NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In the debate on Rural Housing in the House of Commons on Friday Mr. Roberts of the Labour Party objected to Mr. Burns that the Government, as well as criticising the proposals of a private member, should submit counter proposals. The objection is well taken—-from the pages of The New Age—but it lies against Mr. Roberts and his party quite as damagingly as against Mr. Burns. It is true that Mr. Burns objected to Mr. Burns that the Government, as well as the State is made responsible for the feeding, housing, waging and living of the workers, its control over them, to the diminution of their remaining liberty, to the policy of State doles in relief of even a pretence of a remedy was in his opinion statesmanship.

We share the Labour Party’s view of the urgency of reform, but we do not share their pitiful beastly notions—to use Cromwell’s phrase—of the means of reform. The notion of doles, in particular, is one which, under no circumstances, save those of a great national calamity, ought to be so much as tolerated by the Labour Party, for the simple reason that with every step in the direction of doles wages are depressed and the personal liberty of the proletariat curtailed. The Labour Party may indulge the hope that by reason of their intercession with persons of quality in the clouds the laws of economics and of psychology will be suspended in their favour; but their amiable superstition will not alter facts. As doles multiply, wages will fall; and as the State is made responsible for the feeding, housing, waging and living of the workers, its control over them, to the diminution of their remaining liberty, must necessarily increase. Both the Liberals and the Tories, to judge by their attitude, are far, indeed, from feeling any alarm at this prospect. Their easy test of progress is not the rise of wages or the enlargement of the area of personal liberty, but the national production of commodities of exchange measured by pounds sterling. So long as this amount continues to grow by annual increments of five or ten per cent., so long will the capitalist parties conclude that nothing seriously is amiss with Labour since its output shows no signs of suffering. And if, moreover, Labour’s few grievances—such as express themselves—can be redressed by the cheap method of doles, the upshot of such a policy is of less concern to capitalists than to the workers themselves. Why should Jacob decline to purchase Esau’s birthright for a mess of pottage if Esau is willing to sell? And why should capitalists decline to purchase the liberties of the proletariat at a dole apiece? We can assure our Labour readers, if we have any, that the policy of doles on which their Parliamentary representatives are engaged, suits the capitalist parties very well. As profiteers they have everything accept without any delay. What kind of policy this would entail he would not stop to reflect. The immediate evil was so great that an immediate application of even a pretence of a remedy was in his opinion statesmanship.

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to gain by collecting into their own hands the dispensing of the means of living of the poor. But for the Labour Party such a policy is, we repeat, disloyalty to their constitution and treachery to their class. With the strictest truth it may be said that they are selling their brethren into slavery.

It is a strange observation, however, that every counter proposal to the policy of doles finds the Labour Party in instinctive, for we cannot regard it as reasonable, opposition. The means, in fact, of raising wages are as much abhorred of the party as the end itself is desired. We are not discussing now the only certain means of raising wages, that of abolishing the wages-system altogether; but we confine ourselves to the declared object of the Labour Party, that of raising wages under the existing system; and we say again, in reference to this end alone, that every means thereto is opposed by the Labour Party. What, from this most ordinary view, are the means which Labour can adopt for raising its wages? They are four—strikes, emigration, Malthusianism, and the restriction of the labour market. Yet each and all of these four means, and there are no others, are rejected by the party as if they were the necessary method of the strike: it is well-known that the majority of the Labour leaders disapprove with even more unfeigned spontaneity than any of the most inconvenienced capitalists. Strikes, it would seem, they simply cannot abide; and in spite of the facts that the recent rises in wages have been due to strikes and to strikes alone, and that striking on a large scale is now the settled and effective political method of the Belgian Labour Party, the English Labour Party continues its obstinate unteachable attitude of unswerving opposition. Mr. Philip Snowden, in particular, is brazen in his shamelessness and inaccessibility to argument as well as to entreaty. Like any Bourbon or Stuart he will not abase his divine right of being wrong by noticing the criticisms even of sympathetic writers like Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

Of the remaining means which are equally the object of the rooted prejudice of the Labour Party, emigration perhaps deserves to be considered first. At one time, we confess it, we were ourselves opposed to the notion of attempting to relieve our labour troubles by periodically bleeding the body corporate of some tens of thousands. But in face of the facts of the case this attitude is no longer reasonable. To begin with, emigration is at this moment in progress at a rate equal to that of the natural increase of our population; and no-one would be so cheap amongst us as to allow the movement will have any effect upon the fact. With or without the encouragement of the Labour Party, our proletariat are more and more taking their destinies into their own hands and relieving the home labour market of the congestion of competition which an excess of workers would certainly intensify. Can it be denied that labour at home has profited by their withdrawal from the market? In place of two men competing for every job, there are, in consequence of the strike it is well-known that the majority of the Labour leaders disapprove with even more unfeigned spontaneity than any of the most inconvenienced capitalists. Strikes, it would seem, they simply cannot abide; and in spite of the facts that the recent rises in wages have been due to strikes and to strikes alone, and that striking on a large scale is now the settled and effective political method of the Belgian Labour Party, the English Labour Party continues its obstinate unteachable attitude of unswerving opposition. Mr. Philip Snowden, in particular, is brazen in his shamelessness and inaccessibility to argument as well as to entreaty. Like any Bourbon or Stuart he will not abase his divine right of being wrong by noticing the criticisms even of sympathetic writers like Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

Concerning Malthusianism or the deliberate restriction of births in the proletariat class we may make this excuse for the repugnance of the Labour Party. They naturally hesitated to accept the fact that the means which are given by capitalism, that there are far too many of their class. Yet it is not only a fact, but it is a fact that hurts them much more than it does the capitalist classes. These latter, indeed, in so far as they are without taste, positively revel, as well as see their profit, in the swollen statistics of the birth-rate of the poor. If the poor are no longer of much use as food for powder, at least by competing with each other they keep wages low, blacklegs plentiful, and the whole lot of them subservient in fear of losing their jobs. On the other hand, we should have thought that Labour itself would be the first to see that under the existing system a powerful means of raising wages is to cut off the supply of labour at its source. And the profit from the process to their class would not be confined to wages; for the disappearance alone the large families of the poor are responsible for an untold amount. It is impossible for capitalists, however, who have never felt poverty, to realise either that it is as black as it is painted or that the poor feel it as keenly as their leaders pretend; since the poor show not only no signs of revolting themselves, but no signs of sparing another generation the ills they endure. But on grounds of humanity as well as economics they should be taught by their leaders what is both decent and expedient.

Failing the retrenchment of the supply of labour at its source, the most sensible means of raising the wages of the proletariat would be the restriction of their numbers in industry. One end of this device is indeed perceived dimly through Labour's one eye; for, after long coaching and coaxing, Labour leaders now accept the raising of the school-age and the limitation of boy and girl labour as part of their programme. But while they are caulk ing a leak at this end of their vessel, they are at the same time allowing a much greater leak to be sprung at the other end. Nay, they are assisting in the scuttling of their ship. We refer, almost needlessly, to the Labour Party's official endorsement of the demands of women to enter the competitive labour market. Children out and women in appears to be the new motto of Labour madness. It cannot be as keenly as their leaders pretend; since the poor show not only no signs of revolting themselves, but no signs of sparing another generation the ills they endure. But on grounds of humanity as well as economics they should be taught by their leaders what is both decent and expedient.

in England will never fall much lower than it now is, and the hope of raising wages by cheapening Capital is therefore vain. It follows that Labour must needs find Capital to employ it, Labour must follow Capital as Mary's lamb followed Mary, going everywhere where Capital goes and never leaving Capital to employ itself on a lower wage basis. In short, the emigration of Labour should be looked at as a new phase to the emigration of Capital. A last consideration is that for the English-speaking race, emigration from one dominion to another should not be looked upon as alienation. England, or rather Britain, in time to come, will be wherever British institutions, British character, and British traditions and ideals are paramount. That England itself may cease to be the single centre of the British Commonwealth is quite upon the cards for a comparatively proximate decade. We can neither count on it nor persist in exporting our best artisans, leaving ourselves the worst, without transforming our nation into either a rotten nut or an empty husk.
sources as the old threat to give out, we willingly agree; but that it has any deeper cause we deny. Whatever its causes, however, its effect, while the wage system prevails, can only be to lower the wages of men.

While upon this subject of Women's Suffrage we may remark that no cause grows more manifestly popular in the country and more secretly popular in Parliament. What lobbying and hobnobbing of wire pullers has been taking place within the last month in the House of Commons we shall detail at the proper moment; but, for the present, it is enough to know that a grand reconciliation between the two front Benches on the subject of Women's Suffrage is in prospect. The Plural Voting Bill, as our readers will guess, has played the part of quo pro for which the enfranchisement of propertyd conservative women is to play the part in the bargain of quid; but more than this simple exchange of popular liberties has certainly been in the background. What reason, for instance, have the profiteers of whom the House of Commons is composed, for opposing Women's Suffrage? If there is anything whatever in our contention that women's labour is to be encouraged to compete with men's, by breaking down the taboo still on women in industry, far from having any reason to oppose the suffrage capitalists have good reason for actively supporting it. Again, it is no argument in the House of Commons that the measure of Women's Suffrage is unpopular. It is true that Lord Morley once wrote that a Parliament capable of resisting a popular conviction would be more dangerous than any other despotism; but he and we have travelled far since 1889. The Insurance Act, passed, enforced and accepted as it was with almost no resistance from a mainly hostile popular opinion, has paved the way for Parliament to do whatever it pleases, even when popular feeling appears to be the most threatening. John Bull, it is concluded, is the Sanhedrin, but he bites no longer. Servile levithan, however, as our public is, we can still just speculate on the fate of the political party that invites it to hold out its nostrils to the hook of Women's Suffrage.

To return, however, the Liberals have a plan for raising wages of which no Labour economist ever thought: it is the plan of Trade Boards. Mr. Massingham is quite correct in claiming this invention for Liberalism along with the Insurance Act and several other equally objectionable measures. For the truth is that under cover of these pretences at reform the majority make, more than balance the expenditure in every instance. In other words, the effect, and it may be the design, of Trade Boards is merely to veil the operation of competition in general. They do not raise wages for the simple reason that political action cannot.

It is easy enough to see what must be the conclusion of the Labour Party's refusal to adopt any real method of raising wages, and the Liberals' adoption of unreal methods. Sooner or later the former will be impossible and the latter will be found out. There will remain then only the alternative of doles; and this, strange to say, is already being advocated by the Unionist social reformers. The debate in the House on Friday showed clearly that the policy of doles is almost as much a Unionist method as the policy of Trade Boards is a Liberal method. For the simple reason that political action cannot, there is even more to be said for it. It is true, as we have pointed out, that doles, sooner than anything else, will bring us into the Servile State; but it is also true that even if Voltaire and Mr. Burns do not see the necessity, the poor must see the policy, and if not their wages, by charity. The contest of the moment is therefore the contest between the raising of wages by fair means or foul and the definite commitment of Parliament to the policy of State-aid or democracy. If no other course, it appears to us, is open. It is either more wages or more doles. Mr. Burns, we imagine, is aware that in his attitude of resistance to doles and in the absence of any attempt of the Labour Party to raise wages, he is the last of the English, the sole Minister between the pigs and the precipice. After him the doluge.

And Parliament, we should say, is being prepared for it by the steady degradation of its members. In intrinsic merit as a parliament, Mr. Balfour said last week that all that Mr. Balfour can say, has declined even within the last ten years. Speaking in the City on Wednesday Mr. Balfour expressed a doubt whether this in fact was true. If it was, he said, it is a great tragedy and the blame must be thrown upon democracy. But democracy, even in Mr. Balfour's sense of the word—the prevalence in government of the deliberate will of the community—cannot be held to blame, for, in truth, no Parliament in history has so often or so openly defied the will of the community as the present Parliament. It is not, we are certain, from an excess of democracy in this sense that the Government is fallen into disrepute (without, however, losing its hold upon power), but from a defect of democracy. Democracy—still in Mr. Balfour's sense—appears to us as it appeared to Burke, willing to create an instrument of government more powerful that it can as yet control. "We accord," said Burke, "extravagant power to our governing authorities, but reserve no means of calling them to account." What means has the public at this moment of calling to account the members of the Cabinet who have been investing in American Marconis? What means had we of rejecting the Insurance Act or a score of similar Acts passed in despite of the popular will? The only instruments of control left in our hands when Parliament fails are rioting and the return at the next election of the conniving party; and both are objectionable. Mr. Balfour, however, is not one of those who define democracy. We no longer employ the word to mean the prevalence of the will of the community; but confine it to the negative conception of an absence of class government. And in this sense we have so far arrived at it politically that all our political machinery is nominally at the disposal of the three main social classes of the State equally. But, alas! we have also discovered that political equality without economic equality is not democracy but plutocracy. We have pulled down aristocracy, we have pulled down democracy, we have pulled down aristocracy. We have knocked out the twin pillars of the middle-classes; but we find set up in their place, as if it had always been there, the figure and the power of capitalism. And against capitalism we are for the present powerless. The secret, it is not obvious, of Parliament's will and power to govern England against the popular will is the control by Capital of Labour. Dominion, said Swift, must follow property; and equally, we may add, subservience follows propertylessness. Legislators, said Macaulay, must be in vain where want makes them the slaves of the landlord. It is plutocracy that our democracy has so far resulted in, and plutocracy is more apparent in Parliament than ever it has dared to be before. Hence both the degradation of Parliament and its preparation for the coarse legislation that will be necessary to establish the servile state securely.
Current Cant.

"The acquisition of wealth is a divine gift."—BISHOP J. P. NEWMAN.

"With the 'Daily Mirror' as his text, the Rev. J. O. Aglionby, curate of Holy Trinity Church, preached an interesting sermon to members of the Holy Trinity Brotherhood this afternoon... The preacher went on to pay a glowing tribute to this paper: 'We all know the 'Daily Mirror' very well. In it you will occasionally see pictures of things that are bad, but they are always put in a decent way, and so these things are a force for good.' (Photographs on page 3.)"—Daily Mirror.

"We may claim that in accuracy, taste, responsibility, and sincerity the modern newspaper in this country has reached a very high level... Much is condemned to the ephemeral fate of newspapers which deserves its place and its utility. The modern newspaper in this country has reached a very high level... Much is condemned to the ephemeral fate of newspapers which deserves its place and its utility. The British newspaper is making headway in the world of literature..."—Daily Express.

"The Bishop of Birmingham had telegraphed to the Villa, wishing them every success, and they were playing up to the wishes of the right rev. gentleman."—Sunday Chronicle.

"Liberalism has discovered a machinery for raising the lowest swamps and depressions of labour, and enabling the whole mass to reach the level of tolerable comfort."—H. W. MASSINGHAM.

"I regret to inform our readers that, owing to 'Philanderer' having sailed to the United States, we have been compelled to discontinue his articles in this country... I have, however, been fortunate enough to secure the services of a brilliant young Oxford undergraduate, who is to-day commencing his work for the last forty-five years. His grandfather knew poverty, his father knew the cause of it, and the young man..."—Lloyd George.

"It shows how deeply the sense of fair-play is planted in the British breast."—Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

"The working man has not forgotten all the education he has got for the last forty-five years. His grandfather knew poverty, his father knew the cause of it, and the young man..."—WILL CROOKS, M.P.

"I have been greatly inspired by the numerous messages which I have received from men of all parties. It shows how deeply the sense of fair-play is planted in the British breast."—Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

"Mr. Asquith has had his hair cut... ('Daily Mirror' photographs.)"—Daily Mirror.

CURRENT COMMERCIALISM.

"Mackirdy's Weekly.—You are invited to apply for a prospectus of a company now being formed. A six per cent. investment. The paper will be controlled by Mrs. Archibald Mackirdy, author of 'The Soul Market,' etc., founder of the Mackirdy Shelters for Women and Girls in London. A canny North Country business man writes: 'Dear Mrs. Mackirdy—I have been greatly inspired by the numerous messages which I have received from men of all parties. It shows how deeply the sense of fair-play is planted in the British breast.'—London Mail.

"Mr. Asquith has had his hair cut... ('Daily Mirror' photographs.)"—Daily Mirror.

CURRENT CHINAMAN.

"The difference between the heathen and the Christian is that the heathen does good for the sake of doing good. Within the Christian, he does it for immediate honour, profit, and future reward. He lends to the Lord, and wants compound interest."—WONG CHIN FOO in the "North American Review.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

The signing of the truce at Chatalja is the preliminary step towards the signing of a peace treaty; but it is likely enough that the victorious side will not be satisfied. The relations between Servia and Bulgaria are almost at their worst; and even as I write news comes of an alleged attack by Bulgarians on a Servian gun detachment. The excited tone of the Press in both countries does not tend to make a settlement easier. Undoubtedly, the territorial dispute is difficult of solution in a way that would be agreeable to both parties, even if Greece were not implicated at all in connection with Salonika. The original agreement between Bulgaria and Servia was that the former should put 150,000 men in the field and the latter 150,000, the captured territory in the west being divided proportionately. Instead of bringing merely 150,000 men into action, however, the Servians assert that their troops numbered more than 300,000; and from the information at my disposal I believe that this figure is reasonably accurate. Further, the Bulgarians did not help the Servians in Albania, as had been agreed upon, but the Servians assisted the Bulgarians both at Adrianople and at Chatalja. In these circumstances, the Servians feel that they have a right to demand a generous share of the conquered provinces, and they are prepared to fight their ally for it. It is just possible, however, that Russian influence will be sought by the Powers in the matter, and that a Court of Arbitration may sit at St. Petersburg to adjudge the law in dispute. • • •

It was this difficulty with the Servians that induced the Bulgarians to arrange for the hurried truce at Chatalja; the Western European talk of "useless bloodshed" would not have prevented the Bulgarian General Staff from urging Persis Peric and to advance on Constantinople, though it would have been all but impossible to force the Chatalja lines, even with Servian assistance. • • •

In a letter to the "Times" of April 15 the Rev. R. J. Campbell continues a correspondence which had been going on in the "Daily News," he urges that Montenegro should be left free to capture Scutari, wants to know why the Allies are to be robbed of their dearly-bought victories, and suggests that England has gone over to the view of the Triple Alliance. As I have already intimated myself, England all along felt more in harmony with the Triple Alliance than with the Russian view which was finally forced on the Triple Entente; and the progress of the war made it clearer and clearer that England's interests would be best served by a continuance of Turkish dominion in the Near East. • • •

Perhaps this reference to England's interests, both diplomatic and commercial, will serve as an answer to the Rev. R. J. Campbell's inquiry. Speaking of the "plucky little Balkan States," he says: "Why should they be prevented from taking Constantinople? What should it matter to us? Would not the Bulgarian do as well there as the Turk?" Well, one reason why the plucky little Balkan States were prevented from taking Constantinople was that they could not penetrate the Chatalja lines, although, as in other phases of the war, they outnumbered the Turks by more than two to one. But when Mr. Campbell suggests that the Bulgarians would do as well at Constantinople as the Turks, it is time to put forward a few general facts for the consideration of himself and his friends. • • •

In the first place, the rise of the Balkan States means the rise and progress of the concessionnaire, the capitalist, the exploiter—the men, in other words, who could not possibly flourish to the same extent under
Military Notes.
By Romney.

The following are more detailed proposals for the regeneration of the Territorial Army. The activities of that force fall under the two heads of (i) Administration and (ii) Training. In the department of administration reform will best be effected by abolishing the absurd "County Associations" and dividing their duties between the officers commanding units and the County Councils. Our first duty here will be to allow a proper independence to units—an independence which the Territorial scheme has taken away, but which must be restored before any improvement can be made. The social and administrative needs of Territorial regiments differ widely: one wants one thing and one wants another, and any attempt to provide for them entirely from a centralised body has resulted, and will result, in failure. In the first place the centralised body is out of touch with the units in question, is not acquainted with their needs and, generally, none too anxious to learn them; and in any case the necessity of explaining every little need to a headquarters officer involves a good deal of harass- 

The Moslems are a democratic race, and they have no love for factories or mines. They are a democratic race, too—l use the word in its best sense. There is a spirit of discipline and order among them; but there is no secession of class from class such as we find in capitalistic Christian countries like Germany and England. You had only to cross the Erzurum to Adrianople any time before the war to notice the distinction—the bustling Greek, with his mind set on commerce and the development of his business; the Bulgarian, slower and more stupid, but with an equally clear notion of "development" and "progress." On the other side of the line you had patient Moslems, satisfied with their farms and their Koran, asking for nothing else, but taking what Allah sent to them. The commercial brains of the European, particularly the Greek, were then set on industry: but Europeans were useful enough for shopkeeping purposes. I am fully aware of the disadvantages of Mussulman civilisation; but there is no doubt that it is more humane, more level-headed, more sane, than the Christian civilisation of our own day; and Mr. Campbell, who is usually level-headed, more sane, than the Christian civilisation of humanity. Already the Vienna Rothschilds and other great capitalists have begun to buy up the majority of the shares in the existing Near Eastern railways, and plans are now being drafted in half a dozen great places where it had not hitherto been known that such things were. Put cotton on the free list, as the United States Democratic caucus has decided to do in the new Tariff Bill, and there you have your Lancashire duplicated in Asia Minor and Turkey-in-Europe. Is the prospect pleasing to the City Temple? Is it not realised yet that the spread of capitalism means the destruction of the moral character (not to mention the mind and physique) of the people who have the misfortune to come under its influence? Look at those hideous British factories in India for the truth of this assertion applied to what most people still call non-civilised countries.

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The Moslems are an agricultural race, and they have no love for factories or mines.
begin to work itself. The next steps will be on the lines laid down in Kipling's "Army of a dream" and actually initiated by Colonel F. N. Maude at Portsmouth a few years since. (By the way, it is interesting to learn that the two were to some extent working in conjunction.) They wished to have the best attention by every possible tie of interest and sentiment. Rooms, even flats, should be constructed in or near the headquarter buildings in which picked unmarried men of the corps could live, mess ing together if possible. These would constitute a nucleus to the corps in time of mobilisation. There are scores of such men in every unit who would be only too glad of such an opportunity, and the experiment, once initiated, would pay its way. Colonel Maude at Portsmouth conceived the idea of attaching to whip the men themselves to the regiment by instituting scholarships for the children of those who had served a certain number of years, as well as by a lavish round of balls and parties of every description. In short the regimental headquarters should be made the centre of the men's lives as well as a mere training depot, and, by means of a proper system of honorary memberships, it could be ensured that once a man had served in the corps, he never lost touch with it. Such men would act as recruiting sergeants, and see that the younger generation served too.

My plan is, in short, to revive all those sentimental ties which, founded upon a proper regard for interest, are nine-tenths of esprit de corps and therefore of efficiency also. It is significant that it is all this side of regimental life which the cockatoos of the War Office have recently done their best to destroy—shrieking out "efficiency! efficiency!" without having the faintest idea of what "efficiency" is, or realising that, as I have said, esprit de corps is nine-tenths of it. But the execution of all these schemes demands money, and, in the hope to expect to draw money from the War Office and Treasury for purposes such as these. To go to the poor, blinking, bewildered creatures who fill these establishments and to unroll and demand money for such a scheme as I outline above would be a shameful waste of time, and might result in positive harm—in finding oneself written down as a "dangerous person" with "ideas"—not sound. Well, God have mercy on them! They are "sound" and they brought the Territorial Force down by fifty thousand men in four weeks, and have got yet the two ends of their "soundness." But there are some sparks of life and imagination in the local patriotism of our towns, and the funds would be forthcoming, at any rate in sufficient cases to make a start. The rest would imitate success. After all, energy and enterprise are English things, and we may hope to find them—once we get out of the chilly reach of the world with whom Whitehall goes out to dinner. In my next article I propose to deal with (ii) Training.

The Panel Doctors.

How men of the same spirit will congregate together! Slaves with slaves, freemen with the free. The serf's own doctor was in existence in these Islands long before Mr. Lloyd George came to England, though He-of-the-Panel was the first to recognise that fact, and to ensure it. The Lloyd came unto his own and his own received him. To the slaves of Great Britain he spoke of the Kingdom of Heaven; and they marvell'd. Never man spake as this man! To their doctors he praised the Paradise of Panels, and they rejoiced. Three hundred pounds a year! Three hundred golden sovereigns! Good God! And they—they could not even call their own their own!

But what of their wealthier brethren? Ah! that stimulus of money! Three hundred easy pounds! Gad! they were fools not to have seen it. Hence their panic to the panels. For your doctor is only human, and ours is a greedy age. But O! if they had only known! Of the virtuous and wise among them there were a few. If the mob of doctors had but hearkened unto these, their natural leaders, Medicine would still have been a great profession amongst us, and her butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers would never have had the day. Now annihilated by them, lost, Nor were they wholly to blame, poor fools. Being little skilled in the art of making money, they naturally put their simple trust in the wily Welshman. Gentleman Taffy, was he not the Chancellor of the Exchequer, one of the mighty ones, a Statesman? And dear old Pillo and portly Potions know what's what, bai Jove! One really has to recognise one's position in life, doncher-know; Man has his place in the universe, eh? What? So the dear old boys fell down and worshipped while the Welsh Messiah rode his donkey to the New Jerusalem. The Young Men, of course, followed boldly. Who were they to question the wisdom of their fathers? Hosanna to the Lloyd of Panels!

So the procession grew. Nor was their adoration to be so utterly unfruitful. "In my father's house are many mansions," said the Lloyd. "If I were not so I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you." But the Lloyd was speaking unto his apostles, and dear old Pills and portly Potions, with their noses polishing the cobbles, did not see the Master's Wink. The Young Men, of course, new dedications in all this world are less discerning. Somebody offered them lollipops, so they shouted: "Hosanna to the Lloyd of Panels!"

And now the appointed end of the panel-probation is at hand. And they have not made their fortunes! Worse, much worse. The lean three-hundred-pounds-a-year has eaten up all the fat profits of their practices, and remains a lean three hundred still. For who could trust a panel doctor? Had he not to buy the cheapest drugs for the insured? Would he not be the sole in private practice? Could they be expected to? Were his rapid methods of diagnosis and treatment reserved only for the insured? Would they not affect his general conduct? Were they conducive to his clients' health? Would the scab, who sacrificed the traditions and ideals of his profession, hesitate to sacrifice his patients too? The panel doctors were out to make money, and they made it! One by one their patients dwindled; the wealthy families of the well-established practices severed their connections; and the doctors who were not on the panels received the patients of those who were. The panel doctors earned their three hundred pounds a year (God bless them!), but the men of honour, the men of integrity, the men who kept their ideals pure, the men who jealously maintained the dignity of their ancient profession, and spurned the Welshman's bribes, have had their own reward. Moreover, their surgeries are filled to overflowing, their visiting lists overcrowded. The terrible boycott of virtue is at an end, and the panel doctors are left alone in their glory to minister to the damned! Truly a wondrous recompense, a worthier fate! "Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven, and all things else shall be added unto you," said the Lloyd. And they did! Let the remorse of these fools be the scorn of the noble.

MORGAN TUD.

SONG OF THE SUPERMAN.

(Stanzas written in dejection at a Railway junction.)

What will it matter to me, when the great god Death shall call,
Whether I toiled and conquered? . . .
Devil-a-bit at all!

What will it matter to me, if for better or for worse,
I lived out what was in me?
Devil a tinker's curse!

What will it matter to me, if the Cosmos were a sham,
And nothing the meaning of all things? . . .
I shall not care a damn!

KARL DOUGAN.

THE NEW AGE.

April 24, 1913.
Hygienic Jinks.

By Charles Brookfield.

SCENE: Meeting at Caxton Hall to demand the “Elimination of the Principle of Compulsion from the Insurance Act.”

TIME: 8 p.m. Tuesday April 8.

Under the auspices of “The Insurance Tax Resisters’ Defence Association.”

After a struggle with the enthusiastic crowd in the corridors, STUDENT arrives safely at his seat, and proceeds to take stock of the audience. After a few minutes’ careful survey, he arrives at the following interesting fact: That while the front of the house is filled with well-dressed and aristocratic men and women (whose attitude is, to a great degree, one of amused suspicion) the other part of the audience, which lies back and shrieks with laughter is composed of what HILAIRE BELLOC afterwards refers to as “the middle class,” a section evidently very much alive and very enthusiastic. The fringes of the audience consist of small and scattered groups of working men—suspicion is one of the rights of man. If we are not in a position to have the full facts of a case, all we can do is to feel that the Act is working, that the motive of the politicians was detested. It is quite obvious to all, now that the Act was compulsory. If it had not been a voluntary Act, and the promises of the politicians had proved false, people would have stopped paying. Lloyd George first details the minimum benefits which are asked for, but a navy applies for a job, it is not experience, character, or recommendations that are asked for, but an Insurance Card—a dog-collar. The point is that Compulsory Insurance is a contradiction in terms. There is no weighing up the risks and the rate offered in this case: the bargain is compulsory. This is certain to lead to malingering, as is the case in Germany. You need only reflect on the feeling of ‘getting your own’ back, when your hearth-rug is burnt by a cinder, to see that the compulsory element destroys any incentive to study the Act. Of course Lloyd George made promises, and then broke them—he could do so with impunity because the Act was compulsory. If it had been a voluntary Act, the politicians had proved false, people would have stopped paying. Lloyd George first details the minimum benefits, and then gives six ways of reducing the minimum benefits. As for your ‘free choice of doctors,’ the country is so disgusted that half the people in London have not troubled to ask for a panel doctor. In conclusion, I may say that we have worked out an Act which we are ready to put forward—a voluntary scheme on an honourable basis, to replace this odious Bill.” (Loud cheers.)

G. K. C.: “I call upon HILAIRE BELLOC to address the meeting.”

H. B. (rising amidst loud cheers): “Outside the dirty little circle of politicians and employers the Act is detested. It is quite obvious to all, now that the Act is working, that the motive of the politicians was to catch in a great net all the artisan labour of this country. (Applause, Hear, hear!) It is all very well for us in this hall (most of us here to-night come from well-to-do families) to sit and discuss the Act from our point of view. The indignity to the working man is beyond conception. We are hearing a great deal of talk about the horrors of Conscription. Well, I have suffered Conscription, but this is worse. I don’t suppose many of us here know what it is to apply to a Labour Exchange to have a fortnight’s work attached to us; to be labelled as short or tall, thin or fat; to have a clerk informing bureaucracy at large that we now call upon Mr. JOHN MCCALLUM to propose the resolution.”
stool slightly, have grey hair, shuffle and smell of drink. I demand an abolition of this tyranny. (Loud cheers.) The present Act fails to make provision for the very ones who need it most: the very poor who cannot pay. (Hear, hear!) Now we know that every Englishman is a conservative—\( \text{both} \).
and the influences which determine price. Air, water, etc., have immense abstract value, but have no exchange value because for obvious reasons they are not subject to exchange; again, as Jevons says, all products are created either to satisfy utility or sensuous gratification. Nevertheless, the influences which create products do not determine their exchange value once created, this is in all cases determined not by mathematical formulae but by efficiency in production, in other words the exchange value of a unit of any commodity such as a pound of tea is determined by the rate of production of such a commodity by its most efficient producer: if for instance the most efficient producer of tea is able to produce tea more rapidly, quality for quality, by obtaining larger crops, area for area, than his business rivals this most efficient producer can afford to make a slight reduction in his prices to secure more trade, and his business rivals must necessarily follow suit or else lose their trade. And if by a general agreement among tea planters it is determined to restrict production and prices it will still be the most efficient producer who determines the rate of production and the price of the commodity, for if he chooses to break such agreements nothing can prevent him from forcing prices down.

The exchange value of a unit of any commodity then is determined by the rate of production by the most efficient producer; here is how it is further influenced at work, viz., the ratio which the production of the individual commodity bears to the general balance of production throughout the community. For it is not merely a case of selling but also of buying, the tea planter who sells his tea is exchanging this tea for other commodities or the power to purchase such commodities, thus the exchange value of the individual unit of tea will be determined by the rate of production of tea by the most efficient producer of tea balanced against the rate of production of all other commodities in general by their most efficient producers, and this general balance of most efficient producers expressed in the common medium of exchange will represent the price of tea. If then the production of tea proceeds more rapidly than the production of commodities in general the price of tea will fall, if, on the other hand, the production of commodities in general proceeds more rapidly than that of tea the price of tea will rise. And the common aedium of exchange, gold, being a commodity, like all other commodities its own exchange value will be determined by analogous influences, which cast an illuminating gleam upon the quantity theory of the gold currency at present agitating economists.

We have seen that exchange value or price is determined primarily by efficiency, i.e., the rate of production; thus brings us to a consideration of one of the most important and least understood movements which has ever moulded this world's history: the increasing momentum of industrial efficiency. This is itself a fruit of the increasing specialisation of industry: as the sub-division of industry becomes ever more and more minute there results a general all-round rise of efficiency proportionate to the increased care and attention given to the fabrication of each minute part of our industrial machinery; in other words, it is the effect of the subdivision of industry which permitted the workman to concentrate his whole attention upon a single task that any high standard of workmanship became possible, and as throughout the ages the organisation of society has become more and more complex so there has resulted the steady general rise in industrial efficiency which alone made possible the invention of labour-saving machinery and the gigantic strides of the present era. And as each stride in industrial efficiency renders the next more easy of attainment this is a movement which proceeds with ever-increasing momentum.

Now this increasing momentum of industrial efficiency re-acts in a three-fold manner. Firstly, it cheapens products, secondly it intensifies competition, thirdly it concentrates industry into the control of fewer and fewer industrial organisations. With each stride of industrial efficiency the less efficient producers are crushed out of independent economic existence. For it is the most efficient producers who first seize upon the increased industrial efficiency and by their superior rate of production force prices down and drive their less efficient competitors from the markets. Thus the increasing momentum of industrial efficiency has the effect of intensifying competition, of forcing down prices (and incidentally wages) and of concentrating the control of industry into fewer and fewer industrial organisations. Now, bearing all this in mind let us remember that producers are divided into national groups, British, French, German, American, etc., and let us remember that the Governments of all these countries represent the main economic interests of their national producers and that, as I have demonstrated in "The Struggle for Bread," whilst there is a cross-current of economic interest between the various nations yet these are in the main economic units and in the main antagonistic economic units. There follows the question, "How long will it be before the increasing momentum of industrial efficiency with its accompaniment, an increasing strenuous competition, results in war between the rival groups of national producers?"

We have seen that present-day Europe presents some curious paradoxes to the mind of a Cadbury Press writer. On the one hand we have "booming" trade totals and a condition of unprecedented prosperity, on the other hand we have falling wages accompanied by an immense rise in food prices; on one hand we have the great discovery made by Mr. Norman Angell that the European nations can gain nothing by war and that therefore they may as well kiss and be friends, on the other hand, we have the great States armed to the teeth in belligerent attitudes; and on the one hand we have the great discovery made by Mr. Norman Angell that the European nations can gain nothing by war and that therefore they may as well kiss and be friends, on the other hand, we have the great States armed to the teeth in belligerent attitudes. The poor little Cadbury is sorely puzzled to account for these contradictory social and economic phenomena: as to the rise in food prices in Free Trade Britain, although he shouts at the "tariff-caused famine" in Germany, he leaves it as far as possible alone, whilst he can find no better explanation for the policy of the European nations with regard to armaments than the charitable assumption that all Europe save the adherents of his own special creed has gone mad. And yet there is not in reality anything paradoxical or surprising in the social and economic phenomena of present-day Europe.

The rise in food prices which has affected all countries alike, and the feverish competition in armaments which with the reflex action of the economic development of Europe, of the increasing momentum of industrial efficiency, which is slowly but surely driving the European nations to war. It is the increasing momentum of industrial efficiency which has caused the output of manufactured articles to exceed so greatly the output of food-stuffs as to cause a general rise in the cost of living, it is the increasing momentum of industrial efficiency which is at the bottom of the furious trade-rivalry of the present epoch, it is the increasing momentum of industrial efficiency which is truly responsible for competition in armaments. And the increasing momentum of industrial efficiency is an ever-increasing momentum. Food prices, then, must rise still higher, competition must become more and more intense. How can this situation possibly develop save into war or revolution? War at home or war abroad: that is the Nemesis of capitalist production.

A Wanderer.
I SAGG upon the bitter brine
My road, the coiled seas astern
Under my talking keel.
The winds' malign.
The tides are thro' and thrawn.
Tides! 'Tis the racing of the main
Where homeless currents breed.
O fanged and biting shore line, I were fain
To kiss your coldest weed.
Notes on the Present Kelpa.

By J. M. Kennedy.

XXII.—Women's Suffrage.

It is a sound axiom that when States decline the causes should be sought at the top, among the ruling classes rather than among the craftsmen and working classes. Capable leaders can keep their followers together; but the followers go to pieces when the leaders show them- selves to be lacking in intelligence. In the case of races and nations the process of disintegration may be slow and gradual; though once it sets in it soon spreads to all classes of society. But the ruling classes, as their very name indicates, must be held responsible for the origin of such defects.

To take an instance with which we should all be familiar, it would clearly be quite unjust to blame the English working classes for their agitation of the last thirty or forty years, for the rise of the Socialist movement and its fall, or for the particularly strained relations between master and man since 1900. Anyone who knows the British workman will admit that he is good-natured and unwilling to make a fuss; making a fuss, indeed, is against the national tradition in any class of society.

When we find, then, that there is such a thing as Labour unrest, that there are several different forms of the agitation, and that even the leaders of the movement are not united on the remedies to be suggested and advocated, we must conclude that the fault really lies with the masters, and that the Labour agitation is merely the form of protest of a class whose interests have been neglected by a higher class which had been dependent upon to consider the well-being of the nation as a whole and not merely a section of it. The workmen have found existence intolerable, and street-corner oratory, vague symptoms of dissatisfaction, and finally strikes, are simply crude methods of protest, the only efficacious methods which the workmen have so far discovered.

Several contributors to The New Age, including myself, have often written about the cleavage between the upper and lower strata of society which the present economical system involves. The distinction was made particularly clear in the Editorial Notes of September 12, 1912, to the masters and the workmen, are suffering, the former because the control of dull, mechanical slaves always tends to coarseness and stupidity in their owners; the latter because they no longer feel themselves to be a definite class of society, with traditions, rights, and privileges, but a "kept," servile class, deprived of the responsibility of men and left with tedious duties and a routine existence. There is still a sufficient leaven of the old order left to make this a general statement. The Servile State is not yet actually with us, but it looks as if only a miracle could prevent it from coming. That such a miracle is quite a conceivable factor I hope to show in a later article in this series. It is sufficient, for the present, to note that, despite a few county families, a few surviving semi-feudal lords who take a kindly interest in their dependents, a few masters who consider the interests of the workmen in their charge, the Servile State is gradually approaching.

Up to comparatively recent times the brutalising effects of the economic system were confined to men—men were the masters and men were the workers; and both suffered and degenerated under the industrial system. As it was degeneracy, in various forms, among our ruling classes which allowed the establishment of the industrial system; in the first instance, so it was in the degeneracy, consequent upon this system, among the male or ruling sex which led to the agitation among the ruled or female sex. In both cases the rulers became inefficient; in both cases the ruled were, with relative suddenness, called upon to deal with a situation—socio-economic, logical, economic, and artistic—for which they had had little preliminary training. In both cases, that of the workmen and that in the upper classes, the movement staggered along blindly for a time and then became split into numerous organisations. The analogy is not quite perfect, I admit; for every woman's organisation wants the vote and differs from the others only about the means for securing it. While the men's organisations are not yet unitedly in favour of the abolition of the wage system. The movements, nevertheless, have a great deal in common: each was due to lack of intelligence, and consequent degeneration. The responsibility for the origin of the movements rested—the masters in the one case and the male sex generally in the other—each movement fell into the hands of leaders who frequently proved themselves to be out of touch with their followers and in each movement the followers displayed, at times, more energy, initiative, and daring than the leaders were prepared to tolerate.

Whatever the analogies and contrasts—and more could be mentioned—we must first of all ourselves, I think, compelled to recognise that this conclusion is reasonable: as the result of degeneracy among the masters, the workmen had to assume additional burdens at a time when the masters, in their ignorance, withdrew from their servants the social and political responsibilities which they had been accustomed to. Speedily, and so on, generally coincided with the concentration of political power in the hands of the caucus the older supervisory of the workman and his family—remember the Children's Charter. In exactly the same way, male degeneracy resulted in responsibilities, without power, being thrust upon women, who have been dealt with in a manner which can only be described as utterly illogical. It is, apparently, the English habit to meddle with things just sufficiently to leave them in a chronic state of chaos, so that one section or another of the population is continually in turmoil.

I do not refer merely to well-known absurdities, such as the illogical fact that women may vote at municipal elections but not at Parliamentary elections, that married women may vote at London municipal elections, but not at provincial municipal elections, that women teachers are paid less than men teachers for the same work, that women may pass the same university (Ox ford and Cambridge) examinations as men and yet have degrees withheld on account of their sex. These are irritants, serious, illogical, unjust; impossible to conceive in other countries. But still more illogical—and, in my opinion, the key to the movement—we will deal with by the political parties—is the illogical position of the husband qua male voter under the Married Women's Property Act. Qua man, he acknowledges the property of the husband: that right lapsed with the marriage; logically enough, the mere holding of property in England justifies political power, for all our economic laws—indeed, all our social laws and social conventions—are based on the rights of property owners. Everybody knows what respect and even dread property is held in England, and how offences against property are treated more severely than crimes against the person. If women with property demand a vote, the Englishman cannot justify his refusal of it by falling back upon some old acts that technically make a married woman the property of the husband: that right lapsed with the Act of 1882.

The women's movement, as G. K. C. once said of Mr. Wells, may seem to be advancing in all directions. But the key to any movement of this sort in England is not necessarily faith, as we should expect to find in most other countries, but property. And if we consider it, as a preliminary step, solely from this standpoint, we shall see why the caucuses are already preparing for the disfranchisement of women within the next year or so, when an opportunity arises. I am not able to prove definitely that the caucuses are actually doing so; but I know, nevertheless, that my statement is accurate.
The Chronicles of Palmerstown.
By Peter Fanning.

VII.

Including 158 acres of mud the area of Palmerstown is 1,064 acres, the whole of which is practically owned by two men, Lord Northbourne and a Mr. Chaytor. The latter having succeeded to his portion recently, may be dismissed from this record with one remark, that since he came into possession, he has been very generous in giving land for the benefit of the town.

Sixty years ago, what is now commonly spoken of as Palmerstown was a decrepit mid-Tyne village lying about some old colliery workings. The land at that time belonged to two families named James and Brown. The Brown portion was in pawn for a few hundred pounds, but when it was rumoured abroad that Mr. C. M. Palmer was on the look-out for a suitable site for a ship-building yard, the Brown estate was released from the hands of the money-changers and the owner sat tight to await developments.

He had not long to wait. Mr. Palmer established his works and constructed the first steam colliery, the "In Bower," which brought him fame, honours and profit. What it brought to the landowners may be gathered, in some degree, by the census of population: 1851—3,834; 1861—6,499; 1871—18,178; 1881—25,270; 1891—33,682; 1901—34,295; 1911—33,372. With this rapid influx of people, drawn mostly from the agricultural districts of East and West England and North and West Ireland, the glorious opportunity for landowner and jerry-builder had arrived; and right heartily did they take the occasion by the hand. Apologies for houses were flung up, regardless of drainage, sanitation, or ventilation. What matter? The people, straight from the soil, were strong, lusty, and fertile, showing a birth-rate of 45 per 1,000 inhabitants. That the death-rate was very little below it was immaterial, because new blood flowed in a steady stream.

That, indeed, was a real golden age for those who owned and ruled the community. Mr. Brown was doing so splendidly that the plebeian name of Brown became unbearable. He got himself transmogrified by letters patent into Drewett O. Drewett. And then he gave a patch of land for a church; whereupon, having propitiated the deity, secured the countenance of the Bishop and the favour of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, with the Bishop of Durham at his side, the church was opened at a cost of £380. If the corporation desire to acquire the freehold of the land before the termination of the lease, they shall pay me £4,200.

I, or my underlings, or my Parliament experts of Holborn Bars, as I remarked before, those who made the town originally ran it on loans, which, in the total, amount to something over £100,000. Their misfortune appears to have been, "To hell with posterity." Sure enough, posterity is getting hell. What with ground rents going to Kent and Cumberland; "interest" which goes to the Established Church and the "Pru.," "profits" which go to "Palmers," and house rents which go to the slum-owners, never was a community more completely robbed of the fruits of its industry than this.

During the last few years, however, it has become evident that we are beginning to break down somewhere. The present conditions cannot possibly endure much longer. The last census showed that we were the only county which, during the last depression, when Mr. Lloyd George and his Parliamentary echoes,
Present-Day Criticism.

"Just the same in religion as in literature. We have most of us little idea of a high standard to choose our guides by, of a great and profound spirit which is an authority while inferior spirits are none. It is enough to give importance to things that this or that person says them decisively, and has a large following of some kind when he says them."—Arnold.

Rumours reach us from Philistia of genuine amazement at our failure to be impressed by Mr. Tagore, whose mysticism is just now so much the rage of a large following, and who has been so decisively introduced as a profound spirit by Mr. W. B. Yeats. Our own readers will not be surprised, however. If we go, as usual, to the sources for the spirit of whatsoever we criticise, our judgment of Mr. Tagore will not differ greatly from that we were compelled to pass on Mr. Yeats himself. Judged in comparison with the real poets and mystics of his own country, Tagore appears to us nothing more than a Bengali Yeats. Between these two men truly, shallow calletth unto shallow. There is no verse in all this volume of songs, Tagore’s “Gitanjali,” that Mr. Yeats might not, would not, have written had he only been born in the jungle-land instead of in the land of bogs: the matter and style are exactly after his own fancy. To us Mr. Tagore appears wordy, pathetically sensuous, self-complacent, careless of the better example of better men.

Compared with the grand poems of India, these trifles are the songs of an eminence actor, whose repetition of sacred words easily affords him a chance for self-flattery. But in fact, it is difficult to believe that Mr. Tagore is very well acquainted with Indian literature. Small sign is here of any but Western influence, Whitman predominating, and by no means the robust Whitman. We have in Mr. Tagore by no means the turbulent, original, namelessly adolescent, excusable anarchist, but a neo-theosophical, emotional, garrulous globe-trotting, professing quietist—a body of contradictions, so startling as almost to demand instant reconstruction. One’s second shock—the first was to find a mystic busy as a new soul in supervising publication—is at the frontispiece of Tagore in the posture of meditation! Fearsome adventures have befallen late overtaken Indian saints in the act of meditation. There was that yogin whom the Mutiny challenged in vain to quit his seat. There was that other, Chyavana, over whom, engaged in meditation, ants builted their hill. But what exploit of sanguinary solder, of irreverent insect colors, is too shocking to be imagined by reason of his attempted unification with the Supreme! The wretch who did the unregenerate act must have spent hours, even days, over earning bad karma. But, as if so much were not the worst conceivable by impiety, here is the thing rudely printed and published for the delectation of all the mixed castes. Modern mysticism! Philistia seems its natural throne, and not the kuḍa mat.

"On the day when the lotus bloomed, alas, my mind was straying, and I saw it not. Mr. Tagore is among the Hittites. But one may much easier understand how he might not know that his mind was straying, than how the mystery was served unto a person of uncontrolled mind.

We think that the lotus did not bloom that day! One concludes that Mr. Tagore, like another whom we know, keeps a special and personal set of mysteries in which he has initiated himself finally and without too much help from superior powers. This "vague sweetness" he talks of, that made his heart "ache with longing," sounds no great thing, but like the commonplace tag of a poor versifier. Mr. Tagore boasts a humility that bursts through its rags to profess itself. "Ornaments would mar our masterpiece. My song has put off her adornments. My poet’s vanity dies in shame before thy sight." But why not have devoted to the Master the hundred or so verses of this kind of protestation? "Leave this chanting and singing!"—he exhorts himself quite vainly. The wretched ghost will not! "The smile that flickers on baby’s lips—does anybody know from whence it comes?" Yes! Out of the everywhere into here.

"I put my tales of you into lasting songs. The secret gushes from my heart. They come and ask me, ‘Tell me all your meanings.’ I know not how to answer them. I say, ‘Ah, who knows what they mean!’" Really, the sympathy between Mr. Yeats and Mr. Tagore needs little examination! Many of these verses take the tone of an emotional gun, conversant with all cliches; nuptial terms come frequently. And the stroke of infantilism, from which Mr. Yeats also suffers, has afflicted Mr. Tagore. He would love you to think of him occasionally as of a playing babe. He speaks of himself as of some innocent who would be a shame to remand for seeming not adult. But this is only one of his aspects. He exhibits more than a trace of the pain-desiring lust which is to be recorded against so many of the modern decadents. Mr. Tagore barks about the “ecstasy of pain” at the moment of death. Who has ever seen this phenomenon?—unless in persons like the suicide, Lacomb, who, be it remembered, was capable of sadism as well as of masochism. Perhaps one should not take too seriously a mind confessedly helpless against facile thoughts. When Mr. Tagore is not deliciously enduring the state between grief and joy, and not flatteringly his fancy for a babyfied existence, he is imagining the billion-brained Vishnu to be waiting outside his doorway. He evidently interprets the universality of Brahman in the Western way to suggest that a tin, a fish and a tummy are Brahman. Salvation seems to him as a delicate pain to be toyed with as long

* Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)
"These, then, are the diverse views entertained by men. With respect to acts, some men say that exertion is their cause, others that necessity is their cause, and others, again, that Nature is their cause. Some say that acts are the result of both exertion and necessity. Some maintain that acts flow from Time, exertion and Nature. Some say that neither of the two is the cause, and some are of the opinion that all three combined are the cause. Some persons that are engaged in acts say with respect to all objects that they exist, that they do not exist, that they cannot be said to exist, that they cannot be said not to exist, that it is not that they cannot be said to exist, or, that it is not that they cannot be said not to exist. The men of the Treta, the Dwapara and the Kali (present) Yugas are tormented by all doubts."

"If, O Cakra, the being called person were really the actor, then all acts undertaken for his own benefit would certainly be crowned with success. None of those acts would be defeated. Among even persons striving their utmost the suspension of what is not desired and the occurrence of what is desired are not seen. What becomes then of personal exertion? In the case of some we see that without exerting the other part, what is not desired is suspended and what is desired is accomplished ... By simplicity, by heedfulness, by awaiting the wise, O Cakra, a person succeeds in attaining to emancipation. Know this, however, that wisdom is from Nature. Indeed only that which is due to Nature ... What ground is there, then, for one to boast of his superior possessions?"

"Is there, indeed, any topic of man's interest that is lacking in this wondrous book? We pass in, reading it, through the regions of the mind as through our familiar earth ways. Whether we regard the heroes as embodiments of qualities or as worshipful kings—it is all to our profit: a king may learn kingscraft, or, to rule his mind, according to his understanding. One rises from these works of the grand past with no taste for novelties. Not the veils of time or the barriers of manners are all here. Even in sentences and in mere fragments is to be found that which stands unfaded throughout time.

Looking like the very embodiment of the prosperity of Indra, the adored dusky saluted Arjuna. The resolves of the gods, the comprehensions of intelligent persons, the humility of learned men, and the destruction of the sinful, may fructify in a single day. Dull persons who may happen to be asked to assist clever persons, regard themselves, after doing very little, as clever. The lowest orders are laughing and dancing and singing, thus indicating direful things.

Bishama, him who was an island unto persons sinking in the fathomless ocean of their endeavour. In hitting the aim in hitting it from a distance, in lightness of hand and force of stroke, O mighty car-warrior tread in the track of thy sires and grandsires! He looked resplendent, like the mind contending against the five senses. He addressed the preceptor's son in such unworthy, indelicate, bitter and harsh language. Never have I seen all the people of a country act unrighteously.

That which I have resolved is hurrying me towards its accomplishment. Know that mind is only an attribute of knowledge. He that reads of this great battle, which is like unto a Sacrifice, . . . .

A man need know nothing of the Mysteries to profit by reading this book. The great men of the East used to say that it is true in all worlds.

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as one dares. He will drag it out by naughtily refusing to have done with his sensuosities. Now setting his foot on the path and now drawing it back, he exclaims in two breaths: "No, I will never shut the doors of my senses"; and, "I will be wise this time and wait in the dark, spreading my ear on the floor; and whenever it is thine pleasure, my Lord, come silently and take Thy seat here." Very picturesque. Even while imagining himself saluting God, Mr. Tagore remembers to mention his verses! What a parody is not all this of the religious philosophy which is the source of the world's inspiration! The scholar who knows all else, and is unacquainted with the Books of the East knows but fragments. Solon and Plato professed themselves as ignorant children in comparison with the Egyptian pupils of the masters of searchless ancient India. Let us then take a little for mind's restoration, and forget the bathos from Babu Bengal. Here are some examples from the endlessly varied Mahabharata: first a battle scene.

"Vanquished by Savyasachin (Partha: Arjuna) on that afternoon, they fled away like bulls with broken horns or snakes with broken fangs. Their foremost of heroes slain, their troops confused, themselves mangled with arrows, thy sons, after the fall of Karna, O King, fled away in fear. Divested of weapons and armour, no braver assemblage of men ever assailed the van with their compass, and deprived of their senses, they crushed one another in the course of their flight, and looked at one another afflicted with terror. It is I whom Vibhatsu is pursuing! It is I whom Vrikodara is pursuing! thought each one among the Kauravas, who became pale and fell down as they fled. Some on horses, some on cars, some on elephants and some on foot, mighty warriors forsook the field. Like people without protectors in a jungle, thy warriors became after the fall of the Kuru's sons, they looked upon the whole world as if it were full of Partha."

"Then Drona's son, O Monarch, with tearful eyes and breathing like a snake, said these words unto the fallen chief of Bharata's race, that foremost of all the kings on earth:—Truly, there is nothing stable in the world of men, since thou, O tiger among men, liest on the ground in such a lonely wilderness? I do not see since thou, 0 Lord of all the world, thus liest on the ground stained with dust! Behold the reverses of Time!"

"The emaciated sage said: There is nothing, O King, that equals Hope in slenderness. I had solicited many kings and found that nothing is so difficult of acquisition as an image that Hope sets before the mind. . . . The hope that rests upon such persons as do not, after passing their promises, do good to applicants, is slen-derer than even my own body. The hope that rests upon an ungrateful man, or upon one that is cruel, or upon one that is idle; the hope of old women for sons; the hope that springs in the heart of withered virgins of marriage when they hear anyone only talk of it in their presence—these hopes, my son, are slenderer than even my body."

"Covetous men are outside the laws of good behaviour. Of crooked hearts, the speeches they utter are sweet. They resemble, therefore, dark pits whose mouths are covered with grass. They dress themselves in a hypocritical robe of religion. Of low minds, they rob the world, setting up (if need be) a new standard of religion and virtue. Relying upon the strength of apparent reason, they create diverse kinds of schisms in religion. Intent upon cupidity, they destroy the ways of righteousness."
I have already made enough moan in these notes concerning the beastliness of the weather, Tramontane, etc., etc., for which reason I only went to Pozzuoli for one day. It was not so bad; in fact, I rather enjoyed it. I had heard so much of the importunity of Pozzuoli touts that I was determined not to be vanquished by them. When I got out of the train I was accosted, assailed, besieged by offers of services I did not want and vehicles I could not afford to hire. Sternly and nobly I strode forward, not knowing in the least where I was going, getting horribly lost in twisting little streets. I regret very much that I could not see my glory was departed from Pozzuoli! The Emperor’s musical and poetic abilities, his enthusiasm for Greek culture and athletics, even his sorousness of a puritan bourgeoisie has stigmatised as “impious crimes”!

Began to enjoy Pozzuoli. I visited none of the “sights,” little streets. I regret very much that I could not see my glory was departed from Pozzuoli! The exquisite situation of the town must have made life delicate and luxurious. The number of large houses shows how popular it was with the wealthy, and the bronze ornaments found in their atria are sometimes so beautiful that I feel even these fat “bankers and politicians” must have had some love for the arts.

I was nearly back in Naples that I had been looking at theTurners painted near Naples. It is ridiculous to find how indebted nature is here to that popular artist. And I suppose I should have thought of Nero and Poppaea and Messalina, but it never struck me till I was nearly back in Naples that I had been looking at the scene of some ancient pomp and merriment. If one were really outrageously bored it might be amusing to decoy with horrid phrase one’s near relatives on to a decoy with horrid phrase one’s near relatives on to a

One could wander for days through the city, along the streets and narrow lanes, where the ruts from the wagon-wheels are still worn in the large flags. I am puzzled to know how the horses passed the big stepping stones which nearly fill the road at street-corners. That, by the way, is an ominous sign that Pozzuoli was not so “fearfully jolly”—if the roads hadn’t been full of slush and fit, why the necessity for the stepping-stones? But you pass houses and shops, where the marble counters have been built up, and you come to the Strada di Nota (perhaps), where you are suddenly startled to find half-a-dozen skeletons in the basement of a house. Or you go towards the Herculeanum Gate, out to the street of tombs, where, among the cypresses, you see the tombs of wealthy Romans who were buried before the great eruption. Or, yet again, you wander down into the Forum, and sit on the steps of the Temple of Jove, or look at the bronze figure of the Far-Darter in his temple. And as the afternoon draws on, you turn up some little lane, beyond the two theatres and the Triangular Forum and the old Doric temple, to one of the houses looking over the sea. You sit down on a broken mossy wall; the lizards jerk and fall towards Sorrento, the sea hardly ripples in the still air, and a faint cloud of steam drifts from the cove of Vesuvius. What a city! Thank God it is uninhabited.

Fellow. I was determined not to be vanquished; it was Leipsic, it was Sedan; Ichabod, the extinct volcano. You must take it for granted that they were defeated, routed; it was Sedan; it was Leipsic, I was led on by the way, is an ominous sign that Pozzuoli was not so “fearfully jolly”—if the roads hadn’t been full of slush and fit, why the necessity for the stepping-stones? But you pass houses and shops, where the marble counters have been built up, and you come to the Strada di Nota (perhaps), where you are suddenly startled to find half-a-dozen skeletons in the basement of a house. Or you go towards the Herculeanum Gate, out to the street of tombs, where, among the cypresses, you see the tombs of wealthy Romans who were buried before the great eruption. Or, yet again, you wander down into the Forum, and sit on the steps of the Temple of Jove, or look at the bronze figure of the Far-Darter in his temple. And as the afternoon draws on, you turn up some little lane, beyond the two theatres and the Triangular Forum and the old Doric temple, to one of the houses looking over the sea. You sit down on a broken mossy wall; the lizards jerk through the sparse herbs or bask motionless on the grey stones, and for a few moments, in the silence, you know something of the peace that passes all understanding. Across the bay the wonderful blue hills rise and fall towards Sorrento, the sea hardly ripples in the still air, and a faint cloud of steam drifts from the cove of Vesuvius. What a city! Thank God it is uninhabited.

“domus” like that of Pansa or the Domus Vettiiorum, you have seen the type of them all. My plan was simply to wander as the whim took, without caring much how many cubic centimeters of culture I absorbed. There is a distinct influence in Pompeii, unique, powerful, like the scent of some rich flower. I noticed that it put me in exactly the same mood on both days. It is not that one sentimentalises over the dead city, but it brings a kind of placidity or rather Attic calm, which is very pleasing to me.

Curious how one remembers that feeble book of Bulwer Lytton’s in Pompeii; and what a feeling of superiority it gives! I couldn’t help recollecting that the house of the Tragic Poet was that of Glaucus, and that Pansa was edile of the city in his time. And when I passed the little temple of Isis how could I forget that sinister aristocrat, Arbaces, and his “tool,” Tona’s brother? C’est amusant.

But Lytton has faintly indicated something of Pompeii. The exquisite situation of the town must have made life delicate and luxurious. The number of large houses shows how popular it was with the wealthy, and the bronze ornaments found in their atria are sometimes so beautiful that I feel even these fat “bankers and politicians” must have had some love for the arts.

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Richard Aldington.

**THE SIMPLE LIFE.**

*According to Caliban.*

(“One must live simply in order to write simply.”

—Present-Day Criticism, January 9, 1913.)

My life is finding bread and meat,
I am none of the world’s elite.
I spend my days and wonder why
my work came into a world to die.
I keep a wife and grimly breed
Because I must; because I need
Some outlet for my thwarted hours,
Some field to exercise my powers.
I am just a thing—more strength than will,
I covet ease—I drink my fill.
Do my work and take my wages
Here on the threshold of new ages.

To the world a paradox I give.
To live simply, I just simply live!

W. Y. D. (Australia).
Literary Notes.

The remarks on Irish poets made on this page a fortnight ago have irritated a member of the "Daily Herald" staff, who seems to be a strong supporter of the spook school. We said, justly enough as it seemed, that modern Irish poetry has fallen into the throats of banshees, whence it reissues in mournful whisperings, as they may be compared to nothing but the wailing of ghosts." Commenting on this, the "Herald" writer says: "Probably the reviewer could not read a line of modern Irish poetry. The poets he refers to write in English only, but even applied to them the statement is wild nonsense. There are Irish and Anglo-Irish poets who live nobly as well as sing ardently and clearly. It was an Irish poet who founded and inspired the Gaelic League, and it was an Anglo-Irish poet who breathed a spirit into the co-operative movement."

Dr. Douglas Hyde interests us as a scholar rather than as a poet, and it is as a scholar and the leader of a movement, we feel, that he will be remembered. We cannot be accused of belittling the work, poetic or political, or sociological, of Mr. G. W. Russell; for "A. E." has contributed to our own columns and has been praised in them. But Mr. Russell is an exceptional figure among modern Irish poets, and when we expressed our dissatisfaction with the school we say frankly that we particularly referred, and to this school of leprechaun-inspired poets, Mr. Russell certainly does not belong; even though chronological and topographical conditions will it that he shall live among them.

Since the "Daily Herald" writer has flourished his shillelagh at us, we may as well take the opportunity of going into the question of modern Irish poetry rather more fully than we have yet done. But we must premise that poetry is, to us, something to be judged merely as poetry, and our blood is not stirred by political associations. There has been a great Irish civilisation, but it was a poet's instrument, and it is not his duty to produce a hybrid vocabulary and syntax.

Now these Irishmen will see, let us hope, why we do not praise them. Gaelic literature is gone for ever, and it is embedded in the very process of absorbing it. But this is done unconsciously by the common people; and poets ought not to follow the example. Style and words are a poet's instruments; and it is not his duty to produce a hybrid vocabulary and syntax.

This is not the end of our indictment. We have referred to ancient Gaelic literature as a precious contribution to European civilisation—as precious, let us suggest, as the Scandinavian sagas, and more precious than the less rich poetry typified in the Finnish Kalevala or the German Niebelungenlied. But we know—and the fact is worth writing down and passing on to the children of every Gaelic League class in Galway and Kilkenny—that we left us this Gaelic literature sought its inspiration in Greece and Rome, and that they accomplished splendid tasks of scholarship before the Englishmen were baptised.

Ireland suffered in the vicissitudes of conquest for centuries; her traditions of scholarship and her language began to die out. A few songs and legends lingered among the peasantry. Not that we can adduce political reasons only for the change; for Poland, subjected to at least as harsh treatment as Ireland, has retained her language; and neither French nor Spanish has replaced Basque. To the dispassionate observer the cycle had run its course; Gaelic had served its purpose, and it was time for it to die. And Gaelic was on the point of dying until adventitious causes—the patriotic feelings aroused by the two Home Rule Bills in the later part of the nineteenth century—galvanised it into artificial life. How artificial the movement initiated by Dr. Hyde and his followers in 1893 was, may be judged from the fact that in 1851 more than 300,000 people in Ireland spoke Gaelic and nothing else, while by 1901 this number had shrunk to twenty thousand; and these were all scholars who insisted on their children learning English so that they might not be handicapped when they went out into the world!

Undoubtedly there is a feeling in Ireland that it would be a pity to let Gaelic die out; and one can easily understand this feeling acting as a spur to a poetic people. A nation will give up power, wealth, possessions, authority; but it will cling to its language. More; it may have a foreign language forced upon it, but it will incorporate in that foreign language many of its own idioms in a grotesque translated form—we have had occasion to comment on one used by Mr. Mereddy that it spoils the foreign language even to some slight extent in the very process of absorbing it. But this is done unconsciously by the common people; and poets ought not to follow the example. Style and words are a poet's instruments; and it is not his duty to produce a hybrid vocabulary and syntax.

Now these Irishmen will see, let us hope, why we do not praise them. Gaelic literature is gone for ever, and it is embedded in the very process of absorbing it. But we were disappointed, and not even the pleasure of reading about the Hound of Ulla in the original could induce us to continue. We preferred to do what the Irish poets of modern times should have done, that is to say, we preferred to go to the sources of European culture, and not merely to a tributary of the main stream.

This is not the end of our indictment. We have referred to ancient Gaelic literature as a precious contribution to European civilisation. But when one hears "Gaelic literature" referred to now, one thinks almost instinctively of the forced, artificial, immature productions of the new school of which we have been speaking. Far from restoring the glories of ancient Gaelic, therefore, the epicones are gradually ruining its language. More, we spoiled our taste for it; we want to avoid it instead of taking an interest in it. As for the modern Gaelic plays and stories of Dr. Douglas Hyde and his friends, we fear they bear the same relationship to real Gaelic literature as Milton's Latin letters do to Cicero.

But before the "Herald" purports to set as right about Mr. W. H. Davies, or Mr. Yeates, or any other poet, let it mend its own ways. A paper which can serve...
up regular: "Reflections," by G. R. S. T., and bits of alleged wisdom by Solomon II has really no right to criticize. In the issue of March 31, for instance, we up regular "Reflections," by G. R. S. T., and bits of infection of literary style and endeavouring to justify the use of words like "beak" and "cops" and "quid," nation, and it adequately expresses the crude beliefs find G. R. S. T. laying down the law about the per-

appealing t.0 the sinner to reform, and I quote a passage

be, expressed, simply reserves, t.o itself the right to be every day. For example, the very first paragraph of says what it wants to say in the clearest manner, with-out waste of a single word." The "Herald," if we may express G. R. S. T.'s view as bluntly as it should be expressed, simply reserves to itself the right to be vulgar. One notices examples of this in its columns day. For instance, the first paragraph with sufficient harsh treatment.

Nobody will deny that American newspaper slang is often vigorous, hard hitting, efficacious; but it is an natural product, the product of a young, raw, unlicked nation, and it adequately expresses the crude beliefs and opinions of a large section of the people. But English slang is different, and more refined way, and such slang as the writer may, on sufferance, be permitted to introduce into his work will necessarily lack the raw vigour of its American equivalent. It is not in the English nature, in fact, to follow the American in this respect, and success. "Herald's" "biff in the jaw" is nearly as vulgar as Mr. Davies's poetry, though no mere journalist could sink so low as a super-tramp. A headline in the same issue, referring to doctors who prescribe patent medicines without knowing their composition, boldly tells us "Doctors deal out dope in the dark." This is entirely American, and would not look out of place in a Chicago newspaper; but in an English newspaper it is incongruous. And the "Herald" cannot keep it up, for he had in small packets attached to his belt.

As his men hoisted each metal shaft with its fan-shaped top, till it stood upright in the ground, a hundred and fifty feet high, it was like a safe ascent into heaven, to judge by his expression and moist brow. He gazed up rapturously at his contrivance of glass-like discs, which were surrounded with long spurs of the same material, and were joined by opaque rods with lustrous bobbins. In the mighty Radsnoid Forest, which the brook entered a furlong below, the Duke of Gorba blew his horn as he hunted the wild boar; till all around Earl Brochstad and his party were shooting over the game moors. These sounds distracted Adam from his vain exaltation, and he began to sow the hot-house melon seeds which, along with grape stones and orange pips, he had in small packets attached to his belt.

"Ours is warm work, master," said one of his men as Mrs. Strachar approached with the frothy beer-jug. "You'll soon be warmer, mates," answered Adam with a knowing wink at the sun.

Glancing at one another they tapped their heads and rattled their pockets, as much as to say that a maniac's money was easily earned. Mrs. Strachar observed the insult to her husband, and when he declined the drink, emptied it on the ground under their noses.

"Malt and hops are not a manure, my dear," re-marked Adam.

"You say tropical plants only need special treatment in this climate," answered his wife.

"Ah, still sceptical, Anna, still sceptical!"

"There are limits, Adam, to the credibility of the most admirable wife. Why, your own men laugh at you to your face, and you don't see it."

"I am too busy laughing up my sleeve at the duke and the earl, my dear. In one pocket I have their ne-rewal of my lease, in the other my patent rights, and still they are content to be idle sportsmen, as you can hear. I have established magnetic command over sun-beams and will make their lordships shiver at mid-summer."

Mrs. Strachar retired indoors, and got out the strait-waistcoat which she had brought from her father's house as part of her marriage portion. Quiet as he still was, her husband would burst forth with the suddenness of the explosions which had occurred in his laboratory and workshops.

The next morning the sun stealthily rose before dawn and went to the most easterly of his poles along the highway. By means of internal wires he was able to adjust the discs till, with the first streak of light, the bobbins began to move to and fro with a faint rhythm-
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mical murmur. In the same way he set each apparatus going, obtaining a better response every time. When the sun appeared the result was a buzz from every instrument, even the most western. Nothing more remained to be done, so the happy inventor lit a pipe, and waited for the results which would convince his family and the world, particularly his landlords.

The first noticeable change was the warmth of the east wind, and Adam was glad not to be held responsible, since all the milk turned sour, and with it his wife. Then, the unusual weather caused the ewes to year early, and day and night for a week all the farmhands were busy shepherds, including the women, who reared several lambs in the kitchen. Still nothing was attributed to the mad farmer’s humming-top, as purseholders called them. When, however, in less than a fortnight it was observed all the crops had sprouted several inches, rice and tobacco as well as wheat and rye, and that vineyards and orange groves were springing up, folk were asewstruck. What was even more astounding was the contrast everywhere across the boundary. Whereas the farm had bright sunshine, a peculiar twilight hung all around. At first the phenomenon had not been realised, since the brighter the day the darker the shadow cast by the overhanging forest; but presently it was perceived that light and darkness prevailed side by side as formerly in Egypt. And this was not all. The brook, which had never been known to freeze in the depth of winter, became a solid sheet of ice, while the herbage and trees beyond lost their fresh greenery and daily grew whiter with hoarfrost.

They stepped in, and were amazed at the sudden glow. In order to hide their feelings they gazed up and tried to instigate a popular revolt. They dismissed these losses ceased, however, when some wet weather set in, and the surrounding country became one dense snowfield, which increased the incongruous outlook tenfold.

Meanwhile the real struggle had begun in earnest. Their lordships consulted their solicitors, who found it difficult to make out a case, but advised an application for an injunction. In the duke’s fur coat, which had been repaired, Adam went down through the snow to Zenven, and conducted proceedings himself. He reserved his defence proper for the lawsuit itself, and merely pointed out that it would cause a flood to stop his solar instruments just then. The petitioners were furious at their helplessness before such godlike powers, and tried to investigate popular revolt. They dismissed their gamekeepers and stewards, and turned their tenants out of doors, but all found work and shelter on the farm, idling half the day and sleeping for preference in the open. The landed gentry joined their two distressed brethren, and instituted a general agricultural stoppage; but Adam, who had previously organised a Farmers’ Union, and recommended mortgages instead of leases to its members, now supplied each of them with his instruments, which he had manufactured nonchalanitly at the magnetic machine at work in the sky right over their heads.

"It is n,o use arguing with him, Gorba," said the earl, apostrophising the duke. "We must resort to stronger measures, I see."

"Come, come, Brochstad, not so fast," protested the duke. "If Strachar wants us to lease him more land, no doubt we can oblige him, subject to gaming conditions."

"To a free right to trespass and trample my crops!" suggested Adam indignantly. "No, thank you; the farm is amply large enough with a tropical sun."

"And do you think to break up the Feudal system before your lease runs out?" asked the earl with a sneer.

In answer Adam smiled so mysteriously that their lordships quaffed the rest of their cider, gulping down their uneasiness.

"I appeal to you on moral grounds, nay, on private ones," resumed the duke, as if it were condescending of him to ask a favour. "The duchess and her daughters are confined to the house with chills, and can’t enjoy the park. Is it your intention to penalise helpless ladies?"

"Many a labourer’s wife has gone stark mad because she couldn’t feed her children on her husband’s wages," answered Adam with swelling emotions. "You employ ploughmen; we own the land," retorted the earl curtly.

"Own the land!" echoed Adam, springing to his feet.

"Well, I own the sun now."

"It is no use arguing with him, Gorba," said the earl, apostrophising the duke. "We must resort to stronger measures, I see."

"We have received your hospitality unwittingly, Mr. Strachar," said the duke, pitching a crown on to the table.

"It never rains but it pours," quoted Adam, failing to show proper pride. "May your servant help you into your coat?"

Their lordships treated their overcoats as things of his imagination, and actually left them behind with him. Life on the farm continued to mock them more than ever. The cereals were all reaped; fresh ones were sown; and a second period of pleasant indolence succeeded. There were some drawbacks, such as swarms of pestiferous flies, and the poor creatures which came in search of food, but there was enough for man and brute. Then, the frozen stream no longer afforded any protection against beasts of prey like wolves, which got more lambs than usual. Also, the sheep and cows, instead of seeking the cool uplands, would try to cross the ice, and break their legs sliding or skating. Even these losses ceased, however, when some wet weather set in, and the surrounding country became one dense snowfield, which increased the incongruous outlook tenfold.

Their lordships gave a bound of wild fury, but they were compelled by the snow, and ripped their coats in freeing themselves. Feeling dreadfully tattered, they abandoned their lanterns and proceeded along the slippery road to the farm-yard, where they were met by Adam, who had seen them coming.

"Won’t your lordships come out of the cold?" he said, flinging wide the gate as if it was his front door.

"Just a little heating apparatus of mine," observed Adam, equally offhand. "It is deuced chilly outside," snapped the earl, who was more irritated than the duke.

"The contrast is certainly very striking," agreed Adam. "May I help your lordship to remove your coat?"

Fuming, the earl suffered the politeness, which the duke took care to anticipate. As their host led them through a banana plantation, they spoke carelessly of natural stoppage; but Adam, who had previously organised a Farmers’ Union, and recommended mortgages instead of leases to its members, now supplied each of them with his instruments, which he had manufactured in his sheds without intermission. The whole country became a series of the most radiant fecund patches, between which were cold, dark expanses reaching even to the towns. The slums became wretched beyond endurance, and crowds sought the sunny oases, where the laziest found existence to their liking. The nobility went about like wealthy Equimaux, smiling bravely as if Providence could not de-
sought them indefinitely. There was no longer any question of legal rights, for the populace now had a conspicuous hero; while any interference with the Patent Office seemed even more inexpedient.

Adam was elected to the Diet, and discovered what it was to be a representative of the people. His trouble was no longer with the few great landowners, to whom he could have dictated terms, but with the numerous small ones, many of them of his own making; who now demanded no land reform, but the fulfillment of their expectations. They could make their fortunes more easily and quickly as things were, they said, since Lupania was a State in which a patentee was granted the sole rights in his invention to the day of his death. Adam protested that his life was not worth a farthing, the difference of name was not indicative of antagonists, long since deceased, but of green and pious memory, the Metaphysical Society. Every variety of the word "agnostic" was invented. "This was my situation," he said, and fortune had found a place among the members of that remarkable fraternity of antagonists, long since deceased, but of green and pious memory, the Metaphysical Society. Every variety of the word "agnostic" was represented there, and expressed itself with entire openness; most of my colleagues were 'ists' of one sort or another; and however kind and friendly they might be, I, the man without a rag of a label to cover himself with, could not fail to have some of the uneasy feelings which must have beset the historical fox when, after the earliest opportunity of parading it at our Society, to give him the nine years' lease of a garden, and he will turn it into a desert. "Really, it is marvellous what the 'magic of property' has reduced the holding of the agricultural workers. The glorious revolution of 1789 occurred, and feudalism was overthrown and a century like these other two, derives from some abstract rights of man, the symbol and security of which is concrete property.

The authors say in their preface: "The characteristic virtue of property can be retained only in a State where property is possessed by at least so many as a determining majority of the citizens, and by each of these in severity." In other words, although they insist that the wage-system must be abolished, and that it can only be achieved by a redistribution of property, they make provision for its continuance. True, they draw a distinction between the wage-relation and the wage-system; but that distinction is fatal to the dictum just quoted. For if the wage-system differs from the wage-relation in this respect, that the worker under the system cannot withhold his labour to enforce his rights, because he has no property on which to subsist, then a non-determining minority in their Associate State is, ex hypothesi, condemned to the wage-system. From this dictum it follows that unless property means in its social sense not what it means in its social sense, and the authors are at pains to tell us that they mean by property what everybody else means. "Political power; in a national-Social like England," they say, "necessarily depends on economic resources. Therefore, in all other kinds of property, each of them capable of fulfilling a human need, it is for Property in the Means of Production that Englishmen to-day should keep their immediate and most definite concern."

In the chapter on "Property" they say: "Is there a man in fee-simple, "is near enough to the sort of relationship I desire to see widely distributed in England." In short, a determining majority of the citizens shall be in full possession and enjoyment, without restriction as to waste and full rights of disposition of the agricultural products, of the means of production; and they shall hold this property in severity. That, I may remark, is the law of the land-to-day, and it has resulted in the establishment of the wage-system.

Industrially, the suggestion is absurd. Need a carpenter hold in fee-simple a piece of land on which grow the trees which he will use for his productive work? Need a sculptor own a marble quarry, or a bricklayer a portion of clay? Who, if it might be asked, will own the cornfields, the farmers or the baker? I need not continue the questions: the suggestion is patently absurd.

So far as agriculture is concerned, it might seem that the authors are better served by the "Real Democracy," since they can give the farmers a place in the Rota Club. I believe that the Rota Club was founded by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, who has differentiated himself from the Collectivists by the idea of the Distributivist State: a difference real and fundamental. The name may have expressed a distinction, or even a degree of difference; but scarcely a difference itself.

Something of the sort, I imagine, must have happened at the Rota Club. I believe that the Rota Club was founded by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, who has differentiated himself from the Collectivists by the idea of the Distributivist State: a difference real and fundamental. But I am quite sure that the writers of these essays, the first of the Rota Club, have not successfully differentiated themselves from any other, whether a club of sociologists or of gentlemen. They attempt to snap up the partially considered trifles of everybody else, and to combine them in a new formula: the Associative State. There is little to distinguish this state from the Voluntarist State of Auberon Herbert, or the spasmatic federation of the Communist anarchist. The Associative State, like other curious facts has been revealed by the working of the Small Holdings Act in England, and Mr. F. E. T.
Green said in his "Awakening of England": "We learn, too, that only 1.8 desire to purchase land, which proves that the estate of mankind can be purchased more economically as tenant than as owner." In America, only one-tenth of the whole cultivated area is in the hands of peasant proprietors; and the land there, within living memory, was practically thrown open free of cost to those whom "the magic of property" might allure.

If the proletariat State, as the authors call it, has broken down, and has shown that it fails to do what it pretends to do, viz., supply the wants of the people, it has none the less proved that a man's right to do what he likes with the means of production has resulted in his having no means of production with which to do as he likes. Begin with the rights of man, and you end with wage-slavery: for History is not 'really a sound application that we know it obtained; but, as Huxley said, if Darwin had not discovered it, palaeontologists would have been compelled to invent it, to make their facts intelligible. It is true that Mr. Orage collaborated in the preliminary work of Mr. A. J. Penty on "The Restoration of the Guild System"; and contributed an article on the subject to the "Contemporary Review" seven years ago; but it is the contention of The New Age that Guild Socialism is not the creation of these two men, any more than the theory of evolution by natural selection was the creation of Darwin and Wallace. The logic of events cannot be gainsaid; and all that has been done so far may be easily summarised. We have postulated the possibility of abolishing the wage-system; we have sketched an alternative and shown that it is practicable (the article on the Panama Canal should not be forgotten); and we have desiderated the intelligent action of the trade unionists not to accept our suggestions and conclusions, but to work out the idea for themselves. Therefore, when the authors of this book ask these questions, we are not obliged to reply, and cannot reply in a responsible manner. "What degree or sphere of government is to be allotted to either partner?" they ask. Personally, I am not inclined to think that any allotting will be done for some time. If the Government can make a contract with the Marconi Company to provide a national service, it could also make a contract with the trade union to supply commodities. Let the trade unions be organised as wage-earners, but as producers, and they will be able to make terms with the Government. The "allotting" will come later—"Is this to be the predominant type of industrial government, or the sole type?" is the next question. If I were King of England—but I am not. It will be the sole type, if it can; for types always tend to be tyrannical. Otherwise, it will be the predominant type, or the sub-dominant type, or the non-existent type. "If the partners disagree, who is to be the arbiter between them?" This is easy, for we have an arbitrative genius amongst us. Mr. Lloyd George will arbitrate. But there will be no need for arbitration; the service, ex hypothesi, will be necessary to both parties, and they will only haggle over the price. These questions are simply debating questions.

I venture to suggest that no one except a member of the Rota Club would ask: "Does 'industry' include such services as the Police?" Nobody asked: "Is the article on the Panama Canal should not be for-
REVIEWS.

The Parents' Book: Answers to Children's Questions. (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 3s. 6d. net.)

To call this book a "child educator" is to deny the very meaning of the word education. Encyclopaedias never educate, and this is only an encyclopaedia: they are the means whereby questions are answered, enquirers are suppressed by assurance, and the mind burdened by an over-weighted memory. They are always authoritative, and errors are stated as emphatically as facts. We are told in this one, for example, that "the earth is always moving around the sun without stopping or ever getting slower in its motion"; which is simply not true. Nor is it accurate to say that "the earth is not a perfect round, but is flatter at the poles than at the equator"; for there is considerable evidence to prove that the earth changes in shape from an oblate spheroid to a tetrahedron, and from a tetrahedron to an oblate spheroid. It is certain, too, that many of the biographical sketches are unnecessary in this generation: no child is likely to ask: "Who is G. Bernard Shaw?" The volume ranges so widely, from wireless telegraphy to women's suffrage, from macadam to Mere-dith, that we can only warn parents that many of the subjects here dealt with are very debatable, and that the gospel truth is not always to be obtained by a simple process of question and answer. For example, speaking of Marconi, it is asked: "Who, even a few years ago, could have dreamed that a message could be launched into empty air, and that thousands of miles away an instrument could catch the invisible floating messages? And translate them into symbols and words? Yet this Marconi has accomplished." It is quite certain that any fool might have dreamed this, and it is equally certain that Marconi has not accomplished it; indeed, Guglielmo Marconi would be the first to repudiate this description of the process of wireless telegraphy. For the air is not empty, and the message does not float, and the receiver does not translate the message into "symbols and words." We make the quotation not to disparage the Marconi system: it is only necessary to say that this book is written. It is sentimental, it is long-winded, and abounds in tautology; and it does not do what it attempts to do, it does not induct a natural law into the spiritual world. It does only repeat, with the sphere of morals, the process of differentiation will lead to race suicide instead of to race perpetuation, and there will be a pretty kettle of morasses, in the bastard jargon of a quack. It is neither medicine, nor morals, nor intelligible social reform; but a mixture of all three in proportions that are not assimilable by a normal constitution.

Woman in Modern Society. By Professor Earl Barnes. (Cassell. 3s. 6d. net.)

Professor Barnes has written a tract to prove that men and women are diverse and complementary, and find their fullest expression in the bonds of matrimony. Therefore, he proposes that women should not be excluded from participation in any of the activities of men, but that, in consideration of their bearing the burdens of maternity, the stress of competition should be decreased and women should rank as the most favoured individuals in the State. Otherwise, he argues, sex antagonism will grow, and fewer of the perfect unions will occur; the whole biological process of differentiation will lead to race suicide instead of to race perpetuation, and there will be a pretty kettle of fish! Already, in America, the women have the educational system in their hands, with the consequence that the boys are becoming effeminate and the girls are therefore becoming emancipated. From this he deduces that we ought to give women the vote, re-organise marriage so that women may be paid for domestic service, motherhood, and have a half-share of inheritance, so that women may be paid for domestic service, and, in short, let women do exactly as they like while we accommodate ourselves to their vagaries.

With the Turks in Thrace. By E. Ashmead-Bartlett. (Heinemann.)

The value of this work from the military or historical standpoint is small, as the author himself would be the first to acknowledge, although some value attaches to the vivid descriptions of the confusion and rout of the Turkish forces. Considering, however, that Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett undoubtedly saw a considerable amount of fighting, it is a pity that he does not attempt to throw some light on the innumerable problems of
minor tactics which await solution. Perhaps, like so many other correspondents, he did not know what to look for.

But if we read the book merely as an account of exciting adventures and difficulties overcome by a display of real determination and pluck, we shall be better rewarded. He and Mr. Donohoe, his partner, merit the reputation which they earn. The photographs are excellent, but, for some reason, invariably depict the Turkish forces in a better light than the letterpress. For instance the "Turks retreating from Lule Burgas" (p. 302) seem happy enough for defeated troops and in excellent order, and the same applies to the "Turkish artillery leaving the field of Lule Burgas" (p. 212). The same is true of nearly all the photos of that retreat sent back from the seat of war. Personally we believe that many of them were really taken upon other occasions. If not, the demoralisation of the retirement has been grossly exaggerated.

**Fine Books.** By Alfred W. Pollard. (Methuen. 25s. net.)

"Fine books," unfortunately, does not mean fine literature, but books that have become valuable for their rarity and beauty of production. Finely printed and illustrated books is the theme that Mr. Pollard expounds, and, to save his book from the tediousness of a sale-room catalogue, he introduces some amount of biographical and historical matter. He writes in the jargon of the bibliophile about founts and formats, colo-

**Adventures of War with Cross and Crescent.** By Philip Gibbs and Bernard Grant. (Methuen. 2s. net.)

This is a collection of those "chatty stories from the front" referred to in a previous review. As such they are interesting enough, but they have no military value. The authors did not know what to look for, having no military experience, and, indeed, might just as well have stopped in England for all that they have been able to tell us. The photos are interesting enough.

**Gold, Prices, and Wages.** By J. A. Hobson. (Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.)

Against the theory that the recent rise in prices is due to the increased output of gold, Mr. Hobson argues that gold is only one, and that one not the most important, of the causes of this increase. He shows that bank credit is not based mainly on gold, that the extension and perfection of banking systems and the growth of joint-stock industrial concerns, have enabled a largely increasing proportion of property to figure as security for bank credit. If this means anything at all, it means that the bankers, in return for the money they do not lend to us, have obtained a larger lien on the very instruments of production. He argues that the increased supply of gold has not flooded our money market, but has flowed into new countries, such as Argentina, as a basis for bank credit there. He argues that there it has been used for purposes of development, for purposes, that is to say, not immediately productive; and that, in consequence, there has been a retardation in the growth of world wealth. He quotes many figures in support of his arguments, but frequently he has to piece out his figures with abstract arguments. Naturally enough he pleads for more figures, and asks the Governments of the world to supply them.
Mad machines tore at the goods, and made them all machinery;
Finished that, they on each other practised worse than felony.
Soon the globe was all composed of howling, whirling wheels; and worse,
Sparkling dynamos and motors, working by the solar force,
Caused the world to hurtle sunward for new food to fill their maw.
But the awful vision vanished ere I saw them start to gnaw.

Men, my brothers, ye the workers, bliss will be the bitter end,
The'our newer scientists tell us of a larger, greater trend.
For the atom has now given up the ghost to energy;
For the atom has now given up the ghost to energy;

That thou speakest of a mark of anything inborn in the karma of these people that thou didst overlook in thy stay no. But mayhap there is some solace in store for the smiles her blessings upon us whether we be diligent or

Great abundance, as thou sayest, that their lot may be lightened on the great Wheel. Having a plenty in these

What do I read upon this slip of paper sent me by some wight friendly to my satirical diversions 10 ye strings! Were they Lawson's? Can the sufferer be Le Sage? Is Courtney prostrate?

To the "Daily Telegraph." To the "Daily Herald." To the "Daily News." EPIGRAMS : MANNERS SERIES.

The example that Mr. Fox has in mind, by explicit statement in the text, is Tolstoy, that person who, at the age of forty, discovered the Sermon on the Mount, and gave his wife the opportunity of taking thought for the morrow. Of George Tremayne and his wife, it is said: "He reads the Sermon—he strives to live it." He is supposed to be a Socialist, although there is no evidence of the fact; he is simply that sort of laicist who strives to reduce the profits on his business, and when he fails to do that, hands over the business to his less scrupulous partners, and tries to get a living by making picture frames and selling newspapers. On the point of fact, there never was such a Socialist; even Tolstoy the exemplar, who was not a Socialist, although he made boots (bad ones, according to report), never attempted to earn his living in this way.

But George Tremayne beggars himself and moves from Holland Park to Notting Hill. His wife, who

What is drama? As a child, I was taught that, in parsing, if a word was not anything else, it must be an adverb. This definition by elimination seems to be the rule in writing; if it is not anything else, it must be a play. By no other rule can I justify the publication of such a work as the one under consideration. There are people I know who, when reading a novel, skip all the descriptive passages, and read only the conversation. They are, I suppose, embryo playwrights, of the kind that write for this series of "Plays of To-day and To-morrow." But even conversation has its degrees of excellence: there are ways of saying things, or not saying things, that are as indicative of character as the most decisive action. Hamlet did nothing but hesitate until the end of the last act, but we know him perfectly, and would like to know him better. George Tremayne makes "the great refusal," resigns his directorship of and his profits from the business of Tremayne and Son, cigarette manufacturers, to become a retail newsgagent in Notting Hill, and finally subsides into the comfort of a home at South Kensington. Who wonders and who cares?

The fact is that Mr. Fox (there is a wig-maker of that name, too, so the author is, to some extent, in the theatrical tradition), is incapable of the creation of character; so, as he gives a generic title to his play, I suppose that it is meant to be a satire. How he does lash the follies of the time! One would think that he were still in his childhood, playing at horses; unfortunately, his theme lacks even the semblance of novelty. It was Bacon who said: "He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune." St. Paul said: "He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord, but he that is married careth for things that are of the world, how he may please his wife." I dare say that the Mahabharata, or the Puranas, or the Vedas, have even more profound utterances on the subject than these; but I do not want to dignify "This Generation"* beyond recognition. Let it suffice that Nietzsche said that "a married philosopher is a figure of comedy," and we can see how far short of his predecessors falls Mr. Fox.

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* "This Generation." By S. M. Fox. (Fisher Unwin, 2s. 6d. net.)
loves him and disagrees with his opinions, goes with him, the children are sent to a Council School; and the second act takes place in the parlour at the back of the shop. Although they keep a maid, the wife and children are supposed to be underfed—the children in danger of becoming lousy, and the business on the high road to bankruptcy. The wife's father calls (he is a rich man, of course, a financier), takes away the wife and children; and George is left to his own devices. Third act is a working men's club at Fullham. George makes a speech (a bad speech) on brotherhood; various sorts of working men hint at Socialism, and people treat each other to cocoa. George, it seems, the wife's father has died, and left her a lot of money, but, so far, no reconciliation has taken place. At the end of the act, that occurs; and George goes back to luxurious slavery. The fourth act shows George surrounded by every comfort, protesting against it, and finally succumbing to it. "I mean to make you so snug and happy at home," says his wife. "I mean to spoil you in future." And this is supposed to be a play "for to-day and to-morrow!"

I warn Mr. Fox not to expect too much of posterity. "Why, I'm posterity—and so are you; and whom do we remember?" queried Byron; and, in the circumstances, it is well to remember that there are various sorts of fame. In the Dictionary of National Biography, not everyone who is treated at length is a person of intrinsic interest or merit; some murderers have more space devoted to them than many artists. Who would Mr. Fox like to go down to posterity as the man who could not write a play, but could get "This Generation" published? I grant Mr. Fox all his good intentions. Folly should be reproved, nobility of character ought to be able to exercise itself, and the love of a woman is fatal to the workings of the soul; but all these excuses do not justify the perpetuation of the worst play in the world. Mr. Fox does none of these things. "This Generation" is simply banal, revealing not even a trace of understanding, a touch of feeling, or the slightest appreciation of what drama demands.

Yet Mr. Fox is no tyro: he has done it before on two occasions, and if I protest—and so are you; and whom do we remember?" queried Byron; and, in the circumstances, it is well to remember that there are various sorts of fame. In the Dictionary of National Biography, not everyone who is treated at length is a person of intrinsic interest or merit; some murderers have more space devoted to them than many artists. Who would Mr. Fox like to go down to posterity as the man who could not write a play, but could get "This Generation" published? I grant Mr. Fox all his good intentions. Folly should be reproved, nobility of character ought to be able to exercise itself, and the love of a woman is fatal to the workings of the soul; but all these excuses do not justify the perpetuation of the worst play in the world. Mr. Fox does none of these things. "This Generation" is simply banal, revealing not even a trace of understanding, a touch of feeling, or the slightest appreciation of what drama demands.
characterises so much of the work of modern painters à la Connard; it is clearly the result, as all fine simplicity invariably is, of the thorough digestion and comprehension of a subject's complexities. I have never seen anything that pleased me so much, from this artist's brush. If Professor Smith, the most experienced and tried student of his art, one might almost feel that he had found himself in his communion with this imposing monster of snow-covered rock.

How different are the results obtained from a kindred subject by Frank Mr. Lavery (Nos. 82, 84, and 89). There is a freshness and a directness about these canvases which certainly arrest attention; but how far above mere impressionistic transcription do you suppose they are? Where is the loving, earnest, patient and sympathetic observa-
tion of the true artist in these pictures? I fail to see any purpose in proving any longer to the world that this rapid, smart and jejune impressions can be seized or end!

With regard to Mr. Glyn Philpot's "Feast of Belshazzar" (No. 83), cela ne laisse froid. I never was and never shall be impressed by a transformation scene at Drury Lane, or by a grand living picture at His Majesty's. One is too well aware of the object of such a scene effect, and of the means employed in producing it—not to speak of the quota of the artistic inspiration behind it—to be seriously moved by these gruesome black backgrounds, and these weird figures, all illumined by limelight of the same colour, especially when they are made the subject of a painted picture. Mr. Glyn Philpot is a romanticist. A big muffled drum is beaten mysteriously in the mind's ear of the spectator; the curtain rises in his mind's eye; and lo! the "Feast of Belshazzar" stands unrolled before him. There is a murmur in his mind—applause for the art, nay, the astounding histrionic artfulness, of this wonderfully lurid scene of barbaric indulgence; and then a sigh rises in his throat. The spectator is tired. The stage scene must be changed or else he will rapidly be bored. Fortunately, at the stage a such a scene would quickly change. Blue and violet limelight, merging to green, would flash upon the figures. They would move and the play would begin—on and on!

But here, in this painted picture, everything will remain the same for ever and ever—the black background and the crushed strawberry limelight not excepted! I think, perhaps, I have mentioned before in these columns that everyone knows, is the venerable and exalted President of the International Society, never quite liked Renoir's drawing. He always used to say to me that he admired Renoir's colour, but not his draughtsmanship. I was, therefore, not a little surprised when I saw "The Bather and the Griffen" (No. 143); for, hitherto, I must say, I had been inclined to agree with the great sculptor on the subject of his old friend's work. Surely, however, there is little fault to find with this superb lady and her dog! I was simply astonished, and everyone else, I am sure, was elated by the modern work looks beside it!

The Alfred Stevens (No. 93), although only an unfinished sketch, is also a great treat. The public should attach particular importance to such a work. It almost supplies the inevitable and universal canon that one requires, in order to measure the merit of the modern work. Among the other painters who are pleasing, without however, leaving any deep impres-
tion, are Mr. Frederick (save in No. 82), Mr. Alexander Jameson (No. 93), Miss Constance Rea (especially in No. 137), and W. B. E. Ranken (No. 182).

And now let me conclude with a humble prayer to the Council of the Society. Let them in heaven's name use a more severe standard of criticism in the selection of the bulk of the pictures which go to make up their biennial shows. I do not suggest for a minute that there is any undue nepotism practised; but let them be ruthless in regard to all painters, even members, who fancy that they can afford to send in mediocrecr work, because they are "bound to get hung." After all, this would be something new in the graphic arts. But it would be something that, in the end, the public would heartily appreciate.

**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.**

**OMNIPOTENT PROLETARIAT.**

SIR,—Your interesting contributor, Mr. Finn, is very much surprised to find Mr. Chiozza Money, whose strongly humanitarian views give me a sort of artistic reaction to his views of the impossibility of the proletariat ever having an effective voting power, and clutched looks round for more worlds to conquer, for more adherents to his banner. On the whole he likes the thing, and at your share in that memorable conversion seems to be dashed with a considerable dose of despondency. And no wonder. For the more hope you have staked on your theory of Guild Socialism, the more disheartening it must be to tell, on such high authority, that your dreams are unrealisable. "Monotony, dullness, dreariness, hopelessness," seem to you to be the inevitable com-

What is the good of all these theories—Socialism, syndicalism, Anarchism, Henry Georgeism, whatever you call them? The full programme in human nature. A Government official under Socialism is to be a perfectly different person from the present parasite. Why? Your Guild Socialism, Sir, is as bad in this respect as any other. Even were the "means of produc-
tion" acquired by the State—which Mr. Finn, now backed by Mr. Mells—impossible by force, possible by force, and which you yourselves say it would be idiocy to attempt by purchase—do you seriously expect us to believe that greed, envy, laziness, cowardice, bullying, would all vanish leaving only beatific virtue in the world? Virtue, in that case, might just as well go hang herself too—her occupation would be gone. Would the foreman of a great railway, under Guild Socialism, be constitutionally immune from attacks of impatience, let us say, to put it mildly, if he found some of his co-workers shirking their work? Would these navies all be in-
spired by a lofty sense of duty or zealous love of manual labour and give no cause for the foreman's... ah, im-

Mr. Wells, again, has suggested a Conscription of labour; every man is to do a certain number of years of work, and then be free to retire on the proceeds, on the general proceeds, that is. Quite a happy thought! But even this is cut down out of the picture, but folly when taken and pursued seriously. Imagine Mr. Wells himself his Fancy roaming beyond the moon, among the stars! "Big, bright, kind!"—and down out of that. Should your pick here, and open up a mile or two of road, to lay gas pipes," or what no. Take a budding Beethoven and set him to clean our sewers; or chain a would-be champion runner or airman to a counting-house stool and bid him type out invoices for a few years! Is this making a joke of a serious matter? Upon my word, I don't think it possible to look into any of these schemes for the amelioration of the world in any other light than as a joke. See how "Mr. John Smith," of the Engineers' Guild spends his Saturday afternoon. He draws his 100 guilders (pay, mind you, or salary, if you like, not wages—a fico for the phrase!) puts five in his pocket to go to a football match, buys an ounce of baccy on the way, and indulges in a "midday meal" gets his weekly papers on the way home on a free tram-car, and then writes out cheques to the amount of 15 guilders laid out by Mr. Smith—of frugal mind—on household purchases. He saves 60 out of his 100, having a foreseeing eye to his holidays as well as on an accumulates guilders (fairy gold, not Dutch metal!) and they lie to his credit at his Guild bank. It is the touch-
ing story of the travelling man (save in No. 137), and may be read in extenso in THE NEW AGE of November 28, 1912. The joke is none of my making.

And all this bliss is put off now, we read, till the year a.p. 3000, or thereabouts. And all time Mr. Finn's solitary capitalist's head will be chopped off; the millennium will have come, and the New Age will have arrived from the world. Ha! ha! ha!

I must confess I take no interest in the politics of that date. Doubtless, I am a hard-hearted monster who thinks...
everything is for the best in the all possible worlds, but, meanwhile, I see Margaret Hamilton is harrowing us, in "Everyman," with pictures of the sweating worker, and the Fat Man is daily gibbeted for us by "Daily Mail." You will say, perhaps, that I don’t know anything about the subject. Frankly, I don’t. And the moral of the tale is that you, Sir, and Mr. Needham are up against a more difficult task than the conversion of Mr. Chiozza Money, for you have to convert me, thirty millions of me, according to Carlyle, before my majority can be realised.

* * * FELIX EDGERLY.

WORKING WOMEN AND THE VOTE.

Sir,—You will not thank Mr. H. T. Scott for the compliment to your readers’ judgment conveyed in his letter of April 10. No doubt, Mrs. Thurtle’s letter received with due attention by a few such as are unaware of the writer’s parentage. "In a few short, clear sentences" Mr. Scott seems to have hit very severely the wrong nail on the head. What are the facts? Mrs. Thurtle went to America some months ago, and, under various influences, became a Syndicalist. Her arguments, therefore (as anybody can see by looking up her letter) are not so much against votes for women as distinct from votes for men, as against votes for anybody at all—which are not so much against votes for women as distinct from votes for men. Indeed, it would not surprise me to learn if Mr. Forster could come to life again he would bitterly repent ever bringing in the Act which was useless to democracy, I am quite sure that we should not agree that the caucus was powerless for women. Indeed, it would not surprise me to learn if Mr. Forster could come to life again to make a Roman holiday! But it appears that Strindberg was at this time living in Paris, and, unfortunately for himself, has been unable to return the love of the men who have singled them out. There are eleven in the family, and from my own knowledge, that no two of them agree about anything, let alone religion or politics. I suppose Mr. Scott agrees with his grandfather on the question.

* * * EDGAR J. LANSBURY.

FEMINISM.

Sir,—If I may trespass on your valuable space, I should like to ask if any of your correspondents can suggest a solution of the chief difficulty in connection with the feminist movement—the preponderance of women over men? These “odd women” number both the physically attractive and the physically unattractive. Some of both classes must, under existing laws and circumstances, remain unmarried, and working are women of the middle classes, and women of private means, who prefer a single to a married life, not because they are unloved, but because they look upon marriage as a failure, and, unfortunately for themselves, have been unable to return the love of the men who have singled them out. There are other odd women, who, by the lack of charm or opportunity, have never had an offer of marriage. The existence of these women may signify race degeneration, but the point is, ‘by what right are they to be deprived of marriage? And of women of their own? Are they to remain as parasites on their extremely unwilling male relatives? Or, possessing none, shall they depend on public charity? Shall marriage be enforced, and the polygamy of the East become legitimate in the West? Shall a certain number of female infants be exposed yearly? Or shall we, taking a hint from Swift, serve up the least prepossessing of these infants as food for the submerged tenth, and thus improve the condition of the lower classes without imposing an extra burden on the ratepayer?

SC.

EDUCATION.

Sir,—I enclose a paragraph cut from the “University Correspondent.” Manifestly there does not lack intelligent discontent among educationists with the present educational system. Whether such discontent will find effective expression at the right time is left to be seen.

T. M. SALMON.

“Criticism of the last great Education Act is reviving now that a new Act is to be submitted. Durham University Union Society at its March meeting adopted a resolution condemning the 1902 Act as futile and urging further legislation, the debate being rendered notable by the speeches of Mr. Fabian Ware and Dr. W. R. D. Rouse. The former urged that secondary education in particular required such reorganisation as would make it ‘at least equal to that provided by any of our foreign rivals’; and Dr. Rouse not only lamented that the secondary schools had suffered for ten years from being put into the hands of the ignorantuses of the country, but regretted the result of the Act of 1902. ‘If they could do more expect good legislation for schools from politicians,’ he said, ‘than they could expect good legislation for the rural movement from the rural movement. Education was costing them more money than any parent wanted for it. In his opinion elementary education was quite inefficient, as it did not lead up to anything. It killed the natural development of the child. He thought if Mr. Forster could come to life again he would bitterly repent ever bringing in the Act which stood to his credit.”

* * *

NIETZSCHE-STRINDBERG LETTERS.

Sir,—Since translating the selection from the Nietzsche-Strindberg letters in "Das Literarische Echo" for March 15, I have obtained a copy of the "Frankfurter Zeitung" for February 9, in which the first instalment of these letters originally appeared. Karl Strecker, to whom their publication is due, mentions in connection with them certain facts which merit consideration.

There is no need to enter into the details concerning the preservation of the manuscripts and the reason why their publication has been so long delayed. It is, however, noteworthy that while Strecker possesses the originals of Strindberg’s letters, he had to content with accredited copies of Nietzsche’s. Another important fact is that Nietzsche’s letters are in German, Strindberg’s in French. When I translated his latter I found that Strindberg had written in German, as I had no indication to the contrary. But it appears that Strindberg was at this time unable to write in German, and even while in Berlin in 1892-93, he at first corresponded only in French or Swedish, with Strindberg’s address, as he wished to send him his letter with a world-historical accent that reached me.”

On October 6, Brandes refers to Strindberg again. He had sent him "The Case of Wagner," and writes that he had read Strindberg’s "Les Maries" in French, upon an incomparably stronger and healthier foundation. The effect is bewitching." This was my translation, therefore, is an English version of a German translation from a French original, and during this double process of translations many inexactitudes may have crept in. It would certainly be interesting to examine Strindberg’s French original.

Nietzsche first became acquainted with Strindberg through Georg Brandes, who, on April 3, 1888, wrote to him: “If you read Swedish, I draw your attention to Strindberg’s letter to Peter Gast (the musician) on March 10, 1888, which was published in "Das Literarische Echo," Nietzsche’s first letter to Strindberg was assigned to the year 1880 instead of 1888.

It would appear that Nietzsche was highly pleased at Strindberg’s answer. In writing to Brandes, he referred to it in the manner: “When you write about women, you are very similar to him.” On October 6, Brandes refer to Strindberg again. He had sent him "The Case of Wagner," and writes that he had completely won Brandes’ side. On April 3, 1888, Brandes wrote about women, you are very similar to him.” On October 6, Brandes refer to Strindberg again. He had sent him "The Case of Wagner," and writes that he had completely won Brandes’ side. On April 3, 1888, Brandes wrote about women, you are very similar to him.” On October 6, Brandes refer to Strindberg again.

* * *

Zola’s preface to Strindberg’s "Father," mentioned by
Nietzsche in his letter of November 27, 1888, runs thus (I translate from the French original):

"Dear sir and colleague,

I owe you many apologies for my long silence. But if you knew what I feel, I lead, the toil and worry of it! I did not wish to return you your manuscript without having read it, and at last I have managed to find time. You will understand, perhaps, that we are preoccupied with a natural-scientific idea in it is very bold, the characters very dar- ingly grouped. You have derived powerful and disturb- ing effects from the concept of the 'saints and the knights,' which has sur- rendered itself into the hands of its women—and that means nothing more or less than utter decadence. Your play, I repeat, is one of the rare dramatic works that have moved me deeply.

"Believe me, your devoted and sympathetic colleague,

"EMILE ZOLA."

In conclusion to the present series, it may be of inter- est to note the following oral statement made by Strin- dberg at Berlin in February, 1893:—

"The Pretenders?" Mr. Hope would have us believe that Hakon is the mouthpiece of Ibsen. He says: "Once a day a divine right is claimed, for by the universe is accomplished, according to Ibsen... Ibsen constructed his play to show the triumph of God's child over God's 'step-child,' i.e., Hakon over Skule. I have given reasons why this is not sufficient to justify my statement that Ibsen intended to convey... The 'White Slave Traffic' question has deluged Press and public, and there is no doubt about his achievement. Prac- tically throughout the play, Hakon Hakonsson triumphs over Skule; that is the lesson Ibsen intended to teach..."

Sir,—Mr. Selver's admirable translation from "Das Literarische Echo" of the Strindberg-Nietzsche correspon- dence omits one passage which should prove of peculiar interest to English readers. It came at the end of Strin- dberg's reply to Nietzsche's letter of December 7, 1888 (the last of those translated by Mr. Selver), and answers Nietzsche's query as to the English translation of his works. Strindberg writes:—

"Thus Strindberg. It is only fair to add the comment of Herr Strecker, who publishes this interesting correspon- dence. Dr. Ernest Jones has said that Shakespeare's plays would have little interest for a people more con- scious of Bishop Nicholas shows that the character of Bishop Nicholas is not sufficient to justify my statement that Ibsen con- structed his play to show the triumph of God's child over God's 'step-child,' Mr. Hare will have to continue to dis- agree with me. It may be, it probably is, true that Mr. Hare's attempt to make me do so inclines me to say: 'Damn your 'pretenders'!'

Sir,—As you have kindly allowed me a column of your space to discuss the modern drama, I am loath to ask for more; in fact, I said all I wanted to say. A new question arises, however, which appears to me of some importance. I refer to the extraordinary sensitiveness of THE NEW AGE to any form of comment on their work. In my observation and experience every Criticism is followed by a declaration of hostility so marked that I can only suppose it to proceed from some principle that I do not understand.

In the present case Mr. Hope seems to assume that every sentence in my letter aims at being an explicit contradiction of him, or at filling up the gaps in his preposi- tion. One thing more; Nietzsche had not written a word when in 1895 Ibsen composed "The Pretenders." There was no doctrine of the will to power to refute, even by anticipation. It therefore seems to be sounder criticism to relate a work of art to philosophical doctrines that have become explicit, than to the reason of my reference to Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. Mr. Hope's vanity is not sufficient to justify my statement that Ibsen con- structed his play to show the triumph of God's child over God's 'step-child,' Mr. Hare will have to continue to dis- agree with me. It may be, it probably is, true that Mr. Hare's attempt to make me do so inclines me to say: 'Damn your 'pretenders'!'

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In the present case Mr. Hope seems to assume that every sentence in my letter aims at being an explicit contradiction of him, or at filling up the gaps in his preposi-
pered to repudiate it. "There was no doctrine of the will to power to refute, even by anticipation," says Mr. Hare. It so happens that Max Stirner wrote a book called "The Ego and His Own" (translated title), and Stirner died in 1886. The ideas of that book were not original to Stirner, and it is not unlikely that quite a number of people coincided with the zeitgeist of the time that "The Pretenders" was written."

"THE GREAT ADVENTURE."

Sir,—When this piece was first performed at the Kingsway Theatre, I was fortunate enough to be seated in the next stall to that of Mr. John Francis Hope. No doubt, this was one of the reasons why I spent a pleasant evening, but it was not the only one; and I am sorry to see Mr. Hope taking a more jaundiced view of the play than I had looked for. It may be, of course, but enough of personalities. I want to quarrel with his most vital objection of the play, which emerges finally in a sneer at Putney.

"The Pyrenees are absurd and Putney is exalted, and the artist drops into a comfortable life with the simple woman who is only concerned with the commercial value of his pictures. Well, why not, is Heaven's name? It is well known that men of talent are generally the most conventional in their habits; they need peace, unhonored sleep, regular meals. Why should they seek romance in the dirty and uncomfortable hotels of the Pyrenees, when they can make romance in Putney? And what is Mr. Hope's quarrel with the simple, inarticulate woman? As wife or mistresses, she is probably the happiest companion for Ham Carve. If the lady were an art critic, now, or a novelist, she might well be left to the tender mercies of Mrs. Hastings; but as she is merely preserving a peaceful civilization, I feel that THE NEW AGE should approve of her.

"England, and more particularly Putney, will probably accept Mr. Bennett as an artist." Well, well; we have heard satire of this order all too frequently. Did not Swinburne inhabit Putney, by the way?

[John Francis Hope replies: "I do not deny that Janet Cannot is probably the happiest companion for Ham Carve, and that Putney is probably the most suitable place for him. But Mr. Dukes says: 'Did not Swinburne inhabit Putney?' Who is sneering at Putney now? As I am not aware that I quarrelled with the simple, inarticulate woman, it seems that I can make no reply, but suggest that Mr. Dukes should read my article again to see what exactly was my point."]

"NEW AGE" CARICATURES.

Sir,—The drawing on the back of last week's number of THE NEW AGE will surely hurt the feelings of other readers besides myself. Those who boycott or belittle THE NEW AGE will now also be able to say that it is a paper which descends to gross and vulgar personalities.

Will you please print this letter, with an editorial note appended, saying whether you approve of the drawing and consider it worthy of your paper?

HAMILTON IRVING.

"REBOMBAIRIE."

Sir,—By a poor light, and in a sleepy condition, I took up one of my journals—"Rebombaire." a penny thing, but it supports always one good article—in frequent, two.

One's journals accumulate if one is doing any work in the world; for that claims, in these critical hours, not merely one's time, but one's thought, more expensive things. Last week's Rebombaire lay in a pile. A bit tired I was, so I hunted, rather blindly, for the one good article. It seemed odd it should be missing. Yet it was! I turned back to the beginning, and saw the usual paragraphs, in nice, large print, all about Montenegro, and how all sensible people said things in the end in the same way—just the usual thing. It began in October, most undisturbing it is, but I was just awake enough to crave a good article. PLAGUE! it was missing this week. My eyelids must have hung low owing to an access of sleep, for I didn't note that the title had mysteriously altered. My futile search continued. At last I caught myself saying distinctly: "British Weekly," "Christian Commonwealth," must countermand "Everyman," too, it seems. Truly, the dry rot is appalling. So I laid it on its back. Then I said: My eyes, in the beautifully translated words of the ancient Hebrews, were no longer holden. THE NEW—those were the fatal words. Ace did not follow, nor "Everyman." That wholesome organ I beheld, with pleasure, still in my field of vision and regard. "A bit a fit, I am not aware that I quarrelled with the simple, inarticulate woman, seems that I can make no reply, but suggest that Mr. Dukes should read my article again to see what exactly was my point."]

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