church of Rome has also taken a very different view on the subject. Flogging has altogether ceased in cases of ecclesiastical offences and is also discouraged, if not forbidden, as a matter of penance. At all events, priests and monks no longer flagellate themselves except in a few cases of most severe monastic orders. Practically, therefore, the system of flogging as it came down throughout Europe was the only civilised country, I believe, where there has been a reversion to some small extent to this system in the case of the Act
to which I have referred and also in the case of an Act directed against incorrigible rogues. With those exceptions I believe I am right in saying that flogging has ceased to be a punishment in every country in Europe, and also in every country in the New World. In these circumstances it does seem to me to be a grave question whether we should go further in the direction of re-establishing flogging.

There is another point connected with it which I desire to bring under the notice of the House, and that is the effect of flogging upon the persons who have to inflict it. I have consulted at different times persons who have been engaged in the employment of flogging, and I think that the State has no right to put these men in a position where they are compelled to be parties to scenes of that kind, and I believe it would be a wise thing on that account not to extend the system but rather to limit it in the cases in which it is already permitted. There is much more that I could say on the matter, but I have endeavour to be as temperate in my language as I could be. I can only conclude by saying that my firm conviction is that flogging has not been in the past and cannot in the future be a means of putting down crime. I beg, therefore, to support the Amendment before the House. [HANSARD]

A Shaw Play in France.

(The following is an extract from an article by M. Abel Hermant, the well-known dramatic critic, which appeared in "Le Journal" of January 29, and which has been translated for The New Age by Mr. J. M. Kennedy.)

I THINK I can realise well enough why Mr. Bernard Shaw should have met with such great success in England. It may at first seem strange that in a country where ordinary adultery is not tolerated on the stage, and where the licit connection in M. Paul Hervieu’s "L’Enigme" was reduced to a mere flirtation, Mr. Bernard Shaw should be able to exhibit with impunity his procuress-mothers, and run to earth with his jokes and sarcasms irritating almost beyond endurance; Mr. Shaw should be able to make himself master of French opinion so easily. It is not that our sobbiness is not always ready to give itself up; not that hypocrisy is lacking among us; but that our modesty has been violated so often that it has now become cloyed and such attacks no longer give it pleasure. Nor, again, can it be said that, for racial reasons, we are incapable of understanding Mr. Bernard Shaw. I will not retract here what I may have written elsewhere about the spirit of foreign nations. I am of the opinion that two individuals belonging to different races can never come to an understanding. But here we attain a result that crime instead of being diminished will ultimately be increased. I beg, therefore, to support the Amendment before the House.

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THE NEW AGE

February 20, 1913.

procession, and, above all, their dear King and beloved Queen, their enthusiasm made them forget for a few moments that they were not in Court costume. They began to run along the bank, giving utterance to savage hurrahs. Some of them had bathing-pants, but they covered them in their haste and waved their heads, like flags. This sight, I repeat, touching, though rather comical, seemed to me to typify the incoherences of English modesty.

English hypocrisy is not, on occasion, less contradictory. When we set out to humour it, it暴跌s to lying in wait for us, and at once conceals itself. When we attack it brutally it makes no resistance. It does not find that process so disagreeable, and its little shibboleths are not always due to indignation.

Yet I doubt whether—spite of the apostolic zeal of M. and Madame Hamon, and in spite of the assistance given them by M. Jacques Rouche—I doubt whether Mr. Bernard Shaw will be able to make himself master of French opinion so easily. It is not that our sobbiness is not always ready to give itself up; not that hypocrisy is lacking among us; but that our modesty has been violated so often that it has now become cloyed and such attacks no longer give it pleasure. Nor, again, can it be said that, for racial reasons, we are incapable of understanding Mr. Bernard Shaw. I will not retract here what I may have written elsewhere about the spirit of foreign nations. I am of the opinion that two individuals belonging to different races can never come to an understanding. But here we attain a result that crime instead of being diminished will ultimately be increased. I beg, therefore, to support the Amendment before the House.

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"Zarathustra" or "Beyond Good and Evil" had become our new apostle, if Nietzsche had indeed been able to write it—which is mere speculation. But when a man has laid down a god, or imposed on us by our reason, whether it necessarily resulted from the conditions of social life. When Nietzsche called himself the Antichrist, he was right; for he really was Antichrist. But when a man has simply demolished a few generally received ideas, ridiculed a few errors of conduct, or even of psychology, a few prejudices—well, he needn't make a song about it; the damage he has done to Mr. Shaw by telling him something which it will certainly be most disagreeable for him to hear; but I must tell you: Mr. Bernard Shaw is inoffensive. 

The remainder of the article is devoted to a short summary of the play for the benefit of the readers of "Le Journal."

Views and Reviews.

Marriage is a subject about which all but the nubile are facetious; and although to Strindberg, it was an obsession, he attained in this volume of sketches to a derisive sanity. Like all the stories of marriage that are worth hearing, they are tales for men only; the epicene convention in them bothered Strindberg to any great extent, but he seems to have written these sketches regardless of the possibility of their being read by women. Their merry malice could not have been maintained had he, at the time of writing, been aware of the existence of women who could read. The thought would have made him self-conscious, and in that moment his humour would have deserted him; he would have hailed the sex, instead of emulating the impersonal satire of Puck. "Lord, what fools these mortals be," is the words of endearment he would do, in his ordinary writing, become the sentiment of the existence of women who could read. The thought would have made him self-conscious, and in that moment his humour would have deserted him; he would have hailed the sex, instead of emulating the impersonal satire of Puck. But his own uncanny susceptibility to the influence of women, his keen consciousness of his bodily reactions, his morbid passion for the spiritual intuition of facts; but the sketch must be read if the full flavour of its humour is to be appreciated. 

When Nietzsche called himself the Antichrist, he was right; for he really was Antichrist. But when a man has simply demolished a few generally received ideas, ridiculed a few errors of conduct, or even of psychology, a few prejudices—well, he needn't make a song about it; the damage he has done to Mr. Shaw by telling him something which it will certainly be most disagreeable for him to hear; but I must tell you: Mr. Bernard Shaw is inoffensive. 

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It is clear from what has been said that I do not credit Strindberg with any marked originality, and that I do not regard this volume as a considerable addition to literature. It is apposite, and that fact conveys on it a momentary value, and adds a passing poignance to its satire. For the women who claim to be representative of their sex have denied their sexual nature, and an unsuccessful attempt to imitate our invention of the soul; with the consequence that they have neither their own babies nor our blessedness. Against these Ibsenish women, Strindberg used all his powers; and in one of these sketches, "Corinna," he added circumstance to circumstance to make the type not only ridiculous but detestable. The lady contracts a marriage with a lecturer on ethics, and refuses to consummate it until he, having been given a manuscript for Paracelsus to introduce her Bill for the abolition of prostitution. That is briefly the theme, admirably satirical in its juxtaposition of facts; but the sketch must be read if the full flavour of its humour is to be appreciated. 

I am not concerned with the teaching of "Asra" or "Phoenix," for there is no necessary hardship involved in the postponement of marriage until a man has established a position that will enable him to support a family. There are cases, as in "Asra," where the restraint is suicidal; usually it is not exercised, and the awful consequences of celibacy are avoided by a discreet profligacy. The case of "Phoenix" is really more pathetic, although not so patently actual as "Asra"; for celibate women, except those over-worked women of the lower classes, are not usually jeene at the age of twenty-four. What Strindberg tries to prove here is that, owing to economic circumstances, a man falls in love with a girl and marries a woman; but after a while he is full of the wish that he gets from marriage what one expects from it, the pathos is really forced in this case. Moreover, it is difficult to feel the effect that Strindberg intended this sketch to have; for his observation is so accurate and peremptory that the pathos becomes epigrammatic and ironical. This woman's glory had faded before her marriage, and not even celibacy will save a woman from growing old; but, really, we can only smile when we are told "the words of endearment had been cast off with the baby clothes, caresses had deteriorated into a sort of massage." The observation is too precise to be pathetically true. In this volume, at least Strindberg asks no questions of the Universe; although there are hints of his usual question: "How is it that man, in his attempts to realise the happiness of his hopes, obtains only misery as the result of his efforts?" He is here content to assume that sex is not soul, nor even the precursor of soul; and to reveal those who confuse their physical sensations with their psychical apprehensions in the absurdity of their bewilderment. It is the duel of sex that he portrays in this volume, omitting none of the psychological defences that modern feminist literature provides. Particularly skillful is he in his ridicule of A Doll's House," and although in all his examples, the husband comes off the better, Strindberg varies the method of the triumph over the teaching of Ibsen. In "A Doll's House," argument fails to convince the wife that her application of Nora's case to her own is really more satisfactory than Stevenson's—"To marry is to domesticate the recording angel." But his own uncanny susceptibility to the influence of women, his keen consciousness of his bodily sensations, which should be added that telepathic power that enabled him to know as a fact the truth denied by women, make him a far more formidable satirist than Stevenson. Always, he dealt with facts, although, in those other works of his that I have read, he generalised too confidently on a narrow basis; but however insanely he reasoned from his experience, he never fell away to the imbecility of the Philistine. Life, to him, was one vast embrace, terrible or delightful, according to his state of mind; but he never made the mistake of supposing that happy marriage implied comfortable domesticity (to use Shaw's distinction), or of supposing that love was a source of happiness in a home. Rather, he said of those who are comfortably married, what Stevenson said: "You have only to look at their faces to see that they were never in love, or hate, or in any high passion."
It was still disgustingly cold when I got to Turin. They tumbled us all out—peasants and priest and me—and changed us. The porter remarked that it was uncommonly fine 'tis Saturday, and I said it was fine with the all the aplomb of a Mercutio who had the gardener's knowledge of Italian.

All the way to Alexandria the snow lay thick on the ground, and starred, cold trees stood up dismally against a misty sky. Good Lord, thought I, is this the commonwealth of Bella Italia where the sun always shines? I dozed most of the way, occasionally waking up as anxiously as a child on Christmas Eve; but no one put anything in my "stocking"—there was always snow and fog.

"Est hie nostrum ejusdem nome: Brumius,"

I couldn't see them; Ceres had departed; Amor was vulgarised; and Bromius was in the wine flask of a drunken soldier. Nevertheless, towards Genoa, things brightened. We ran into hills, very like those round Lynton, but here I was covered with vines. The snow was suddenly vanished; waggons drawn by oxen appeared on the roads, the carriage became uncomfortably hot. Ecco Italia! This was what I had come for.

I nearly got out at Genoa. Orange trees with shining Hesperian varities, tall, slim cypress trees, roses, olives, and ilex trees stirred me to prodigious interest, though I was horribly tired. I hummed hexameters, I searched my mind for pastoral quotations; it would have been too much to ask of the winter even at Genoa.

By this time I was so bored with the train I nearly got out at Genoa. Orange trees with shining Hesperian varities, tall, slim cypress trees, roses, olives, and ilex trees stirred me to prodigious interest, though I was horribly tired. I hummed hexameters, I searched my mind for pastoral quotations; it would have been too much to ask of the winter even at Genoa.

At Firenze I intended to get down, and on the way there I revived sufficiently to collect one gape—the sole stocking—there was always snow and fog.

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I walked down to the Arno. The quotations from Dante stuck about street corners made me pretty ill. "Onorate l'altissim poeta" if you like, but don't make him a street sign.

If I stayed long in Florence I think I should love the Arno above all other rivers. The mist was drifting away to the hills when I saw it, and the cypresses on the hill at Fiesole gave me an odd emotion of—"I can't call it "home," but as of being in a place where I had lived happily before. A pity the Florentines don't keep them clean.

"Cellini stabbed someone or other, and here Leonardo dreamed his impossible dreams. Benvenuto's Perseus was down there in the Piazza—a fine, bronze youth. I think he could somehow control his wife—Michelangelo's David isn't bad; it would bring the sweat out of our sculptors if they tried to beat it."

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At Firenze I intended to get down, and on the way there I revived sufficiently to collect one gape—the sole stocking—there was always snow and fog.

"Come?" said I, "we have a prejudice against the world's most famous marble." I knew I was on it. I hope to live a long time and to call it "home," but as of being in a place where I had lived happily before. A pity the Florentines don't keep them clean.

"Cellini stabbed someone or other, and here Leonardo dreamed his impossible dreams. Benvenuto's Perseus was down there in the Piazza—a fine, bronze youth. I think he could somehow control his wife—Michelangelo's David isn't bad; it would bring the sweat out of our sculptors if they tried to beat it."

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Pastiche.
CRITICISM WITHOUT TEARS.

It is usual nowadays to preface books with an intimation that the author does not himself trouble over anything new. Then follows an enumeration of the various sources to which he is indebted—in other words, the whole work has been hashed—and the reader is left wondering what justification there is for the appearance of the book, assuming that anybody applies so harsh a test as a "proper reason for existing." A little more assurance and display of such extreme modesty in regard to this article. The subject of criticism—and literary criticism, which we have particularly in view, has already been touched. A Mr. M. O. Arnold wrote some time ago, we believe, on the function of criticism, and there are various contributions to the subject elsewhere, so that they can call on the practical side. Whatever may be their merits from a theoretical point of view—and that we express no confidence in—the amount of use to the man who wishes to obtain a position as a book reviewer on the daily or weekly Press. Those interested in art in various branches will know that a work has recently been published entitled: "How to Write Salesable Reviews." The advantages of an acquaintance with the principles of modern criticism are obvious. In addition to the actual remuneration one is able to add insignificantly to one's library, and presents for Xmas and the birthdays of friends are cheap, and without any outlay. The art is, however, easily acquired, and by careful attention to the principles here laid down any person of average intelligence may carry on a very respectable piece of work. Some knowledge of the elementary rules of English grammar will be useful (there are many excellent primers on the market). A foreign phrase-book should be secured, and those with leisure will find "How to read, write, and debate" (John Lang, 1d.) worth studying.

Commencing with fiction, which enormously preponderates, it is obvious that the reviewer cannot read a considerable proportion of the novels he receives. We deal first with the great majority of unread books. Where only a short notice is required, the task is very simple. The reviewer has only to read Press opinions on any publisher's advertisement to see the sort of thing that is required. An observation that a new book by Miss Smith-fins is an event in the publishing world, and an intimation that the high expectations aroused by her previous work are fulfilled in the present volume is always in place, the critic must indulge in safe generalities. Quotations and platitudes are handy. Practice this sort of thing can be turned out at a great rate, and with half-a-dozen papers sending one books, it should be translated. There are blemishes in Miss Smith-Briggs' work, which need be. After a preliminary "puff" of a couple of sticks, the advantage of having read the book may be utilised in some such fashion as this:—

But, as has been said, nobody is perfect, and there are blemishes in Miss Smith-Bristre's work, which it is the duty of the critic to point out. The split infinitive on page 182 appreciably weakens an otherwise fine passage, and in more places than one—pp. 90, 126, 134, for example—the authoress ends a sentence with a preposition. On page 256 Denver, the hero, is made to misquote Pope, who did not say: "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," but "A little learning is a dangerous thing." By this misquotation, though the meaning is not affected, the fine alliterative effect of the original is lost. In the ante-penultimate chapter we think the authoress is guilty of putting the "Divine afflatus" and the Olympian heights are not out of place. "Poesia mascarot sed finis is quite relevant and gives an air of culture to the review, which editors are not slow to appreciate. Where a classical or foreign quotation is in any way essential to the sense of the review, it should be translated. There and however, be a few quite unessential phrases untranslated. This flatters the reader, and is appreciated.

Books of essays need no attention beyond that devoted to the binding and general get-up, and "dainty" will here be found a serviceable adjective. References to the "Divine afflatus" and the Olympian heights are not out of place. "Poesia mascarot sed finis is quite relevant and gives an air of culture to the review, which editors are not slow to appreciate. Where a classical or foreign quotation is in any way essential to the sense of the review, it should be translated. There and however, be a few quite unessential phrases untranslated. This flatters the reader, and is appreciated.

Where a longer review is required, and it is not convenient to read the book, the critic must indulge in safe generalities. Quotations and platitudes are handy. Such reviews may open somewhat in this way:—

"Of the making of books" (or "making many books") as the Revised Version has it) "there is no end," said the preacher. This is more than ever true to-day. What a multitude of books is produced in a year! Where do they all go? How many are read? Still more important: how many will live? This question a new author cannot answer. Miss Smith-Briggs is not a new author. With "The Soul Bride she created at once a reputation, which was enhanced by the publication of "And Is This Love?" One naturally expects the later work of a writer to be stronger and more mature than that produced at an earlier date. Many of the imperfections should disappear with experience, and the whole work should be strengthened. This is what has happened in the case of Miss Smith-Briggs. All the sterling qualities—

And so on, indefinitely.

Where the book has been read one should, of course, make the most of it. From some of the no doubt excellent, but impractical works to which reference has been made, as well as that quoted in The New Age, the idea may have been gained that some standard of criticism is necessary, and that regard should be paid to the ultimate outlook of a writer, his "underlying philosophy" and the like. This is a complete mistake. Not only would such reviews be "heavy" and unpleasing to the general reader, but they demand a culture which

would reduce criticism to the work of a comparative few, and an amount of study which is incompatible with anything like an adequate output. Moreover, a reference to the most successful fiction of the day supplies the reductio ad absurdum of this idea, for the works of Miss Barclay and Mr. Garvice, to mention only two writers of "salable fiction," have no underlying philosophy at all, and probably both these thoroughly healthy writers would deal very shortly with nonsense about aesthetic canons and such fads of affected youth. Not that a note of scholarship should be altogether lacking from the review, and if careful attention is given to the grammar primer which a new book-there is no reason why it need be. After a preliminary "puff" of a couple of sticks, the advantage of having read the book may be utilised in some such fashion as this:—

But, as has been said, nobody is perfect, and there are blemishes in Miss Smith-Bristre's work, which

P. S. The New Age, February 20, 1913.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE FATE OF THE MOHAMMEDANS OF MACEDONIA.

Sir,—I send you the following details of the Macedonian horrors. They are derived partly from the first report issued by the Constantinople Committee which has been formed for the purpose of inquiring into the proceedings of the late massacre, and partly from a French report,* and partly from the Turkish Government's appeal to the Powers, of which I have at last obtained a copy. I remember reading last December in the "Daily Telegraph" a short but significant statement to the effect that a group of English persons, bent upon inquiring into the alleged atrocities, had been stopped from going to Kavalla and to Serres.

In the night of October 22nd (old style) the house of Shaban Agha, a notable of the village of Doskat, had been burned down. After three days a great number of Turkish soldiers, who had plundered the village, were seen to be among the victims, when the firing ceased and the soldiers fixed their bayonets; from that moment it was a horrible butchery.

Unhappily, the misdeeds began two hours after these nocturnal visits they everywhere violated and tormented. Among the first victims we are told of an unhappy young or pretty woman was found among the heaps of corpses. She was on her way to her village when captured by Turkish soldiers, who had plundered the village. She was stripped of her jewels, and then led off with the other unfortunate women and children, mad with fear, who had taken refuge in the mosques.

The next day the number of the slain was estimated at 4,700. The same night Bulgarian soldiers plundered a large proportion of Doskat, and in the course of these nocturnal visits they everywhere violated and abducted women who had the misfortune to please them.

"A great number of refugees had found refuge in Serres. On the day following that awful night the Bulgarian military authorities invited them, with many promises, to return to their villages. Nobody dared budge; all scented the premeditated massacre. A day after, however, they were made to go by force, and on the road, a little distance from the town, were all butchered with the exception of some young girls and young women, for no young or pretty woman was found among the heaps of corpses.

"After three days a great number of Turkish soldiers, which has been estimated at ten thousand, taken prisoners in divers battles, were brought into Serres; they were wearing nothing but a shirt and white drawers; they were allowed to sleep a night in the Government buildings and on the morrow were led out under pretext of being sent to their destination. But the unhappy prisoners were all killed in the course of their journey. They were tied up by tens and fiftens and butchered them.

"While these horrible massacres were going on, the last Mohammedians who remained at Doskat were collected at an eighteen battalions. In addition there was a regiment of Greek cavalry, newly arrived from Salonica. This regiment took no part in the carnage, and was an eye-witness of it."

So much for Serres, though much more is added. My next document is a report addressed to the Sheykh ul Islam by Amin Eiffendi, Deputy Governor of the town of Drama.

"After having taken possession of the Konak of Drama, the Bulgarians invaded the town. They broke in the doors of Mohammedian houses. The women and children trying to escape, were shot down. In the first instance they were first of all violated; then some had their breasts cut off, their eyes put out, after which they were dragged out of their houses and butchered in the streets, in most of the houses and in the inns. The furtives tomorrow who were not able to say, from the telegraph office) I heard the despairing screams."

"In the night of October 22nd (old style) the house of Shaban Agha, a notable of the village of Doskat, had been burned down. After three days a great number of Turkish soldiers, who had plundered the village, were seen to be among the victims, when the firing ceased and the soldiers fixed their bayonets; from that moment it was a horrible butchery in the streets. Some Greeks, killed by mistake, were seen to be among the victims.

"Among the first victims we are told of an unhappy young or pretty woman was found among the heaps of corpses. She was on her way to her village when captured by Turkish soldiers, who had plundered the village. She was stripped of her jewels, and then led off with the other unfortunate women and children, mad with fear, who had taken refuge in the mosques."

* La Guerre d'Orient; une race qu'on extermin; témoignages et documents; par Jean Ruby.
horrible mutilation. One unlucky young man named Ismail was burnt alive after having been soaked in petrol. A very limited number of the victims had the good luck to be shot.

"The victim sometimes had to carry one or two of his executioners on his back when going to the abattoir; such was the case of Hinnsi, son of Kerim Agha, a notable of the town.

"During twenty-three days up to November 16 (old style), 591 persons had been condemned by the tribunal of the bazaar of the Massauml; but this punishment continues till the present time. The Bulgarian and Servian officers say openly that their mission is to annihilate the Moslem population. They have not been able to escape by disguising themselves, and thanks to the humanity of the Greek Metropolitan; there are also some Bulgarians who disapprove of the carnage, but they are powerless to put a stop to it.

"All the young women and girls are violated and converted by force. Even the rich whose fortune rose to many thousand Turkish pounds are forced to send their children to beg bread in the Greek and Jewish quarters. Besides, since the end of November we have been unable to obtain further news of these unfortunate.

"In the region of Salonica, the villages, and particularly the hamlets, are exposed to all kinds of unexampled cruelty. (This is from the report of the Vali of Salonica to the "Cara Aga" of the country, dated November 9, 1912, old style). The policy followed by the native Bulgars and the bands is to diminish the Mussulman element in Macedonia. For example, they gather together all the Mussulmans of a whole sex of a village and shut them up in a barn or in the mosque, then during the night they lead them to the mountain and put them to death. The young girls are married by force to the first Christian, the first young boys are married by force to the first Christian, the first young girls are converted to Christianity under pain of death.

The Bulgarian Government lets all this take place, alleging that it is the work of the populace and the bands.

"The Mussalmans of the village of Kortot, a place of 200 houses, were collected in the mosque and there burnt alive after having been soaked in petrol. The old women of the village were likewise burnt alive in three barns. The above-mentioned atrocities have never taken place on any point of the globe, are done publicly and with great pomp everywhere in Roumelia (i.e., European Turkey) without exception.

"As I said in one of my previous reports, these atrocities obliged one of the Consuls to say: 'I am ashamed to be a Christian and a European.' The aggressive acts continue in the country. As it would be difficult to make Europe believe in the truth and accuracy of these atrocities it is indispensable that an international commission of inquiry should be charged to the round of the villayetes of Salonica and of Kosovo and should realise de visu the barbarities committed. The Consuls of the Great Powers should, in the name of all the great nations, demand from the Turkish Government the most solemn guarantees that the following measures will be taken:

1. The Mussalmans of the village of Kortot, a place of 200 houses, were collected in the mosque and there burnt alive after having been soaked in petrol. The old women of the village were likewise burnt alive in three barns.
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SIR.—I do not quite understand Mr. A. D. Wood's letter. His mention appears to be that Christianity has made slaves of us and Nietzsche will set us free, but in one part of his letter he tells us that we do not really believe Christianity and that it has failed to grip the people, while in another part he tells us that it has shackled us. Is he not mixing up two different things? Christianity—by which I mean the teaching of one great and noble figure, the Saviour; brotherhood, etc.—has never gripped the people. The aristocrats and the capitalists take good care that it shall not. It would not suit their book for us to be shackled by the Gospel as the Bulgars are.
I think that modernity is a tribe behind-hand in the matters of sanity and moderation. If I urge women to leave off their stays, it is for their health's sake, and I don't try to persuade them to wear them in their under-clothing only. If I cry out against the prattling hush-up of knowledge which should not be withheld, I don't propose furnishing every uninformed person with one of the booklets ...' of the sex.

But as I don't smoke, and have never broken a window willingly, I have no right to interfere.

**IDA WILD.**

**PREFERENCE FOR WOMEN.**

Sir,—No sooner do I pillory some astounding case of undue leniency to a female prisoner than another worse instance comes along. Last Saturday (Feb. 8), a French woman, named Boulanger, was on her trial at Nottingham for flinging a lighted lamp at his mother, burning her to death. She was found guilty of manslaughter only, and sentenced to four years in prison. The case is an example of the incompetence of the magistrates, and a｜

**THE LOST TEN TRIBES.**

Sir,—I am in complete agreement with Mr. Ould's view that the arts of criticism are as transparent and perfect as the arts of construction. I am not merely a critic, but a critic of critics. I shall be left in peace and quiet, and I shall be perfectly willing to acknowledge Mr. Smith's right to disagree with me. I should not go to his concerts. In chamber music we have no conductor; it is the musician who is the conductor. Mr. Ould is a musician, and he has provided inspirations which rises from the lungs of the critic. But it is precisely my fault if Mr. Smith was unable to see that the whole of the first part of my article was constructive in spirit?

**THE ARTS AND CRAFTS.**

Sir,—It is quintessentially characteristic of the sensitive specialist, indignant as he always is when someone ventures to criticise his particular business, that he provides a hotchpotch homely on your business, from up his sleeve, if ever you venture to rouse him. Apparently the art of cabinet making is shrouded in mystery quite impermeable. The cabinet-maker must be the first to know the art of his trade, and the cabinet-maker the art of criticism are as transparent and simple as how-do-you-do? Pompously Mr. Smith expounded upon the virtues of the trade, which is the whole gist of his letter is that I should refrain from expounding upon the function of the critic. He says that the art of criticism is not merely destruction, but a refutation of the critic. This is what I was doing all the time that I was writing my entry into it was justified. I knew that no argument was possible between Mr. Smith and myself, because Mr. Smith is purely imaginative Jewish solution of a problem that he has not yet existed. He should not go to his concerts. In chamber music we have no conductor; we have a conductor who is the musician who is the conductor. Mr. Ould is a musician, and he has provided inspirations which rises from the lungs of the critic. But it is precisely my fault if Mr. Smith was unable to see that the whole of the first part of my article was constructive in spirit?

**THE THEOLOGICAL REVIEW.**

Sir,—I hear that Mr. Ould has pronounced Mr. Smith's work about art criticism to be preposterous. I take Mr. Hare carefully off my hook with the same feeling of mingled sadness and amusement as Mr. Jack Straw. He no doubt possesses some of the qualities which rise from the lungs of the critic. But it is precisely my fault if Mr. Smith was unable to see that the whole of the first part of my article was constructive in spirit?

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Mr. Ould gives away his whole case when, speaking of Rachmaninoff's "Prelude," he says that "my agitato may be more or less fiery than yours, but agitato is agitato whether it is your agitato or my agitato." If it is not, why are we discussing a particular thing? Mr. Barker's method of production? "An Actor" has told us, and Mr. Butt has corroborative statement, that Mr. Barker will not allow an interpretative artist to interpret to me. It may be an unfortunate prejudice of mine, or more farcical, than Mr. Barker's; but it is Mr. Barker's I object on general grounds to the subordination of one's personality, for example, may be more subtle, more satirical, or more farcical, than Mr. Barker's; but it is Mr. Barker's Malvolio, no; Mr. Ainley's, that is to be seen at the Old Vic. It has not been performed in every movement, corrected in every intonation, and to be compelled to stultify and suppress the direct expression of one's personality is a way of distorting the work of art. It is clear that there can be no argument between us, for we are far as the poles asunder. Mr. Ould will have his quibbling. I assumed that every possible interpretation is equally valid, provided that the mood of the work is maintained. There are cases (Rachmaninoff's "Prelude" is an example) where not one mood but many are concerned in the writing of the piece; but no artist publishes a posthumous work. We have no right to know anything about the intentions of a work of art, and the artist himself, as Shaw showed in the case of Ibsen, is rarely conscious of them. Mr. Ould's method of art is a method of art when it leaves its author, and is capable of only one interpretation; I assume that every possible interpretation is equally valid, provided that the mood of the work is maintained. Your last letter, I explained that I found fault with the term "recent" as applied to certain works published within the last five years, I denied that I ever made such statements. I wonder where I denied it. In the end of my last letter, I explained that I found fault with the term "recent" as applied to "Kiel et Tanger," because this book is nowadays quite classical and not "hopelessly out of date," as Mr. Boyd wrote it. Moreover, in that same letter, I again told him that he was late because he shamefully misrepresented our ideas. I do not see the difference between Mr. Boyd's quotations and your own remarks, and I am not able to understand how Mr. Boyd can say that I deny what I wrote. Perhaps it is because I am interpreted without the necessary obfuscation of Chartist royalist reactionaries." ("Onfl" as we say in France.)

In a like manner, I had written "we aim at reminding the Protestants that they are French people, fact we naturally have a great deal of them seem to have forgotten." Mr. Boyd quotes the first part of the sentence up to "French people," and then goes on: "challenged as to this, your correspondent equivocates and explains that he meant a great number." I did not only mean it, but already wrote it twice, and if Mr. Boyd were loyal enough to quote the whole sentence, he could not charge me with quibbling.

Moreover, I can tell Mr. Boyd that he ventures too far when he says that he showed "by quotation that clericalism, militarism, anti-Semitism, and crude abuse are the most prominent features of the neo-royalist propaganda." In his article he quotes some Iberian epistles, and in his last letter some of Mr. Daudet's invectives, and if we add a sentence about Naquet, we have all that he quoted. Where are his points of Mr. Maurras's anti-Semitic, and clericalism? On the contrary, I quoted to him Mr. Dimier's and Mr. Lemaître's words about Jews as distinguished from Frenchmen, and as far as I can see, Mr. Dimier, as an admirer of Catholicism, but not a Catholic himself, and that our militarism had nothing of a "blind enthusiasm," as Shaw showed in the case of Ibsen, is rarely conscious of them. I promised you that henceforth I will be one of your most constant readers.

O. DEPOLAIN.

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