NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A new series of suffragist outrages, culminating in the attempt to blow up Mr. Lloyd George's new country house at Walton Heath, Epsom, has once more drawn attention to the women's movement. We have Mrs. Dymond giving the attempt her approval, and Mrs. Pankhurst not merely approving but also expressing her willingness to assume responsibility and threatening to "hunger strike" if she is sent to gaol. We will, therefore, take this opportunity of supplementing our remarks on the women's movement which appeared in The New Age of August 22 and 29 of last year. In those Notes we showed, and showed conclusively, we think, to any person whose mind was open to reasonable conviction, that the movement was largely a movement of fallacies, that the ends pursued by the agitators were obscure, even to themselves, and that those obscure ends were being pursued by improper means, that the movement bore no relation to the Labour movement, that the attempts to burn theatres and to break windows were as disagreeable to the agents as to the sufferers; and that, in short, the women thus engaged were suffering from such nervous disorders that their actions were quite beyond their control. The treatment for such disorders, as we pointed out, was a sanatorium or a hydro rather than a prison.

So far as the women's movement in its relation to Labour and to society is concerned, we have nothing to add to or retract from what we wrote in The New Age six months ago; and our remarks this week may be taken as having reference to the Government even more than to the suffragists. We do not so much intend to criticise recent aspects of the women's movement as endeavour to show the futility of force, whether exercised on the part of the suffragists against the Government, or on the part of the Government against the suffragists and against strikers. We have already had occasion to condemn Mr. McKenna's forcible methods of treating a form of disease as if it were a form of crime; and the events of the intervening period since August last have certainly not encouraged us to expect greater intelligence from the Home Secretary's Department. Militant outrages have increased with increased sentences and heavier fines; though it is satisfactory to note that the actual number of so-called militants would appear to have decreased. Our observations of the movement during the past six months, however, have convinced us that the agitation is more than ever a form of nervous trouble; and that it is, with every successive outrage, becoming more pathological. All the more ridiculous, therefore, is the ill-conceived plan of fine and imprisonment adopted by the Government for dealing with it. If a doctor, in the course of his ordinary practice, is called in to prescribe for a woman who shows signs of incipient neuritis or hysteria, it would never occur to him that she should be bundled into a solitary cell and fed there forcibly with a rubber tube. He would be more likely to order immediate change of treatment for such a patient which at once sets the medical practitioner upon the alert. In lending their countenance to militant outrages and imprisonments, we are not making an offensive accusation; we are merely stating a scientific fact. Our assertion will be upheld by any experienced observer who has witnessed recent women's demonstrations at close hand and noted the characteristics of the female participants—the strained, glaring eyes, the quick gasps of excitement, the spasmodic throbbing and convulsion of every visible nerve and muscle, the quivering, high-strung voices, and, worst of all, perhaps, that occasional peculiar giggling of the neuropathic patient which at once sets the medical attendant on the alert. In lending their countenance to forms of agitation which necessarily encourage and develop these symptoms, it seems to us that the elderly leaders of the women's suffrage movement are incurring a responsibility, the full extent and grave character of which they do not appear to have realised. If the veterans of the Socialist movement were to insist on
their younger followers drinking a gallon of bad gin and smoking a hundred cheap cigarettes and half a pound of opium a day, we do not see that they would be giving any more deleterious encouragement to the physical and mental qualities of their supporters than the encouragement now being given by the older leaders of the women's movement to the young women who are, in a very definite sense, under their control and in their charge. We sum up the most serious tactical defect of the women's agitation when we assert, as we have, that the non-catamenial women in it do not make anything like sufficient allowance for the neuropathic effects of the campaign on their weaker followers; and with these words we leave this purely scientific aspect of the movement to other pens. 

What, however, are we to say of the attitude of the Government? Is it useless to speak seriously of the employment of "force" in connection with the feminine agitation for votes. No class in England, no sex, ever had a "right" to the vote, as all classes have in France, and as all classes, a large proportion of the ruling sex have in the United States. Here the vote has invariably been conceded as a privilege by those above to those below; and there are still some five or six million adult men in England waiting for the favour. Emphatically we act up to Bluntschli's dictum: "The elector derives his right to vote, not from nature, but from the State." To think that the women can secure this favour by breaking windows and exploding bombs is grotesque; not even the Russian revolutionaries, who know their Jacobinism Act, and national insurance. And just as Sir Edward Grey could not see, or professed not to see, that poverty was the real enemy, the enemy that brought these minor evils in its train, so to-day we have to complain of the intellectual bankruptcy of a Cabinet that supports the Insurrection Act, still punishes murder by hanging, and still regards the rubber tube as adequate treatment for neuritis turned sour. We thought, and still maintain, that the women's demands were fantastic, useless, and unnecessary; but we are willing to admit at once that, in the earlier stages of the campaign, they were put forward with some show of argument in many books, periodicals, pamphlets, and speeches. The arguments were usually silly, the logic defective, and the analogies strained to the breaking-point; but the mere extension of the suffrage campaign, if nothing else, showed that there was at least a sufficiently plausible to deserve an adequate reply. That reply was provided by Sir Almroth Wright's now celebrated letter in the "Times," and by the Notes in the two issues of The New Age already referred to; but the most diligent inquiry on our part has failed to discover any other spiritual counter-arguments in the Press or on the platform; and certainly least of all in Cabinet Ministers' speeches. 

Exact the same remark applies to the demands of Labour. Economist after economist, even Mr. Chiozza Money himself, pointed out time and again that real wages had been steadily falling for the last fifteen years, and that the Labour unrest was not so much a movement to secure increased wages as to raise wages to their former level, low enough though that level was. What reply did the Cabinet make to statements like these, put forward as they were by responsible speakers and writers, by men so widely diverse as Mr. Bonar Law himself and the hacks on the "Daily News"? None. We said that real wages were falling, which was a carefully-prepared argument; the Chancellor of the Exchequer retorted with "ninencence for fourpence," which was a carefully prepared lie. Mr. Lloyd George, elaborating his theme in tones as suave as those of the spider putting an invitation to the fly, told us of the blessings of his Insurance Act, a task in which he was ably assisted by all the Dods and Foggs of the Liberal Front. That was all; that and a few vague references to further instamments of relief by doles, with an occasional pious mention of the Kingdom of God. No Cabinet

problem that demands a spiritual solution; and it is useless as well as dangerous to try to solve it by an appeal to force or to the crude, second-rate opinions of the average man and woman. Indeed, the irresponsible dolts who recommend such plans as the ducking-stool for militant women and transportation for labour "agitators," would be the last to venture to put into practice the very remedies they suggest, if they were ever called upon to do so. We must have intelligence, and not stupidity.
Minister of our time appears to have been gifted with the ability to see industrial and social problems steadily and to see them whole. At any rate, no attempt was made to give reasoned answers to the various arguments put forward on behalf of Labour—the most important subject of all—woman's suffrage, a non-compulsory Insurance Act, or any of the other problems which have arisen since 1906. The Cabinet has very unwillingly chosen to treat reason with contempt and to rely upon force, and force alone.

It is almost superfluous, let us hope, for us to point out how grave a system this is, and what a speedy return to barbarism it means unless it is checked. Force—which Machiavelli described as a means of contending 'proper to beasts'—is a treacherous servant. Even the most civilised men in history have hesitated to resort to it; for its consequences are at best lamentable and usually disastrous. If, however, force is to be employed at all in extreme circumstances, consistency demands that it should be employed in accordance with those rules which Machiavelli has expressed most clearly and briefly—it should be logically employed in such a way that the object on which it is exercised is stamped out for good and all. When, for example, a woman sentenced to a three-months' imprisonment is fed forcibly for a few weeks and then discharged, the use of force has utterly failed. Either it should not be employed at all, or it should be employed to the last extremity. Again, the Labour unrest is not settled merely when a demoted man is ill-dispersed by a baton charge. Irritation is caused all around, and no result is attained. Give us the means placed by the great capitalists at the disposal of our kept-Government, when a demonstration on Tower Hill is dispersed by unwise chosen to treat reason with contempt and to see them whole At any rate, no attempt was made. We do not wish to repeat our old arguments as to the effect of this widespread insurance system on the trade unions. When the railwayman is paying unemployment insurance contributions, we shall see with what rapidity Section 87 of the infamous Act will be brought into operation: 'A workman who loses employment through misconduct or who voluntarily leaves his employment shall be disqualified for receiving unemployment benefit for a period of six weeks from the date when he so lost employment'; 'A workman who has lost employment by reason of a stoppage of work which was due to a trade dispute at the factory, workshop, or other premises at which he was employed, shall be disqualified for receiving unemployment benefit so long as the stoppage of work continues.' All the workmen of this country, if current indications are any guide to us, care for none of these things if only their profits and opportunities of adding to them, are left undisturbed.

It is sufficient to realise the logical outcome of force to know that it can never be a satisfactory solution of our social and industrial problems, and that, in consequence, the best minds among us strongly deplore recourse to it. So far as the women's movement is concerned, we rejoice that last August that the Government should encourage men like Sir Almroth Wright, whose single letter in the 'Times' gave a greater intellectual setback to the movement than all the fines and sentences of imprisonment before it or since. The reason, surely, is that the movement is based on the slightest scrap of intellect, no matter how small and poor a scrap it may, can be vanquished by mere force. That the women's movement was based on such a scrap of intellect at the beginning we have already stated. But the Labour movement is more to the point; for here the use of force is not merely useless, but highly dangerous.

Thoughtless and capricious dismissal is as absurd as the shooting down of strikers. For not adhering to the regulations and 'endangering the safety of the public,' as it was alleged, Driver Knox was summarily dismissed. Because—if the Press in its unanimity is correct—because the master adheres to the regulations and is refused to endanger the safety of the public, Guard Richardson is also summarily dismissed. The two cases would appear to present a complete contrast, and yet the methods of the directors do not vary. If a man offends, rightly or wrongly, send him away; such seems to be the axiom. But we rejoice to think that, despite occasional symptoms to the contrary, the better classes of British workmen still retain certain qualities of their fathers. Like the men who followed Watt they are 'not to be schooled by the cudgel, scarce to be cowed by the sword.' In the case of Richardson, as in the case of Knox, nothing has been more striking than the unanimity with which the workers supported comrades whom they looked upon as having been harshly dealt with. It was on this very factor, as we have often said, that we set our hopes for the emancipation of Labour from capitalism; but we have ceased to expect such Labour layoffs, to be effective, must be based upon an untramelled Trade Unionism. In other words, the men must in case of necessity be able to come out on strike, and they must be free to make their own terms with the masters before returning to work. But it is precisely this freedom to which the masters object; and, in spite of all the lies which have been told, and swallowed, by Conservatives, Liberals and Labour, we repeat that the Act will in time inevitably rob the workmen of the precious possession of freedom of contract. Sickness insurance applies universally; unemployment insurance applies to insured tradesmen making one third of the adult males in the country; and the list of insured trades will be extended as time, funds, and opportunities permit. We do not wish to repeat our old arguments as to the effect of this widespread insurance system on the trade unions. When a railwayman is paying unemployment insurance contributions, we shall see with what rapidity Section 87 of the infamous Act will be brought into operation: 'A workman who loses employment through misconduct or who voluntarily leaves his employment shall be disqualified for receiving unemployment benefit for a period of six weeks from the date when he so lost employment'; 'A workman who has lost employment by reason of a stoppage of work which was due to a trade dispute at the factory, workshop, or other premises at which he was employed, shall be disqualified for receiving unemployment benefit so long as the stoppage of work continues.' All the workmen of this country, if current indications are any guide to us, care for none of these things if only their profits and opportunities of adding to them, are left undisturbed.

A BALLADE OF BALLADES.

I.

I saw a ballade on a printed page, And printed at too similar sight. When sense returned I hardly could assuage My grief. And then I moaned, 'What fiendish sprite Inspired this crop of ballades? And that night I made this prayer:—"O ye kindly bard, Write whatsoever else you wish to write, But please don't give us any more ballades!"

"Why don't you, quickened by Graysonian rage, Write hymns, inciting Labour men to fight Or sonnets—to a Miner in a Cage, Or to a Journalist, Bereft of Sight? Why not an ode in praise of Alfred Beit? Or virile verse, upholding beer and cards? All these we might endure (I say we might), But please don't give us any more ballades!"

III.

Some blank verse all about the Minimum Wage Would, by comparison, seem fairly bright; An epic on the Great Ones of the Age We live in I am sure would be all right; I even think we might enjoy a slight Return to reckoning tubers and iron shards And lesser breeds, and such-like blatherskite, But please don't give us any more ballades!"

Envoy.

Prince, in this present too-illuminated age (The Age of Masefield) we get yards and yards Of verse hurled at us monthly, I'll engage! But please don't give us any more ballades!

J. F. HOBRAN.
Current Cant.

"If any real progress is to be made the "Express" is the strong man who knows for the whole land and all its people. We do not turn our coat. We do not shrink from the truth... These are, in brief, the reasons for the popularity of the "Express," which carries it to the breakfast tables of Mayfair and to the factories in the dinner hour."—Daily Express.

"One of the most cheering signs of the times of late has been the entirely undivided front presented by all forms of Christianity in our country with respect to the White Slave Traffic."—RT. Rev. Herbert Bury.

The British manufacturer has been deeply imbued with Puritanism. He knows the right way to produce an honest article, and nothing will induce him to depart from the ways of righteouness."—Morning Post.

"It seems to us that Mr. Maxse is in the position of a defendant who has no evidence to give. The public cannot be expected to believe him."—The "Star.

"I represent all women of all classes. I represent the home... Among other items of particular interest I am giving a powerful serial dealing with what is known as the 'White Slave Traffic.' Buy 'Mary Bull,' and tell me if you do not think I have prepared you a dainty and satisfying meal."—Mrs. Bull.

"Mayfair is not the part of London where you look for novelists' residences... Yet it was at her own house near Park Lane that I met Mrs. Eleanor Glyn, in a drawing room where colours rioted in bright defiance of winter in park and street. Pink and red azaleas bloomed in pots near a bookshelf full of carefully chosen volumes bound in hues of varying significance. Elsewhere, yellow chrysanthemums scattered their suggestions of sunlight. Warm and rich were the tints of furniture, declaring a taste quite Eastern... Her red hair made a magnificent note in the colour scheme."—Wilkinson Sherren in "T.P.'s Weekly.

"It is the certainty of punishment that deters the carelessness from taking unjustifiable risks."—Daily Mail.

"Don't get lost in the slough of mediocrity, little power and small salaries. Boldly face the summit and mount the hill of success."—Pelman advertisement.

"It is an open secret that Queen Mary's reputation as a typical British mother is a sore point with Queen Alexandra..."—London Mail.

"The ballot is the weapon that men use in defending their rights. It is the voice with which men express their opinions."—London Budget.

"Years ago, when Sunday clothes were really Sunday clothes, and sacred to that day, it was found that the world behaved better when it had its Sunday garments on."—Beatrice Fairfield.

"Seldom has so powerful an imaginative element been added to human life as that which the motor car has brought. Without it the streets would lose half their attraction... It exhausts the rider and the driver. It gives them a sense of power and of independence of material things, such as they never imagined that they could possess."—G. P. Serviss.

"The first principle of the present State policy is Property is Robbery, especially property in land, houses, railways, and ships."—Yasno.

CURRENT COMMERCIALISM.

"One of the largest Baptist churches in Nottingham, the Tabernacle, has been let to a cinematograph company for a picture theatre on week-days, while on Sunday services will be as usual."—News of the World.

COMPULSORY COPULATION.

"If marriage could be compulsorily imposed it would certainly solve the problem of the Suffragettes."—A Doctor in the "Daily Mirror.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

There was no necessity for the lyricism of the Liberal Press. The German Naval Minister, Admiral von Tirpitz, has made it clear that he was "speaking for himself and not for the Chancellor," and his official organs have since reminded us that "recker in squadrons of so-and-so many ships each, while Mr. Churchill reckons in units." All these statements, including the definite German announcements that the Admiral's remarks have been entirely misunderstood here, are beside the point. All of us who possess memories will recall occasion on which occasion the German Navy was augmented, a solemn pronouncement was made beforehand by some person in authority that the Government meant to do nothing of the sort. In any case, no diplomatist will take particular notice of this incident. Admiral von Tirpitz's speech was a "feeler"; it was, so to speak, directed to the Liberal Press of this country; and it was disavowed by the official German Press when it had served its purpose.

The increase in the German Army is a much more important matter, though the problem of the Fleet is largely dependent upon it. I think I can make the position quite clear by saying thus: The British Navy as it is, as all political parties admit, absolutely essential for the safety of this country. Whatever views we may hold about the strength of the Army, the employment of the Territorials, or conscription, we are all agreed about the Navy. A strong Navy is the bones and blood of British prestige, British international strength, and the British Empire. Well, what is the Navy is to us, the Army is to Germany. We must never forget that for nearly two centuries modern Germany, inspired by Prussia, had to fight for her life. Prussia herself had a hard struggle for existence; so had Germany during the napoleonic invasions. What Germany possesses to-day—strength, renown, prestige, influence—she owes to her Army. Germany's power is typified in her soldiers; and, in view of the events of the past, the army is not merely respected, but almost venerated by the people. I say this despite the scandals which come to our notice from time to time, and the stories of severity and ill-treatment which are freely circulated. These are exceptional cases; and the truth of the general statement remains.

Unfortunately for peaceful folk, the French Army means all this to the French people. Until recently every German did not serve in the Army; but Frenchmen have always had to do so since universal service was introduced. With a longer tradition behind it than the British, Frenchmen have since reminded us that he "reckons in squadrons of so-and-so many ships each, while Mr. Churchill reckons in units." All these statements, in-
public documentism, of course—that France should subsequently devote herself to developing and obtaining colonies, while Germany was to regulate her own international affairs. It took the Third Republic some time to find its feet. The ease of doing so it trod on the toes of England, Italy, Spain, Siam, the Indian Government and England. The year 1900 saw France so strong at home and abroad that Germany became alarmed, and forthwith, acting with her customary thoroughness, she made preparations for a decisive campaign. That year saw the first extension of the German Fleet. The German Navy Law, it may not be generally known, was introduced only after efforts had been made to induce Lord Salisbury's Government to enter into an alliance with Germany analogous to the alliance that bound Russia and France. It was not the first attempt of the kind that had been made; but it was an unsuccessful. The German ruling classes then realised that an Anglo-French entente was inevitable; so, when they drew up the Navy Law, they inserted the significant preamble to the effect that the German Fleet was not intended for aggressive purposes, but was designed to be of such strength as to make the strongest naval Power hesitate before attacking Germany.

No doubt the meaning of this proviso is now clear. When a war breaks out between France and Germany, the German Fleet must be so strong that England will hesitate before helping France at sea. Freed from the fear of the German Fleet, the Germans hope to be able to master their enemy decisively on land. To this end the German Government is now active in developing the Army. The peace strength is to be raised from about 500,000 to 850,000 men. This gigantic scheme must absorb an enormous sum of money, and must take time. Hence the anxiety of the Chancellor to gain a little time to breathe so far as the Navy is concerned. The Wilhelmstrasse would be very glad to slacken the pace for, say, a couple of years if Downing Street would do so.

Just as the sudden development of the German Navy was followed by a corresponding increase in ours, so is the wholly unexpected increase in the German Army to be followed by counter-measures in France. It is true that the population of Germany is nearly double that of her Western enemy; but it should be remembered that Germany must protect herself on at least two frontiers, the French and the Russian. If France, however, threw all her Army Corps on her eastern frontier, diplomatic inquiries would naturally be made, as the step would be regarded as provocative. The French Government will probably get over the difficulty by a gigantic scheme must absorb an enormous sum of money, and must take time. Hence the anxiety of the Chancellor to gain a little time to breathe so far as the Navy is concerned. The Wilhelmstrasse would be very glad to slacken the pace for, say, a couple of years if Downing Street would do so.

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fasting in the expectation of it, and it is significant that the few occasions upon which the same commodity system as a "measure of value" to enable them to exchange goods with each other. This idea became very pronounced during the celebrated silver discussion in the United States. It was said by many writers that the United States could not adopt a bi-metallic system without a general agreement among all nations. There is no reason why nations should have the same monetary or value unit, than that they should have the same unit of length or capacity. This country, the Colonies and the United States, have all managed to conduct their industries and manufactures quite satisfactorily without occasioning any trouble whatever. Therefore, the same condition exists between countries exchanging goods where their monetary systems differ from each other, and whilst there may be some slight convenience in having the same unit, it is not a necessity. There is, however, a very grave reason why each nation should have its own monetary system distinctly apart from that of every other country. Money is the tool of exchange, and its field of operation is confined entirely to the country under whose laws it has been created. The English sovereign circulates as money in the United Kingdom because of the British Coinage Laws. It does not circulate in France, in Germany, or in any other country, because it ceases to be money as soon as it has left the country of its origin. If it is taken abroad it is taken as a commodity, and may either be sent back for goods purchased, in exchange for foreign moneys, or it can be melted down and made into foreign coins. Money is like a Monarch. Although Monarch in its own country, the moment it crosses its frontier it loses its sovereignty.

In all countries the quantity of money is strictly limited, with the view of course, of maintaining its...
value. Practically all nations to-day have adopted the free coinage of gold—through the special laws passed by the world, now attempted to be done, this free and unlimited coinage of gold would cease almost instantly upon news of any vast and hitherto unexpected gold discoveries. The repeal of the Silver Coinage Laws in most countries was occasioned by the great silver discoveries in the Western States of America, because financiers found that they would not be able to control the supply, and therefore money would become a much cheaper commodity than it is, and serve to reduce the necessity of purchasing credit.

Money, having been made compulsorily a scarce article, it would appear to any intelligent person that any system which tended to the exportation of the money-material must be injurious to home trade, yet up to this one single commodity has been considered as money to a rare metal and making it the only legal tender, the possession of money has become the most precious thing in the economy of society—except as a means of saving time. But just as a lawn is the production of any necessity, say shoes, or hats, or salt, to an amount far below that actually needed to supply the wants of the people, would give an undue and preponderating importance to the possession of such commodities, so by confining money to a rare metal and making it the only legal tender, the possession of money has become the most important object in the lives of the vast majority of the world's inhabitants. Legal tender and coinage laws have created the 'money thirst which Governments have created, and the most insidious swindle for enslaving mankind is to be found in the standard. Similarly with the unit of weight. This has been one of the causes of our past trade disturbances and industrial depressions—which furnished Mr. Chamberlain ammunition for starting his agitation in favour of Tariff Reform. If the people of this country had understood the A B C of finance, Mr. John Stuart Mill was perfectly correct when he said that the standard. Similarly with the unit of weight. This has been one of the causes of our past trade disturbances and industrial depressions—which furnished Mr. Chamberlain ammunition for starting his agitation in favour of Tariff Reform. If the people of this country had understood the A B C of finance, Mr. John Stuart Mill was perfectly correct when he said that the standard.

The necessity which at present exists for arbitrarily restricting the quantity of money regardless of the demand of trade—is solely for the purpose of maintaining the value of the unit.

Nations to-day find themselves in this dilemma. If they attempt to supply the naturally increasing demands of trade by greatly increasing the currency, how are they to avoid depreciating the standard? As I have shown elsewhere, a commodity 'standard of value' is a legal fiction. Values being ideal creations—not concrete magnitudes—cannot be expressed in terms of the ideal—numbers. And yet this so-called "gold standard," is the pivot upon which to-day the entire economic world rests. The adoption of such a unit reduces money from the level of commodities to that of a valueless token—a position similar to that of a promissory note, a theatre cheque, or stamp, or ticket. This is money in its scientific aspect. The necessity which at present exists for arbitrarily restricting the quantity of money regardless of the demands of trade—is solely for the purpose of maintaining the value of the unit.
and embodies great "value" in small bulk. Then he is taught that honesty demands a just standard for deferred payments. What can be better than to adopt a comparatively rare commodity which fluctuates the least, as the measure of economic justice between man and man? For gold is the ideal commodity and evidently created by an all wise Providence for this very purpose. Thus, under the guise of justice, morality, and science, we have imposed the gold standard and currency system!

Having ended this necessary and inevitable, the trap is set. The spider doesn't have to entice the fly with any dulcet tones. It must enter the web whether it likes or not. The user needs no hounds or beaters to drive in the game. The law performs this service for him free of charge. By making debts and taxes pulselessly payable in gold (or bank credit) every business man must become a client of the user—or be broken! Now, there are only two legal sources for liquidating debt—one is gold mining, and the other banking. Every debt created by a loan exceeds the amount loaned by the amount of interest charged. No loan is ever sufficient to pay the debt it creates, and hence the mountain of debt must continue to grow year by year! For it is certain that the production of gold will never be increased—even if we understand the science of money, and see no evil in society. Karl Marx, who understood a good many things, did not understand the science of money, and he saw no evil in society. P. J. Proudhon, the great French philosopher, saw that the basis of society appears to it as right and proper. Riches, poverty, high classed class of classes, interests, buying, selling, landlords, tenants, masters, and workers, are as natural to it as food, air, grass, etc. When the child grows up, and hears of Socialist ideas, they strike him as extraordinarily wild and unnatural. Abstract reasoning is powerless to uproot acquired notions, in the majority of human beings. New truths can supplant acquired and apparent truths only in a certain class of persons, as will be shown later on. The truths of Socialism are not as apparent to the average person as they are to the born revolutionist. The majority of people cannot understand real truths, when they contradict apparent truths. This can be illustrated by examples:—The real truth is, that the less the rich consume of the national income, the less there is left for the poor; but, the apparent truth tells a different tale. The average man knows from experience, that when the rich people spend a lot more than the worker, engaged in the production of luxuries have plenty of work and good pay, the tradesman people gather a good harvest, and indirectly some crumbs fall even to those workers who are not directly engaged in producing luxuries. On the other hand, when the rich at certain seasons go abroad, i.e., when instead of eating up the good things in England, they go to eat up the good things of other countries; then England experiences a depression of trade. What effect will the abstract truth (namely, that the less Capital takes in profit, rent, and interest, the more remains in wages for the workers) have on the masses against the apparent truth mentioned above. The stock argument amongst the masses against a Liberal Government is:—That under a Conservative Government the rich spend more.

Here is another example:—The real truth teaches us that the working classes provide the capitalistic classes with a living; but the apparent truth contradicts it. The average man knows from experience, that when he cannot find a capitalist to give him work, he and his family suffer hunger, but when he does find a master, the wolf is kept away from his door. Which truth will be more convincing to him, the real or the apparent? To take but one example: the real truth teaches us that the Earth is a globe, that it rotates on its own axis, and travels around the Sun. But, apparently the Earth is flat, and the Sun moves from one end of the sky to the other. If the rich were as interested in hiding from the masses the real truth about Astronomy, as they are interested in hiding the real Socialist truths; and, if it were left to a small number of idealists with their slender means, to convert the majority of people to the real truths about the Earth and the Sun; how many people would to-day believe in the theories of Galileo and Copernicus?

The second capitalistic force against Socialism is the Church. Although she is losing her influence over the proletariat, she is still the centre of power of the State, and that the Marxian remedy would prove worse than the disease. After all, what is the fundamental criticism of modern capitalism except that it is a legalised system under which the labour of the masses is all their surplus wealth under the method of rent, interest, and profits? What are the means are there for overthrowing the system or by repealing the laws which maintain these legal claims? This is what Proudhon aimed at, and it is the only way in which industrial peace will be finally secured.

ARTHUR KITSON.
he read through the necessary literature? Not in the morning when he hurries off to work. Not during the working hours when the foreman's watchful eye is on him. Not when he comes home tired, and has got to think about domestic matters.

To all the aforesaid, Socialists may retort with the question: "Have thousands of workers who have become Socialists in spite of all the difficulties mentioned, and why may we not hope that the thousands will in time become millions?" In that very question is hidden the greatest illusion of the Socialist propagandist. He assumes that every workingman is a candidate for Socialism, and that his conversion is only a matter of enlightenment. Unfortunately, facts are against such an assumption. The conversion of a person to a new idea does not depend on his reasoning capacities, nor on the logic of the new idea. It depends principally on the temperament of the person. Nature creates Socialists and Conservatives, Freethinkers and Salvationists, just as it creates passionate and phlegmatic, fierce and mild, generous and parsimonious people. When the natural disposition of a person is "Conservative," no amount of logical arguments will turn him into a revolutionist. On the other hand, if one is born a revolutionist, he is though his upbringing and environment be conservative. We have enough examples of that in the Socialist movement. We have also examples of persons brought up in a Socialist atmosphere, who turned out Conservatives.

The above leads us to the conclusion, that in every country, and in every age, Nature turns out a certain number of persons susceptible to new ideas. Such persons when brought in contact with the magnetism of Socialist principles, will become electrified; but no others. Hence, the belief that the number of Socialists will increase in proportion to the extension of the propaganda, until the majority are converted, is without a scientific foundation. The intelligent Socialist who is not too intoxicated with his ideal, who recognises his very slender means for converting the proletariat, bases his hopes for ultimate victory on the class war between Capital and Labour, and the growing hatred and antagonism which the workers manifest towards their employers, as well as their growing discontent with their present lot. It is, however, a great mistake to regard the class war as an enlightened and class-conscious awakening.

The idealist reader is now asked to gird his loins for the last shock which the writer is reluctantly obliged to give him. After many years of study, observation, and propaganda in the Socialist movement, the writer arrived at the following astonishing conclusion: That, even if it were possible to convert the majority of the workers to Socialism, it would prove neither a fair day's labour; constant employment; a holiday for the master class, nor do they want the full fruits of their present lot. It is, however, a great mistake to regard the class war as an enlightened and class-conscious awakening.

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of ours is composed of two things; the "body" proper and the mind; but these two cannot be separated in practice. The soul is something detached from and beyond either.

In a cultural society—a society of Brahmins, for instance—we should not be called upon to "explain" anything or to give reasons. We cannot really "explain," for we should be irritated should we be asked to explain. As we can see, our character would be as firm as a rock.

After that, as they well realised, their endeavours to meet with beauty were not quite hopeless. It is the wish of the artist to be perpetually brought into contact with what is beautiful and spiritual, and classic inspiration. Wagner is an example of the more we hear artists demanding the opposite extreme. Before the period of convalescence from physical and spiritual degeneracy meet us at every street corner, in every picture-gallery, in every theatre, in a world of painters, and the Renaissance artists in their paintings (though to a lesser extent) carried the principle of selection to its greatest degree of development. Rembrandt is also a noteworthy example, and Beethoven, Whistler, and Leonardo da Vinci is possibly the best character. Leonardo da Vinci is possibly the best instance.

This does not by any means suggest that artists must not attempt to use their judgment; for they must do so perpetually. In other words, the artist is confronted with a chaotic jumble of facts, incidents, and scenes from which he must select; and it is his judgment in their adequate selection that will make or mar his work. The Egyptian artists in their statues, the artists of China in their drawings, and the Renaissance artists in their paintings (though to a lesser extent) carried the principle of selection to its greatest degree of development. Rembrandt is also a noteworthy example, and Beethoven in music. A degenerate form of art leads us to the opposite extreme. Before the period of convalescence that led to the Renaissance neither painters nor poets exercised the principle of selection to any great extent; and the Post-Impressionists, who deliberately carried the principle of selection to its greatest degree of development, are of one or two rooms and occupied as follows:

ONE ROOM HOUSES. TWO ROOM HOUSES.
63 occupied by: person each 40 occupied by: person each 113 2 persons 295 2 persons 102 3 persons 396 3 persons 70 4 persons 412 4 persons 30 5 persons 350 5 persons 13 6 persons 380 6 persons 1 7 persons 33 7 persons 2 8 persons 137 8 persons 1 9 persons 77 9 persons 10 10 persons 33 10 persons

On applying the census standard of overcrowding to the whole town I discovered our condition worked out thus: 846 persons were overcrowded in one room, 7,180 in two rooms, 3,465 in three rooms, and 1,065 in four rooms, making a total of 12,546 overcrowded persons in a population of thirty thousand.

To illustrate the value of the one and two-roomed house property I quote the following account of a property sale from the local Press:—Alderman Harris offered for sale by auction last night several lots of leasehold property. The sale resulted as follows: Tenemented dwellings houses of seven rooms each, 28 and 30, Shakespeare Street, leased for ninety-nine years from 1864 and having an annual rental of £30 14s., sold £232.

It is an eloquent testimony to the state of this tenemented property, one occupied by four families and the other by five, that in the open market with near sixty years of the lease to run it would only fetch eight and a half years' purchase. I shall return to this and similar property when I deal with its rating.

It was about this time that information was given to me of the terrible conditions many of the people were living under. I received it in the following rather unusual manner. I was about to close my shop door at 10.30 when an old woman, a customer of mine, addressed me. "Arrah Peadar, agra, have ye any pieces of auld iron you can give me?" "Old iron is worth the devil do you want with old iron at this time of night?"

"Sure, there's Mick Leyant just home from work getting his supper ready he threw himself on the bed when bad luck to it, if the four feet didn't go through the flor and the people below are in mortal terror that the whole place is falling down."

"And what have you done?"

"Mick and meself have raised the bed up again and I have the blazer under one foot and the tidy under the other, and me two dinner plates under the others."

I got some metal advertisement cards, and whilst doubling them up into four I asked the old woman: Who is your landlord, Mary?" "Alderman Harris," she replied. "Ould Ratty the sanitary inspector, the ould scut."

"Have you complained to him about the house?"

"Complained is it. Faith I've done nothing but complain for this last two years, but its always the same put offs: You'll get attended to in your turn."

"What does he mean by that?"

"He means that the lad he employs for an hour of an evening to cogh and patch his rotten old property will attend to it when he's nothing else to do."

I called the attention of the public to this case, and Mary got a bran new floor the next Saturday morning.
but she never suspected how it had been brought about. A few weeks after the above case more information regarding our housing conditions was given to me in the following manner: "Give me another stone of flour, Mister. The one I got this morning is utterly spoiled." "Spoiled, mam—how do you mean spoiled?" "Spoiled with bugs and things, Mister." "How did that happen, mam? It sounds extraordinary to hear of flour being spoiled by bugs."

"Well, it's this way, Mister. My son has been working at the Tube works for this last four months, and last week he took a house and sent for me and his wife and children. We arrived from Birmingham on Tuesday last week he took a house and sent for me and his wife to have it repaired. This morning my daughter-in-law was papering, the ceiling newly white-washed, and the wash-house repaired. This morning my daughter set the flour, and when it had risen she drew it into balls and put them into the oven. When she returned from the oven the flour was full of bugs. In fact every spot was a bug, Mister. Thought she saw one move. Looking closer she noticed a dark spot on the dough. She thought nothing of it at the time and went on with her work. But after she'd been at the fire again and returned to the dough, she found it covered with black spots. And then she thought she saw one move. Looking closer she found it was a bug. In fact every spot was a bug, Mister. When she looked up at the ceiling to see where they were coming from she found the ceiling was swarming with them. She called me out of the wash-house into the kitchen, and I shall never forget the sight I saw. The bugs were so thick by this time that they were knocking each other off by hundreds. The big fire had brought them out of the walls, and they had climbed up over the top of the wall paper and swarmed on to the ceiling. Of course we couldn't eat the bread knowing it was full of bugs. So I'll take another stone of flour, as the neighbour next door has promised to bake it for us.

"Who's your landlord, mam?"

"Mr. Ratty, the Sanitary Inspector, Sir."

Later on I heard that Ratty was going to prosecute five women and a man for creating a nuisance, so I attended the police court to watch the proceedings. I am not likely to forget the case. Here is what happened on this occasion. When I entered the court I found that the Bench was composed of three property-owners, two of whom were members of the town council, and, therefore, on the sanitary committee of the town. Ratty stepped into the witness-box, and in a half serious, half jesting manner remarked: "These cases coming into court. Very serious state of affairs was revealed at the last December meeting of the council.

Councillor Callaghan stated: 'At the present rate of inspection it would take another seven years to finish this town.' And then that if a member complained about a house, that house was visited while the house next door, which might be just as bad, was not inspected. But to show the necessity for inspection he would quote the death rate in the different wards for the past week. North Ward, 20.6; Central Ward, 18.8; East Ward, 18.1; West Ward, 16.8; South Ward, 15; and Grange Ward, 12.8.

North Ward, 20.16; Grange Ward, 12.8.

Those figures tell their own tale, and cry shame on those who are responsible for them."

To finish with the housing question for the present. For a time, after the passing of the Town Planning Act, property was inspected and repaired. But when the gang discovered that John Burns didn't mean business they soon stopped. The present condition of affairs was brought to light at the last December meeting of the council.

Presiding Magistrate: "Stand down, Mr. Ratty, stand down." Then to the first defendant: "Have you anything to say, man?"

First Defendant: "Faith, I have that. May be you have a wife and daughters of your own, Sir?"

Magistrate: "Yes, I have a wife and daughters of my own."

Defendant: "Well, Sir, how do you think your wife and daughters would like to use a closet that looked into a back lane and it having no door to it?"

Magistrate: "Not at all, I'm sure they wouldn't."

Defendant: "Well, Sir, I'm as good a woman as any wife or daughter getting you hanged. I'll like it no more than they would; that's what I have to say."

Magistrate to second defendant (an old woman): "Now, old woman, what have you to say about this nuisance?"

Old Woman: "Nuisance, Sir, how could I create any nuisance? I cross to Howden by the first ferry every morning. I am there all day earning my living by washing bottles, and I don't come back again till the last ferry at night. How then, could I make any nuisance? I never was in the place in my life."

Magistrate, to third defendant: "Have you anything to say?"

Third Defendant: "Yes, Sir, I have a few remarks to make, and the first is she is false, she is standing here. Why, Sir, am I not in the witness-box giving evidence against old Ratty? Isn't it a queer thing that in a small town like this two sanitary inspectors could never discover this nuisance for themselves, although the door has been off the closet for seven months. How do they put their time in, and what do they do for their money? There are other things I could say, but perhaps that's plenty."

The magistrate evidently thought the same. The case in fact was incomparable for the Bench and Ratty. None of the other defendants was questioned. The magistrate closed the case sharply, with: "Two and six fine and two and six costs."

After the lapse of a minute or so, when the defendants were leaving the court, the magistrate called Ratty and in a half serious, half jesting manner remarked: "Now, Mr. Ratty, I hope we shall have no more of these cases coming into court. Very serious statements have been made here this morning, and should it occur again, we may be forced to take notice of them."

Of course Ratty and the Bench belonged to the same gang. The reply to the woman's question: "How does he put it as his business?" is as follows:—At a given time in the morning he would stroll down to the Town Hall. At ten he began to collect his rents, devoting the whole day to that purpose in Palmerstown. Tuesday and Wednesday he spent collecting his rents in adjoining parishes. This was the moment of the week he worked as property valuer to a building society. At monthly meeting of the council a member was inconsiderate enough to mention the word sanitation. Ratty dropped dead on the chamber floor. Those who are responsible for them.

(To be continued.)
Letters from Italy.

III. Rome: First Days.

"Sir!" said Dr. Johnson, "The best thing a Roman ever sees is the road that leads to Paris."

[Hush! gentlemanly, educated critics; even the vulgar contributor to The New Age knows Boswell. Dr. Johnson was not our sort!]

But I cursed like an eighteen-century satirist as I was bumped and jerked down the Via Nazionale in one of these four and five times accursed flâneres. From the medieval peace of Florence I was pushed into an initative modern hell, by the jolly little tin trams which they spit. How the tin trams sing by Bernini. I wish they had strangled him first.

I, too, would have avoided that ultimate pre-tunnel of white tiles beneath the King's garden, and finally hauled up his panting steed in the Piazza di Spagna. "Damnation," was all I could say. I loathed the first day or two in Rome.

After a while the freedom of the modern mob ceases to irritate, and day by day some one eternal thing shows you its beauty and its use. "Colossal vulgarity," quoted I, observing the Colosseum for the first time; but now I find it very soothing mornings to sit on one of Flavius' marble stools and smoke my mutton-tail pipe. I watch the sunlight, which is clear and sweet like that of our English April; the barbarians from New York, and so on, pass before me, and I blink and smile and love the warmth. I congratulate Flavius on the marble steeds; I find it soothing to smoke in. (I could have avoided that ultimate pre-position.)

"Quo cum sita sint?" (it's about time I quoted some Latin tag or other), I treat Rome irreverently. I'll tell you right now that the late Cinquecento and Seicento, although as vulgar as a French bourgeois and as ugly as Hammerstein's Opera House. There is a kirk in the Via Quincale (St. Andrea al Quincale, I think) which the guida tells you was built by Bernini. I wish they had strangled him first. Baroque, flamboyant, rococo, are words too peaceful and delicate to describe this coagulation of dubbed vulgarities. "This picture," sairais the guide in his loud droning Italian, "is by El Greco, e questa di Somebody else" (forget his name). As much by El Greco and Somebody else as by Mr. Strachey, or some other aesthetically subtle-sensed, and exquisite in task, kind as a gentlemanly, educated critic; even the vulgar contributor to The New Age knows Boswell. The man in the cafe where I have breakfast is a pleasant fellow—he calls me "Signorino," which I take to be a compliment. He has a very pretty wife, who is a devil of a shrew. He pays heavily for his aesthetic taste. Like most people, they have too many children. An old man comes to the cafe every day, in a bathrobe of white as Germany, English, and Portuguese. He is eighty-six, and was in London when the Prince Consort (husband of a forgotten monarch, Victoria) died. "You don't speak French," said I, "why not? Tout le monde parle Français!" "Well, you see," said he, "thee was—is—a peculiar family circumstance. My father—he was sculptor of Dresden, and he come to Rome to study under Canova. Then he fought 'gainst Napoleon, and he hate the French and would not teach his children the language." Sacred God! I thought that was a pretty odd link with the past if the old man spoke the truth. He said he had known Eastlake as a boy, and had his likeness. There was no reason why he should have lied to me; I haven't got any money to give him.

Two Italian peasants came in one day to execute some legal document—signing a letter or something of that sort. They spent four times in three minutes. I left my "pansino" unfinished.

"Ecco!" for propagandé; Forward l'Age Nouveau! Alons, camarades! They whack their horses and mules, and kick and screech and ill-treat all those who over-load them, until a mere English urchin like myself is enraged beyond words. I would pull their noses for them. So subscribe, all good people, to S.P.C.A., Piazza di Spagna, Rome, for they do excellent work. And in all seriousness the cruelty is disgusting.

More propagandé! When I pay two soldi for a rotten little box of matches and exorbitant prices for chocolate Menier (my great delight) I sigh for the glories of Free Trade. I pay that dam tax, not the French chocolate makers, not the match makers. Tax my chocolate Menier? Dahn wif'er bloomin' Goverment, dahn wif'er bloomin' taxes on us pore blokes! Tax an' my baccas? Dahn wif'er ev'rythin'!

(That's how I feel)

Still more propagandé! Militarism! O bilge, O sentiment! O ecstacies over darky soldiers from Lybia, O mash of heroism! Every gemin wheel at a toy drum or bloomin' chop-chop here, is "vigilanza," or whatever they call the gens d'armes, justles you insistently; every jack-a-napes of a lieutenant goes clad in exquisite cloak and shining raiment; while the poverty about one hurts like watching cruelty. And for what? To protect the "dono infelice di bellezza?" Put a tax on English tourists then. They have nothing here worth stealing by force of arms except the Dis-obedients. Rome.
Present-Day Criticism.

A kindly correspondent addresses the present writer on a point that a critic might try to explain: "There are always "fools coming," he writes, "who will belittle you for your own modesty." His letter is extremely well-intentioned; yet we have no answer but courteous persistence. To paraphrase Borrow: "No, therein do I call his charge not if he could call them anything else." Would to earth that we possessed the insolence of some of her sons; what Icarian wings to sunny fame might we not then concept for. Depressed for ever, not insolence, helplessly modest we needs must be; our ignorance crushes us.

None realises better than we how fine it must feel to fancy oneself a great critic—to dare challenge the mighty comparison. Who would not, if he dared, imitate the boldness of Mr. Frank Harris, for instance, and seizing and plastering together a thousand and one contradictory details, offer them in a volume as the last word on the bigness of Mr. Frank Harris, for instance, and seizing everywhere as the greatest critics, and positively dis.

uplift us into the very throne of the Philistines. We lack whatever it is in all these self-styled critics which makes self-distrust, the legions of vast Fleet Street authorities, Shakespeare modest we needs must be death in obscurity is no way to be avoided. Our could not, even if we dared, make wings of wax for word about something or other? But Do they, perhaps, scent ruin in our ex-

Our benighted time have found them only. Verse is the sublime, merciful, and just veil of tragedy. One has only to hear actors striving in vain to save the severe parts of the new Ibsen play from sounding like most unbeautiful rant to recognise fully why the post-dramatists defended tragedy with verse. But "we who must be ourselves," will lay everything stark, even though thereby the object is lost, and the spectator goes away cynical and disgusted. You remember this veil again drawn across, real face by the noble Greek sculptor. There is a final mystery of suffer-

not to be pried into with safety to one's soul. Tradition has drawn the veil, and only the fool would tamper with it.

But this an age of reason! Away with such old superstitions! Let us see! One hears with a hideous shock the phrase—"Christ crucified on the bioscope." The debaters are not shocked. "Why not?" they ask, "if we may read about the crucifixion, why not see it?" "Good taste defend us!" we reply. "Taste—never mind about taste. What reason is there against the display?" And one can only turn aside, knowing that for people without good taste, let alone a sense for God, no reason exists against displaying God on the bioscope.

The working classes are now enjoying the novelty of reading daily papers professedly devoted to their interests; but that journal which professes loudest and most often, appears to be far enough below the best traditions of the working-class-steadiness, taciturnity, sobriety in dead and speech. In welcoming Mr. G. K. Chesterton to its ranks, the "Daily Herald" blistered like a coxcomb boy. Servility is one thing—humility is another. The "Daily Herald" seems not to know that respect well directed, is real self-respect. No self-

respecting artisan would have blamed like that ridiculous head-line—"Chesterston Fed Up." It is ridiculous to give satisfaction to one's opponents, and the reception of their ban Soy must be a matter odious to the "Daily News" people. Silly American back-

sling does not represent the British workman at his best. The "Herald's" would-be smartness becomes even odious. Moreover, anyël for the report of an accident. "Three Kiddies Killed" alliteratively describes the poignant tragedy of the Thrones.

Of course, they do these things much worse in America, and with no excuse, since the best newspapers there, such as the Philadelphia "Public Ledger" are models of good sense and refined taste. But glance, as we often do, at the "New York Times Book Review," what wild woodman's editing belittles the contributions, some few of these of noble intent and execution. The titles are often scarcely more literary than college yells. "George Bernard Shaw—His French Translator Calls Him the Molière of the Twen-

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must be said, tolerates a yolling headline somewhat less than that of the American critic. But much better Americans than Mr. Brockett (whose "This Bronté, Augustin Bonté, etc.," is simply vile), are be-
literated by descriptions, the tradition of which we rest content to be unable to trace. An American informs us that the style is a raffinement of "corner-boys' literature"; and we, personally, should feel as though our literary pocket had been picked if some American editor were to despoil an article of ours with one of those impertinent headlines. The thing is creeping into Eng-

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Americans than Mr. Brock (whose "This Breton

and is more striking for its form than its matter, is a symbolist. He absorbed the principles

Kasprowicz is also the author of numerous transla-
tions from foreign poets including Browning. (The

Slav nations whose linguistic attainments must be con-
sidered remarkable, are, as a result, very fortunate in

Kasprowicz himself has "plucked at the stars" to

some purpose. In his earlier poems he shows a fierce

approaches the Creator for causing man's distress. But

Asnyk, gains consolation in nature, in the magic of the

pine-clad peaks

Kasprowicz, like

the existing order of things, and finds that man himself

is the source of all human sorrow. Kasprowicz, like

the melancholy, from which no Polish poet seems

entirely free, is the chief feature of the work of Kazi-
mierz Przerwa-Tetmajer (b. 1865). In his case it is

Closely associated with his surroundings, the craggy

slopes of the Tatra (Carpathians), of which he sings

in Vienna, has dedicated a vivacious sonnet to

Vrchlicky was translated into

Czech and serves now as the standard introduction even for native Bohemian readers.

Antoni Lange (b. 1863) is another poet whose chief

concern is cultivation of form, which he has displayed in translations from Shelley, Poe, and Baudelaire. By the employment of such types of verse as pantoums and villanelles he serves more as a model for others rather than a poet of great original individuality.

Of the remaining Polish poets less than a dozen call for special notice. What their relation may be to the new movement is not always clear, nor is it very profit-
able to discuss. It is better to appreciate merely as a poetic product, apart from literature. One of the most vigorous of these personalities is Jan

Kasprowicz (b. 1860), whose peasant origin is revealed in his blunt and uncompromising attitude to life:—

What is life worth without ecstasy's horas,

Void of those frenzies that men in their coldness Christen transgression and overboldness?

Such life is an autumn-tide sodden with showers.

But life is like unto spring-tide, when love

And suffering both in its ken it enfolds,

When it plucks at the stars in the same above...
It roared above my cradle in its flight,
And in my heart a longing it has brought
For endless eagle freedom: moody thought
It carried from the pines, that in the waste
Rock, by a mighty stillness held embraced.

Here he is at home; his spirit is in harmony
with these vast expanses of rock and boulder, and with the
grim and sullen tribe who dwell there. Some of his
poems are written in their dialect, and in his novels and
short stories he deals with their life. He is a moun-
taineer:

Ho! ne'er let me meet my doom
Down upon the sea,
Nor may I find on earth a tomb,
Death's laughing-stock to be!

For all his melancholy he craves little from life:—
Where'er I turn my face, 'tis one to me—
If to the north or to the south I fare,
Shade from the scorching sun, a spring await
Me everywhere.

Out of the ever-shifting colours, lights and shadows
on the mountains, he weaves the most delightful fancies,
as in the "Song of the Night Mists," from which a few
stanzas are quoted:

Softly, softly, let us wake not
Streams that in the valley sleep;
Let us with the wind dance gently over the spaces wide
and deep.

Let us quaff the roar of torrents that are merged into
the lake,
And the gentle noise of pines and of the fir-trees in the
brake.

Balmy scent of blossoms blooming on the hill-side let
us drink,
Filled with music, fragrance, colour, let us rise to
heaven's brink.

With the milky down, the filmy coat of darkness let us
play,
With the plumage of the night-owls, wheeling upwards
and away.

Let us flit from peak to peak, like to gently swaying
bridges,
By the shafts of star-light fastened to the corners of the
ridges.

In less peaceful moods he calls on the tempest:

O tempest, tempest! Fluck this soul of mine
Out of my body into airy spaces.
As Tatra's bird that lags in lowly places,
I, too, in lowly places chafe and pine.

Whither thou wilt, there waft it frenziedly,
In pangs of travail, pain of striving might,
And in her hand a rose-flamed lamp is burning.
In her heart a rose-flamed lamp is burning.

The conception of the antique world shown by Rydel
in these sonnets is especially remarkable, seeing that
he is otherwise professedly a poet who appeals to the
understanding of the masses.

The same youthful exuberance, which tends to
the spirit of the Night Mists, recurs the same effective
contrasting of colours

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The poems of Leopold Staff (b. 1878) reveal a vigorous
personality, now triumphant with the pride of the
creative artist, now grappling with the problem of un-
attained ideals. He exclaims:

All that was meek within me, timid, mild,
With brutal giant-grasp I plucked asunder.
For I adore the raging might of wonder,
Tempests unbounded, overweening, wild.

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I set my heart in surging pulse-beat ringing,
My dauntless and untouched soul was sending
Accents of strength, huge, plain, uncouth, unbending,
Empassioned, bold, of storm and freedom singing.

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I set my heart in surging pulse-beat ringing,
My dauntless and untouched soul was sending
Accents of strength, huge, plain, uncouth, unbending,
Empassioned, bold, of storm and freedom singing.
Left in the unplumbed innest of my breast,
Volcano-like from chasms' depths I wreat,
And then upon a hard steel anvil pour.
'Mid hammering din I smite with joyous thought,
For I must end a task, momentous, long,
For from those ores my heart must needs be wrought
A hardy heart, courageous, haggthy, strong.
His aims are high:—
Log! I a clod, huge, cyclopean crave
That fire-girl be my dream, from marble sundered.
For a colossus my proud toil must yield,
My dream in purple, shimmering, kingly, goes.
But in the end he finds:—
Earth has no vastness worthy of my might.
Ho, barren dreams, my dreams of each great night.

In the sonnet entitled "The Ruler" he expresses his conception of the poet's lofty rank and infinite power:—
A goblet wrought of amethyst I raise,
I pledge my glory's strength, her sway unending.
One needless gesture, lo, fresh realms ascending.
In me new life keeps endless festive days.
It will be seen that this poet's diction borders on the harsh and crude, but there is something more than despair form a direct contrast to the energetic utterance of Staff. "The Temptation" consists of a trio of sonnets, in which the poet dabbles with the thought of suicide:—
The first day's toil has left me sore oppressed,
Life's very onset—and for peace I long.
And says "Why fearest thou? Of life's thread ease thee."
The same idea is expressed in a shorter poem:—
"Why, Lord, to life didst Thou decree my doom?
And thrust me downwards, where no gleam can shine,
And bid me for the stars' bright spectre pine,
And fall for ever, striving up to Thee?"

The poems of Jerzy Zulawski (b. 1874), with their insistent note of despair form a direct contrast to the energetic utterance of Staff. "The Temptation" consists of a trio of sonnets, in which the poet dabbles with the thought of suicide:—
The first day's toil has left me sore oppressed,
Life's very onset—and for peace I long.
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And bid me for the stars' bright spectre pine,
And fall for ever, striving up to Thee?"

The poems of Maciej Szkuciewicz (b. 1870) and W. Perzyński (b. 1878) are similar to those of Zulawski. They therefore need no quotation. Andrzej Niemowieski strikes a different note in his "Fragment," which might serve as a reply to the three preceding poems:—
Long from our brows has the garland of honour been hurled,
With quivering lips ye breathe.
Brothers, be of good cheer! for to-day all the world
In a wonton dance doth seethe.
What, brothers, avails us honour's imperious guerdon,
The brow that is decked with the brows?
What, brothers, avails us, how to bear as a burden
On humility's slippery ways?
Here is that sturdy Slavonic defiance that is met with in the poems of Kasprzowicz, and especially in the Czech satirist, J. S. Machar. Like Kasprzowicz, too, Niemowieski harps reproaches at God. In his more purely lyrical poems he describes the mountain scenery of Galicia.

It becomes a matter of some difficulty, when these more recent poets are under review, to know where to stop short. There is no lack of names, but one hesitates to be too lavish with them. Some mention should perhaps be made of Z. Debicki (b. 1871), Ludwik Szczepanski (b. 1872), and Artur Oppmann (b. 1867), who writes under the name of Or-Ort. Debicki betrays a leaning towards some of the current literary affectations in such poems as "Black Roses" and the "Lamentations." Elsewhere, however, he gives tokens of better things. The song-cycle "Nox Vadit," although conventional in subject and treatment, shows a distinct power of dainty phrasing, appropriate to the theme. Thus:—
Her page, the wind, bears raiment sheen,
Woven from wool of evening haze.
Unto his mistress and her queen
Rapt on the pasture's peaceful lays. (In Part I.)

And the weal in peace she passes over,
Rapt on the distant forest-strains.
She passes o'er the blossoming clover,
The dismal stretch of fallow plains.
The glistening wheat she sets astir,
The weald in peace she passes over,
The crickets play, and unto her
A patch of smoke to Warsaw passes.

Szczepanski writes delicate verses, strongly tinged with a mysticism more characteristic of the Czechs than the Poles. In such a poem as "Weariness" there is a marked similarity to the great Czech symbolist, Ota Kar Brezina. A few lines will suffice to indicate the style:—
In its wide bounds is quailing
The ocean white
Bright
Mists my resting-place are veiling.
Within the misty bounds
Of veils that tenderly conceal
The silvery sounds
Of harps grow silent in a dying zeal.
The curious division of the lines is a close reproduction of the Polish original.

Oppmann is a poet whose highest achievement lies in depicting various aspects of Warsaw life, chiefly in a pessimistic strain. "The Town Chronicle," with its archaic phraseology may be compared with Mr. Austin Dobson's treatment of eighteenth century subjects. His laconic disjointed style may be judged by the following brief extract from "Rain":—
"Gainst the panes it streams,
O'er earth the mist-shrouds lie,
Like flowing tears it seems,
Like sobbing of the sky,
The flickering lamp-light gleams.
Heir the cricket's cry,
Gainst the panes it streams,
O'er earth the mist-shrouds lie.

And here this record of necessarily imperfect impressions must end. Other names might be mentioned, but perhaps the time has not yet come to assign them their fitting place in the poetry of modern Poland. In judging the whole matter, the reader must bear in mind two things: firstly, the disadvantages under which a literature must labour whose artificers belong to three different realms where they are subject to serious racial troubles; secondly, the great difficulty of reproducing
lyrical poetry in another language, especially in turning verses from highly inflected Polish into scantily inflected remains some justification for echoing the sentiment of English. If these factors be taken into account, there I do question to be argued, but to be taken up on the primitive when the fraction of the booty into the pockets of the robbers."

Later, Cobden wrote

"Eighteen months ago the movement had its birth in the wrongs of a few manufacturers who were seeking to be relieved from injuries inflicted upon their own peculiar interests." These letters will be found in Dr. Garnett's "Life of W. T. Fox." It behoves us to remember these facts when we are asked to believe that Landlordism is the primal curse, and to ask ourselves who has the better claim to being relieved of the capitalist of all taxation, and raising the revenue of the country by a single tax on land values. A Chartist in the hungry 'forties said of the manufacturers: "And now they want on the Corn Laws repealed—not for your benefit, but for their own. "Cheap bread, 'they cry; but they mean 'low wages.' Do not listen to their cant and humbug." We are now asked to believe that the Single Tax means cheap land for everybody, whereas it only means lower ground rents for manufacturers, with concomitant higher profits.

On the abstract grounds of right and justice, we have only to ask why the whole cost of the national services should be borne by only one section of the community to see the great injustice of the demand for the Single Tax. Landlords, after all, do no more damage to the working classes than do the manufacturers; and it must be admitted that the national services are at present performed more for the benefit of the manufacturers than of the landlords. We may grant that the private ownership of land does not ensure the most productive use of it; we may agree with Mr. Wedgwood that the heavy rates upon houses, machinery, stabilining, sheds, glass-houses, etc., the 50 per cent. exemption given to agricultural land, and the rebates on game-covers, are all a very definite discouragement of production, and a distinct encouragement to keep land vacant, or half-used, and cause a shortage in it. But who made agricultural production so unrewarding that a 50 per cent. exemption had to be granted? Who rushed the nation into the towns, and forced up rents? Is it not the fact that the manufacturers, once they now come to us, in the person of Mr. Cobden, and tell us that the road to freedom lies through agriculture, and that the only way to obtain the land for the people is to increase its cost by making it bear the whole taxation of the country. It is argued by Mr. Wedgwood, as though he wished to demonstrate the vindictiveness that inspires the attack on landowners, that a tax on land cannot be shifted by the landlord or manufacturer to the tenant; yet the "most respected economists" may say; Michael Flurscheim, who devotes a chapter of his "Over-Production and Want" to the land question, talks common sense on this point. For, as Flurscheim says, "The Single Tax, for remembered, does not abolish the private ownership of land: its prime objective is to force land into productive use, and pay the whole cost of the national services.

Against the punitive intentions of the Single-Taxers, Flurscheim urges that, "though it is true that, as a rule, the landlord takes all he can extort from the tenant, this depends of withholding from the last resort on the rent-paying power of the latter. Now, as any tax relief obtained by the tenant raises his rent-paying power, the landlord may certainly recoup, by a higher rent, any tax shifted on his shoulders from those of the tenant. If a tenant pays $50 per annum, and you make the landlord pay the $50 taxes, will not the rent rise to $500?"

There is a statement made by Mr. Wedgwood himself that the Single Tax will destroy the monopoly of the ownership of land. "Many of that minority," he says, "who exclusively possess the control of portions of the earth's surface, have not only occupied what will satisfy their own needs, but have also exercised their monopoly power of withholding from use, so as to keep other land vacant or half-used. They have no necessary inducement or need to do otherwise; and that it is actually done is shown by the fact that many landlords get no more than 2 per cent. on the capital value of their land; thus proving that ownership, without even normal return, is all they want." If already landowners are content with 2 per cent., why should we suppose that they would resign it if the ownership of the land were denied them? It has already been predicted that England will gradually be turned into the pleasure domain of the world's aristocracy and plutocracy; and Flurscheim argues that the Single Tax could not prevent this conversion. Suppose that, under the Single Tax, "the Rothschilds and a few hundred other millionaires in England and America should share the whim of turning Great Britain into a deer-park, and British landlords should sell at reasonable figures because of the new tax, which destroys the selling value of their land. Under existing laws, what could prevent these men from having their will? Certainly not the land-value tax, even if it were as high as it would be were the present values taken as a basis of calculation, i.e., 200 million pounds a year. The income of Rockefeller and Carnegie alone is at present valued at 12 to 15 million pounds each; that of the Rothschild families is higher, and, without going any further, we have already obtained one-quarter of the yearly tax required. But how long would be required? How long would there be a rental value of 200 million pounds in a depopulated England, in that deer-park? That rental value would follow British enterprise wherever the evicted people went. The United States, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, would see their land values rise as the British land values fell; and finally the 200 million might be reduced to something like 5s. an acre, to 20 million pounds, or even less, a mere trifle for such magnates. Such an event is practically impossible is begging the question, because it is only saying in other words that the Single Tax is impossible."

Into Flurscheim's arguments for land nationalisation by purchase I cannot enter here; but enough has been said to show that, if land monopoly is the root of all evil, as Mr. Wedgwood willingly agree, the evil cannot be abolished by the Single Tax, which, at the best, could only exchange a small number of private owners for a large number, and, at the worst, would enable industrial capitalists to complete the ruin of England by purchasing the land at forced prices. Already, as Mr. Wedgwood shows, industrial capitalists are becoming landowners abroad; and the process may well be repeated here if the Single Tax be imposed on land. By the abolition of the landlord, the capitalist producer would be freed from the burden of monopoly rent; and the Single Tax would simplify for him the question of the charges on industry. But with capital and land in the hands of the same people, the workers of England would be as badly off as ever."

* "The Road to Freedom, and What Lies Beyond." By Josiah and Ethel Wedgwood. (Daniel, 1876.)

A. E. R.
Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

The fox was right: the grapes are sour. I never yet witnessed a forbidden play but I discovered that it was a bad play; and Björnson’s “A Gauntlet,” recently produced by “The Play Actors,” is no exception to the rule. The play had been banned, we were told; I suppose that the prohibition was confined to Scandinavia, for a public performance was given by “The Play Actors” on Monday, February 17th, at the Court Theatre. But it does not matter when, where, or why a play is banned; fruit is best, and another proverb tells us, “forbid a fruit thing and that he will do, and, of course, the theatre was crowded. The facts that the play was at least forty years old, and was one of those works that can be dated, mattered nothing; if “The Sign of the Cross” were exhibited its artistic value would be enhanced, its author hailed as a genius, and surreptitious performances of this banned masterpiece would be given, and I should be set to work to do the times.

I have not forgotten that the ghost of Hamlet’s father protested against being sent to his account with all his imperfections on his head. Death, it seems, is a serious matter, which requires due preparation if it is to be properly negotiated; and marriage, we are all agreed, is a kind of death. If we adopt the mystical view of Edward Carpenter, in “The Drama of Love and Death,” we find that the parties give up the ghost that the offspring of their embrace may breathe the breath of life. The cynical view is more common, and Nietzsche’s statement of it is one of the most famous: “What becomes of the ‘Wandering Jew,’ adored and settled down by a woman? He simply ceases to be the eternal wanderer; he marries, and is of no more interest to us.” Against this the boast of Benedick: “There is no staff more reverend than that which is tipped with horn,” is of no avail. We remember the idea of the lady: “If she God, deliver us.”

The only expression of wisdom against this is the fact that marriage requires so much skill, or that such assiduous practice is necessary; but it may be maintained confidently that some previous experience is commendable. However we accept the Biblical story, it cannot be denied that the disastrous effects of the first marriage were due to the limited knowledge of its consequences possessed by the contracting parties. It is probable that Alfred Christensen knew the worst about matrimony, for his adulterous connection with a consumptive woman would have been a far more delightful; consumptives are apt to be very irritable. With an obstinacy worthy of a better cause, he demanded union with a person who, as the event proved, suffered from hyperaesthesia claustrophobia, to say nothing of the nervous debility and maniacal frenzy exhibited in the third act. It was plain to everyone that he would have a worse time with this luatic than he probably had with the consumptive; yet with almost heroic persistency he offered himself as her keeper. That there might be no disparity between them, he offered to live the life that she demanded for ten years, if need be, until, in fact, he was as mad as she was, provided that at the last he should be offered up as a willing sacrifice to the purpose of the world. This was a man, indeed; for, long before the ten years were passed she would be wreaking her forgiveness on another man.

But Svava Riis, in the early stages of her insanity, held that she was dishonoured by the embrace of a man who had embraced another woman, and had heard the customary twaddle that she and her mother talked. Take one of women; she set her eyes on the worst she could find, and there discovered the gleam of previous knowledge; but that, of course, did not count. What really hurt her was the fact that her perception was not infallible. In the first act she maintained that Alfred was as big a fool about matrimony as she was, and by the end of the first act she had discovered that, once again, she had deceived herself. This discovery was intolerable to her, and a scapegoat had to be found, and the rest of the play was devoted to her attempts to put everybody else in the wrong. That is, of course, the usual trick of women; but it discounts heavily all the feminist twaddle that she and her mother talked. Take one example: Alfred pledges his word of honour to the purpose of the world. This was not exactly a logical development of the situation. The question of the writer of the Book of Proverbs: “Who can find a virtuous woman, for her price is far above rubies?” had been answered; Svava Riis was the woman. The question now was: “Who can find a

virtuous man, for she refuses to marry anyone who knows more than she does?” Mrs. Riis’ lecture on the necessity of identical morality for the two sexes was mal-apropos, and really contained nothing germane to the play. Not that it mattered, for there was no play; but there might have been a play if the essence of morality had not dissolved the drama into a tearful expatriation. We are told there is a similarity between death and marriage, and I am pleased to find myself supported by no less an authority than Lord Byron. “In the third canto of “Don Juan” he says—

All tragedies are finished by a death;
All comedies end by a marriage;
The future states of both are left to faith;
For authors fear description might disfigure
The worlds to come of both, or fall in death,
And then both worlds would punish their miscarriage;
So leaving each their priest and prayer-book ready,
They say no more of Death or of the Lady.

It is asserted by all religions that some preparation is needed for death; indeed, St. Paul died daily, and physiological talk ends by a mimicry; the future states of both are left to faith, for authors fear description might disfigure the worlds to come of both, or fall in death.

And then both worlds would punish their miscarriage; so leaving each their priest and prayer-book ready, they say no more of Death or of the Lady.
Art.

The Goupil and Carfax Galleries.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

It is a simple and honest personality that lies behind these hundred and fifty odd pictures by Arthur Lemon at the Goupil Gallery—simple in its affection and honest in its expression. The subjects treated reveal no profundity, no passionateness, no complexity of temperament; and there is little originality or power apparent in their treatment. One gets the impression that any plain English gentleman, with a feeling for rustic life at home or abroad, who had attained a sufficient mastery over his medium, could have painted just such pictures as these. They leave you very little—if at all—richer, and like many a novel of Meredith's, the catalogue in which they are classified might with perfect propriety have "as you were printed in large letters on its back.

Arthur Lemon may have been a very charming man; he may have had a hearty affection for animals; but it is difficult to find much that matters in his work. Take, for instance, Fugitives (No. 24), Harvest Time, Surrey (No. 52), A Tuscan Ploughing Team (No. 90), and that rather terrible head of a Tuscan Ox (No. 67). Such work may be conscientious, it may be honest, it may be worthy; but at any rate it is absolutely devoid of artistic talent and this is after all the quality which counts. In these pictures there is little of the unconsciously selecting mind, there is little of humanity and of the spirit of the ordering man; there is none of the passion which willy-nilly generalises and co-ordinates, true spirit and simplicity for however much simplification may fail as a conscious effort—and most modern simplification is of this kind—that simplification which arises unconsciously from the artist's unconsciousness. It is a perfectly definite thing; a weapon of overwhelming power, rather than of simple—"stability. Both painters have the same ingenuousness. Mr. Holmes is very skilful, tres habile but he knows a trick or two more than poor old Lemon.

In Mr. C. J. Holmes we have a very different personality. Here there is no question of guilelessness or ingenuousness. Mr. Holmes is very skilful, tres habile but he knows a trick or two more than poor old Lemon. He is not the less artistic for that. On the contrary. Still, while standing in the Carfax Gallery one is perfectly conscious of the sort of thing that Mr. Holmes' decorative landscapes not captivate one straight away, without any further ado? Why has one continually on the tip of one's tongue amid all these wonderfully shrewd and fascinating arrangements, simplifications, and patterns, the muttered "pleases." Let him once be carried away by a thing that pleases for the moment himself alone, and we shall get something a thousand times more irresistible than these pictures now on exhibition. Then, also, we shall find that he is not one to be carried away by anything in the fire of his enthusiasm, and his work will be re-born from the experience, freed from all the conscious efforts which now mar its beauty, or rather its convincingness.

And if Mr. Holmes can do this. He has it in him to fling all these rather "too able" conventions to the wind. Look at Carlisle Wall (No. 7), Floods at Patterdale (No. 15), and the Watch Tower, Tenby (No. 27)! A man who can paint these things ought to scorn to captivate this age by means of pictorial embroideries. Add a single human figure to Carlisle Wall, and the thrilling drama would be so intense in its simplicity as to make Mr. Holmes' brush a weapon of overwhelming power, rather than of overwhelming simplicity. No. 15, too, is excellent, so gravely impressive, so full of deep and passionate interest in the plain things it portrays. I apologise for my ignorance, but I am afraid I cannot say off-hand whether Mr. Holmes does or does not paint figures. If he does, they must be profoundly absorbing. At any rate, he achieves the next best thing in this exhibition, for the three pictures I have mentioned, though landscapes, are full of a thoroughly human quality. The hand of man is visible all over them. How could one nation produce both Lemon and Holmes without there being the most appalling conflict of aims and aspirations in its soul! Of the two elements, however, I cannot help wishing that the latter may triumph.

That is beginning to render the painter indifferent to some things and partial to others. As for the Study for Circus picture (No. 87), I wonder whether anyone knows whether the picture which seems to have been contemplated here was ever painted? I am sorry to say that I know nothing whatever of such a picture. In any case, if the artist's aim was ever accomplished, the result must have been very interesting; for the sketch itself is full of a power and vigour which has almost universally been foreign to the painter. The arrangement is simple, graceful and genial; the interest is concentrated on a beautiful subject of great interest—a woman on a white horse—and there is a dramatic outline of the crowd behind. If I had wished to buy a Lemon, this is the picture I should have chosen.

In No. 134, Oxen Threshing in Tuscany, the gallery certainly holds the best of Lemon's cattle pictures. Time, it is true, has mellowed the picture a good deal, but even in its rawest days, it must have been wonderfully attractive. Two little children are manipulating the great white oxen by means of slender ropes, while the beasts thresh the corn underfoot. It is a bewilderingly charming arrangement, executed with skill and simplicity. But there are three pictures surely representative of the topmost crest of Lemon's highest wave. If they stood for his earliest work, or his average, he would have been a more distinguished artist than he actually is.
REVIEWS.

Hilary's Career. By Parry Truscott. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)
The account of a parents' squabble over the professional career of an only son, aged twelve. "The public—God bless 'em—don't want anything new, or anything original, or anything clever." The public is not trifled with in this novel?

An Affair of State. By J. C. Snaith. (Methuen. 6s.)
In the form of a novel Mr. Snaith has added a contribution to the bewildering literature of industrial politics. Says the butter to his master, the President of the Board of Conciliation and safety in the darkest hour of the General Strike, not trifled with in this novel anything original, or anything clever." The public is both of Socialist and the so-called classical non-Socialist mind is already to suppose, in course of deployment in professional career of an only son, aged twelve.

Y. L.: "I wonder if mother has got the kippers; I'm hungry enough to eat a horse!" (She approaches banana-skin without seeing it.)

Y. L.: "Oh, I do hope she's remembered them, else there won't be any banana-skin and falling heavily. Assistant in wings makes necessary noise of impact.) Oh! I believe I've hurt myself! (She tries to rise.) Oh! My ankle! I've broken it or something. (She weeps.) However shall I get home? And the kippers will be coo-old!

Enter young man, smartly dressed.

Y. M. (aside): "Hallo! What the devil's this? (He sees the banana-skin.) Oh! (Advances.) Fardon me; can I help you?

Y. L.: "I've fallen down; and I believe I've broken my ankle.

Y. M.: "Take my hands, and stand on the other leg. Now! (She rises.)

Y. L.: "Can you stand on it? (She tries, but winces with the pain.)

Y. L.: "No! It hurts horribly.

Y. M.: "Will you wait whilst I fetch a taxi? You can lean on this window-ledge.

Y. L.: "Thank you so much.

(Exit Y. M., running.)

Y. L.: "I hope he won't be long. It looks silly to be stuck here holding a window-sill. But won't it be jolly to go home in a taxi! (Suddenly a thought strikes her.) A taxi!"

Enter (invisible) the Spirit of Paternal Government.

Speaks:

Girls are warned that they should never speak to strangers. If accosted by a stranger they should walk as quickly as possible to the nearest policeman.

Y. L.: "Oh? that notice in the office!

Spirit: They are warned never to accept a "lift" offered by a stranger in a motor, or taxicab, or vehicle of any description.

Y. L.: "Oh! What will become of me? I am lost. I am betrayed!

Reenter Young Man in taxicab.

Y. M.: "I hope I haven't been too long. I couldn't find one immediately. Take my arm, and I will see you inside.

Perhaps you will let me see you home?

Y. L. (recalls): "Go away! I know what you are. I won't come with you! You want to get me in one of those awful places! If you don't go away I'll scream and get a policeman!

Y. M., embarrassed, apologises for his presence, and exits.

Y. L. (haps across pavement and subsidies in taxi): Oh! What a providential escape!

Taxi-driver: Where to, miss?

Y. L.: "Lavender Villa, Rose Avenue, Brixton. Would you mind shutting the door? I've hurt my ankle! (She tries to raise her leg to rest it on the opposite seat. Driver sees her ineffectual endeavours.)

Driver: Allow me, miss. (He gently raises the limb, places it on the seat, and carefully adjusts her dress which has become displaced in the operation.) While putting clutch in he winks and murmurs: A bit of '6 stuff that! Very juicy!"
February 27, 1913.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE "DAILY HERALD."

SIR,—May I have again a small space in your columns for a few more words to "Press cutter," now that he has so openly shifted his ground?

His first contention (January 23) with regard to the "Herald" readers was that they could, but would not, pay more for their papers. Later, I see—why? is their inability to pay that angers him. "The plea of poverty is shameful when it is not simply an excuse." Now, unless "Press cutter" is a millionaire, poverty not being an absolute term, his position in relation to the millionaire is just as "shameful" as that of the poor "Herald" readers to those whose incomes necessitate the paying of income-tax. Even if he does belong to the noble class of the plutocrat, he could suggest without difficulty some expenditure he could not afford.

And how can "Press cutter" logically condole with the "Daily Herald" and The New Age for, according to his reasoning, their plea of poverty is a shameful one. If he tells me their poverty is the result of lack of proper support from their readers, I can point to the same lack on the part of the employers of the poor "Herald" and New Age readers.

I do not understand "Press cutter's" allusion to the resonnlessness of those who cannot join in groups to pay; for if they cannot pay the necessary sum as independent units, how could they as parts of a group? Perhaps he was thinking of investment as a means of dilution to the required amount.

With regard to the remark about music-halls, cinemas, and football meetings, I wonder if "Press cutter" himself adjoins all spending except that involved in bare living and education. Probably, as a member of the Press, he can effect a free entry to theatres, sports, etc., should his tastes or duties point that way. But there are other amusements, and I should like his assurance that he turns his back on all before he consider he has the right (not necessarily the right) to pronounce the "Herald" reader who may try, with his few and cheap outgays, to temper an existence of dreary toll.

I will conclude by saying that we "Herald" leaguers think it of more lasting value to gain new readers for the paper (at +1d. a copy) than to give is. 6d. weekly, and keep the circulation of the paper within the small area of the few with the better-fitted purses; and that we are not willing to accept the devil's advocacy of "Press cutter."

E. LIMOUSIN.

THE "EVENING NEWS" AND EDUCATION.

SIR,—Under the system of Guild-Socialism set before the readers of The New Age by your contributor, I suppose the teaching profession will be given control of the educational affairs of the country. Mr. "Machen, should be read to the scholars to imprint on their minds that they could, but would not, pay more for their papers. Later, I see—why? is their inability to pay that angers him. "The plea of poverty is shameful when it is not simply an excuse." Now, unless "Press cutter" is a millionaire, poverty not being an absolute term, his position in relation to the millionaire is just as "shameful" as that of the poor "Herald" readers to those whose incomes necessitate the paying of income-tax. Even if he does belong to the noble class of the plutocrat, he could suggest without difficulty some expenditure he could not afford.

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Surely the teachers were capable of telling the simple story of Captain Scott's polar experiences. The aid of the "Evening News" experts certainly was unnecessary. The impertinence of the suggestion might have been overlooked if the world looked at the "News," Mr. Arthur Machen, should be read to the scholars to imprint on their memories the "imperishable heroism" of Captain Scott.

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realise any tragedy the teacher wishes to depict" seems to be A. M.'s maxim. Doubtless some of the London teachers were disgusted when they read the illusory pamphlet. If any New Aok writers were among the victims I hope they will voice their disgust at their next union meeting.

**UNCERTIFIED GUILDIST.**

**STATESMAnSHIP BY STRIKE.**

Sirs,—"P. in P.E." opposes my view that the wealthy classes would meet an increase of taxation by cutting down unnecessary expenditure rather than by diminishing what they would otherwise have had as capital, and he says that "savings would suffer equally with spendings."

My reply is: If a capitalist at present is faced with a new necessary addition to his expenditure of a permanent nature, he does not usually make it worse for himself or his heirs by sapping his capital rather than his wasteful expenditure. I think capitalists collectively may be trusted to hold on to their capital as long as they can; and with that end in view, not to surrender the producing part of their wealth before their waste has been so "retrenched" that it is a comparatively small amount.

Here, I think, I can only leave the readers of The New Aok to umpire the point for themselves.

**THE SECOND CUY'S MAN.**

**THE ARTS AND CRAFTS.**

Sirs,—Will you allow me just a little more space for a further word to Mr. Ludovici? He tells us now that he "thoroughly disapproves of this cry of 'Technique, Technique!' which日起 from the lungs of all specialists the moment anyone attempts to express his dislike of their results." This is a disingenuous argument, seeing that the lungs which first exhaled the cry of "Technique!" were his own.

In common with most fair-minded artists I welcome the stimulus of criticism in such matters as proportion and design. I likewise concede gladly to Mr. Ludovici, or any other critic, the right to expatiate upon the practical functions of the cabinet-maker, provided that he will use reasonable care and intelligent instance to prove his case. I am further prepared to admit the technical shortcomings of numerous works in this large and heterogeneous collection, but let me note the point at issue. Mr. Ludovici chose his own ground, and I met him fairly upon it; his contention was that the furniture designs gave very little promise because the craftsmen as a body were lacking in mastery of technique, and that this was shown by a general slovenliness of workmanship. He now gives us details of the tests he employed, and asks "Are these, or are these not, things of which a man who is not a cabinet-maker can judge?" They should be, in all conscience, but are we to believe that Mr. Ludovici as well able as another to tackle the problems involved? The list is not exhaustive, but it includes several of the pieces singled out for adverse criticism.

NOS. 52, 98, 108, 122, 532.

None of these is my own work, but I have examined them all, not once but several times. I stake my reputation upon the assertion that all of them are subjected to such tests, either by Mr. Ludovici or anyone else—layman or specialist—would justify itself as a piece of consummate workmanship. How is this to be reconciled with the sentence which gives the keynote to the original critique:

"But the greatest fault in all the furniture is surely its unworkeMBED, bad finish?" (The italics are mine).

Mr. Ludovici protests that he is as well able as another to tell good work from bad. Very well, then. Did he handle the works I have named? If he did, how came he to leave them by implication under the wholesale stigma of that sentence? If, on the other hand, he did not, how was he justified in writing such a sentence at all?

**HAMILTON T. SMITH.**

**THE WHITE SLAVE ACT.**

Sirs,—Hitherto the evidence upon which the flogging Bill was promoted has been wrought in mystery. Frightful horrors were hinted at and the hints were almost sworn to by all classes. The Second Guy's Man might be accused of swelling the net laid for them—but a poor man has not much of a chance. Nor has a poor woman. I think that the "Times," "The Times," was about the only newspaper which was able to bring such a charge against another woman by Ethel Maud Driver, assistant matron at the Homes of Hope, Regent Square. Ethel Maud testified that she met Flora Farrow in a public house, had several drinks with her, and they went home together. Afterwards they went out on the street together, where Flora introduced a woman to her and the two women went to a coach and four.

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**THE DAILY HERALD.**

The date of the letter is February the First, 1913, year of Our Lord, and on the same page appeared a message to "The Awakener" from the Venerable Albert Basil Orme Wilberforce, D.D., Archdeacon of Westminster: "All success be yours."

**TO THE EDITOR OF "THE AWAKENER."**

Dear Sir,—I should like through the columns of your splendid paper to put young girls on their guard against a feeling of roguishness that one has of a so-called gentleman in our midst, preying on girlish innocence. A girl should in no circumstances go to the assistance of a person run over by a motor-bus. Sir,--Some few weeks ago I addressed a message to "The Awakener" from the Venerable Albert Basil Orme Wilberforce, D.D., Archdeacon of Westminster: "All success be yours."

**FRANKFORT STATE.**

Sir,—Some few weeks ago I addressed you on the subject of a Frankfort native convicted of assault on a white woman, and sentenced by Sir Andries Massorp to six years' imprisonment, a sentence which the women of the district agitated to have supplemented by the lash. While this man was in prison, another woman from the Free State identified him out of all the dark faces in the country as one who had previously assaulted her. Sir, Frankfort drawing-rooms seethed again to the shrieking support of Bishops, Lords, Commons, Mrs. Mackirdy and Mr. Willis, most of whom read, and write for, the "Times," and write for, the "Daily Herald," perhaps the intelligence of these people was never considered. In case it is supposed that the Hawaian Act for the relief of flagellants, fools, and vixens, ought to be repealed, I remain, yours faithfully,

**BEATRICE HASTINGS.**

On February 27, 1913.
CULTURE AND SEX.

Sir,—Mr. J. M. Kennedy says: "No cultured person ever thinks of taking the sex question seriously." And further on in the same article he says: "In French faces sex is laughed at; in serious plays it is not 'discussed.' But then sex is not a subject which is taken seriously by the artists of the common land, Maupassants, etc., not to mention Roussel and Renan, all treat this subject chloroform-

The principle subject of their novels.

But sex, according to Mr. Kennedy, is a primitive quality, and is only held in high estimation by primitive uncultured people! Well, eating and drinking are as primitive as sex, and the culture makes these functions rather more seriously than the uncultured. Where has Mr. Kennedy lived that he has found the cultured looking upon the sex question as frivolous and the simple looking upon it as serious? My experience in England and Scotland is quite the reverse.

PRIMUS.

THE METHODS OF MR. BARKER.

Sir,—Mr. Webb does not admire the modern theatre, but he has defended the Barker theatre, which is the modern theatre. In翰, because he has not taken the term "gramophone record" literally—as I intended it to be taken. To be fully qualified for this controversy Mr. Webb and the others should have had actual experience of Mr. Barker's method. Mr. Barker's method is the appendage of Shaw-Galsworthy "realism." To fasten this appendage upon Shakespeare is quite a modern idea, I have stated my opposition against the muddling-up of Shakespeare with this Shaw-Galsworthy "realism" in terms which are losing their pure and original meanings. Impulse, individual emotions, temperament, personality, etc.—all these words are now expressive of one thing, and "impulse" means "emotional acts," "freedom" means "incompetent acts," "emotions" means "uncultured people." "Space" is too awfully to contemplate.

The rational alternative to these things is a good strong dose of Mr. Barker's "Savoy" gramophone—"prison. In conclusion, Mr. Barker has interpreted Shakespeare in Shaw values and in terms of Shaw. The method which he uses to produce Shakespeare came out of Shaw. But the plays of Shakespeare are not like the plays of Shaw, and cannot be rightly produced in terms of either. They are Shakespeare, and possess a value of their own which has no relation to the "Space" value. Shakespeare is spurious! Shakespeare is gramophonial. Hence, Barker's gramophones.

AN ACTOR.

S. CANN (Sept. 651), 69A, Market Street, MANCHESTER

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