THE NEW AGE
A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.


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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Lord Haldane owes a good deal of his reputation as a thinker to the vagueness of his language as an orator. He must be profound because he is incomprehensible. At Manchester in January he fluttered the romantic dovecotes by describing the new educational policy of the Government as "an affair of the spirit"; and at the Teachers' Conference at Cardiff last week he produced what Matthew Arnold would call a "glow" by repeating the phrase and adding a new clause to the effect that we must in future "organise from the top." This windy laxity of language is all very well in Mr. Ralph Waldo Trine or Professor Gilbert Murray; but it does not strike us, coming from such a source, as an attempt to escape from reality and to conceal the disappearance in a cloud of words. What we suspect is that the Government has decided—in vulgar terms—to bite off more than it can chew, topropound a large idealistic plan and to let that serve as an excuse for a very small real reform, or for none at all. And this procedure was, in fact, suggested still more plainly in the following sentence from Lord Haldane's address: "They could not," he said, "put primary education on a proper footing without taking into account the next stage, and they could not put secondary education on a proper footing without considering that university education came after." This, we fear, can only mean that elementary education in England is to wait until secondary education has been reformed, and the reform of secondary education itself is to be postponed to the reform of university education. In short, the reform of elementary education is to be postponed for ever.

While not denying in the least that primary education ought to look forward to secondary and university education as its continuation and complement, we do deny that there is any need to wait, before reforming the first, until the second and third stages are transformed. Both these stages, it is true, are in a woody state absolutely; but relatively to elementary education they are almost parasitical. And what is even more certain is that, good or bad, they cannot be greatly bettered until the impulse from the primary schools in their direction is vastly increased. At present, of the six million children attending our elementary schools, only five per cent. ever enter a secondary school at all, and nothing near one per cent. enter a university. And the reason is not that both secondary and university education of a passable kind could not be provided, if the proper vision alone were necessary, but that the appetite for further education is killed in the elementary schools. We can allow, of course, that parents often think themselves unable to keep their children idle between the ages of thirteen and seventeen; we can allow that local authorities sometimes appear to do their best to discourage the admission of elementary scholars into secondary schools by providing none; but we cannot allow that these difficulties would be insurmountable if the desire for education had not been just about extinguished in the primary schools. As a matter of fact, the pressure of elementary scholars upon the secondary schools is only at this moment a little more than the resistance. Five per cent., as we say, do now find a way in; but, even if there were as many secondary as elementary schools, not more than ten per cent., we believe, at the outside, would avail themselves, without compulsion, of the open door. To stimulate secondary and university education, therefore, it is putting the cart before the horse to deal with these stages first. As anybody can see, the real problems of secondary and university education have not arisen yet. They will only arise and can only therefore be seriously considered when, instead of five, fifty per cent. or a hundred per cent. of our elementary scholars are born, and the desire for perfection of which we are born, and the desire for perfection with which a high civilization endows its children, but it appears to be, from its machinery, code, and administration, diabolically intended for this very purpose.
Some of our readers will not hear of their darling statesmen being engaged in a conspiracy, even a tacit conspiracy to keep the proletariat under. They readily believe, no doubt, that the Church in its palmiest days was capable of such treachery against the human race; but of the socialists now in the palm of the Church, they can, it seems, think no great evil. Nevertheless, as the few profound educationists know, there is better ground for the theory of deliberate malice in elementary education than for any other hypothesis. It is simply incredible that so low a form of education alone in their hearts should create and maintain a system of primary education which bears in almost every part of it the signs of being inspired by hatred, greed, and fear. We challenge, indeed, any educationists, however sincerely they may maintain, to maintain that if it is not designed to suppress individuality and to suffocate high curiosity, it can work to any other conclusion. And since, for the present, that is our only concern, the question of personal responsibility may be held over. The remedies, on the other hand, if so be that they are truly desired, are simple and stare us in the face. There is, we repeat, no need for Lord Haldane and his "strong Cabinet Committee" (including Mr. Lloyd George!) to fetch a compass about the whole world before dealing with the elementary system. Our dew needs not to be brought from the still-veiled Bernalmothes.

As we said last week, a revolution sufficient for our day could be wrought in elementary teaching by one single change: the reduction of the size of the classes in elementary schools from ninety and sixty to thirty or twenty. If that change is impossible, or if, more probably, it is simply not made but only talked about, all the rest of our schemes is wasted labour. There is not a teacher in England who would not agree with us. There is not an educationist who deny that what we say is true. The test of the Government's sincerity is, therefore, simple. Either they can and will make this reform, or they mean to do nothing but jabber about "affairs of the spirit."

We do not say, naturally, that it is the only reform necessary in elementary education. But it is at once the most urgent, the most decisive, and the most revolutionary of all possible reforms. Arising out of such a change would issue changes the mere accommodations of which would be half the revolution in the subject. More and smaller schools would certainly have to be built, the salaries of teachers would have to be raised, the whole code and method of instruction (based, at present, on regiments and shock tactics), would have to be altered, examination by committee would have to be substituted for inspection, and teachers would find themselves compelled to consider each child individually. But further than this, we should look to see this single change produce a revolution in the status of the teachers, particularly in their own eyes. The average elementary teacher of to-day is ashamed, and rightly ashamed, of his profession. When abroad from home, he likes nothing better than to boast of his work or his salary. To have been allowed to teach publicly with elementary training for a living is almost to insult him beyond forgiveness. Why is this? It is not because his profession is not honourable or his work not thorough; it is not because his salary is small or his daily assailant merely children. It is, we are certain, because he realises, instinctively, if not articulatey, that the methods of his profession—methods he weakly permits to be forced upon him by authorities ignorant of the art of education—disastrous both to the children under his care and to himself. With the reduction of the size of the classes, however, a good deal of the present distraction of the teacher’s art would be done away with; its main enemy, which is the half-successful patronising discipline, would be gone. The teachers would find themselves both free and bound to employ the methods always taught in training colleges, but never hitherto practised in the schools. In a word, from the paid trade of dwarfing and stunting children’s minds, they would rise to the salaried profession of education; and with that promotion we could expect to see in them what we look in vain to find at present: a will to make themselves responsible, as a guild, for the national service delegated to them. For the rest, as we have said, we can very well afford to wait. This is no need to raise the age of compulsory elementary attendance. Thirteen is not too soon to leave primary schools as they are; nor is it too soon to leave for a secondary course. Provided the secondary system was transformed, the pressure gradually accumulated on a secondary system would become in a few years irresistible. In ten years’ time a secondary course would be the rule; and in twenty years’ time a university completion course would be equated with elementary teaching. Organised in this way, "organisation" may or may not be Lord Haldane’s phrase for something or nothing. In either case it is wrong.

In one sense, however, even the reform of elementary education must wait upon something still nearer reality: the Labour movement. We do not, as our readers know, put economics before everything else in value; but necessary as it may be to play the primary trade of the wage-earners, it is from the bottom upwards that we must build. And the bottom, on earth, is economics. The success of the Labour movement in the largest sense is, therefore, the condition precedent of every other reform. Every other reform has to be preceded and supported by the building of further industries. The women’s hullabaloo, for example, is due wholly to the temporary failure of the Labour movement. In no country where the Labour movement is vigorous is there any movement worth speaking of. If, however, the wages and status of their prospective husbands in the working classes are not raised, but, on the contrary, fall, the women’s movement is bound to be baulked. It is true that women can do nothing for themselves by this forced and unnatural assumption of men’s duty; they will even worsen conditions both for themselves and for men. But movements, as Heine’s Heard ought to have told him, must either go forwards or backwards; and if the Labour movement will not go forward women will certainly drag it backwards. The reform movements, on the other hand, which languish, unenriched, in the empty air of Labour politics, are countless. There is literally not an instance of social reform (which is not now waiting upon the settlement of the problem of wages. Education, housing, the rural revival, industry, even religion, art and literature, are all suspended in their substantial development, by reason of the failure of the Labour movement. It is not, therefore, for the wage-earners alone or mainly that we desire most to abolish the wage-system. If the fate of the wage-slaves and their leaders were alone in question we could willingly be persuaded to leave them to stew in their own juice. But the abolition of the servile state is actually, we believe, the indispensable means to every reform, be its nature the most apparently remote from economics. It is exasperating that this should be the case, that we must watch the fate of Labour leaders at Congresses, in Parliament and elsewhere, with the knowledge that our own progress must be measured by theirs.

And thus reckoned, what a progress we must be making! At the I.L.P. Congress last week no fewer than four blunders were committed, each of which would be enough in itself to ruin the most flourishing movement in the world. The I.L.P. denied the spirit of the first plank of its constitution, which is political independence; endorsed Parliamentary and political action as the sole means of reform; reaffirmed its
superstitious belief in palliatives; and denied by impli-
cation the necessity of aiming at the abolition of the wage-system. Each of these four decisions was, we say, a blunder and has been nothing worse; for if Mr. Belloc has been exposed for what it is, not once nor
twice, not in The New Age only, but hundreds of times, in print, in fact, and in the experience of the delegates of the Conference. Supposing even, for in-
stance, that we admit—whether we do not—the priority in importance of political over economic action, the condition of political success for a small and a new party is independence; independence not only in the constituencies where it merely adds to the expense of the other parties, but in the House of Commons, where independence can be troublesome to the other parties.
Yet in spite of the excellent sense of Mr. Jowett and Mr. James Allan, the Conference decided that the candidates in the constituencies should be independent and the Labour Members in Parliament should be dependent upon the Government. That whatever else it may be, political action is at once more costly and more ineffec-
tive can be plainly seen from a handful of the most recent facts. It must be obvious now, even to Mr. Snow, that his subtly stupid of the Labour leaders, that strikes, not Parliamentary legislation, account for the contemporary rise of wages. The railwaymen, the seamen, the dockers, the miners, the taxi-drivers, the bakers, the waiters all owe what little recovery they have made from risen prices to the failures or to the successes of strikes. Parliament, on the other hand, has done nothing to raise wages by a single penny. On the contrary, it has raised prices by concessions to the Railway Companies, by special law; and, in addition, has immensely increased the status of wage-slaves by the Labour Exchanges and the Insurance Act. This is not our opinion alone, nor is it the opinion of critics simply; it is the opinion, in their candid moments, of the Labour leaders themselves. The debate of Tuesday last in Parliament on the subjects that have been named was opened by Mr. Pointer in a speech of commendable bitterness; he complained that applicants to the Labour Exchanges were docketed and ticketed as if they were vagrants; and the reply of the official Mr. Robertson, that learned dunce and creature without bowels, he characterised as disappointingly unsym-
pathetic. What more need be said? But, again, we were told at the Congress that the I.L.P. had spent £10,000 during the last year on elections and had lost every one. This is a large sum. It would probably finance the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society for several years. Yet in any year that can be named, the I.A.O.S.—a non-political body—has been more for labour in Ireland than the whole political Labour party has been for its cause in England since its foundation twenty years ago. New Zealand, we may say, is already ahead of our Labour party both in ideas and in common honesty. We do not know a member of our little lot who dare stand up and admit that his policy has ever been wrong. But Mr. Tregear, a New Zealand labour leader and at one time the Secretary of the Government Labour Department, recently made a public recantation of his faith in the value to Labour of Compulsory Arbitration. "Al-
though," he said, "he had been the consistent and con-
vincing advocate of arbitration for twenty years, it was certainly not the sort of arbitration they had been used by the employers to break up the larger unions." And at the same Congress, so different in spirit from ours, the following manifesto, of which the last sentence will become historic, was drawn up: "The working class and the employing class have nothing in common... Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers organise as a class, take possession of the machinery of production, and abolish the wage-system. Instead of the Conservative motto: 'A Fair Day's Wage for a Fair Day's Work,' our watchword is Abolish the Wage-System." We do not know how the New Zealand movement will abolish the wage-
system except by Guild Socialism; but we do know
that by this means it can be done. Our Labour party, with Guild Socialism under their noses and not a hemi-
sphere away, have not arrived at something worse than calling for the abolition of the Wage-System, let alone to discuss the means.

But even Mr. Belloc, it appears, does not understand or does not approve of Guild Socialism. In that organ of dullness distinguishable in Fleet Street, "Every-
morning," he has recently been declaring that Guild Socialists try in vain to escape from the political control of industry involved in Collectivism. Either, he argues, we must have the politicians in control or we must re-
establish private property. But such dilemmas, we thought, were the monopoly of Mr. Shaw, the escape from which, by way of paradox, has made the reputa-
tion of Mr. G. K. Chesterton. From a serious thinker, if hasty writer, like Mr. Belloc, we cannot accept them at all; and in truth there is nothing in his dilemma whatever. The mere fact that modern unions are large does not bring them under the politicians provided that the same general principles are followed that created the mediaeval guilds and that still maintain the most highly organised organisations. Socialism, like Christianity, has no authorities or the doctors or the railwaymen or the postal servants were, as unions of practical workmen, to contract with the State to provide their respective national services, the control of the State would be no more and no less than the control exercised by any party to any contract. The articles of the contract would naturally be laid down by the initiating contracting party, and these would form the specifications for the tender; but the deter-
mination of the terms of the tender itself, the execution of the contract, and the organisation of the labour, etc., would as naturally belong to the accepting con-
tracting party and not to the State. The vice which Mr. Belloc more than anybody else—after Mr. Penty and the late Mr. William Clarke—has taught the world to see in Collectivism is really the vice of State Capital-
ism or Collective Profiteering. It arises when the State collects into its own hands the interests of private pro-
fiters and guarantees their preservation by means of the army and police. Under such circumstances it is inevitable, we agree, that the politicians should be domi-
nant. It is in the interests of their paymasters, the holders of Government stock, that they should run in-
dustry for profit and not for use. But a State whose proletarian refused to be exploited for profit and co-operators, and insisted on partnership as unions and the abolition of the wage-
system would have no option but to accept partnership or face Syndicalism. As indication of the probability of the nation's choice, which, we think, Mr. Belloc is afforded by the history of the Catholic and the Angli-
Churches in this country. The Catholic Church (if we may be pardoned for comparing it with an industry) is purely Syndicalist. The Established Church of Eng-
land was the result of a partnership between the State and the Church. It is Guild Socialist.

We are aware that to prove the Church of England Guild Socialist is not to recommend Guild Socialism to Mr. Belloc, or to anybody else perhaps. But we offer it as an illustration of the choice England made between Syndicalism and Individualism and consistent and con-
formity. That choice, it will be noted, was not only neither Syndicalism nor Individualism in the sphere of religion, but it was not Collectivism either. The partner-
ship between the Church and the State is for practical purposes an equal partnership. And a similar choice, we maintain, will be made when the moment for deci-
sion comes between Syndicalism and the Anarchy which Mr. Belloc calls Distributism. Really, to read Mr. Belloc's eulogies of private property one would sup-
pose him to be a rabid little Nonconformist intent on a bit of land and a shop of his own as well as upon a God and a religion of his own. But Private Property in England has never been in material things the passion it has been in the spiritual and religious countries. How otherwise should private property
amongst us so largely have ceased to exist? Private property in England has commonly always been held subject to the widest rights and privileges of the community until comparatively recent times. In the poorer classes above all—the real English of the nation—community until comparatively recent times. In the poorer groups, let us say, as large as parishes in the case of land and as unions in the case of industries. Even, therefore, if it were possible—which it is not—to re-establish private property as it existed, in Mr. Bellocco's imagination, before the accursed Tudors, its re-establishment would not satisfy the English mind. Save for himself and for a few people whom he has influenced—a job lot of geniuses—his Distributivism is quite as alien to the national character as he has helped to convince us Collectivism is. Guild Socialism, on the other hand, seems to us both to coincide with the drift of things towards Collectivism and to carry with it the special qualities which, in combining with Collectivism, will at the same time profoundly modify it. Nobody would deny either that if the proletariat can awake to their danger, they can by their unions transform what, unmodified, will be a curse into a blessing. We believe, however, they cannot do, even given the will, to stem the tide of Collectivism and turn it back to Distributivism; and without the will it is certainly impossible. The choice, therefore, before us is Collectivism with or without the co-operation and co-partnership of the unions. Without their elevation to the rank of co-partners with the State, the coming Collectivism will assuredly be State Capitalism; with their partnership Collectivism will be transferred into Guild-Socialism.

As grounds for a reasonable hope of some such awakening of the proletariat to the danger of undiluted Collectivism, we may enumerate the following. The Guilds, as the historians have proved, were in their origin a purely English creation, the work of the minds of English artisans and merchants in a period when they were most free. It is surely a safe speculation that, where the English are free to combine in partnership, Collectivism will assuredly be State Capitalism; and without the will it is certainly impossible. The choice, therefore, before us is Collectivism with or without the co-operation and co-partnership of the unions. Without their elevation to the rank of co-partners with the State, the coming Collectivism will assuredly be State Capitalism; with their partnership Collectivism will be transferred into Guild-Socialism.

When Sir Rufus Isaacs protested before the Marconi Committee that he was entitled to the treatment of a common criminal we wondered that the ghost of the murdered Seddon did not rise before his mind to suggest an abash omen. The last thing surely that Sir Rufus Isaacs should desire is to be cross-examined by Rufus Isaacs. It is the last thing also that we should desire for him or for anybody. The circumstances under which we now know he carried on his dealings in American Marconis and the subsequent appearance of shuffling in his belated avowals of the fact are such as would positively lend themselves to the detestable tricks of a "great criminal lawyer." Imagine some poor devil of a prisoner with a story like Sir Rufus Isaacs to unfold and with death staring him in the face—how Sir Rufus would tear him to pieces to the admiration of the Bar! The public, however, are more just than Sir Rufus Isaacs and his profession can ever hope to be. We do not desire to strain reason for the satisfaction of a lust for cruelty, or to put the worse construction on evidence when the better construction is equally tenable. We are less anxious for a victim, even when the victim promises to be a great criminal lawyer, than for the truth. And in consequence we are bound to say that the evidence so far disclosed by the Marconi Committee acquires Sir Rufus Isaacs, in our opinion, of corruption, only, however, to convict him of being and having been a cunning fool.

A BALLAD OF FUTILE QUESTIONS.

"The Speaker, intervening, intimated, amid ministerial cheers, that such questions were a waste of time."—"Herald."

The simpleton is apt to ask
A lot of questions, don't you know?
But answering is a different task,
As, in a minute, I shall show.
For instance, is the baker's dough
Mixed up with alum, bran, and grime,
As well as flour and H₂O?
Such questions are a waste of time.

About Lord Normandy de Trask—
Why that name on old Bung bestow?
Why not Lord Mildandbittercask?
And, happy thought, and apropos,
That big contractor down at Bow—
Why not Lord Brick or Baron Lime?
But they're taboo because they're low;
Such questions are a waste of time.

The gilded courtiers who bask
In favour of the king—(what ho!)
Is it quite true they wear a mask?
To get advanced in favour so?
Why do some find promotion slow?
This questioning lacks sense and rhyme:
Besides, it is not comme it faut.
Such questions are a waste of time.

Envoy.

Prince, are you in with Schmidt and Co.
Whose silver deals have been sublime?
I will not press the matter—no!
Such questions are a waste of time.

C. W.
Current Cant.

"The defects of Mr. Hewlett's prose are the unquestionable virtues of his verse."—The "Times" Literary Supplement.

"A Finero picture play might do a great deal to elevate the picture palace."—Cross Company.

"The Insurance scheme is actually genuine Socialism."—F. Handel Booth.

"Unionists are under no illusions."—The Standard.

"The Prince of Wales arrived at Wiesbaden somewhat tired last evening. . . He did not appear till nearly eleven o'clock this morning, when he set out for divine service, wearing a lounge suit, light overcoat, and bowler hat. . . The Prince made a most excellent impression upon churchgoers. . . Many Americans particularly are very angry they did not know the Prince was going to Church. . ."—Daily Mirror.

"Calvary is going to have a much bigger significance in the twentieth century than it has ever had before. There are signs already that the Cross is coming into its own. . ."—The Canon of St. Paul's.

"Gone are the days when the poor, the weak, and the helpless were the prey of the classes who kept power and influence in their own hands. . . The woman has entered into her heritage as a responsible being."—Lady Frances Balfour.

"A great deal of interest—and some trepidation, too—is being felt in connection with the rumour that Queen Alexandra is thinking of allowing some portions of her private diary to be published. . . it is certain that such extracts would be very strictly edited."—London Mail.

"Is London Pagan? No, thanks to the splendid lead of the Bishop of London. . . The position of London is being gradually recaptured for Christ. . . As a co-incident the 1st was told to-day that this year the sale of Easter cards has been the largest within memory. Surely, that is a sign to cheer us up. . . The bronze Cross of the Church of England Men's Society is a grand sign of Progress."—A Kentish Layman in "The Daily Telegraph."

"Man is beating the birds easily at their own game."—Pall Mall Gazette.

"I am a comparatively poor man."—Lloyd George.

"The triumph of Christianity, the ever-widening circle of its sphere, the transformation of human life, the ever-rising power of the Christian world, the certainties of human progress."—The Rev. A. C. Headlam in the "Saturday Review."

"The civilised world is gradually waking up to the fact that the drama is not a toy, but an Art. . ."—Mrs. Percy Dearmer.

"The latest manifestation of the Holy Father's purpose to re-establish all things in Christ, is directed especially to the service of the lambs of his flock to whom he has ever proved so tender a Shepherd."—Rev. G. Cormac.

"There has been far too much loose talk in our time about the cruelty, the injustice of our Social System. . . To it the crimes of the Motor Bandits were directly due."—Daily Mail.

"Instead of prizes for school attendance, prizes should be given to all girls under twelve with their hair cut short for a whole year."—A Paisley Doctor, in the "Evening News."

CURRENT COMMERCIALISM

"Here is your opportunity to secure a half-sovereign in a most plausible manner to-day. You see the little picture below. Well, I offer a cash prize of 10s. for the best text taken from the Bible. . ."—Weekly Dispatch.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

By S. Verdad.

As this article goes to press, the tension in European diplomacy is once more acute—no, this time, so much so as to account for the differences of opinion which still exist between Austria and Russia as in consequence of the exasperation caused in Austria by the attitude of the Montenegrin Government over the question of Scutari. But this dispute with Montenegro involves Russia with Austria to an unlimited extent. King Nicholas wishes to capture Scutari at all costs. A full third of his army has already perished before Tarabosch fortress; and he is quite prepared to see the annihilation of the remainder (including, let us say it to his credit, himself and his sons) if only the Turks can be driven from their entrenchments and Scutari occupied by the last fragments of his forces. For years the Montenegrins have longed for Scutari. They realise now—or rather the authorities have begun to realise—that the Powers have determined to include the town in the New Albania, and with it, naturally, the fortress of Tarabosch, without which the town itself is valueless; and King Nicholas, faced with the fact of Europe's being to recall that this must be its destiny. But before the time comes for the transfer to be made he wishes at least to be able to say that in this memorable war the Montenegrins were able to capture from their hereditary enemies the fortress and other remnants so much to its possessors.

While the major disputes between Russia and Austria over the question of the delimitation of the New Albania, and especially the controversy as to the ownership of Djakova, have been settled for the moment, they are liable to be started again by the manner in which the Montenegrin Government has chosen to treat the Austrian representations regarding Tarabosch. Servia sent her troops to assist her allies—allies by race as well as by treaty. A strong protest instantly followed from Vienna. It was pointed out, both to Belgrade and to Cettinje, that the Powers had decided to incorporate Scutari in the New Albania, that this would be its fate whether it was captured or not, and that, in consequence, further attacks by the allied armies, or by Montenegro alone, would result in mere wanton bloodshed. A special Note urged Montenegro to allow the civil population to leave, for there was not the slightest doubt that the attacking troops, maddened by their inability to overcome the strong resistance of the defenders, were, in spite of all the rules of war, deliberately withdrawing their fire from the fortress itself and concentrating it on the town.

Montenegro refused to listen to any of these representations. The firing did not cease, the civil population was not allowed to leave; and every arrangement was made for a so-called "final" attack. When these facts became known in Vienna, another Note was hurriedly drafted by the chief European Powers—England, France, Germany, Austria, and Italy—confirming the original statement that Scutari was to be incorporated in Albania and urging Montenegro to allow the civil population to leave, for there was not the slightest doubt that the attacking troops, maddened by their inability to overcome the strong resistance of the defenders, were, in spite of all the rules of war, deliberately withdrawing their fire from the fortress itself and concentrating it on the town.

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have been agreed that, if Austria were willing to let Russia have her own way in Djakova, Austrian susceptibilities should be satisfied by the incorporation of Scutari in Albania. When the time came, therefore, to despatch the protest to Constantinople, Russia was naturally asked to join. She refused; and this has led to a bitter Press outburst in the semi-official Austrian journals. The truth is, I am told, Russia regretted having yielded to Austria almost as soon as she had done so; and some words were exchanged by M. Kokotoff, the Prime Minister, and M. Sazonoff, the Foreign Minister. Accordingly, no action was taken when Russia should, in accordance with the stipulations made, have joined in the protest to Montenegro.

* * *

No New Age reader needs reminding that Russian diplomacy has always been tortuous, mysterious, incomprehensible, whenever it suited the Government. I write on March 29, and on that day I can say with certainty that not a single Chancery in Europe knows exactly what St. Petersburg is going to do next. It is M. Sazonoff’s hope that Scutari may fall within the next day or two, and that the Vienna Government, confronted with this accomplishment, will allow her scruples to be overcome and agree to let King Nicholas take over, in concrete form, the dream of his life. Against this hope must be set the definite determination of the Powers, already announced by the publication of the text of the Notes mentioned, to place Scutari under different ownership. Certainly Austrian public opinion would not tolerate the cession of Scutari to Montenegro. The loss of Scutari was several times referred to as “a piece of flesh torn from the side of Austria,” and even this lurid simile would be outdone if Scutari followed.

* * *

Furthermore, there has been no demobilisation, in spite of announcements to the contrary. Readers of the papers may or more likely may not have noticed that the intimations of demobilisation were followed by the announcements that Austria had decided to keep a proportion of her northern army at a higher permanent strength, and, strange to say, Russia decided to do just the same thing with her Polish army. A few reserves on both sides have gone home; otherwise the position remains as it was from a military standpoint.

* * *

The total demobilisation of the Turks, and the causes that brought it about, are subjects which I hope to deal with in a special article in the course of the next two or three weeks. It will be sufficient to say here that the fall of Adrianople has completely taken away the spirit of the Middle Army. The only way to get the thing over, to know the worst as soon as possible. Still, a word must be said in praise of the two features of the war which show that leadership was the main thing lacking. The Young Turk officers were, as I have often said, appalling specimens of half-eastern, half-western degenerates. The men, when they were led, were excellent; but only in a few cases were they led at all. In Adrianople Shukri Pasha was an ideal commander. His record is first-class; but he possesses a quality which cannot be set down, or at any rate, is not set down, in official records. He had that element of personality which enabled him to secure the confidence and support of those serving under him. He was an officer of the Hamidian school, and the first thing the Young Turks did when they came into power was to reduce him to a mere colonelcy. It is a pity that the papers which pressed to look upon the Young Turks as gods did not mention this fact recently. And Essad Pasha, at Scutari, is a man of the same mould.

* * *

I wish some of our Members of Parliament would spare the legs or the pen of Sir F. Bertie, our Ambassador in Paris. Whenever Mr. Asquith states in the House that England is “under no obligation,” etc., etc., to help France in time of war, Sir Francis generally calls to “donner les assurances les plus complètes et sincères” that the Prime Minister meant something different from what his words actually implied. There have been several questions (silly questions) in the House recently. Sir Francis must surely be saying, with one of Mark Twain’s characters: “This thing is getting monotonous!”

Military Notes.

By Romney.

Colonel Seely’s proposals for the endowment of “ranker” officers are not as revolutionary as they appear. It is doubtful whether a single genuine “ranker” will benefit by them. They will be retained for the use of the same class that obtains commissions via the ranks even now—the class of men who are the equals, socially, of other officers, but whose parents have found themselves too poor to afford the normal public school and Sandhurst education. Such men generally make excellent officers, for the simple reason that unless they had a real taste for soldiering and a real determination to gratify it, they would scarcely undergo the sacrifice of it the discomforts of a couple of years in an ungenial position. As for the genuine “ranker”—the man that is, of inferior social position—the trouble in his case is the objection of the private soldier to serve under him. The English aristocracy, as someone has remarked, is maintained by the loving care and affection of the lower orders, and no one is a keener connoisseur in gentlemen than that particular stratum of the lower orders which furnishes the rank and file of our Army. People who wish to democratise the Army should remember that the Army is simply an institution expressing the national spirit on exact the same lines as it is expressed in our politics, literature, and religion: that if our Army is aristocratic it is because our people are aristocratic; and that if they wish to democratise the Army they should therefore start by democratising the people. Otherwise we shall find ourselves in the position of having divorced from popular sentiments and national instincts the very institution which, above all others, depends upon them for its life. We shall sacrifice a good aristocratic Army for a bad and only con- strainedly democratic one.

* * *

How a really democratic Army does work appears in the case of the French. Here, of course, the real “ranker” has as good a chance of a commission as anyone, nor would anybody dream of grudging him the authority which he has earned. That is not, however, the most significant fact. In the British Army not only is a certain species of authority—that belonging to an officer—reserved for a particular caste, but nobody outside that caste is permitted any genuine authority whatever. The British non-commissioned officer does not really exercise any power; he has no right to punish, and depends for the maintenance of authority upon his officers. (I do not mean that there are not many N.C.O.s who can rely upon their own “prestige” to carry them through—but such men would have authority anywhere). The French non-commissioned officer can, and does, award more punishment off his own bat than a British battalion commander.

* * *

Now mark the difference in results. The British N.C.O., deprived of any real authority, is a notoriously unenterprising and conventional person, and is apt in time of action to look to the officer as helplessly as the tamest private. The French N.C.O., on the contrary, can and does take responsibility, in action and out of it. That he frequently abuses his great disciplinary powers it is an unenterprising fact and authority that men cannot learn to use it until they
have been suffered to abuse it. The British system of keeping everybody but the "real gentleman" in leading strings has the result that nobody except the "real gentleman" is conscious of power. When that has been done the men will begin to understand (as they very soon do in France) that power is an attribute not of social, but of military rank. When that again is comprehended, you will be able to fill your commissioned ranks as full of "rankers" as you please.

But you will have to democratise England first, as I said at starting. And there is the trouble. The only real difference between the upper and the lower classes in democratic countries, such as France and Spain, is a difference of money and in knowledge. The poor man is as dignified and as capable of command as the rich man. To use the nearest English word, they are all gentlemen together, and the outward sign of the fact is in the need which you are under to address them all as "Monseigneur" or "Senor.

For such a society it only requires a little polishing up to make a poor man an officer, practically indistinguishable from the others. But in aristocratic countries, such as England, you rear about twenty thousand genuine leaders of men at the cost of degrading the remainder of the population into howling cads. The lower class Englishman clings pathetically to his gentry because he realises by instinct that they are indispensable in the national economy to supply that want of dignity and refinement which he feels in himself. English vulgarity must be counter-balanced by English aristocracy. For all his good qualities your common Englishman is sloppy, sentimental, middle-headed, canny and vulgar in his selection of material things. He realises the fact in his good humoured way, and laughs at it. If he had the brains to analyse his thoughts he might reply that these are not the sins for which men go to hell, and that if Lucifer was evicted from the higher regions, it was for pride and not for being a "bounder." Well, so it is. But the business of this earth must be carried on somehow, and therefore to remedy this deficiency in national character, which would otherwise lead to national collapse, we have developed a class which cultivates that manliness and dignity which the rest of the nation lacks. It is a dangerous remedy, and in the end than the disease. But that it is a necessary one if we are to have an army at all. You can make a soldier and an officer of the most ridiculous Frenchman. There is nothing irredeemably incongruous in placing the epaulettes of an officer upon the shoulders even of Tartar in de Tarascam. But who in his wildest dreams could contemplate the elevation to commissioned rank of Mr. Macawber? or Mark Tapley? or Pecksniff? There is simply no imagining such a thing.

The English Pacifists have therefore this amounts of right on their side, that, unless we achieve a fundamental revolution in the English character, Democracy will only be possible here on condition of abolishing the need for Army, Navy, and diplomatic service. Since most of them would probably call themselves Democrats, it may be that this is what they are after. It will be noticed that aristocracy has generally attained its extreme character in the case of automatically unmilitary peoples (for instance the Prussians) exposed to continual military danger. Realising that, however rich in courage, they are deficient in the other qualities that command respect in the field, such nations have usually trusted their leading to an artificial aristocracy or to aliens. Hence the large part played in British military life by Irish and Scots, and in Russian military life by Poles and Germans. The military qualities must be supplied somehow, for it is a question, literally, of life and death.

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**You Money Men!**

[Reproduced from a recent issue of the "New York Journal," the editor of which is Mr. Arthur Brisbane, a reputation and influence in America equal, roughly, to those of ten Garvins in England. Tae article, we are told, has had a "town-rocking" effect in New York.]

It is time to point out to the men that rob the City of New York and other cities that they will not have everything in their hands always.

We remind them that while they can buy Mayors, and Public Service Commissioners, and legislators and bigger officials, throughout the country, THEY CANNOT PREVENT THE PEOPLE FROM TAKING BACK THAT WHICH HAS BEEN STOLEN FROM THE PEOPLE.

You trust owners, money monopolisers, manipulators, and exploiters of the public, you have had a very pleasant, easy time.

You have taken the people's money in millions, in tens of millions and in hundreds of millions. You take the people's streets, their franchises, all of the property which should be theirs.

You ill-treat them; you laugh at them; you select, or, after election, you buy their judges when you need them.

You bribe their Senators and control their law making. But remember, and there is danger in the memory for you, remember that you cannot permanently own the people themselves, AND CONFISCATION LOOMS AHEAD OF YOU.

What you big men forget is the fact that the people outnumber you. One growl from the crowd would frighten you. Another growl at the ballot box and the property that you have stolen can be swept out of your hands overnight.

That happened in France, remember. It has happened in other countries.

IT WILL HAPPEN HERE. IF YOU GO TOO FAR WITH YOUR ROBBERY AND YOUR INSOLENT DISREGAR OF PUBLIC RIGHTS.

Remember that confiscation by the people of property taken from them is not robbery.

It would be robbery in the language of your paid lawyers, in the decisions of your bought judges, but it would be justice in the eyes of history.

Mr. Astor is in Europe. While he is away his agents engage in robbing the people. They have corrupted the public officials, they are not buying BUT STEALING the city's books, since they give less for them than they are worth.

They are not negotiating for the city streets, but swindling the people out of their subways permanently.

Your crooked lawyers, your dishonest judg's, your shameless officials, put the city in bankruptcy, and then you big rascals are allowed to loot it at your leisure.

_But remember confiscation. Remember that the people can take to-morrow what you have stolen to-day._

If Mr. Astor came home and found that his clothes, his furniture, his pictures, had been given away by his servants, or sold to some dishonest dealer for a small part of their value, what would he do?

Would he not go to court and immediately get an order restoring his property? He would say: "Give me back my furniture, my clothes, my pictures." And he would get them back. If anybody talked to him of confiscation, or asked that the amount paid to the receivers of stolen goods be restored by him he would say, "Not at all. I do not deal with rascals. You bribe my servants, you steal my property, you get my goods, and you must lose what you invested in this dishonest transaction. I want my property back."

One fine day, you big public exploiters, the people will talk to you in that fashion. They will tell you that you
cannot go on forever taking what belongs to the people. The day will come, and if you persist in your present methods the day will come soon, when the people will apply your methods to you, and take back from you that which you imagine to be yours. You don't own those streets. You don't own those subways. You can't for ever own public officials. The people can put in other officials that won't be owned.

They can take back the streets, take back the property, as you would take back your own, if it had been stolen or sold by dishonest servants.

Remember that the power of eminent domain—which your lawyers can explain to you—the power of the people to take whatever they want, with or without reason—never dies.

The people can confiscate what they choose tomorrow.

And, Mr. Astor, if the day comes, as it will, if your methods and those of your fellows continue, when the people shall take your subways, it will do you no good to weep.

In time of war, when it is necessary, the people take a woman's only son, lead him to battle and have him killed for the benefit of the public.

Tens of thousands of boys are taken from their mothers and killed for the public welfare when war comes.

It does the mother no good to say: "That is my only boy; you have no right to take him."

And, Mr. Astor, when the day of confiscation is forced upon the people by you and those like you, it will do you no good to say: "That is my only subway; don't take it."

"The people will say: 'We need it; you stole it from us in the beginning. Now we begin over again with the people's property in the people's hands—and this will teach you, who have superior intelligence but less conscience, to be more careful.'"

For this particular sermon on confiscation, which is coming if financial morals do not improve, we select Mr. Astor as the one to whom it should be addressed, in view of his subway scheming.

But there are others engaged in hiring lawyers to get the people's property from them, who need the warning. And men that are NOT seizing the property of the people, men that are not hiring rascally corporation lawyers to cheat the public, should take warning. AND THEY SHOULD GIVE WARNING TO MR. ASTOR AND HIS ASSOCIATES.

Men of big property should remember that when the people become indignant they are apt to go to extremes. When the day of public anger and public action comes, when the hour arrives for confiscation, the people are not always as particular as they might be about WHAT they confiscate.

If Mr. Astor found that his furniture had been gradually disappearing, drifting into some pawnbroker's shop, when he at last discovered the address and broke into the shop, he would be apt to walk away with anything he found there—in his righteous indignation.

When the people tire of having their property stolen, their officials debauched, their judges controlled, and when they break into the right address, they will not be any too particular about what they take, when confiscation time comes. * * *

There is no reason why this country should not go along honestly, evenly, and without violence—if the big men will permit it.

But if the big men will not permit it, if they constantly steal more and more, if dissatisfied with tens of millions, they demand hundreds of millions, if they continue stealing in one day what should be the gradual honest profit of many years and centuries of honest work a stop will be put to it, and they will wake up some fine morning, as the nobles of France woke up more than one hundred years ago—TO FIND THAT THEY HAVE NOTHING LEFT, THAT THEIR BRUTALITY, THEIR EXACTIONS, THEIR DISHONESTY, HAVE RECOILED UPON THEMSELVES.

The good may suffer with the bad, if dishonesty is pushed too far.

That is the warning for honest, conscientious men to take to heart. Don't let the big thieves and their miserable tools in office go too far.

Be warned now; don't wait. * * *

It is known that of our very richest men some are investing money in various principal countries of the world. A man with many millions to-day—often knowing extremely well that most of them are stolen—invests a certain amount in England, a certain amount in Germany, in Austria, in France—and he says to himself: "I'd have enough."

"I'd have enough that are of me and mine, even if the people of this stupid country should wake up and stop the wholesale robbery."

A few of the most cunning have planted wealth here and there. But the majority have not done it.

Let the majority of those that have money, which means an honest majority, take heed that trouble be not forced upon them by men of the wholesale pirate brand.

Thus far, the people have been guided and led by men conservative in the belief that republic and government could be made a success, or else by men in public life sharing in the plunder in a small way—such men as Archbold deals with in the Senate.

But the people are tired of Archbold being in the Senate, tired of his bribes, tired of the speed that jails a man who steals a loaf of bread, tired of the slow pace at which a wholesale rascal such as Archbold is prosecuted.

The people will lose their patience eventually, AND THEN THEY WILL HAVE DIFFERENT LEADERS, and listen to violent men.

Let the big men, the Astors and the others, take warning by such demonstrations as have appeared from time to time even in this country—hated, bitter resentment, taking the place of constructive government.

Big men, trust owners, buyers of old pictures and swindlers of a young nation, take care.

The people outnumber you. They would sweep you and your judges and your criminal lawyers into jail or off the earth in a minute if once aroused, and they would take in the name of justice that which you call yours, that which you have stolen from the public.

Be moderate, don't let the fact that you own a Mayor, Public Service Commissioners, or others that should defend the people make you drunk with power.

You don't own the people—LOOK OUT FOR WHAT THEY MAY DO TO YOU. * * *

(This will be read by the lawyers that represent big rascals and they will shake their heads dolefully. It will be read by gamblers in Wall Street, and they will not like it very much, fearing that it may make the dealing back and forth in stolen securities, such as subway securities, less profitable.

It will put angry thoughts in the engorged brains of a few of the big people. That is exactly what we want—not only for the people's sake, but for the sake of these big public exploiters, whose brains should be used FOR THE PEOPLE, instead of being used everlasting in robbing the people.

Let this brief allusion to confiscation, the first that you have seen in this newspaper, wake some of you up and make you think. Don't wait for confiscation to come.

You may not like this gentle suggestion. YOU WOULD LIKE THE GRIM REALITY MUCH LESS.)
Notes on the Present Kalpa.
By J. M. Kennedy.

XIX.—Representatives (continued).

We must admit the principle that there is a general opinion; for if we do not we as good as say that there is no means of expressing the views of the entity known as the nation. If it be assumed (as it is, whether directly or by implication, nowadays assumed) that there should be "representation," not for the nation, but for classes or interests in the nation, then the political scientist is necessarily urged to the conclusion that the nation has ceased to exist, and that it no longer cares whether it is "represented" in Parliament or not. Either conclusion is grave.

Out, if we can, why the country that first adopted the modern Parliamentary system as we now know it? Should be the first to turn away from it, between the politicians of to-day and the politicians of the Liberal, the Conservative, and the Labour members are pledged to respect their Caucus, the old Whig and Tory members of Parliament were simply pledged, formerly the parties had an identical end in view ("the protection of industry; the Labour Party at the pro-"

This is the theory: it does not matter, for the moment, that each party, in spite of its theoretical basis, is busily engaged in fleecing the worker for the benefit of the employer. Men who are thus engaged in class representation, or the representation of interests, are not representative men at all in the political sense; they are just delegates and nothing more. Burke, in his own political career, typified the real representative for his own sentiments on that subject. He tells you that until the wirepullers of the time became too strong a disposition to run into the perilous extremes of servile compliance or wild popularity. To unite circumspection with vigour, is absolutely necessary; but it is no easy task; especially at this time, when there is so great a variety of interests, that of the whole, or that of the parts. They had become more numerous with the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832; even in his own day there were servile representatives. We are members of a commercial city; this city, however, is but a part of a rich commercial nation, the interests of which are various, multiple, and intricate, that government, which, however, is itself but part of a great Empire, extended by our virtue and our fortune to the farthest limits of the east and the west. All these wide-spread interests must be compared; must be reconciled; must be reckoned, if possible.

With regards to these facts, I would suggest that the following excerpt is made was delivered immediately after the declaration of the poll, November 3, 1774:—

I am sorry I cannot conclude without saying a word on a topic touched upon by my worthy colleague. I wish that topic had been passed by at a time when I had more leisure to discuss it. But since he has thought proper to throw it out, I owe you a clear explanation of my poor sentiments on that subject.

He tells you that "the topic of instructions has occasioned much altercation and unkindness in this city"; and he expresses himself, if I understand him rightly, in favour of the coercive authority of such instructions.

Certainly, gentlemen, it ought to be the happiness and glory of a representative to live in the strictest union, the closest correspondence, and the most unreserved communication with his constituents. Their wishes ought to have great weight with him; their opinion, high respect; their business, unremitted attention. It is his duty to sacrifice his repose, his pleasures, his satisfactions, to theirs; and above all, even in all cases, to prefer their interests to his own. But his unbiased opinion, his mature judgment, his enlightened conscience, he ought not to sacrifice to you, to any man, or to any set of men living. These he does not derive from your pleasure; no, nor from the law and the constitution. They are a trust from Providence, for the abuse of which he is deeply answerable. Your representative owes not his industry only, but his judgment; and he betrays, instead of serving you, if he sacrifices it to your opinion.

My worthy colleague, his says, unlike the representative, shall be sub-
agrees with that which I have long entertained. The practice of begging for votes is, as it seems to me, absurd, and is altogether alien to the true principles of representative government. The suffrage of an elector ought not to be asked, or to be given as a personal favor to the interests of the candidate to be chosen; it is a trust which is committed to the care of the elector to choose well, as it can be for the interest of the candidate to be chosen.

To request an honest man to vote according to his conscience is superfluous. To request him to vote against his conscience is an insult. The practice of canvassing is quite reasonable under a system in which men are sent to Parliament to serve themselves. It is a high and enviable honor; but I should think it would be equally shocking to the thought of voting for a candidate for whose public character he felt no esteem, merely because that candidate had called upon him, and begged very hard, and shaken his hand very warmly. My conduct is before the body of the people who have obtained the elective franchise. I shall state as shortly as I can some of the reasons which militate against my good fortune.

My opinions shall on all occasions be stated to them with perfect frankness. If they approve of them, I shall be equally shocked at the notion of voting for a candidate to be chosen. To request an honest man to vote in spite of their better judgment. It is the height of absurdity under a system which the Parliamentary finger of the caucus beckons which the Parliamentary finger of the caucus beckons which the Parliamentary finger of the caucus beckons which the Parliamentary finger of the caucus beckons which the Parliamentary finger of the caucus beckons which the Parliamentary finger of the caucus beckons.

I wish to add a few words touching a question which has lately been before the public; I mean the question of pledges. In this letter, and in every letter which I have written to my friends at Leeds, I have plainly declared that I will give no pledge as much as if he sold it for a bank-note. I hope to see the day when an Englishman will think it as great an affront to be courted and fawned upon in his capacity of jurymen, he would be shocked at the thought of seeking an unjust verdict because the plaintiff or the defendant had been very civil and pressing; and, if he would refuse to do so, he would be equally shocked at the thought of voting for a candidate for whose public character he felt no esteem, merely because that candidate had called upon him, and begged very hard, and shaken his hand very warmly. My conduct is before the body of the people who have obtained the elective franchise.

The defect of the Liberalism of 1832 may be seen in Macaulay's first letter. The "great and intelligent body of the people" gave a poor display of its intelligence by rejecting Disraeli in 1846, Gladstone in 1852, and Lord Randolph Churchill in his policy in the end, and by allowing the caucus to establish itself firmly in the 'eighties. This "great and intelligent body," in fact, never existed at all from 1832 onwards, and it had not often been true previously. Blinded by the political events of the time, Macaulay and many other politicians failed to see that the revolution they were effecting was a revolution in favour of industrialism as represented in cities such as Manchester. By the time "the people" secured a share in the government, as the term goes, the Caucus was able to manipulate them as if they had been pawns on a chessboard.

This important fact is an argument both for and against modern Democracy. For Democracy, if the word now has any meaning, it means the rule of the community, by consent, through chosen representatives entrusted with power to act in the name of the nation as a whole; and the well-being of the community, as both Burke and Macaulay indicate, depends on the skill with which representatives are chosen and guided by the people. But if the people are so foolish, apathetic, or middle-headed as to allow the choice of representatives to be taken from them by a political caucus, then they clearly show themselves to be unworthy, in every way, of Democracy. On the other hand, their inability to choose for themselves properly makes it more necessary than ever that they shall be represented and guided by the best men among them; or rather by the best men who have, spiritually speaking, risen above their level and who are capable of interpreting their soundest instincts. For sound national instincts are still latent in the people, even though their heads may be turned at general elections by the cajolery of candidates and their agents.

The "abuses" referred to in Macaulay's letter were the pocket boroughs, which returned "mock representatives." Yet these representatives, bad though they occasionally were, were at least representative, which is more than can be said of the puppets who are returned to Parliament; not by the electors, but by the caucus, and who walk through the particular lobby to which the Parliamentary finger of the caucus beckons them. Humorously enough, Macaulay himself first entered the House of Commons via a pocket borough—Culne—through the kindness of the Lord Lansdowne of the time.
Architecture at Delhi.
By Robert Williams, F.R.I.B.A.

In his interesting article in the "Fortnightly Review" for February last, Mr. H. H. Statham pleads for the adoption of the "Italian Renaissance" as the style of architecture for the proposed buildings in Delhi.

Mr. Statham's arguments are curious. He begins with a quotation from Browning's tragedy of Luria, and few know what the poet said about architecture better than Mr. Statham, for has he not given us a charming little volume on the subject?

The reference is to the Moorish general of the Florentine forces arrayed against the Pisans. Luria, beside being an able soldier, is also an artist, and in a lull, while waiting the trump of battle, he sketches on the wall a façade for the unfinished Duomo of Florence in the Moorish style. This, after some consideration, the Commissary, jealous of Luria, orders to be blotted out, having given as a reason that a "Moorish front ill suits our Duomo's body."

This action of Braccio, the Commissary, says our author, is due to his recognition of a "certain analogy between architectural and racial distinctions." And this he, Mr. Statham, calls an allegory. Let us look at it. Luria is an alien in Florence, his architecture is not Florentine. It is an anomaly for an artist of an alien race to front the cathedral in a style brought from other lands; no, says Braccio, in effect, our Duomo must be fronted in the best native style.

Readers who turn to their Browning will see the mistake made by Mr. Statham who pleads for an alien style in India, while his model, Braccio, was for the native style and none other; but read his conclusion of his allegory:--

And some of those who do not perceive as Braccio did, that racial and architectural instinct go together, are raising a cry for a Moorish front to our Duomo; in other words, that we should do what no other conquering race ever did, viz, adopt or adapt the architectural style of our Indian subjects, or one section of them.

The conclusion which Mr. Statham draws from his quotation is to any fair mind unwarrrantable. He would have us believe that Braccio was the representative of some foreign conquering race, and therefore would have none but the architecture of the conqueror, while really Braccio was on his native heath and not a conqueror at all. Luria was the man deputed to do the conquering, and being a foreigner, he made his usual sketch in his foreign style. The quotation from Browning means, if it means anything, a plea for the adoption of a native style in India.

But Mr. Statham's reference to ourselves as the "conquering race" is mischievous, inasmuch as it is a flaunting of our superiority in the face of some three hundred millions of people (300,000,000) whom he is pleased to style "our Indian subjects." The reference is misleading with regard to the statement that "no other conquering race" ever adopted the style of the conquered, for so anyone must understand him to say. Now there is an excellent little book just published under the title, "A Short Critical History of Architecture," by H. Heathcote Statham, our present author. In it he writes of a once great conquering race, thus: "But a change came over the Turkish ideal of Mosque architecture after their taking of Constantinople in 1453, and the adaptation of the great Church of Hagia Sophia as a Mosque. It seems strange that while no Christian Church-builders made any attempt to imitate or emulate that great building, or adopt it as a model, the Turks appear to have been so much impressed by it that, from the date of their possession of it, the plan and design of their mosques was more or less influenced by the attempt to repeat or rival Hagia Sophia."

Thus, Mr. Statham in his new book and in his interesting way, refutes his own statement very completely. Mr. Statham also forgets that in Ancient Egypt its later conquerors adopted the Egyptian style. He thus proves conclusively that the "conquering race" did at times "adopt or adapt the architectural style" of the conquered.

There is a melancholy reflection in Mr. Statham's conquering idea. It is sad to think that every Indian of culture, and there are not a few besides the hundreds of millions of natives, are to look to a new Delhi buildings as a sign that they, the Indians, are a conquered race. The buildings are to be an emblem of the "conquering race." Is it not true that these savage ideas were laid aside? Of all reasons for adopting the Italian Renaissance as the architecture for the new Delhi, that of its being the architecture of the "conquering race" is the most impolitic. It is not an architectural reason at all; it is a utilisation of an architectural opportunity to emphasise conquest. If India had been conquered for its good, surely it is not necessary to be forever reminding the Indians of their subjection. There must be a better way—the way of consulting the artistic heart of the people of India is surely better.

Further, Mr. Statham acknowledges that our system of teaching Art to men whose ancestors were artists from ancient times, "to some extent, has had the result of killing native art." He also speaks of the "splendid tradition in decorative art" of India, yet he deprecates the use of Indian art as a model against Gothic. And here we cannot help saying: O perverse man, had you lived in the thirteenth century and then had conquered India, your architecture as the "conquering race" would have been English Gothic.

Mr. Statham likens us to the "Romans in the countries in which they conquered and annexed." They always built "columnar temples," whereby he betrays his belief in the column fetish. He mentions Baalbec as one of the places where the Romans built in the style of the conquering race. Visiting Baalbec a few months ago, I saw nothing to prove that the spot afterwards called Baalbec was other than a Syrian desert uninhabited, save by a few Bedouins, with a little stream running through it, and which, most likely, was the attraction to the Roman builders and settlers. So here there was no art to be adopted or adapted by the conquerors. But the style, after all, which Mr. Statham would adopt is not the style of the conquerors, it is the style of the Italians, and by way of certificate, he quotes Fergusson's saying that this is "the architecture of common sense." You remember how a certain personage quoted scripture and was answered to his discordant from the same scripture? Well, here is a quotation from Fergusson on Indian architecture: "It will undoubtedly be considered by those who are familiar with the subject, that, for certain qualities, the Indian buildings are unrivaled. They display an exuberance of fancy, a lavishness of labour and an elaboration of detail to be found nowhere else." From this, surely our English architects assisted by native architects and such men as Mr. E. B. Havell, author of "The Ideals of Indian Art," and other works on Indian sculpture, could produce designs having the true feeling of Indian art.

I feel certain from conversation with an Indian and from knowing Indian characteristics in matters of art, that to work in a native style would produce a fine feeling of kinship and camaraderie between English and Indian artists; and more, native culture would be furthered and honoured, and there would be a harmony and congruity in the adoption of a native and "columnar" style, however true academically, could produce.
The Cat and the Mouse.
(FROM THE MAHABHARATA.)

By Beatrice Hastings.

There was a banian tree within a wood,
Which cast delightful shade o'er many a rood;
And round its trunk and on its branches wide,
Eloquent birds and animals did reside.
Here dwelled a Mouse, most learned of his race—
With eyes like points he stared for hope—to see
Who, led by scent, came there at hanger-speed,
Whom Fate hath marked 'tis vain to bid
That Mouse of Judgment 'gan to meditate
Each sundown spreading leathern nets for game
Which way to act with caution adequate.

Another foe, an Owl
And on his haunches stood and licked his mouth
Hither, some time, a fierce Chandala came,
Acquainted with the Rules of Time and Plate
And numerous victims fast those thongs did keep,
His hole was planned with hundred outlets free,
With body dark like autumn water-reed,
Poor Palita was loath to quench that drouth
That Cat of Instinct fell into the snare.
When trebled need to use them round me sits.
And 'round its trunk and on its branches wide,
Yea! when he smelled the wily hunter's fat,
On feeding all intent, too late he spied
His foe entrapped, the Mouse was free to rove,
Eloquent birds and animals did reside.

"Peril declares us kin,
Welfare enjoins a pact.
O puissant one, begin;
And tell me how to act.
"Counsel me, high-souled Mouse!
Our liberation won—
Thou shalt control my house.
I shall become thy son!"

"Magnanimous Cat! I hear—
Wit dwells with one like thee—
But while I quake in fear,
My energy is not free.

"Lest these, by claws and teeth,
Seize me without demur—
Suppose I crouched beneath
Thy amiable fur?"

"Be good, and kill me not.
Remember—we are friends!
Fast-bond upon this spot,
Thy life on me depends!"

"Come, Mouse, of mercy sweet!
Crawl 'tween my honoured feet.
Thy kindness makes me burn
To proffer due return.
All Cats shall meek adore
All Mice for ever more!
No gift can ever exceed
His gift who gives at need!"

"Down lay the Mouse as in his mother's lap:
And seeing those foes thus friendly in the trap,
The Owl and Mongoose shuddered with alarm,
And fled like persons hunted by a charm.
The Mouse, who knew the rules of time and place,
Began to cut the net at leisured pace,
"Thou, over-soon set free,
Mightst envy my poor life—
Thyself wilt seek the tree
When gleaned the whetted knife.
O Lomaça, when thou
Wilt fly away in fear,
I having kept my vow,
Safely will disappear."

"O Mouse, with expedition
I rescued thee from death.
A person of condition
Should use no lying breath!

"Do not, for former wrongs,
Widow my faultless wife.
Remember—truth prolongs,
Falsehood shortens, life!"

"If ever my witless race
Worked thine unconscious ill,
Thou, lord of every grace
Should be superior still!

"Be led by this reflection—
Wisdom applauds the mild!
In seeking thy protection,
I have become thy child."

"I hear with mind restrained
This that thou sayst to further dear desire.
Yet am I unconstrained:
Friendship with fear myself will not acquire,
For such must be maintained
Like charmed snake with fangs of venomed fire.

Thou shalt control my house.
I shall become thy son!"
"No one is foe or friend,
But friendships rise where interest waxeth hot;
Thus wild-born elephants went
Toward tame decoys across the pitted plot.
Again, when favours end.
The pleasure past, the doer is forgot.

"All acts should so be done
That something useful yet remains to do.
I've cut all strings but one—
When Parigha comes, O Cat, I'll cut this too

So wore the night away, and dawn appeared,
And with it that Chandala gross and bleared:
His hair was black, his hips were large and vile,
His monstrous mouth did all the air defile:
With dogs and weapons came this grisly man,
His heir was black, his hips were large and vile,
That something useful yet remains to do.

"Friend, it ill behoves thee
Sacred vows to scorn,
He who now reproves thee
Was also nobly born.

"With duty well acquainted
Of pious habitude—
I never was attained
With foul ingratitude.

"O thou, the Scriptures ranging,
Forsake this enmity,
And let us dwell exchanging
Truths of morality."

"O learned, eloquent Cat!
Neither eloquens nor gifts endure.
The friendship fear begat
By reason of the fear was never pure.
In fear, not love, I sat—
And but for Truth had left thee bound secure!

"In brief, I do desire
What in all works on Profit may be read:
Faith boundless to inspire—
Myself none quite to trust. Who thus doth tread
Shall length of life acquire.

"Without a word thou fliest,
Though friendly speech is due.
I trust thou still relish
Upon our covenant true.

"He who with friend doth strive
Meriteth sore reproach,
And thieves his house shall rifle—
Wherefore, friend Mouse, approach!

"Like Ucanas divine
Art thou intelligent!
All that is mine be thine,
O Palita eloquent!

"Do thou dispose my life,
Be thou my body's lord,
My father, mother, wife:
All worship I accord!

"This friendship thou dost ask,
O Lomaca, might end for me in woes.
'Tis said to be a task
For sages to distinguish friends from foes,
Since circumstance may mask
All qualities as interest comes and goes!

"O Cat, of instinct pure,
Yet knewest thou not of nets beneath this tree,
But caught in fleshly lure,
With wakeful wits entered another hole.

"This day thou wert my friend,
This day, in truth, again my foe thou art.
Our compact at an end,
Let each of us in honesty depart.
My reason cannot bend
To serve thy whims which forth of folly start.

"Listen! For sake of food
Thou layest entangled in the hunter's net—
And art thou grown so good
That <sci>nt of me would fail thy fangs to fret?
Nay! when I rove the wood,
'Twere much if thou my deed shouldst not forget.

"My kingdom, gems, and wealth,
My wife and child I cheerfully would give
To keep my life in health,
Since none can save his soul unless he live.
If these thou tak'st by stealth—
Take them, O Cat, and all my words forgive!"

An Echo from Hades.


Glaucon: Thanks to the kindly attentions of Charon, O Socrates, I receive my weekly copy of The New Age from the upper world, and have been much puzzled of late with the correspondence therein. For there are some who affirm that the actor is a creative artist, and others who consider him merely the trained mouthpiece of the dramatist. Which of these theories are we to believe, O Socrates?

Socrates: Let us examine this question according to our usual method. A creative artist must be creative of something, must he not?

Glaucon: It would appear so.

Socrates: Thus a poet is creative of a poem, a playwright of a play, a sculptor of a statue, a painter of a painting, a musician of a song—is it not so?

Glaucon: Clearly.

Socrates: But of what is an actor creative?

Glaucon: That is not easy to perceive, O Socrates. Yet some say that he is the creator of a part.

Socrates: They mean, I suppose, that the dramatist has invented the words and the situation, but leaves to the actor the task of emotional expression?

Glaucon: Presumably.

Socrates: But even then, what has the actor created?

Glaucon: I cannot clearly see.

Socrates: We should not say of a particular poem that any great poet could have written it, should we?

Glaucon: No.

Socrates: And does not the same truth apply to paintings, sculptures, songs?

Glaucon: It does.

Socrates: We must, in fact, admit that this particular poem, painting or song can never be created again?

Glaucon: We must.

Socrates: Yet surely the part invented by one dramatist can be adequately represented in every generation by a large number of good actors?

Glaucon: That is so.
GLAUCON: Can we then say that an actor has created a part, seeing that the same part can be played again and again?

SOCRATES: We cannot.

GLAUCON: They are.

SOCRATES: There are dramatic critics, literary critics, musical critics, and so forth, are there not?

GLAUCON: Ay, Socrates, and too many.

SOCRATES: But in all the literature supplied to us by Charon's Book Agency, did you ever see a work on the stage filled with anything but the most trivial of green-room gossip?

GLAUCON: No, I did not.

SOCRATES: Clearly, then, no man of critical ability, save here and there in a fugitive essay or the like, has ever warranted the actor worthy of his attention?

GLAUCON: It would appear so.

SOCRATES: Do we need any further proof that the actor is not a creative artist?

GLAUCON: There is one point that I do not yet clearly understand. You said that the part invented by a dramatist can be adequately represented in every generation by a large number of good actors. Yet surely each will represent it in a different way, and some better than others. And perhaps this individual quality in the actor enables us to call him a creative artist.

GLAUCON: That objection can easily be resolved. Does not every profession require both natural aptitude and training?

SOCRATES: Of course.

GLAUCON: Thus a lawyer requires certain special qualities and considerable practice in order to become a good lawyer?

SOCRATES: That is so.

GLAUCON: And in view of these differences in abilities and training, every lawyer will handle a case in a somewhat different way?

SOCRATES: Certainly.

GLAUCON: And do not these differences in natural aptitude and training similarly apply to the actor?

SOCRATES: It seems so.

GLAUCON: Nay, if by creator we merely meant one who from his own mental or physical powers refashions or adds to the material worked upon—even if so, would not the lawyer be far more creative than the actor? For does not the lawyer by his legal knowledge, forensic ability, skill in cross-examination, and so forth, add more to the data supplied him, than an actor does to a play, since the latter merely has to provide the elocution and gestures necessary to interpret the words, plot and situations furnished by the dramatist?

GLAUCON: To be sure, he does.

SOCRATES: Yet does the lawyer style himself a creative artist?

GLAUCON: He would be laughed at if he did.

SOCRATES: If the law, then, is not a creative art, what are we to call it?

GLAUCON: A profession.

SOCRATES: Shall we not then call acting a profession? An arduous profession—a profession requiring much training and ability and right temperament—a profession to which all spectators are grateful, since it provides them with much pleasure and instruction—but still a profession?

GLAUCON: It is, indeed, a profession and nothing more.

SOCRATES: Why, then, does the modern actor in the upper world claim to be ranked with the poet, artist, lawyer, and musician?

GLAUCON: I cannot tell.

SOCRATES: But I can, Glaucon, and will, although I may shock Plato by a departure from my usual method of asking questions for others to answer.—A minor cause is the purely accidental fact that a bad play sometimes succeeds through good acting. This is no reason for ranking the actor above the author; their spheres are entirely distinct. On the one side we have a company of skilful professionals, on the other a bungling artist. Moreover, it is only true to a certain extent that fine playing can save a poor play. If the actor were an independent creator, could he not make even a crude melodrama or silly knockabout farce tolerable to the intelligible spectator? You know perfectly well that he cannot do this.—A more potent reason, however, is the ridiculous incense-burning to actors indulged in by a large section of the living public. This is, of course, entirely a modern phenomenon. These actors, who are now knighted and received at Court, were once rogues and vagabonds. The greatest poet of those northern islanders (himself an actor, you remember), speaks of "a poor player, that struts and frets his hour upon the stage," and relied on these high and mighty "artists" for much of the low comedy of his "Hamlet" and "Midsummer Night's Dream." Possibly the profession was rated too low in his day, and suffered accordingly in the ability of its members. But now the wind has veered too far in the other direction. No flattery is too fulsome for the modern actor. The cheap Press is full of the doings of these popular idols, and the health of Miss Gertie Greenholme's dog is more important than the fate of an empire. Such mummer-worship is a common phenomenon in decadent societies—you should ask Charon for those entertaining satires of Juvenal, if you have not read them yet. It's all in Juvenal. What is the result? The very exigencies of an actor's profession, the fierce limelight that bestrids his throne, already makes him naturally prone to conceit. He would be more than human if his head were not completely turned by all this fulsome adulation. So in the end he comes to regard himself as the central figure of the drama, and the author is a mere accessory who happened to write the words and invent the characters, plot and situation. He flaunts himself proudly as a "creative artist." Fortunately for him, his ears are deaf to the laughter of the Olympians.

PAUL V. COHN.

Ash Wednesday.

"The sunset faded, the Cross remained... a symbol of Eternal Hope."

With pint-pot in one hand, and pipe in the other, let us begin. The atmosphere of the "Owl" is a good atmosphere, and the "Owl" itself is a good equipped room, with oak rafters, latticed windows, an old-fashioned fireplace—and I specialise in fireplaces. How we got here? Well, that's a long story; but, quite briefly, we walked. Now, though the sun be sinking and the gloom gathering, though it be a far cry home, yet take up your pint-pots, fill your pipes, and draw your chairs up to the fire. We have tramped far enough for one day, talked long enough. The fire flickered very thoughtfully, and the gloom crept in through the walls. We began, and were straightway silent.

We left the "Owl" just at nightfall. The "Owl" stands at the top of a hill, and as we reached the bottom of that hill, simultaneously we turned, all four of us. There was a faint flush still, in the west—straight behind the "Owl." Black and clear against the sky the low building stood out lonely, yet cheerful, and the bright light in the little window shone down the hill towards us, as it were a symbol of eternal welcome, strong as life itself. The sunset faded, the "Owl" remained. Behind us lay the leagues of white road; before us, all we had left behind. Suddenly we started at a sudden noise by the roadside. A lame partridge began to crawl slowly across the road; we flung ourselves upon it and kicked it to death. Then we stood bareheaded, musing... the uncertainties of life. At last we turned and faced the blackness.

OSLAF H. HARTLAND.
Dullness prevails in publishing circles during the Easter holidays. True, lovers of literature do not mix with the crowds; for at such times humanity is not seen at its best, or even at its average. The atmosphere which bank holiday makers bring with them, spiritual and physical, is not pleasing. But the crowds take the greatest prominence; they absorb the attention of such public as is not included in them; they invade DULLNESS; they invade the train on the way to Margate. "Is London Pagan?" asks one of the largest circulations; and when we have read the "views" of the Reverend Mr. This and Dr. That we think we have done our duty and need not take more than a passing interest in the "six times larger" circulation's references to tender ladies who fall in love and cut their throats.

Zounds, we thought, 'tis a dull season, this; and it very nearly gladdened us to see the name of even George Moore at the head of a column in the "Evening News" of March 18. George Moore! At one time that would have meant something. But Evelyn Innes and Sister Teresa and Esther Waters have shown themselves to resemble poor photographs. When they were new, their compression of individuality; one could discern lineaments and features; albeit not very striking. But they have faded month by month, year by year. They no longer amuse; they irritate; they drive us to anger. The essay on "Royalty in Art" was not at all bad—we wish we could infuse more heartiness into the comment, but we cannot. The "Bending of the Bough"—who could have recovered after that? Not the "Hail and Farewell" series could efface it. After all, what are "Ave" and other "ana" but a number of anecdotes and recollections?—in short, table talk. It might have been done better. Such things have their place in literature; but only when they are done well. Boswell himself was a gentleman; could tap his snuff-box in the orthodox way; and he wore a sword.

And they are dead, all these flutterings of the 'nineties! They seem to us further removed from the present generation than Sir Epicure Mammon and Sister Teresa and Esther Waters have shown them—very nearly gladdened us to see the name of even Sir Epicure Mammon. What a pity that would have meant something. But Evelyn Innes and Sister Teresa and Esther Waters have shown themselves to resemble poor photographs. When they were new, their compression of individuality; one could discern lineaments and features; albeit not very striking. But they have faded month by month, year by year. They no longer amuse; they irritate; they drive us to anger. The essay on "Royalty in Art" was not at all bad—we wish we could infuse more heartiness into the comment, but we cannot. The "Bending of the Bough"—who could have recovered after that? Not the "Hail and Farewell" series could efface it. After all, what are "Ave" and other "ana" but a number of anecdotes and recollections?—in short, table talk. It might have been done better. Such things have their place in literature; but only when they are done well. Boswell himself was a gentleman; could tap his snuff-box in the orthodox way; and he wore a sword.

We would not preserve for posterity a single line of Mr. Moore's articles—articles, we must presume, which were carefully written down and deliberately sent to the printer. But compare the incidental remarks of men like John Selden, Coleridge, Johnson, Sidney Smith, Macaulay, and innumerable others—remarks that we should not care to lose, but which have been preserved for us purely because of a lucky accident; for instance—"I have known strong men, but never so strong, so unloving, Cobbett-like manners; but I have never met a great mind of that sort. And of the former, they are at least as often wrong as right. The truth is, a great mind must be androgynous. Great minds—Swift's, Sterne's, for instance—are never wrong, but in consequence of being in the right, but imperfectly." Coleridge said that at table. "Cobett-like manners," a happy phrase. "The piercing power of the cab whistle is extraordinary," I said to myself.

And in this way we ramble on. We could go on indefinitely in the same strain, and so could Mr. Moore. It is not the first time for Mr. Moore to appear in the "Evening News." He had written a previous article, and the paper interviewed him about it on February 18, as we may see from the issue of that date.

An organ, two wrestlers, and a lady in tights gave a performance in the street. Really, you know; when it comes to a lady in tights! And the man with the organ had a whistle. . . But you know this whistling must be put to a stop to. If it were allowed to continue, in ten years' time people will be driven into lunatic asylums in large numbers.

No sequence of tene there! And "never" followed by "nor," and the misapplied "avocations"! O ye holy shades of Trinity College! The vulgarity of it all! Who could have imagined such a thing? After all, "Carpe diem"—the old familiar saying. But one of Mr. Moore's articles—articles, we must presume, which were carefully written down and deliberately sent to the printer. But compare the incidental remarks of men like John Selden, Coleridge, Johnson, Sidney Smith, Macaulay, and innumerable others—remarks that we should not care to lose, but which have been preserved for us purely because of a lucky accident; because some listener happened to be impressed and to have a memory. "I have known strong men, but never so strong, so unloving, Cobbett-like manners; but I have never met a great mind of that sort. And of the former, they are at least as often wrong as right. The truth is, a great mind must be androgynous. Great minds—Swift's, Sterne's, for instance—are never wrong, but in consequence of being in the right, but imperfectly." Coleridge said that at table. "Cobett-like manners," a happy phrase. "The piercing power of the cab whistle is extraordinary," I said to myself.

"We single out particulars and apply God's providence to them. Thus when two are married and have undone one another, they cry it was God's providence we should come together, when God's providence doth equally concur to everything," said Selden to a pious person. ("Really, you know; when it comes to a lady
in tights!"

"Every subject," observed Macaulay, "has a striking and interesting side to it, if people could find it out." In fact, we fancy, could have found out the striking and interesting side of whistling for cabs. Was he ever at a loss, no matter what the subject?

One cannot but depreeate Mr. Moore's remarks, and the fact that he gave utterance to them. They were not worth saying; but that is not altogether the point. Why should George Moore have been interviewed by some reporter on the subject of cabwhistles? He ought to have known well that when silly-sounding topics come up for discussion with send round reporters and circular letters to all sorts of people—actors, actresses, politicians, noblemen, barristers even, authors, music-hall stars—anyone who is likely to provide "copy," sometimes gratis, occasionally paid for. It is undignified for an author of any standing—and Mr. Moore had some little status, if not much, in his time—to become mixed up with the ruck. Apart from the mere chatter, the very fact of his chattering at all degrades his profession. Does whistling annoy you?

Marinetti's novels, as novels, are too contemptible to be considered seriously; but as an index to a decadent movement they are of great interest. They were, in Italy and France, the purpose freely served here by "Rhythm." By their pictures and writings yo shall know them.

The Chronicles of Palmerstown.

By Peter Fanning.

From several letters which appeared in our local Press it became evident that the gang who had run the Board of Guardians so long had fallen out at last. Whether this arose over the division of plunder the public were not allowed to learn. No definite charges were made; but hints, innuendoes, inferences and suggestions were plentiful. In conversation, however, the controversialists were not so reticent. An inquirer who would ask what the racket was all about they would reply somewhat as follows:—

"Oh, Harton Workhouse is only a rendezvous where outsiders are put up and entertained from Saturday to Monday."

"Or certain guardians practically live in the House. They go in at all hours of the day and leave at all hours of the night. Some of them are often driven to their homes in the Workhouse conveyance."

"Or, again, certain members of the Board are accustomed to send their children into the House to spend their school holidays."

Such stories as the above whetted my natural curiosity to such an extent that I determined to enter the House and see if I could learn at first hand what was the actual conditions of affairs.

So one Saturday afternoon, an acquaintance of mine having to go to the Workhouse to visit a relative who had been taken to the imbecile ward, I accompanied him.

Arrived at Harton, we were shown into the imbecile department, and whilst my friend was engaged with his relative I took stock of the patients.

One of these came forward, and addressing me by name, inquired how I was doing. Seeing that he was quite rational, I asked him to relate his experiences in the House, which he did as follows:—

"I got a severe attack of influenza on the chest and then it went to my head and I began to rave. So the neighbours advised the wife to send me to the Workhouse hospital. I was in the infirmary for a time and then they transferred me here. I'm right now as far as the influenza is concerned; but I'm going out next Thursday ruined for life with rheumatism. Before I came here I'd been used to wearing woollen linings, but all these years—it think it is no secret among his friends—on some trife like the Italian equivalent of a pound or so a week, though latterly his pupils may have supplemented his income a little. He was an independent writer and refused to sell his soul. His friends hoped that, after his leanings towards Pragmatism had taken a more traditional turn, he would show himself to be a critic worthy of the first-class group of humanists which have collected here and there in Italy of to-day.

These hopes are not now likely to be realised. Papini's last volume, "Sono un genio o un' imbecille"? (am I a genius or a fool?) was an extreme disappointment; and now that he has joined the Futurist movement we must regard him as lost. Two or three weeks ago, at a meeting held in the Costanzi Theatre in Rome, he delivered a silly lecture. He was listened to impatiently until he proceeded to make a vicious and quite unjustifiable attack on Croce, when the audience "demonstrated" and he was howled down—but not, we fear, before he deserved it. The Futurist movement, although an artistic canker, has at least this advantage, that it definitely collects its affinities, and sooner or later, we presume, drives them mad.
me." And then I saw a frightful wound along his shin-bone.

"Who kicked him?" I inquired of my patient.

"The night watchman," he replied.

"Is the fellow still here?"

"No; they said he declared he would kill me, so the Guardians discharged him." To tell all I saw and heard on that afternoon would only narrow one's feelings; but the above may be taken as a fair example of the whole.

I had seen enough, however, in one department to determine me to see others, if that were possible. So on the following Saturday afternoon I penetrated into one of the hospital wards.

Seeing a middle-aged man sitting on the side of his bed-cot, I entered into conversation with him. After giving him a piece of tobacco I asked him to tell me his experience in the House.

"I was coming home from Japan with a cargo of rice. When we got into home waters the weather was so cold I got an attack of bronchitis. When I reached my old lodgings in Palmerstown I was so ill they advised me to come here. I've been here three weeks to-day. You see this shirt, those sheets and that towel? Well, they are the same as was flung at me the day I came. God help the poor who are sent or come in here. You see that poor fellow lying there? (pointing to the next cot). He's laid there for twelve months. He looks nice and fresh, doesn't he? Well, that's due to me washing his face with a coarse towel. You could eat the floor, couldn't you? Yes; it's so spotless and clean. Oh, ah, there's no shortage of soft soap for washing floors; but not a scrap of soap for washing paupers. And then the food. Why, if it wasn't for the nurse—God bless her—who fights for us like a bull we'd be straight to death. This white coverlet you see here is a blind, brought out for visiting day. As soon as you leave, it will be torn off and we shall see no more of it till next week. The whole caboodle is a damned fraud on the public and the poor."

"Why? Guardians come in here?"

"What? Guardians come in here? No Guardian has ever entered this ward since I've been in it. They pass by the windows at all hours of the day in company of the officials, and when we are in bed at night we can hear them going about laughingly and joking; but they never come near us."

I noticed a book lying on the window between the two cots and picked it up. Every page was black from usage, so I asked the patient who had lain so long if he could read it. "Six times, sir," he replied.

"You must surely have found it very interesting to have read it so often?"

"Not the least, sir; but it's all I could get to pass the time away."

Turning to the fly-leaf I discovered that the book belonged to the Workhouse library, so I asked, "Why do you not get the book changed for another?" He smiled.

"Suffering Christ, what a smile. It contained all the morality and discipline, the Harton Workhouse is the lowest in the Kingdom." After reading the above, it occurred to me that I should like to see the ladies and gentlemen (save the mark) who were responsible to the public for the conduct of this institution. So on the following Thursday, which was the monthly meeting day of the Board, I walked into the Board-room.

And—what a surprise was there! A clerk, who was reading the minutes, ceased. The four Press men stopped scribbling and held their pencils poised to watch developments. The Board with one accord turned in my direction, whilst a younger member of the tribe of Bumble rushed at me, demanding in a furious voice and insolent manner: "What are you—are you a reporter?"

"No, sonny; just a ratepayer," I replied meekly.

The shock to the lad was overwhelming, but he managed to stagger to the door; but not without the statement: "I move that he be allowed to stop." Another member: "I second that.

Motion put and carried.

Now, as I attended many meetings of the Board and as they generally lasted from 2.30 to 7, or later, to set forth all I heard and saw would fill several issues of The New Age, so I propose to make a selection from my note book and let the cases cited speak for themselves. May I say that my right of entry was never challenged after the first meeting.

After the adoption of the minutes of the previous meeting we settled down to the business of the day, and the first thing that occurred was a Guardian asking the following question:—

"Mr. Chairman, I should like to ask the clerk why the children of So-and-so (a deceased pauper) were not informed of their parent's death, but were allowed to discover it for themselves three weeks after their parent was dead and buried?"

Paupers and paupers' children being beneath the notice of the clerk, he did not condescend to reply.

The clerk then read a letter from a contractor to the following effect:—

"Gentlemen,—I am writing to ask you to let me increase my charges for boxings to the present market price. Since the date of my contract boxings has increased in price considerably. I ask with the more confidence, seeing that although my contract was only to supply 60 sacks in six months, I have already delivered 158 sacks, and the period of my contract has not yet expired."

Happy, happy workhouse pigs. They evidently were the real "gentlemen of the house."

The next matter was the consideration of a loan of £12,500 for Workhouse extension. One member appeared so particularly anxious that the loan should be contracted for, that I was not altogether surprised when another member interrupted him with the statement:—

"Take no notice of that gentleman, he's a shareholder in the bank who are so anxious to lend us this money."
Pleasant prospects for playing the game of “touch.” A medical member of the Board now made a very serious charge against the resident medical officer, when another member shouted out: “Shut up. You only got yourself elected to this Board to cut his throat, because he secured the appointment instead of yourself.”

Gentlemans? Very. Quite fit to boss paupers. The medical member tried to get some of his own back by stating: “I have examined the porter’s lodge book and I’ve seen the names of Guardians set down there as having left the house at 10, 11, and 12 o’clock at night.”

Chorus of the Board: “None.”

The medico funked. He was too cowardly when it came to the pinch. Still, I wonder what was the attraction which could keep virtuous Guardians in the House at 12 at night?

A proposal was made that certain paupers be removed from one part of the House to another. This was opposed by one member, who stated: “You cannot take them into the House. The House is only made to hold 500, but there are 1,200 in it at present. Thirty-six old women are packed into a room 12 feet by 12. Forty-one old men over 60 years of age are living in an old joiner’s shop which has never been altered in any way to provide sleeping accommodation. There are holes in the roof and sides through which the wind and rain can come at all times. The beds are being used night and day shift, and are never allowed to cool.”

When we read Dante’s “Inferno” we think what a wonderful imagination the writer must have had to produce such a work. But I undertake to say that Dante, in his highest flight, never imagined anything more damnable than is contained in the above extract.

A member accused the clerk and the chairman of the Finance Committee of having charged 18s. for going from South Shields to Newcastle on behalf of the Guardians, the first-class fare being 1s. 8d. The clerk denied that the statement was true, when the member at once replied: “What’s the use of you denying it, I’ve just this minute come out of your office after examining your bill of charges.”

The wrangle which arose over this matter, the charges and counter-charges which were flung about the room, convinced me that if part of the Board had not actually qualified for Durham jail, they were certainly unfit to be trusted with the administration of public money and the supervision of such an institution as a workhouse. A bill for £4 was presented for payment for fixing a stove in an official’s room. Every official denied having given the order for such a thing. And one member who said he was a practical man in such things declared the job was not worth more than 15s. Four pounds paid. It was discovered that even paupers’ finger-nails have a habit of growing. So instruments at 9s. 6d. per pair were ordered from Sheffield for the purpose of cutting them.

A carting contractor sent in his account for £50 for leading coal from South Shields to the Workhouse. I don’t know how much he was charging per load for the work, but even if he was charging such a high price as 25s. 6d., £50 would represent 472 loads. Anyway, it was only after incurring a bill for £50 for cartage that these wise Guardians discovered that the stuff was unburnable.

And they mostly profess to be business men. It was discovered that there were no less than five telephones in the Guardians’ offices. As one of these was on the table in the caretaker’s kitchen, a member proposed that the number should be reduced. The motion was defeated. I noticed that after five o’clock the number of members present began to dwindle rapidly, till at about six o’clock there were not more than half a dozen. It was then, however, that some of the most interesting work of the Board was transacted.

We are a large Poor Law Union, embracing South Shields, Tyne Dock, Palmerstown, Hebburn, Boldon, etc., towards the tail-end of the meeting the relieving officers presented their reports from the several districts, and then to my astonishment I discovered that month after month no member of the Board had attended the outside districts relief committees, thereby throwing the whole of the administration and the application of poor relief into the hands of Bumble. What were the reasons, if any, for this state of affairs did not transpire; but what struck me was that, the tale of neglect which had been related to me by those in the House was also officially admitted as being pursued towards the poor outside. I asked myself the question, Why do thirty-nine men and women get themselves elected as guardians of the poor and then abandon the people to their fate? And, further, What peculiar attraction has a workhouse for middle-class men and women, when, as we know, the poor view it merely as the ante-room to hell? Did anyone whisper the prospects of “touch”? Possibly.

One other feature I observed at every meeting, that, just before the Press men were about to leave the Clerk would cross the room and enter into conversation with the reporters. Then there was a rapid scanning of notes, so I was not surprised on looking at the papers next morning to find all accounts of attacks made on the Clerk were conspicuous by their absence.

I have realised long before this that those who do me the honour to read these notes will have been putting to themselves the question, “If these statements are true, why did you not communicate them to the Press?” The reply to that question I will give in another paper, and produce evidence to sustain my contention, which will surprise readers of The New Age, as to how the provincial Press is worked.

LE LIVRE DU MAL

I rose with the departing day,
And left the hills of silver wood,
Where purple shadows softly brood,
And to the valley took my way.
And there upon the roadside lay
A dismal garden old and dank,
Hemmed in with vegetation rank,
And full of desolate decay.
And in the pallid moonbeams’ light
I saw her sitting all alone
Upon a quaintly graven stone—
The reliquary of some far-off rite:
And from the borderlands of Night
Strange mists—and stranger odours crept
Among the silent trees that slept.
About the maiden frail and white.
And on her knees a Book she bore,
A scarlet volume all inlaid
With border-lines of clouded jade,
And jewelled clasps of precious ore.
And so, with furtive, silent tread,
I found her upon the stone,
Where purple shadows ever brood—
The moonbeams ravishing her hair;
Where purple shadows ever brood—
Or now, the crimson would have fled
To leave her paler than before.
And though she grew more frail—less fair,
Yet never once her eyes forsook
The pages of her scarlet Book
So richly wrought, and strangely rare.

But came a night when she was gone,
When presage told me she was dead;
And so, with furtive, silent tread,
I found her Book upon the stone,
And read until the night was done,
With ever-rising sense of shame,
Strange thoughts that seared the soul like flame,
And stuck the manhood out of one.
Letters from Italy.

VIII.—A Sentimental Letter.

Now that I have finally decided to go to Naples I am becoming prodigiously sentimental about Rome.

I do not wholly object to my sentimentality if it fills up my last two days here very pleasantly. We have about us in England so many stern, noble natures, so many elevated intelligences (witness contemporary journals becoming prodigiously sentimental about Rome. A while back, when I was ‘fighting the lone hand against the Jew and the Philistine, I suffered from a kind of winter-melancholy. Industrious and uneducated people used to say: “I needed some regular occupation.” Low, commercial canaille! What I wanted was the sun “that maketh bliss of all.” I knew it then and I know it now. British stodge and cant and beastliness to beautiful things—yes, it is a ‘matter of climate.’ Here they may be thieves and fools and dirty—but they leave one alone, and the sun shines five out of every seven days. Basta!

In such a mood I walk through Rome and remember the beautiful things I have not praised. There is the Monte Pincio, par example, with its pine trees and odd-looking cactus plants and a view. On sunny and Sunday afternoons all Rome resorts there, and for three afternoons a week they play horridly upon ancient instruments. (You see I can’t go half-a-dozen lines, without objecting to something). But if you get a wooden bench out of the shade, and sit and dream in the sun, God or the Gods of Fate, or Father Time or something else, makes you very warm and comfortable. Pleasant thoughts circle about you. For my part I play with odds and ends of rhymes and verses, remember a line from some poet who pleased me, or hum the Bohemian’s air from Louise.” How do our hours have I sat trying to find the ultimate translation of “apricus,” while the air and I the trees were all “aprici.”

And I know I haven’t praised all the churches of Rome, and have written nothing on the statues and pictures. Did I ever mention Santa Pudenziana? It has some good mosaics, and the queerest little Italian fellow takes you right underground through the vaulted chambers of someone’s baths. You see the pavement of the first church above the pavement of the baths; and you learn that one Peter, a Hebrew, stopped at this place, when he first came to Rome, before his execution as a felon. Not far off is S. Prassede. Whether it is Browning’s “St. Praxedis” or not, I don’t know, but there are only a few Renaissance tombs, and nothing to rave about. S. Prassede has the most lovely mosaiced chapel I have ever seen—that cathedral at Westminster will have to be good to beat it. The Column to which Jesus Christ was brought to be scourged, that beat him is kept there, and is a constant source of devotion to the faithful. I couldn’t see which was the pillar—they all looked pretty much alike. But the colours of the roof—gold and blue and red are toned to exquisitely and are so carefully placed to avoid the smooth effect of modern mosaic. I don’t think I should ever have seen the villa of the Knights of Malta, if I hadn’t been taken there by a pleasant person in a fiacre. But I know I haven’t said how beautiful the garden is, and I haven’t mentioned the trees on the Palatine, seen from the Aventine. Mela culpa, mater Roma, mea maxima culpa. I will atone. I vow a penny candle to the first saint at the next church where they sell them. That should get me absolved, and after all it is a sentimental thing to do. And see if I don’t choose some pretty lady saint—S. Theresa (didn’t she see the cross?), or S. Agnes, or S. Dorothea, with her basket of roses and fruits—to intercede for me. Avanti! Per Napoli!

February 12, 1913.

Richard Aldington

P.S.—And now I haven’t mentioned Pinturichio’s frescoes in S. Maria del Popolo and the Botticellis in the Sistine Chapel, which were the two things I wanted most to speak of, until Yorick made me forget them. And someone outside is singing one of the airs the Bohemians sing in Paris. I can’t remember which—it is the Boulevard du Montparnasse, and not the Via Veneto.
Views and Reviews.

When men like William James and Henri Bergson are accepted as philosophers, one begins to wonder what philosophy is. It is supposed to mean love of wisdom, but it is difficult to find any exemplar accepted as a philosopher, one begins to wonder what but even this intelligible definition apparently fails to include the work of these two men. For if men do not exist, they cannot write autobiographies; and William James and Henri Bergson, like Hume, proved that they did not exist. Of course, if they did not exist, they could not prove anything; and so we might continue to argue in a circle, until we were quite sure that nothing existed, except our surety. It is better to suppose that James and Bergson did exist, and that philosophical systems are their autobiographies; otherwise, we cannot explain how Mr. James was able to demonstrate their radical foolishness.

It is a matter of common knowledge that we get no more from a logical proposition that we put into it; and it behoves us therefore to be sure that we exclude nothing from our purview, if we intend to represent or rationalise the universe. "By a judicious selection of facts, you can prove anything," said Cardinal Newman; and if a man by a process of reasoning arrives at the conclusion that he does not exist, he must have dropped himself out of the proposition on the way. For the existence of personality is implicit in any inquiry into it; and the logic that would pretend that personality is simply an inference from facts begs the whole question. For the facts must be presented to somebody, if an inference is to be drawn from them; "our personality," anybody, Mr. James, "is an inference from our thoughts but a condition without which there would be no thoughts." It is the Cartesian fallacy again: "I think, therefore I am!" and although Huxley showed the absurdity of the inference, he did so by asserting a greater one, that thought could exist without a thinker. The process of correction by logic, in this case, eliminated personality; and we can smile with Matthew Arnold when he says: "The good of letters may be had without skill in arguing, or that formidable logical apparatus, not unlike a guillotine, which Professor Huxley speaks of somewhere as a formidable logical apparatus, not unlike a guillotine, whose suppression of this kind having been made, there still remains the internal, organic life, with its own peculiar sensibility—the expression of the state of the function of each organ, of their internal or local variations, of the rise or fall of the vital tone. The state of a man immersed in profound slumber sensibly approaches to our hypothesis. If, now, we essay the contrary hypothesis, we find it absurd and contradictory. We cannot conceive to ourselves the special senses, with the psychic life which they support, as having no real form, as being isolated from general sensibility and suspended in vacuo. Each sensorial apparatus is not a matter of fact an abstraction; there does not exist a visual or auditory apparatus in general, such as is described in treatises on physiology, but a concrete, individual apparatus, of which there are never produced two perfectly identical specimens in individuals of the same species, except, perhaps, occasionally in twins. Yet this not all. Each sensorial apparatus, at every instant and for all forms, depends on the organic life, on circulation, digestion, respiration, secretion, and the rest. These different expressions of individuality are added to every perception, emotion, and idea; they are the way in which the sense and feeling is expressed; they generate the whole. As harmonics are with a fundamental tone. This personal, possessive character of our states of consciousness is not, accordingly, as some authors have maintained, the result of a more or less explicit judgment which affirms them as mine, at the instant they are produced. The personal mark is not superadded, but is included; it forms an integral part of the event, and results from its physiological conditions."

A. E. R.
REVIEWS.

Five Songs of Chivalry. By William J. Elliott. (Cottingham Press. 18.)

Verses professedly imitative of Morris. The writer has some ear for diction and running rhythm. "The Last Stand" is clever with an illuminating change from third to first person.

Songs of the Dead End. By P. MacGill. (Year Book Press.)

One is not very sure whether Mr. MacGill, who was formerly a collier, adores or loathes the pick and shovel; now, these are sung high as the tools of divine Vulcan, and now again, they seem to be regarded as the badge of a slave. It is all very well to boast of wielding something more powerful than Emperor's sceptre, and at the same time to reiterate "hell, hell, hell," as descriptive of the wielder's existence, and to threaten the idle rich with calamities. So long as men think coal-mining not disgraceful to a human being, so long they will live and love amid coal-dust, and no number of songs will restore the green earth. Mr. MacGill simply left off navvy-ing; but for the others he says:

"But it isn't in our power, my boys, to end it, So we'll face it to the final with a curse. But it's hell—pure hell. . . ."

They go on breeding for it all the same! If Mr. MacGill has their ear, he should pipe them a tune of Mabuls. However, he would have to risk their stoning him for an immoral person and a kill-joy. There are one or two passable songs in the volume.

Streets. By Douglas Goldring. (Goschen. 28. 6d.)

Life as "one long delicate tea with petits-fours" is about the level of the book. The "Manchester Guardian" compares Mr. Goldring with Heine, Mr. Yeats and Henley! We compare him with a monkey, a barrel-organ and an ungreased sausage machine. Here are some specimens of his doggerel—

"Will he be true? Oh, God, I fear, He'll buy what I would give him free!"

"Down Newport Street, last Sunday night, Tim stabbed his sweetheart in the breast; And mad the music rose, until suspense Clutched at our throats and tore at every sense. And then it dropped, and all the pity of love, etc.

The "Guardian" should really fumigate itself before reviewing. It is as liable to squalor as a child to ring-

Calypso. By P. B. O'Hara. (Melville and Mullen, Melbourne. 58.)

Conscientious verse, but rather thin. Mr. O'Hara has a love for mythology and the classic splendours, but a man must be a great seer to find the life in things that so easily may pass for dead. At the close of "Calypso" we get—

"He launched the raft and spread the eager sail, With eyes set seaward to their utmost bounds; But she saw not, only about her moaned And blotted out the land and sea and sky."

This is sentimental enough! Homer says: "And so, on the fifth day, the fair Calypso sent him on his way from the island, when she had bathed him and clad him in iragrant attire. Moreover, the goddess placed on board the ship two skins, one of dark wine, and another, a great oak of water, and corn, too, in a wallet, and she set therein a store of dainties to his heart's desire, and sent forth a warm and gentle wind to blow. And goodly Odysseus rejoiced as he set his sails to the breeze." No chill grey vapour is here.

Perhaps the most rhythmic verse in the volume is that on Swinburne. It is also extremely artificial with its—

"... gathers from death's wan tree her fairest fruit, The flower of his terrestrial root.

Fruit and root are ill-rhymed; indeed, most of the rhymes are poor, but the Swinburnian note is reproduced (if this is any merit) by careful diction, and the verse reads.

Thomas Campion. By T. MacDonagh. (Hodges, Figgis, and Co. 38. 6d. net.)

Contains selected poems of Campion with long interludes of technical gossip by Mr. MacDonagh, who seems to imagine that Campion is fair game. People of indifferent taste should be taught Goldsmith's anathema on them that suffocate poets. Mr. MacDonagh appears to be intimate with a few modern rhymsters who will certainly lead a man to all sorts of vagaries. One cannot well convey how stifling this "exam."

work becomes even as compared with Campion's own observations on the art, themselves none too brisk. Mr. MacDonagh's taste is almost amusing in its faithful petulance; he prefers the minor with, we think, no single exception.

Ripostes of Ezra Pound. (Stephen Swift. 28. 6d. net.)

It is not "enough that we once came together" to justify its being said three times. A fact is a fact, and said ten times would not make poetry. Be in me as the eternal moods of the bleak wind, and not As transient things are—

"gaiety of flowers. Have in me the strong loneliness of sunless cliffs And of grey waters. Let the gods speak softly of us In days hereafter. The shadowy flowers of Orcus Remember thee."

Here we have something that ranks. Love again and simple rubbish—:

"And you, Love you the much, the more desired . . . I burn, I scald so for the new, Not old friends, new lives, Places! Oh, to be out of this! . . ."

One sympathises a trifle, however, as one does not with the complex rubbish of

"Thee, a marvel, carven in subtle stuff, a Portent."

Ah! "The Seafarer." Would that Mr. Pound might be chained to some rock, on our old English shores with no hope but to sing himself free! Our readers must be well acquainted with this wonderful translation, but who will tire of it?

"Neareth nightshade, smooth from north, Frost from the land, hail fell on earth then, Corn of the coldest. Nathless there knocketh now The heart's thought that I on high streams The salt-wavy tumult traverse alone."

"Days little durable, And all arrogance of earthen riches, There come now no kings, nor Cæsars, Nor gold-giving lords like those gone. What blinds a man that he can ever stumble away from the immortal fields? In plain English, how can a man fitted to make songs like the "Seafarer" stuff a portent?"

Primitie: Essays in English Literature. By Students of the University of Liverpool. (Liverpool University Press. Constable. 46. 6d. net.)

"The humorists by trade are much less significant. Hodder and Moore are the chief of them. They make jokes with frequency. Some of the 'Odes and Adresses to Great People' by Hood and Reynolds have still a little salt, and, of course, many puns." The cow is an animal with four legs, one at each corner! Mr. William T. Young, M.A., Lecturer on English in the Goldsmith's College, tries to say something about Byron: "In 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers' he is a young giant waking to feel his strength; from the turbulent depths of his nature was summoned the instinct for rebellion in literature. In the indiscriminate swing of his club, many bare and revered bends were
hit; but he was henceforth a proved Hercules." Miss Jane Bradshaw writes a moony memoir of Hartley Coleridge, apparently to prove that the poor fellow was altogether a fool. Of course, that the lady should neglect that most enlightening tale how Hartley, that tedious afternoon, jumped up and kissed that clergyman's wife and ran out of that house. Miss Edith Birkhead's essay on "Imagery and Style in Shelley," repeats with a blinche a little bit of everything that anybody has ever said about Shelley; but modesty itself could not melt us into a new nod at each old theory, and finally the blush fades and there is left only a young lady publicly holding forth on a poet. The done nowadays. Professor James Holme, on the "Treatment of Nature in Crabbe" : "The Nature around his feet is the Nature that Crabbe loves to paint; it is this aspect of her that catches the eye of the naturalist, and with the detailed fidelity of a Bircket Foster it is reproduced." Here is style and matter for an essay by a Professor of English! This aspect that catches the eye is reproduced, etc., clears up one mystery, but not this—how men who write reckless English are made Professors. And Bircket Foster has nothing to do with the matter except that he fills up a line for Mr. Holme, who has nothing to say. The contribution by Mr. Wallis on "Blake's Symbolism" contains every cliché in the language.

**Great Writers of America**. (Home University Library. 18. 6d.)

Professor W. P. Trent and Professor John Erskine have written a running biography of famous American men of letters. The two editors are quite academically up to date in their style. Of Washington Irving the young idea is told that "then, after the death of his fiancée had given him a back-ground of tender sentiment—he never married—he produced his elaborate burlesque History of New York." No doubt, if he had married, he would have produced an elaborate tragedy.

**Exposition of the Pilgrim's Progress.** By Robert Stevenson. (Black. 18. 6d.)

The editorial note to this volume contains a mis-appropriation. It is no easy thing to write a book on "The Pilgrim's Progress," write the two editors of the Rev. Robert Stevenson—"it is like painting the lily." All very well to run under your enemy's shield, but what Shakespeare said was not that it is no "easy" thing to paint the lily, but "wasteful and ridiculous excess." We need not absolutely condemn Stevenson as guilty of this excess, since his book is really little more than a convenient medium for quoting Bunyan's name. The commentary itself is, however, in our opinion, excessive. There is no need to explain the "Pilgrim's Progress," and no man has any business to be imagining a necessity. An example from the present "exposition" should prove convincing as to the wastefulness of such a performance.

"'Obstinate' is the speaker with whom we are first made acquainted. 'Be content, good neighbours,' Christian had said, 'and go along with me'; to which this man of resolve without reason raps out the answer, 'What! and leave our friends and comforts behind us?' There is much significance in that word 'What!' uttered, we conceive, with a rising inflection of surprise. The same stubborn tone appears more strongly in the summary dismissal of Christian's appeal to the Book in his hand: 'Tush, away with your Book; will you go back with us or no?' In that last exclamation there is discovered the fatal flaw of this type of mind. He will not look, and therefore he cannot see." Could anyone do Bunyan worse disservice than to preach like this, obscuring the purity of the original work?

**The Star Dream.** By E. M. Davison. (Murray and Sons. 6s.)

For children; the story of Joseph re-told and beginning "Once upon a time there was a man called Jacob."
Pastiche.

"THE PASSIONATE FRIENDS"—ANOTHER STUDY
IN DOTS. (First Instalment.)

To my son.

I want to leave this book to you.

I want to leave it now.

I want to leave it right here.

before I forget.

You see... My father was a dotard, my father was a dotard, my father was a dotard, and I'm his very first dot.

I remembered, as every son must remember—eventually, my dear, the dotishness, the sniffs, the ingratitude, the slights, and disregard. I was sensible of amaz- ing dots. We [the old dotard and his dot] had never talked together of all. Two sorts of things that a man of 25 would not dream of hiding from a coeawl he had hidden from me, his dottiest.

There were two letters... There was a photo of my father, and his father, and his father, unto the fourth dot.

There we were... 3 Stratts, and we had all lived full [imperial pint] lives, and had a glimpse of a long succession of dots.

...I cannot forget the time when, ret. 4 years 9 months and 2 weeks, you looked me in the eye, saying you wanted my advice, as between dot and dot, and on a pressing matter; that, I think, marks a new phase in the history of dot and dot.

And truly you proved it in the next paragraph, which was dotteristique, even to the hiccup.

Just as I did in the next. Beginning with tears, from me, and ending with a scarred behind—yours.

But when I kneck with you, little dot, I felt an intense desire to stretch forward into your time, and live your present life, and the next life, and the one after that, and...and... and... I wanted to exceed the limits of... Hence this carboncyp closely...


RURALISM.

He was one of a coterie of farm labourers and villagers that drifted regularly every Saturday evening into the bar of "The George and Dragon," and drank immoderately. The sour smell of stale tobacco smoke and beer filled the low-ceiled room, and, from the corner near the fire, where he sat, the forms of his companions ap- peared confused and indistinct in the thick acid fumes of shag that pervaded—blurred figures, cursing, laughing, and loudly discussing the news of the week.

The day's events had stunned his slow-working brain. He had "barely" met Lil Robinson, a neighbouring farm girl, and now would have to pay her five shillings a week out of his meekly wage of eleven shillings. The day's events had stunned his slow-working brain. He had "barely" met Lil Robinson, a neighbouring farm girl, and now would have to pay her five shillings a week out of his meekly wage of eleven shillings. The day's events had stunned his slow-working brain. He had "barely" met Lil Robinson, a neighbouring farm girl, and now would have to pay her five shillings a week out of his meekly wage of eleven shillings. The day's events had stunned his slow-working brain. He had "barely" met Lil Robinson, a neighbouring farm girl, and now would have to pay her five shillings a week out of his meekly wage of eleven shillings.

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THE LEMUR.

Never again hand over hand to earth, Furry and soft and silver as the moon, Padding his way a little tinged with dawn Shall span the tree trunks to the craxy tune Of scudding clouds and crosshatched silver light. Never again to any crooked run, Chasing the nodding shadows of the leaves, Racing the ragged undergrowth that weaves A shifting way below a lattice moon. Though all the dallying hours tell of mirth, Though all the powdery branches of mimosa Shake in the shellow dazzling light, and though About the branches of the traveller-tree Stirs the familiar trade wind, whispering low, Loongale of lost delight, laden with memories. But ever homeschool for familiar shadows, The broken, mottled, waggled magpie shadows, Homeless for sure of leaves and star-nicking roof, Remembering below the laughing stars The labyrinth of a tangled forest woof. Hating the limitation of the Eternal unintelligible company That peers and pokes between his prison bars, Faces that grin and, most of all, The area of his narrow, close-walled home, That measured stride, That toil or teeth or jerks from side to side Can alter, madden him.

MARION PRYCE.

LINES.

I hurried through the hard and ugly street, Cross with the smells, the dinginess, the slime, The lostish way they'd dumped the houses down, Content that ugliness should be the norm. Then, wexed, sardonically, I said "to quoit" to myself, and conned Weakness and cowardice and laziness, And tacit choice of easy fifth-rate, mixed With angry longing for dear love and beauty: Seeking romance, and disbeliefing in it: "Already twenty-five!"—and could have flogged myself For letting go by you, that you, that you, that you, Crammed, savage, greedy, pagan, plundering— And then I heard two voices singing flat, And saw a man and woman in the mud Of the roadway, and the rain: they must have been Most miserable; and I saw the man was blind. But guess what he was singing? This was it: "Count your blessings. Name them one by one, And you'll surprise yourself. Who says the Lord has done thee wrong? He got in rather nestly on the Lord!"
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC HUMBUG.

Sir,—Not only has the infamous Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1912, seriously endangered the liberty of the subject and enabled Feminist judges to pass ferocious sentences, but there is a very formidable weapon in the hands of malicious women. Here is a case: A young fellow of 18 lived with a girl of about the same age. One day he went on the street to augment their means. Unfortunately, he did not leave her until January. The girl informs the police, with the result that the young fellow has just been sent to prison. (Arch. Gibs."

PLAYRIGHT AND BOOTBLACK.

Sir,—What a blather! What a dust! We are all going about in the work the late Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Harold Cox are seen scuffling and wresting in the middle of the street. What is it all about? And what is it for? His prescient "I protest I never said a word to the gentleman; he interfered without a word of provocation." It appears that Mr. Cox is suspected of wanting more of something or other than the average bootblack, and a good share of that, than Mr. Shaw. Now Mr. Cox never said so, but he did say that the system under which he gets more than the bootblack is a good system. What Mr. Cox wants to get is as much as he can. And that is exactly what Mr. Shaw and the bootblack take, whether they want it or no.

What is the "skeleton" case? On our papers two months ago that the battle between Individualism and Socialism was at an end. The Press, the politicians, and the prattlers are all agreed that "Jaissez-faire," having some connection with Manchester, is an extinct political creed. If not, "Individualism has extirpated Individualism." Then why kick a dead donkey? Is it that the death has never been certified? Distracted Protection is not only inveterate, but yet it seems pretty lively even now. Is Mr. Shaw afraid that the deceased Individualism will rise again?

Here is the origin of the row. Mr. Shaw did not actually attack Mr. Cox, but he said so much against Mr. Cox's creed that that gentleman thought himself justified in attacking Mr. Shaw; and that is exactly what Mr. Shaw wanted. He had a reason. He had no desire to re-open the debate as to the rival merits of the two political creeds. If he had, he would have challenged Mr. Shaw to a debate, and, instead of executing a war-dance round Mr. Cox, he might as well point out that there dwell among us earls and barons whose grandfathers taught the first law of motion. Is it possible that an economist says to those whose earning power is less than their cost of subsistence are roseelessly shoved off into the abyss. This is an error because the first law of motion. Is it possible that an economist says to those whose earning power is less than their cost of subsistence are roseelessly shoved off into the abyss. This is an error because the first law of motion. 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the tax equally with the native, and, of course, the foreigner gains no right of suffrage by reason of the payment.

Notwithstanding the fact that the poll tax seems very unpopular with the working men of California, and they have the right to vote; yet, under the present condition of things, and yet there seems to be no movement to have the law repealed.

Furthermore, suffrage there is upon the widest possible base. Everyone, who has resided in the State for five years, has the right to vote at all elections. One interesting point is that while women stand on an absolute equality with men, yet the poll tax falls only on the men.

As an instance of the fallacy that freedom of the individual necessarily must exist under an absolute democracy, the tax law is now undergoing consideration by the Legislature prohibiting parents being unduly extravagant in clothing their children. Another law is also proposed, prohibits divorced people from re-marrying within three years. If one goes out of the State to evade the law, and marries within the prescribed time, he is liable to be imprisoned on his return. If one should attempt to evade the law by co-habiting without marrying before the three years, he would be violating the Californian law, and be liable to imprisonment. That is, he would be, unless his second chance happened fortunately to have a reputation sufficiently known in his co-habitant's religious, who he would violate none of the California proprieties, and he would be quite safe from the law.

It is a curious thing that one of the first results of woman suffrage in California is to bring women to the conclusion that they would be better off without it. In fact, it is the only explanation at all, for prostitutes are quite as well aware as other people of the anomaly that the chief support to prostitution comes from undivorced married men.

Another interesting law about to be enacted in California is one which gives a pension to dependents upon workers who may be killed in industrial accidents. The pension is to be paid to the wife of the deceased man merely on the basis she is his wife with no inquiry as to her being dependent, but in the case of the wife being co-habitant or killed, then her husband must prove that she was dependent upon her earnings. Presumably white slavey are barred from claiming under the act, although nothing is said thereto.

WORKING WOMEN AND THE VOTE.

Sir,—The modern feminist movement which arose seven years ago, coming, as it did, so spontaneously and with such glowing anticipations of the future of women, set fire to the imagination of many working-class women, and swept them off their feet. The most rabid Socialist women found themselves at street corners making speeches about the revolution which would occur when "women got the vote." Much water has passed under Westminster Bridge since then, and many of those who made speeches, and those who wished to have a reputation sufficient to send them both back to work was the power of organized labour. How much good was his enthusiasm go further?

Recently, the W.S.P.U. has seen fit to revive its interest in women workers. The grievances of these women is a very good platform topic for sentimental W.S.P.U. speakers, but those of us with any respect for ourselves, ought to kick against this sort of parasitic, and against our very real grievances being exploited in this way. I remember very well a branch of the W.S.P.U. organised in Bow some six years ago, formed completely by that organisation at the time of the boom in suffrage, when wealthy ladies were joining the ranks in large numbers and fabricating false stories to the treasurer. The rich Bisset Lawrence having left the W.S.P.U., and taken a large number of members with them, the leaders have once again taken up the cry of the hardships of working women, and have rediscovered the east end of London and Bow. I object to this (1) Because it is degrading to my class; and (2) because many poor women are fooled by the promises held out to them, and, instead of acting in the industrial field, are led away into the political field, which leaves them eventually just where they were at first.

A formidable grievance of the W.S.P.U. and kindred societies is that we are governed by man-made laws. This grievance can mean nothing to the enlightened working woman. She realises what the W.S.P.U. and kindred societies is that we are governed by man-made laws. This grievance can mean nothing to the enlightened working woman. She realises what the W.S.P.U. and kindred societies is that we are governed by man-made laws. This grievance can mean nothing to the enlightened working woman. She realises what the W.S.P.U. and kindred societies is that we are governed by man-made laws. This grievance can mean nothing to the enlightened working woman. She realises what the W.S.P.U. and kindred societies is that we are governed by man-made laws. This grievance can mean nothing to the enlightened working woman. She realises what the W.S.P.U. and kindred societies is that we are governed by man-made laws. This grievance can mean nothing to the enlightened working woman. She realises what the W.S.P.U. and kindred societies is that we are governed by man-made laws. This grievance can mean nothing to the enlightened working woman. She realises what the W.S.P.U. and kindred societies is that we are governed by man-made laws. This grievance can mean nothing to the enlightened working woman. She realises what the W.S.P.U. and kindred societies is that we are governed by man-made laws. This grievance can mean nothing to the enlightened working woman. She realises what the W.S.P.U. and kindred societies is that we are governed by man-made laws. This grievance can mean nothing to the enlightened working woman. She realises what the W.S.P.U. and kindred societies is that we are governed by man-made laws. This grievance can mean nothing to the enlightened working woman. She realises what the W.S.P.U. and kindred societies is that we are governed by man-made laws. This grievance can mean nothing to the enlightened working woman. She realises what the W.S.P.U. and kindred societies is that we are governed by man-made laws. This grievance can mean nothing to the enlightened working woman. She realises what the W.S.P.U. and kindred societies is that we are governed by man-made laws. This grievance can mean nothing to the enlightened working woman. She realises what the W.S.P.U. and kindred societies is that we are governed by man-made laws. This grievance can mean nothing to the enlightened working woman. She realises what the W.S.P.U. and kindred societies is that we are governed by man-made laws. This grievance can mean nothing to the enlightened working woman. She realises what the W.S.P.U. and kindred societies is that we are governed by man-made laws. This grievance can mean nothing to the enlightened working woman. She realises what the W.S.P.U. and kindred societies is that we are governed by man-made laws. This grievance can mean nothing to the enlightened working woman. She realises what the W.S.P.U. and kindred societies is that we are governed by man-made laws. This grievance can mean nothing to the enlightened working woman. She realises what the W.S.P.U. and kindred societies is that we are governed by man-man.
WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

Says Sir, I did not see "A. E. R.'s" "Views and Reviews" in time to add even a postscript to my last letter. We young thespians of the New Age for any apology that may be due, in that a misprint I had not till now observed caused him to set in full-like Olympian thunderbolts-so unworthily a victim in his new copy of my first letter, but I find in my MS. what assuredly I meant to write: "I am firmly convinced that the woman's movement of to-day is essentially the protest of a mighty race vitality against conditions which threaten to destroy it." The substituted word "vitaly" suggested, inconsistently, that I have Adventures in unconscious intellectual movement, national, national, popular. I have never so regarded it. I suggest, with my humble respects to all Olympians, that I attempted that which is sometimes a more useful service to the truth-seeker than even irony forborne. I offered a theory. My intimacy with the mind and purpose of Nature, is like your contributor's, if I may say it in all good humour, if not less than the intelligence she has severally granted us. A theory is an endeavours to interpret the facts as understood by the observer. To state such conclusions dogmatically may be a tribute of respect to the intelligence addressed rather than a Lilliputian claim to infallibility. "A. E. R.'s" remarks strike the note of pessimism, and pessimism like all merely destructive criticism may be chastening, but not inspiring. He is too scornful the idea that Nature ever works by contraries—that she destroys the individual, in short, that she may preserve the race. His philosophy is much amiss. It does not make for greater present efficiency, but it directs the sufferer to the physician for the hope and chance of cure.

But Nature's protest is belated, your contributor says. I, faith, even my own intimacy does not extend to dictating her timeless table. Yet, is it not possible a little hasty? It is surely arguable that we are now beginning to reap the real harvest of the Industrial Age. When John Bright and his fellow Free Traders—conservative, uncleannly, by the way, which is much to be desired—elect to sacrifice English manhood to cheap production, and the public weal to private wealth, they sow the crop of materialist tares which are hastening to contaminate the wheat of our spiritual heritage as a people. They sowed finally, that is, and decisively, beyond remedy of mere cloddy legislative hoeing and weeding such as our Opporuntists politicians affect. The human straw for our national and Imperial brick-making is impoverished by the leanness of a narrow class vision, the true Nemesis and educational fruit of our factory schools. The ripening grain appears as a de-nationalised capitalist Oligarchy. The full effects on race vitality have been seen. The English know in their hearts that it is false. It is not a thing that can profitably be argued. The English will leave that to the talkers—until their hour strikes. Sometimes he would see far must look deep into the care mirror. The strong river of our national life is running through a dangerous, doughty country. There is much hunger for a national surface, and stagnant marshes take heavy toll of its waters. The amazing race-energy that claimed and is seeking to make good the conquest of a world empire has bent itself at home to the creation of the Industrial civilisation. The English race has been akin in character to our Empire-building—born and bred of the national genius, that of an Organic Initiative, intensely individualistic, yet orderly not anarchic. The indomitable fighter has been engaged in that warfare which Nature exacts as the price of her secrets, of her submission to Man's headship of her kingdom. We see now the captured colours, but also the sad wreckage of the stricken field. Our Industrial civilisation turn its terribly costly, dubious victory into peaceful, kindly possession? Is its directing spirit to be a Frankenstein or the heart and brain of a nobler Napoleon?

The great river is running through a greedy and a thirsty land. On every side wasteful private sluices are tapping the common stock, the owners scarcely troubling to close them when their well-dyked fields are fed. The unfruitful desert sucks the waste. The New Age proposes that we build barrages, in the shape of national reservoirs, to increase fertility, and to give back their filched heritage to the people. The Trade Guilds are to be re-born as greater commons, traditional inheritors of those England has so tragically lost. Within their strong defence the wage-serf will regain independence and security, his birthright of self-respecting manhood. No longer will he be the driven slave of Industry, voiceless to choose his labour, forbidden to give of his best by harassed Trade Union or grasping profit-seeking master.

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To-day a Plutocracy enslaved to material possession, and powerless therefore to give a spiritual freedom it does not itself possess, is confronted with the democracy increasingly concerned only to take on the same slavery. Freedom, like all great ideals, can only come to the birth in fairest unainted proportions as the offspring of fellowship, not of strife. The rich man with his plenty must see it and seek it as well as the poor man in his need. Will he? Why should he? The Capitalist has got the wealth and the power, and, seemingly, is well on the road to ruling like his Pharaohs over his children. Yet he has to-day a royal choice such as no Pharaoh knew. If he has faith and vision he can lead the people like another Moses into the Promised Land of the Kingdom of God. He can rebuild among an unenvious great-hearted people that spiritual aristocracy which must ever be the true guardian and exponents of a sound-hearted democracy—the aristocracy of a service which cannot be bought, but is freely given.

One sees in thought a land where the natural leaders of free men hold rule, and neither flatter, despise, nor exploit their fellows, where the wealth and leisure that no
generous heart can now enjoy, knowing it hoarded through the blood-sweat of the poor, shall be earned and spent for the honour and greatness of their common country.

Surely, the man who had played his part in such a re-making of Old England, loved, served, and sung by her great sons of days gone by, would face death itself with a laughter in his heart that few reveal as they face life today. Maybe, "such stuff as dreams are made on." Yet born for all that of the sober, austere pages of the English New Age.

* * *
CHARLES CECIL.

"FINISH."

SIR,—If I may be permitted to trespass upon your space for a few lines, I should like to endorse the aesthetic doctrines expressed by Mr. Ludovici in his article on "Finish." As he pointed out, finish has come to be associated with decadence solely because of the pseudo-artists who, following the real (classical) artists, inherit their external form without inheriting their spirit. Mr. Ludovici's examples were taken from painting, but the position is equally clear in literature. In France, for example, the great classical tradition which came from the sixteenth century down to Voltaire and Chamfort, was afterwards mimicked by the pseudo-classicists of the Restoration, and the reaction from their soulless imitations produced the fearful wave of nineteenth century romanticism. Precisely the same phenomenon was witnessed in Italy, where the weary, dry-witted writers who followed the grand literature of the Tuscan Renaissance paved the way for Tasso and his hysterical company; and this has all been repeated, moreover, in the last fifty years when, the classical school of Alfieri and Leopardi having been flattered away by their disciples, the insane Italian revolution of Carducci and d'Annunzio has come to pass. In England, too, we can discern the same universal tendency. When Keats attacked classicism, it was not the finished art of Milton and Dryden to which he was objecting, but the lifeless, quaint scholastic rubbish of the followers of Pope. This is made plain by the fact that Keats himself took the classics for models, in his best work (e.g., Milton in "Hyperion," and Dryden in "Lycidas"); but, unfortunately, his followers were unable to distinguish between true and false classicism, and, therefore, eschewed both to produce Pater, Swinburne, and Wilde.

The trend of romanticism, however, is always the same. By allowing anyone of howsoever little ability to "try his hand at artistic creation, it popularises art; and when a thing of the spirit has been popularised, it is ready to be carried out for burial. Romanticism is the sort of remedy for uninspired classicism that floods is for drought; the last state is apt--or, rather, certain--to be worse than the first. The only remedy for all our aesthetic ills is a real classical renaissance; but this cannot be achieved at will. We must wait the coming of another genius. Nevertheless, it is our duty to prepare his path by maintaining the classical tradition, i.e., finish, so that, the statue being already there, the master will only need to quicken it with his breath. If we do not do this, if form and finish are not maintained, future artists, like past ones, will have either to waste their energies on the hack school master work of inventing style, or to drown their woes and their genius--in the romantic Lethe.

WILFRID HUMPHREY.

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