CONTAINING INDEX, AND A SPECIAL CARTOON.

THE

NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.


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For these latter Parliament, whatever the House of Commons for the moment may be, is still the incarnation of the power, might, majesty and glory of the State.

* * *

In one sense these heirs, as they hope, of the executive power of the State are right in their judgment. We have never, as our readers know, shared the view of the Syndicalists that the State is or can ever be of no account. It is indeed much more, even in its embodied form of Parliament, than a mere conglomerate of functions, being a symbol as well as an organ of national unity. The House of Commons may, it is true, from time to time, obscure this symbol of national unity and leave us to conclude that Parliament itself is nothing but an organ of class dominance; but that is the fault of the House of Commons in particular, and the remedy lies in purging the House of Commons and not in decrying Parliament in general. From even the most pessimistic point of view Parliament is at this moment the only representative we possess of the “better self” of the nation as well as the organ of the middle classes. The hope of improving matters is therefore in the endeavour to cleanse the House of Commons of its class character—which constitutes an invasion of national rights in Parliament—and to emphasise once more the aspect of Parliament as the better self of the nation.

* * *

From this point of view we can not only continue with a good conscience the criticism of the House of Commons as a national organ unfortunately captured from us and wrested to their sectarian purposes by a single class; but we can erect a standard by which to judge its particular acts. There are obviously defects in the House of Commons, but these, we contend, are almost entirely personal. In other words, the defects of the House of Commons consist in persons and in nothing more. Once clear the House of the handful of personalities now in unfortunate possession, and it will return of its own accord, as it were, to its office of executing the national will. Who are these persons and why are they at once objectionable and in possession? For the moment we can name, as our readers will guess, Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Rufus Isaacs in particular; but we should be magnifying their talents in confining our list to them. The truth is that at the present time all the dominant personalities of the House of Commons are of a character less national than class, and, we might almost add, less class than private. And they reveal it both in their conduct as statesmen and as men. The Marconi affair has allowed us to see in a peculiarly strong light, what, perhaps without it

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we should never have realised in our generation, that the House of Commons for some years has been drifting further and further away from its ideal purpose; with this astonishing result, as we now see it, that the professed representatives of the nation, who should speak and act in the name of the sentiments of the people, openly ignore and almost boast that they ignore the weightiest opinions of the community. We confess that the signs of this are to us much the most serious elements in the Marconi affair. For a foolish flutter in shares, that was, for Swift, the true legislation and permanent satisfaction the nation has placed staff and shoes at their doors in retirement to private life would, however, we believe, compensate the nation for the scandal we have endured; and, to use an old Dutch ceremony, we may say that the better self of the nation, should nevertheless be accepted by the House of Commons as tolerable is a proof of how far from its intention that House has fallen and of the extent to which it must be lifted to restore it to its old place. We hesitate to admit that good may come out of evil, for it was the sophism on which, it appears, the world was founded. The resignation of the two Ministers concerned and their retirement to private life would, however, we believe, compensate the nation for the scandal we have endured; and, to use an old Dutch ceremony, we may say that the nation has placed staff and shoes at their doors in readiness.

As a criterion of the distinction between the House of Commons as the organ of the nation and the House of Commons as the organ of a class, the analysis of Swift, perhaps the greatest intellect that ever wrote English, may be recalled. As the organ of the nation Parliament, in Swift's judgment, was the executive of the "universal bent and current of the people." What permanently satisfied the sentiments of justice of a people, that was, for Swift, the true legislation and work of national Parliament. The work of faction, on the other hand, or of class as we now call it, was characterised by a partial satisfaction, by the satisfaction, not of the bulk of the nation, but of one particular section at the expense of the general body. It must be admitted that our present Parliament is rich in illustrations of the second, as public life, in spite of it, is rich in illustrators. Indeed, faction, in Swift's sense, as the House of Commons at the present moment is, it is still, as we have said, the only representative of the permanent self of the community, and thus, even against its will and against the grain of many of its members, the House of Commons is compelled to mingle with its class legislation legislation that is national and not sectarian. Of these two types of legislation, the national and the sectarian, the past few weeks have, as it happens, provided examples. The decision of Parliament—for that is what the recent debate amounts to—to maintain the Censorship of the Drama is what with no hesitation we regard as a national duty. Undoubtedly the universal bent and current of the English people is towards decorum in public life and particularly towards decorum in art. By what instinct does art influence the life, and that, as Aristotle says, from the seeing and saying of evil things it is but a step to the doing of them, we will not now inquire. Certainly there are few signs that our public appreciates art in any degree. But that, by some means or other, the nation has discerned the peril of an unlicensed Drama is clear in the decision of Parliament and in the absence of any protest of any value against that decision. We may just remark that far from degrading Drama by this means, Drama is actually honoured by the establishment of a Censorship involving a kind of homage to the power of the stage and a recognition of its duties as well as of its rights. No dramatist, we believe, would wish to break the bounds set fairly by the nation for its own soul; and no dramatist who has ever been censured in our opinion deserved anything else.
become what Nature has not made them—political creatures; we do not simply rest secure in the knowledge that women will never enter politics or only so to find men fled; the nation positively, actively, and heartily loathes the notion of the political "emancipation" of women, and rather than admit it, would, when reason fails, oppose the simplest force; that the women's advocates have yet drawn the true conclusion from the nation's approval, or, at least, heartily loathes the notion of the political "emancipation" of women, and rather than admit it, would, when reason fails, oppose the simplest force; that the women's advocates have yet drawn the true conclusion from the nation's approval, or, at least, heartily loathes the notion of the political "emancipation" of women, and rather than admit it, would, when reason fails, oppose the simplest force; that the women's advocates have yet drawn the true conclusion from the nation's approval, or, at least, heartily loathes the notion of the political "emancipation" of women, and rather than admit it, would, when reason fails, oppose the simplest force.

Of the sectarian acts of the House of Commons it is unnecessary to write at length. No reader of The New Age is unaware of what they are or of the signs by which they may be recognised. A consideration more immediately profitable is how they may be opposed. The claim of democracy is that the House of Commons shall itself cease to be the organ of any one class of the nation. That, we believe, is the alpha and omega of Democracy which we would maintain as the aristocracy or the middle classes. The purging of the House of Commons of those Members whose interests are personal or class and whose last thoughts are of the nation is, in our judgment, the first duty of Democrats. Close upon it comes the duty of clearing out from the Commons the delegates of "interests," whether of Capital or of Labour. The Labour Party, we observe, make a great fuss of their discovery that seventy-seven railway directors, sixty-four assurance directors and the Lord knows how many other directors sit in Parliament for the main purpose of their profiteering business; and well enough the Labour Party may complain. It is the most manifest contradiction of the spirit of Parliament to consign the control of its executive organ to men secretly devoted to their private gods. Against what other form of heresy, blasphemy and idolatry did the ancient prophets inveigh in the days when Israel professed the worship of the national God of Israel? We certainly endorse the judgment of the Labour Party on those Members of Parliament who sit in our national councils and devise profit for themselves. But what can be said of the profiteers may with equal truth be said of the wage-labourers, as such, in Parliament. They, too, have as little right, place, dignity, or value in the House of Commons as their employers. It is idle to pretend that their greater needs entitle them to indulgence when the lesser needs of the capitalists are contrasted with them. The place for wages as for profits is outside Parliament, outside the councils of the nation as a nation; and in our view the forty Labour Members who sit at Westminster are as much to blame for the conversion of the Commons into a class and sectarian organ as the railway and other directors who sit beside them. Clear the House, if we can, of the tipsters, sharps and flats, the profiteers and the men on the make; but let us clear it also of the delegates of the wage-slaves who, in proportion as they serve their class, betray the purpose of Parliament.

But suppose, as appears likely, that these counsels of perfection are ignored. Parliament in a material sense is omnipotent. It can do what it pleases. We have, to quote Burke again, confided to Parliament the most extravagant powers, powers of the military, powers of police, and the power of money, and reserved to ourselves only one weapon, namely, opinion. For force, it is clear, we have not reserved. What unorganised mob, however numerous, could stand against matching guns? As our national weapons of defence have become perfected their employment against ourselves has become possible in the same proportion. We are, in short, as powerless in the face of our rulers as our enemies are. 'If then our rulers will not listen to popular reason, let them continue to rely upon their strength, upon the weapons we have entrusted to them for our defence, the only alternative to submission is the discovery of a new weapon which shall be neither opinion nor force. Herein, if we are not mistaken, lies the political, and not alone the economic, value of the general strike. In economics we contend that the preparation of a general strike is in itself the most powerful weapon the working-classes can employ. It is, in our opinion, a discovery in proletarian economy of as great a value as the discovery of gunpowder in mediæval society. By this weapon, rightly fashioned, rarely used, but always used to an intelligent and far-reaching purpose (for it would be criminal to employ it merely to raise wages), the wage-earners, we believe, may one day achieve economic emancipation.

The example of Belgium has proved that the general strike may be equally efficacious in the political sphere. The "New Statesman," after much beating about the bush, has come to the same conclusion. "The general strike," it says, "is the natural rejoinder to any attempt on the part of the State to go back on democracy." It is, indeed, more even than that: it is the sole weapon, after opinion has failed, that democracy can employ against a modern and machine-equipped oligarchy. Whether we shall be compelled to employ it against the House of Commons in England, or whether, when the need arises, the nation will have the spirit to employ it, are questions that nobody can answer. The signs, for the present, are encouraging. And we may argue that the approach to the universal bent and current of our nation, and a Commons Bill to bring it in would be an act of treason to Parliament and the better self of the nation.

Diana.

HAIL, Diana! Men of Freedom, in the zenith of thine hour; Stern Idea, kneel before thee. Saw in thee their maiden dower.

Hail, Diana! They were mortal; Thou art their eternal good, Haunting now memorial forests With thine own immortal brood.

We, Diana, bow before thee, Virgin of the Heart of Man! The unconquered, unforgetting Remnant of thine ancient clan.

Roam again with thy bright arrows Through an unbelieving world, Huntress of the flying evil! To the heart thy darts are hurled.

Ah, be gracious! We had lost thee In the tumult of our day, In the arid plains of warfare, On the dusty, full highway.

Yet again the forests call us! Yet again the dew is sweet! We have seen thee, rathe Diana, Spirit of the flying feet.
Current Cant.

(China please note.)

"The Sermon on the Mount is not intended for the world at large."—Rev. Eversard Digby.

"The supposed materialism of a soulless age is very generally ascribed by those who believe in it to the shrivelling influence of the accumulation of wealth. . . . Faith is neither dead nor dying, and religious feeling is not weaker but stronger. . . . Idealism triumphs still."—Daily Express.

"England has had such a high ideal hitherto, and has done so much to civilise the world. It is imperative, therefore, that every possible effort should be made to stem the horrible stream of Socialism which is flowing all over the country."—Jula, Marchioness of Tweeddale.

"Once more the King is coming into the closest touch with the toiling masses of his subjects, and receiving a welcome such as only the trusted Sovereign of a free people can hope to enjoy."—Pall Mall Gazette.

"In Royal eyes, as well as those of all right-thinking people, everything that tends to raise the standard of health, comfort, and intelligence in the busy centres of national industry is not less important than the quality or quantity of the saleable output."—The Standard.

"The crown is the one feature of our Government which, by its permanence and aloofness from the passions, shams, and deceits of Party life commands not only respect but affection. Without the Crown our system of Government would look very appeal to the deepest sentiments in the human breast; it would lose all glamour of poetry and sentiment, and would become a thing prosaic, debased, and dull."—Morning Post.

"How many hours a week should an engaged couple spend in the company of each other?"—Daily Mirror.

"What the modern woman wants is, as yet, too subtle a thing to be put into words."—Holbrook Jackson.

"With another Education Bill in near prospect, nothing could have been more timely than the speeches made by Cardinal Bourne and the Archbishop of Liverpool."—The Tablet.

"Despite all that has been done in technical education, the curriculum is still far too literary."—Cardiff Times.

"The West End of London has been cleansed in a very remarkable manner during the last few years, much to the satisfaction of the retailers, especially those whose shops are in Regent Street."—The World.

"Then, as the tall figure of Mr. F. E. Smith rises to its full height, and those half-sleepy eyes take in comprehensively the benches before them, you can sense the feeling out of the mental atmosphere—that measuring of brain against brain. . . . The words come slowly at first, but soon a stream—a carefully directed stream—of words is pouring out from the mobile lips. He is a darling of the gods, and may yet attain—perhaps within a decade—the leadership of his party, and ultimately—who knows?—the highest position open to an Englishman—with his hand upon the helm of State itself."—London Life.

"To-morrow Christian Churches throughout the world will unite in responding to the call for prayer issued a few days ago by the Chinese Government."—The Globe.

CURRENT CHRISTIAN.

"I have very little sympathy for the modern cry against capital."—Rev. Dr. Len. G. Broughten.

CURRENT COMMERCIALISM.

"Mr. William Le Queux has recently entered into an agreement with Mr. John Long to specially write for him several novels."—T.P.'s Weekly.

"Letters to sick children, specially written, 2s. 6d. each; or two a week during illness, 4s.—Stella."—Advtx. in T.P.'s Weekly.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

It is almost always a pity for a dramatic incident to be spoilt by a mere fact. But there have been plenty of dramatic incidents throughout the Balkan war, and if I throw cold water on one that was not at all dramatic I may perhaps be forgiven. The short and sharp truth, then, Scutari was not captured in the sense that Adrianople was captured. There was no wild rush with the bayonet, no flinging of overcoats on barbed-wire entanglements, no desperate hand-to-hand fighting. It is not merely that Essad Pasha stipulated that his troops should be allowed to march out with the honours of war, taking with them several of their lighter guns; in addition, up to April 26 he and his men had not even left the town, although a squadron or two of Montenegro troops had made a formal entry. The reason was that things looked serious. The townspeople threatened riots, pillage, and massacre, and it was thought advisable that the original Turkish garrison should remain for a few days longer in the positions which, in earlier stages of the war, they had so well defended. And, besides, Essad wanted his men and guns to justify his claims to Albania, an "arrangement" with the Montenegrins having been made. In fact, Scutari held out, despite the arrangement with King Nicholas, if definite instructions for its surrender had not been conveyed in cipher by the Turkish Government to Essad Pasha through the staff of the Montenegrin General Vukotich. It was clear enough that the town was lost to Turkey whatever happened; whether it went to Montenegro or to Albania, the Porte could not expect to retain possession. But its surrender has had the effect hopefully looked forward to by Mahmud Sh HuffPost Pasha, that is, it has placed the Powers in a very awkward situation from which, at the time I write, they have not the least notion how they are going to extricate themselves. Austria waived Djakova in return for Russia's waiving Scutari; everyone is happy that Scutari should become Albanian. It has now been surrendered to King Nicholas, who has announced that he proposes to take up his residence there and to make Scutari his official capital. Austrian public opinion is correspondingly exasperated; for thousands of reservists have been under arms for several weeks, and trade has suffered enormously.

Although the Montenegrins did not, in the end, succeed in taking Scutari, there is no doubt that the fighting has been brave and the bravery displayed on both sides remarkable. Out of their field army of less than 50,000 men the Montenegrins have lost 15,000 in killed alone, and probably every Montenegrin man living can show a bullet wound. In the resulting circumstances, it is little wonder that King Nicholas and his ministers should refuse monetary compensation for Scutari and show unwillingness to listen to offers of territorial compensation. They had all set their hearts on Scutari, and now they have Scutari; and they have not lost any time in entrenching themselves on Tara-bosh.

The whole question is: If King Nicholas refuses to evacuate, who shall turn him out? Admiral Burney definitely refused to land 1,500 or 2,000 men from the international fleet, for, as he pointed out truly enough, if such a small force tried to march on Scutari (even, to use the official Austrian expression, "as a symbol") the 30,000 remaining Montenegrin troops would, in their present frame of mind, soon make a short work of them. The blockade of the small strip of Montenegro coast, the seizure of the King's yacht, humbly described as the Montenegrin navy, the presence of foreign warships in the Adriatic, these are irritating features; but not of themselves sufficient to drive King Nicholas from Scutari. It seems clear that some more efficacious steps will have to be taken.

As I write, the view of the diplomatic world is this. It is suggested—the suggestion came from Vienna in the first place—that something should be done for a week or so. By then it is hoped that King Nicholas may see
Economic Independence.

The Point of View.

By Frances H. Law.

It was a most satisfactory meeting. Lady McGuffey, the chief speaker, her "Chair," and her devoted Secretary, an elderlyish young woman whom Lady McGuffey's over-powering personality somewhat crushed, to say nothing of the crowd of fashionable ladies in veils and frocks and so forth, were unanimous on this point. It was a wonderful meeting, and Lady McGuffey's handling of that "interesting" subject "Economic Independence for Women" was simply splendid. The audience were almost entirely ladies—there were one or two male geters who were always included in the "ladies"—and the Professor Jumble, the great economic expert and, so his dear men friends say, the biggest snob in London. Lady McGuffey, as every reader of the "Daily Mail" knows, is the "creator" of the famous "Declaration of Rights for Women," the piece de resistance of which is that as "Woman" is the "more conscientious" sex, the "more thrifty" sex, the "more right-minded" sex, in a word the nobler sex, the property of the "worksex" is in her mind and she reasons, henceforth the "Head of the Household." The important point is that with this headship goes the control of the moneybags. The husband will be given a weekly, a small weekly, allowance. Unfortunately not even Lady McGuffey's "worksex" is interested in this. They fight to, and they sincerely mean to fight, before they are turned out.

We must not forget that intriguing is going on in Servia with the aim of forcing, or inducing King Nicholas to fall in with the Austrian view, the result being, the plotters think, to displace the King and his family, compound his abdication, and make Montenegro a province of Servia. This plan, semi-official denied notwithstanding, is in favour at the Belgrade Court; but it certainly does not meet with the approval of the Slav people or of the political parties generally. As Austria is supporting the intrigue, however, I feel it necessary to mention it.

The remedy? It is not yet too late for Austria to climb down gracefully and with dignity. A word from Vienna to the effect that, in view of the Montenegrin terrorism, the Government had decided to waive its claim to the incorporation of Scutari in Albania, would bring about an excellent feeling not merely in the Balkan States, but in Russia, and, what is of even greater importance to the Austrian Government, in those Slav provinces which form part of the Dual Monarchy. This plan is advocated, not indeed in diplomatic circles, which are the last to realise the influence of human emotions that govern the actions of men, but in all other circles' worth talking about. Fraize has privately stated, that at a recent Ambassadors' meetings, that she will not take part in a demonstration against King Nicholas except under great compulsion. The public opinion of England, in so far as the average Englishman has been able to spare a moment from all the numerous recent cup matches, has taken an interest in the affair at all, is in favour of Montenegro. This is so well realised in the Cabinet that Sir Edward Grey, who, as Foreign Minister, naturally took part in the meetings of the Ambassadors here, has been supplanted recently by Mr. Assquith. The change is significant. Sir Edward Grey is an unemotional diplomatist, and his view is that the original arrangement should be carried out: Montenegro should be compelled to bow to the wishes of the Powers, etc., etc., Mr. Assquith, thinking more about French and English public opinion, does not share the ideas of his Foreign Minister on this point.

As Mr. Chesterton says, we should now speak of Kрупп and not of corruption. The phrase is a happy one, though it is hardly likely to be very effective. The best way to combat Kрупп is to subsidise Schneiders. No doubt we all remember the story of the Spanish gun contract, which was awarded to the French firm, and the wild Press campaign undertaken by the Kрупп trust to prove that the French goods were sordidly worse even their price as old metal. Kрупп themselves admit that they pay away certain gratuities; and that is no doubt reprehensible. The point is that, whether Merss. Kрупп have bribed the German army will go on increasing, so that they might as well save their money—always assuming that they bribe for the mere purpose of securing more orders from Germany, which is not the case.
tions of women who took up this grumbling door-mat attitude and were apparently delighted to do so. (Lady McGuffey paused for the roar of laughter that always followed this brilliant example of her wit.) Now there are three ways in which a woman can secure a cheque-book. By inheritance — the most dignified method of all, if I may be allowed to say so (as Lady McGuffey has inherited half a million from her grandmother she is an authority). Then you may be a ‘parasite’ and get it from your husband; and finally there is the grand and noble and modern method of going into the world, standing shoulder to shoulder with man, fighting him if need be (great laughter), and winning your own cheque-book (deafening applause). All the Young Women Being There, Parasite, said the girl with the sombre tragic eyes, "We must introduce extraneous matters," Professor Jumble says testily, proceeding without more ado to the platform, where he indulged in the usual "gush" about "the women of today," and there was something in her face and that of her two companions lacking from the comfortable women round her.

Lady McGuffey’s "Chair" rose in great wrath. For her part, she could not see the point of the interrupter’s remark. (Loud hear, hears.) She was sure she represented the sentiments of that meeting when she expressed her yearning to know something more of the "parasite."]

Her ladyship, greatly amused:

"Well, she was very 'great' at 'clinging,' otherwise throttling, the male who 'supported' her. Why he should support her, because she had entered into matrimonial arrangements with him history does not tell us. What were her other wonderful achievements, to which she devoted her life?—Why, preparing a tasty supper for the pampered being who went to the turned on darling baby’s first teeth; nor the splendid wide, swelling tide of talk which we women shut her up in the four walls of the Home.’ Is it one of a group of shabby women, clearly by their tired, densely stupid and ignorant." She ought to be boiled in oil," she added vindictively, for being unsophisticated she still considered ordinary, delightful life of society girls." "Old hypocrite," said the third girl, the one with the Irish brogue, a still pretty young creature with soft eyes, red-brown hair, and a complexion that did not exhibit the ravages of the worry, anxiety, sleepless nights and so forth, so plainly visible upon her companion’s face.

"She ought to be boiled in oil," she added vindictively, for being unsophisticated she still considered nothing of so great importance as the truth. They were crossing the crowded Charing Cross Road; for a moment there was silence. Then the elder of the three, a woman of perhaps forty, with a finely cut and attractive face, "I ask my stuff down to Fleet Street: What are you doing, Jenny?"

"Well," he says impatiently.

"Professor Jumble," says the elder of the three shabby women, speaking with emotion, "I hope you at least will have the courage to speak the truth about the subsidised woman, the rich woman who takes the wind out of our sails, the woman who is a ‘parasite.’"

"Tut-tut; this is very ill chosen, madam. You are introducing extraneous matters," Professor Jumble says testily, proceeding without more ado to the platform, where he indulged in the usual "gush" about "the women of today," and there was something in her face and that of her two companions lacking from the comfortable women round her.

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chamber, to be dead weary, and before she can have a
spark of warmth or a drop of tea, she—she must find
her matches, boil her kettle, if her frozen fingers can
touch a stove. Isn't it a joyous and glorious return
to be habitually depressed. She exclaimed merrily
that desolate look that every woman who lives alone
without a spark of warmth or a drop of tea, she must find
some tarts. You girls get on with the kettle."

"I'll go, and like Billy Pitt after Seringapatam, buy
seventeen, knew after thirteen years of grim struggle,
Tony, whilst Jen is gone I've a fancy for
two pairs of tights, and four yards of
something more suitable."

"Am exploded myth
it is to be ailing and in
arrears with. rent for your
furnished room? Your
landlady comes up. 'I hope, Miss, you will settle up,
and if you are going to be ill I must give you notice.
I haven't time to nurse myself, let alone my lodgers."

"You settle up and go. Perhaps you still have another
£5 of the £100 you had laboriously saved. It
stands between you and the depths. You go without
food that day though you treat yourself to a cup of
tea."

"You answer advertisements. Gradually after repeated
experience, you know you never will get work
in an office again, though you may be a skilled clerk. Who
wants the woman of forty? You hang on—you
get a little 'literary' work—or you go as a housekeeper-
help, when you possibly break down again, not having
been used to hard manual work, and being also ailing
to start with. You see into the future. What a
future! Perhaps or two or three dear friends still come and
cheer you up. And are you to go on working till you
drop? Yes, unless you have the sudden good fortune
to meet a man who will comfort and protect you and
work for you, and may be even love you."

How shockingly "parasitical"! But as Lady McGuffey remarked what an amazing number of women working were marrying at a somewhat mature age—35, 40, and even later. If this real grim struggle-
for-life is so alluring, will she tell me why every
woman over 35 would thankfully escape from it? Does
Lady McGuffey know one woman who from the age of
17 till death releases her, absolutely supports her-
selves, pays for shelter, bread, clothes, care in sickness
and old age. Or are her friends, as "Punch" said,
in some noble and impressive line on "Breadwinners
and Breadsnatchers," playing at work?

"Is not the most awful thing in our modern life that
well-to-do women are 'squeezing out' their penniless
bread-hungry sisters?"

The speaker's face quivered with a dreadful look.
Jenny had entered silently. Her frightened face caused
Mary to say harshly, "Oh, forgive me, Jenny. Thank
Heaven there's every hope you will be a 'parasite.'
Don't you worry about me——"

"Her restless, nervous
air suddenly vanished and she said dreamily,
"Who knows how soon it will be rest and peace?"

"Why," asked Jenny eagerly for she did not really
know the other's circumstances. "Have you something
nice in prospect?"

"Come, said Mary evasively with a strange,
strange smile, 'what could be nicer in prospect and
reality than scruptious buns?"

THE DILEMMA.

The parson with a glint and oily drawl
Was wheedling God to leave him fit to crawl.
He whined the Litany with abject pride,
And in his wake the righteous pulped and cried.
But suddenly, enthroned upon some perch,
A bird began to wrangle in the church.
Above the tuneless roundelay of walls
It trilled its crystal rhapsody of scales.
Flitting from beam to beam, it chirped and sang,
And with its notes the dusty rafters rang.
The dirge grew flat before this free air
Like a faint taper in the azotite glare.
When the blithe caroller intoned its lay,
My doubts of God began to fade away.
But when I viewed the grovellers on the floor,
My doubts of God assailed me yet the more!

P. Silver.
Three Classes of Women.

By J. M. Kennedy.

Capital has decided that Labour shall become cheaper, and in consequence women have been ruthlessly driven into industry. In this domain advantage has been taken of their sex to pay them less than men, with the result that men's wages have declined; firstly, because the necessary amount of "freedom" which had to be safeguarded, has been reduced to a minimum; and secondly because there is now more competition among men themselves, as the incursion of women into industry has thrown so many men out of work. This aspect of the problem has decided that Labour shall become cheaper, and has received a name of its own, which is "the mark of womanhood". This name has been bestowed upon it by the women themselves, and it is therefore superfluous for me to go into the specific causes and consequences of this influx of a non-industrial sex into industry.

But there is another side to the question. Whether capital works methodically towards certain ends or relies upon chance conditions to bring those ends about, does not greatly matter for the moment. It is clear that the necessary amount of "freedom" which had to be given to working-class women to enable them to leave the home for the workshop has reacted on many more women than those merely who go into factories. Even before the industrial influx we had become accustomed to seeing women in certain positions for which they appeared to be adequately fitted—as headmistresses of schools, for example, as schoolteachers, governesses, and the like. These posts presupposed a certain amount of learning and a gift of impartiality; it, and it seems to me, as an impartial observer, that neither the advocates nor the opponents of women's suffrage have paid sufficient attention to the movement as it has existed for years in the higher classes of English society and among the best-educated women of the upper middle classes.

There are certain phenomena which we know vaguely as "modern conditions," and not even a Napoleon can control them. They are brought about by a series of steps in every phase of the social organisation; and it is not always possible—it is, indeed, rare—for even a close observer to follow them, to decide whether they are leading, to know whether they are tending towards improvement or not. In certain other phases of our time has affected every class in the community in this subtle way; and phenomena which at first sight appear to have nothing to do with capital and its problems can usually, in the end, be traced to it. The Married Women's Property Act was logical as a development of the capitalist spirit embodied in the Reform Bill of 1832 as was the rise of the Labour Party or the development—and decline—of the Fabian Society. If a sociologist had to trace the history of capitalism in nineteenth-century England by a study of etiquette and nothing else, he could do so, I dare swear, by pointing out how the sight of ladies going about unescorted was first witnessed with astonishment and scandal, then with mere disapproval and toleration, and finally with indifference. Each step of this kind in the "emancipation" of woman corresponded to a further step in the firm and ever firmer establishment of capitalism and the capitalist system, a further decline of the civilisation based upon agriculture. Did not joy shine in the sightless eyes of Plutus, did not Demeter weep, when the first Englishwoman rode, from choice in a hansom without a male champion?

We should ourselves be as blind as the god if we did not realise that proportionately as many women are entering the higher callings from choice as are entering the lower callings from necessity. The thousands of factory girls are balanced at the other end of the social scale by a few female doctors, barristers, and so forth. It may not, on account of their sex, practise in the courts; by others who, despite their brilliance at examinations, may not enter the Church or become university coaches. Between these two important groups—I do not profess to speak more than approximately and generally, being well aware of the heterogeneous nature of the women who are either married or hoping to be, belonging to the middle classes. It is the first two classes, especially the university women (again I speak generally) who are determined to have a vote if it is the average middle-class woman, and the elderly women of the middle or working classes, who are indifferent or hostile to the agitation, though even among them the movement is, I believe, fast spreading.

The justification for the agitation among the women in industry and the women, so to speak, "in culture," can hardly be talked away or flatly denied by the anti-suffragists (nor has THE NEW AGE ever attempted to deny it), though a vote is, in the present state of economics and politics, about the very last means a political scientist would recommend for improving the economical condition of any class or sex. But there is the question of status as well as of economics; and, if the working-class women insist on a vote in order to safeguard their economic condition, the higher-class women are insisting on a vote in order to safeguard their status—many of the latter women, of course, are in the fortunate position of being able to disregard purely economic questions so far as they themselves are concerned.

To the average English man—"public opinion"—it seems a trilling matter that a few female barristers should not be allowed to practise their profession, though with his characteristic lack of logic he approves, and does not merely tolerate, lady doctors. But a mutiny may arise from the biting of a cartridge; and, as the great majority of Englishmen still worship the fetish of politics, we need not be surprised if educated women, like so many educated men who might be expected to know better, appeal for a vote as a means of improving their cultural status. Their plea that political equality would direct general attention to, and help to enforce, their cultural equality—which, where it is deserved, is admitted, though at present only within a narrow circle—is at least ingenious, and has male precedents.

It is not a question of contrasting the cultural work of the two sexes, of balancing Miss Jane Harrison against Professor Gilbert Murray, Miss Evelyn Underhill against Professor Rhys-Davids, Miss Margaret Douglas against Mr. Sidney Webb, and of saying that what women can do in certain branches of economics and politics, about the very last means a political scientist would recommend for improving the economical condition of any class or sex. But there is the question of status as well as of economics; and, if the working-class women insist on a vote in order to safeguard their economic condition, the higher-class women are insisting on a vote in order to safeguard their status—many of the latter women, of course, are in the fortunate position of being able to disregard purely economic questions so far as they themselves are concerned.

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The "Daily Mail" on April 24 offered its readers the following curious information:

The Archbishop of Canterbury's reply, "We will," to the Chinese Republic's request for prayers for the success of the new Government and peace to the country, was followed yesterday by the circulation by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel of a special prayer embodying China's appeal for use in all churches next Sunday:

"We beseech Thee, O Lord, to have mercy upon China, and to receive the prayers offered in behalf of its people.

That it may please Thee to bless the National Assembly of China now in Session in Peking, and the Government which has been established in China, so that all things may be ordered to promote Thy glory; That it may please Thee to guide those who are to elect a President to make a choice well pleasing in Thy sight, and to grant wisdom, righteousness, and protection to him who is chosen that he may carry out Thy will; That it may please Thee to grant to China under its new Constitution that it may go forward in the paths of justice and righteousness and peace, and that the difficulties that delay its recognition may, if it be Thy blessed will, speedily be overcome.

"The Free Churches and the Salvation Army," the "Daily Mail" adds, "will join in the movement."

This last seems to be more in the nature of a threat than a promise. It reminds one of the story of the man who before praying asked the Lord to help and guide him in making up his mind as to what he should pray for, "because, O Lord, when once I have made up my mind, you know what I am.

It is to be feared, however, that the Free Churches and the Salvation Army have not shown a similar discretion before deciding to pray. Their assent to the prayer reported in the "Daily Mail" seems to have been given rather rashly, for, to say the least of it, the prayer is hardly respectful. "That it may please Thee to guide those who are to elect a president to make a choice well pleasing in Thy sight," looks as though the supplicants were trying in this instance to force the hand of the Almighty.

In the first place, the supplicants are guilty of misrepresentation of fact. China has not appealed for the prayers of English Christians—if China had done so, China must be in a very bad way indeed. The appeal came from the Republic of China, which does not represent China any more than the Labour Party represents England. There is a further slight on the Omniscience of the Almighty in the invocation of a blessing on the National Assembly of China now in Session in Peking. The supplicants are apparently anxious to prevent any misunderstanding on the part of the Almighty, lest His blessing should by chance light on the Manchus in their retirement.

The third clause in the prayer is by far the most disrespectful. "That it may please Thee to guide those who are to elect a president to make a choice well pleasing in Thy sight.

Considering that Yuam-shi-Kai has already installed himself in the Presidential Palace, it certainly looks as though the supplicants were trying in this instance to force the hand of the Almighty.

The petition on behalf of China can hardly be called a humble one. It invokes God's mercy on China—but attempts to strain and sift the quality of His mercy so that it may fall on Yuam-shi-Kai's following. The general insolence of its tone is not lessened by Lord William Cecil's comment on the matter (telegraphed to the editor of the "Daily Mail"): "I am deeply impressed but not altogether surprised at the request of China for our prayers."

The remark certainly raises a smile, as does also the Archbishop of Canterbury's reply to "China's" appeal: "We will." The Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord William Cecil are apparently well assured of their position as intermediaries between China and the Almighty. Lord William Cecil is impressed but not surprised by the appeal, and the Archbishop assures China that the appeal will be forwarded to the proper quarters, and the determined form of his assurance contains a hint as to how it will be received. Well may China hope that she will be blessed.

But, alas, the reply of Lord William Cecil's message to the "Daily Mail" causes one to doubt. "Beauty," said St. Augustine, "is the splendour of truth." In vain do we look in Lord William's message for any hint of confidence that the truth of Christianity will prevail in China by its own splendour. Instead, Lord William is anxious "that the present opening in China may be taken full advantage of by educating the future leaders of China in the principles of Christianity. Is the spirit of Christianity then wandering over the world seeking whom it may devour? And does the spirit of truth lie in wait for an "opening" where it may creep in insidiously?"

Lord William Cecil hopes that "we shall give to China a Christian university where enlightened teachers can show the way in Western knowledge."

I have before me a "History of Philosophy," by Frederick Denison Maurice, at one time "Professor of Casuistry and Modern Philosophy in the University of Cambridge." In it there occurs the following curious passage:

"There is a passage in which one of the disciples of Khoung-fou-tseu declares that the doctrine of his master consists simply in having rectitude of heart, and in loving our neighbour as ourselves. M. Pauthier apologizes for giving this form to his translation, but says he could find no other so accurate. Till some greater scholar contradicts him, we are bound to accept his statement. If he supposes that those who believe those words proceeded from higher lips will be scandalised by it, we think he mistakes the matter altogether. Those who attach the most awful significance to the utterances of these lips, and to the Person from whom they fell, will be the least disposed to look upon him as the propounder of great maxims, and not rather as the giver of new life—which will be the least likely to grudge a Chinese teacher any glimpses which may have been vouchsafed to him of what the true regenerator of humanity should effect for it."

Surely the teachers of the West are enlightened—and generous!

Lord William Cecil's remarkable manifesto concludes with the words: "'China must be led by the Chinese.' Quite so. God save the King!

America: Chances and Remedies.

By Ezra Pound.

I.

When I say that I believe in the inminence of an American Renaissance, I do not by any means intend this as a peculiar tribute to the intelligence of the American people. I have no wish to join the phalanx of "professionally tactful visitors," tactful at so much "per thou."

"Renaissance" is not le mot juste, but it has come by usage to mean almost any sort of awakening. "Risveglianmàtto" would be the better term if one must stick to Italian.

You may say that "The Awakening," if it comes at all, will move from the centre outwards, and that "the centre is in Europe," and there is much to be said on this side of the question.

On the other hand, if one will study the cinque cento minutely, one will perhaps conclude that the earlier renaissance had two things requisite, one, indiscriminate enthusiasm; two, a propaganda. I mean that and just that. There was behind the awakening a body of men, determined, patient, bound together informally by kindred ambitions, from which they knew that they personally could reap but little.
That awakening was the result and resolution of many forces; the usual catalogue: the fall of Constantinople, Columbus' discovery, the shaping up of Europe into larger political units, the invention of printing and the intellectual movements.

All through the Middle Ages there had been propaganda after propaganda for "the restoration of the Empire" and the "restoration of learning," and these came to little because of the tedium of reproducing books.

The intellectual impulse is in itself more complex than is usually reckoned. There was the legal and Latin impulse with Valla as perhaps its foremost representative, there was the Greek influence which is two-fold, there was the Greek ideal as one finds it in the Odyssey, roughly "humanism," and there was the impulse of the later Greek mystic writers, the neoplatonic, centering in the Florentine Academy, and fostered by the naïve and charming Filino. And there was the polyglot influx from Pico Mirandola. And one may still further separate the scientific impulse, and name in this connection Leonardo, and all this took a good deal of time and required a deal of obscure and patient endeavour. A number of men, like Browning's "Grammarians," "settled Hotti's business—let it be!—properly based Our—Gave the doctrine of the enclitic De, et cetera, and it is doubtful if every one of them felt that he was living in portentous times. And we do not know that they all went about shouting, "nascitur ordo."

If you have in mind the efflorescence, you will mis-take me, you will say: "An epic in Portugal, a Pleiad in France, Drama in Spain and England, blue stockings and painters in Holland." There is nothing planned and concerted in these things. But if you consider Italy where the whole brew was concocted you will be able to find out at least this, namely, that the Italian scholars and enthusiasts were early and always in more or less intimate touch—hostile or otherwise— with their contemporaries, and that poems two lines long in Latin quantity went swiftly from one end of the peninsula to the other. In Latin, and even in Greek, these men spread their praise and their malice. They even squabbled amongst themselves and plotted the modern world. Valla, when he praises Nicholas V, honouring him rather for his parts than for his tenure of the Papal keys, mentions his brilliant conversation, based on a memory well stored; his keen opinion. But the list of subjects of this conversation is the thing of note: the humanities, history, speaking, grammatica (that would be of Latin), philosophy, poetry, and even metrics, superstitions, theology and civil and canon law.

Is it conceivable that one could converse profitably upon a similar list of topics with any living sovereign or prime minister? William II and Mr. Roosevelt would doubtless try to cover the allotment—substituting economics for "omnis juris" (which I have given as civil and canon law), but it is doubtful if their opinions on most of the topics would be of great interest to an expert.

Valla mentions poetry not because he is himself a poet; he wrote the best prose of his day, and no man ever wrote better. There was apparently no jealousy between the arts, nor did the writer of unmeasured lines find it necessary to revile writing in measured.

I mention the foregoing facts not as parts of a syl-logism but as symptomatic of the time and illustrative.

Credo:

First (and this is not my own formulation): The arts come into prominence and there is what is called an "age of art" when men of a certain catholicity of intelligence are in power. The great protector of the arts is rare as the great artist, or more so.

Second: The awakening comes when men decide that certain lines need no longer be stuck to . . . whether these be actual forgeries like the Bonation of Constantine which Valla himself exposed, or whether they are the unwritten fallacies of general credence. The arts are, when they are healthy, if they are not a sham.

A work of art need not contain any statement of a political or of a social or of a philosophical conviction, but it nearly always implies one.

The force of a work of art is this, namely, that the artist presents his case as fully as minutely as he may choose. You may agree or disagree, but you cannot refute him. He is not to be drawn into argument or weakened by quibbling. If his art is bad you can throw him out of court on grounds of his very technique. Whether he be "idealist" or "realist," whether he sing or paint or carve, visible actualities as they appear, or the invisible dream, bad technique is "bearing false witness."

The strength of the arts is this. Their statement is a statement of motor forces. Argument begets but argument and reflective reason if stated only as reflexive reason begets either a state of argumentativeness or a desire for further information wherewith to refute the man who opposes your own comforting prejudice to the effect that you and your sort are right.

For instance, you can wrangle with any statement about the relationship of Christianity (one undefinable term) with Socialism (another undefinable term). But with Sabatté's painting, "Mort du premier Socialiste," you cannot argue.

The artistic statement of a man is not his statement of the detached and theoretic part of himself, but of his will and of his emotions. As touching "art for art's sake": the oak does not grow for the purpose or with the intention of being built into ships and tables, yet a wise nation will take care to preserve its forests. It is the oak's business to grow good oak.

As to working efficiency, there have been many martyrs for religion and few for philosophy. A religion is the artistic statement of a philosophy, hence its motive power. It is dangerous as any moving force is dangerous. A formula, unless it is "stated in art," is in swift peril of becoming what the weeklies call an "empty shibboleth," and all parties will interpret it as they like and use it to catch the mob.

The artist is free. The true artist is the champion of free speech from the beginning. "The artist is free," that is to say, he must be free, either by circumstance or by heroism. He must either have nothing to gain that he cannot lose or that he would count recompense for lost integrity, or he must have nothing to lose, and in this latter case his days are belike short and his labour is apt to be fitful. Even Dante and Villon had the salt bread of patrons, one when he had lost name and his city, the other isolated by his disgrace from any part in the world's affairs; although with Villon's throat one would not perhaps have noticed the salt much.

But the point towards which I strive through all this vagueness is that a nation was being poised for the circulation of printed expression—and all this machinery favours a sham. It favours either a false expression or a careless expression or else it favours a thing which is no expression at all. It favours stuff cooked up to suit some editorial palate. And even if a man be strong enough to overcome all these things his rare utterance will be for a time pushed aside by the continuous outpourings of fellows who having spent little or no pains and energy upon the work itself have abundant time for hawking it about.

I say "rare utterance" advisedly, for the number of man's real passions and convictions has a limit, and the true expression is not a thing done off-hand, but the thing of secondary intensity can flow out with scarce intermittence. In what manner shall we proceed?
Antoine Béchamp and the Microsymas.*

By Dr. Herbert Snow.

BÉCHAMP was the contemporary and rival of Pasteur, whose reputation has not only eclipsed but has entirely occluded that of Béchamp. Pasteur accuses Béchamp of plagiarising his investigations and of stealing his ideas, while assiduously intriguing to prevent his recognition as a discoverer. The accusation is plausible, and even probable. But whatever our verdict on it, and our opinions of Pasteur be, there is no question, that his opponent was an indefatigable and brilliant searcher after scientific truth; that the volume before us is eminently interesting and profoundly suggestive. Montague Leveson, late of New York, now of Nice, has laid the medical and scientific world under a very considerable debt of gratitude by calling attention to the present state of our knowledge, especially in respect of hyperplasia, or pathological microbe, and the microsymas of the blood. Also of the pathologic microbe, and the microsymas of the blood. Also of the pathologic microbe, and the microsymas of the blood.

It was not, however, recognised in Béchamp's day that innumerable microbes, of species very varied, warm always by the billion in the mucus secreted by the healthy living membrane of nose, mouth, digestive canal, etc. (Many of these are reputed "pathological," such as the tubercle and diphtheria bacilli); that the smallest of these, the cocci—habitually penetrate this membrane and gain access to the blood-current that they are thus carried to all the internal organs—though manifestly their presence is only under conditions of disease. Each of these different species "breeds true." Each can be easily differentiated from all the rest. Although Pasteur has been most zealous in pronouncing the pathologic microbe can be functionally changed into a non-pathologic, harmless one and vice versa, no one now claims that a spirillum may change into lepto-thrix, streptococcus into staphylococcus, a micrococcus into a bacillus. The kinds are and remain always morphologically distinct.

Béchamp proclaimed that he had discovered the "units of all life," imperishable, existing unchanged throughout the geological ages of the past, living now in our bodies, in the plants and trees, and in the earth, until the earth itself perishes, sunless, cold, and bare of vegetation. These were infinitely tiny spherical granules he termed "microsymas." Virchow had regarded the cell as the vital unit of life; other observers, at the head of whose name was Pasteur, were gradually formulating the conclusion that the innumerable species of bacteria above referred to are the natural agents of death—as of decomposition in all its forms. Béchamp flatly contradicted both these opinions. The microbe, he loudly and emphatically proclaimed, was only the foundation on which the cell itself was built; when it died they evolved into bacteria, which in turn perished, leaving them still alive—immortal. He says here: "The microsymas is at the beginning and at the end of every microbe; a natural anatomical element whereby the cellules (cells), the tissues, the organs, the whole of an organism are constituted living." (p. 355).

Truly this were a magnificent and stupendous conception, if it could only be proved scientifically, or could even be rendered probable to the non-scientific intellect. Béchamp first discovered these marvellous microsymas in the chalk of Sens, which he found to "invert" a watery solution of cane-sugar. That is to say, it produces a fermentative alteration, after which the plane of polarisation is deviated to the left—instead of to the right, as heretofore. This chemical change in composition was not induced by the prepared carbonate of lime—i.e., chalk which had been chemically treated so as to kill its included spores or spores.

The microsymas, as already stated, pervade all Nature, and are described as specially abundant in the lower regions of the atmosphere—being the still living relics of all past ages. Every organ, every tissue of the animal body is charged with them; every plant, every tree, every particle of vegetation. These were infinitely tiny spherical granules he termed "microsymas." Virchow had regarded the cell as the vital unit of life; other observers, at the head of whose name was Pasteur, were gradually formulating the conclusion that the innumerable species of bacteria above referred to are the natural agents of death—as of decomposition in all its forms. Béchamp flatly contradicted both these opinions. The microbe, he loudly and emphatically proclaimed, was only the foundation on which the cell itself was built; when it died they evolved into bacteria, which in turn perished, leaving them still alive—immortal. He says here: "The microsymas is at the beginning and at the end of every microbe; a natural anatomical element whereby the cellules (cells), the tissues, the organs, the whole of an organism are constituted living." (p. 355).

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aragonite of this carbonate; but in the beds adjacent to the place, and underneath where the kitten had been, and beneath, there were crowds of glittering motile microsymas, such as are to be seen in the chalk of Sussex, etc."—H. S.

The microsymas "enjoy also the stupendous duration of the geological epochs from the time the microsymian rocks have been formed down to the present time. And this duration means for us that the microsymas have been constituted physiologically imperishable. And this last statement must convince us that the microsymas are organised living beings of a class apart, without analogue." (Italics in the original.)

The microsymas of the ovum, when all goes smoothly and they are amid the normal conditions they are intended to meet with, evolve into the various organs or tissues of the body. But when those normal conditions are not complied with, they—or, at least, a certain number of them—turn into the bacteria with which we are familiar. The experiments believed to prove this and the theory in general were mostly undertaken in collaboration with Professor Pasteur. His experiments were considered to meet with, oppose and flout altogether by the Academy of Medicine.

We are asked to believe in their existence through millions of years under conditions which would often cease. There is no evidence of this in the work, although "vibrionian evolution" is so constantly referred to as an established fact. The great diversity of the species of microorganisms which pass under this generic title, and the absence of any indication that one species can be transmuted into another, would appear to oppose it with a direct negative. Neither is there evidence that a microsyma can become a cell.

The imperishability of the microsyma, and its persistence alive throughout the ages of geological time, seem altogether inconsistent with the statement at p. 300, that "it is very sensitive to variation of temperature"; that "the geological microsymas act regularly only at temperatures near 40 degrees C. (104 degrees F.)." Or with the demonstration at p. 132, that the fibrinous microsymas "lose by degrees their energy"—are practically dead after ten years. At p. 122 those of the chalk would appear to be killed by a temperature of 200 degrees C. (392 degrees F.); those of fibrin by 100 degrees C. (212 degrees F.).

A perhaps minor reason for incredulity would lie in the description of the microsymas as "living beings"; i.e., creatures dependent for existence upon nutrition. We are asked to believe in their existence through millions of years under conditions which would often render nutrition impossible throughout lengthy periods.

Apart from his collaborator Estor, Béchamp does not appear to have secured the adhesion to his views of any contemporary French savant, and his views were flouted altogether by the Academy of Medicine. We find here many diatribes against Pasteur, whose machinations he regarded as the source of his failure to secure recognition or even attention.

However this may be, Pasteur dealt with microorganisms definitely described and figured; Béchamp with bodies described as living creatures, but indefinite and vague to the last degree. Where we look for a rigidly accurate form or figure, we find only an indistinct shadow. To give it substance, we have to draw upon the imagination. That is the essential point of difference.

Hence, we medical Anti-Vivisectionists, who have learnt to appreciate the deplorable charlatanism which so conspicuously defaced the latter years of Pasteur, and has ever since exercised such a disastrous influence upon Medicine and the Medical Art—must, I think, specially beware a somewhat natural temptation. Realising what Pasteur latterly was, we are apt unduly to exalt Béchamp, his life-long opponent. While recognising at their full value the laborious researches of the latter, we should take heed not to place him on a higher scientific pedestal than a judicial analysis of these researches would fairly warrant—still less follow him into cloudy realms of unverified assertion incompatible with the requirements of Science worthily so called.

THE BRITISH MULE.

From sunny lands they've brought him,
From many a sparkling stream;
The Camels that have brought him,
Who was a poet's dream.

His wings are bruised and broken,
A running sore his back;
The brutes his fate have spoken:
Pegasus bears a pack!

MORGAN TOD.
Grand Passions.
The New Age
By Beatrice Hastings.

For the sake of brevity inquire not how the son of Amhat came to be an eunuch. The tale goes back for many generations. One would have to know all about Ich the First, who spat knives as fast as Boput spat lies, and what is the use of learning all this? Sufhice that the son of Amhat, whose name was Prillo, was an eunuch. To make up for it, Prillo ate; and he had the most refined palate in the world. He was the gourmet who grilled things by the sun. Everybody knew about him, of course, but nobody informed him because of Amhat's sovereign decree with its disagreeable penalties. To find yourself turned into a four-legged being for the convenience of passers-by is a punishment below all dignity in Amhat's country. So nobody broke the decree; and Prillo grew up innocent as a charming fat babe, and at eighteen years knew not of any heaven outside his sun-grilled tit-bits.

Every day at noon he set out for the desert with a retinue of courtiers carrying silver grills and golden plates, and the whole caravan gleamed with monarchical umbrellas like roses and tulips upside down. Half a mile from a certain vast rock, which was the hottest spot on the Continent, the caravan was used to halt and go to sleep while Prillo, the salamander, climbed to the top of the rock and cooked his dinner. The world lay on the other side of the burning rock. Prillo had often gazed thither from his eyes that could gaze anywhere in reason. Remember that he was only eighteen and do not marvel when you hear that one noon he set off across the desert to see the world.

The courtiers awakened and waited and sang the customary culinary lyrics which were precisely like love-songs—but Prillo was nowhere to be found, and what happened to the courtiers while the Amhat held the mourning orgies is too sad for this story.

Behold Prillo, gay as ignorance of love and money might make him, catching up with a caravan that looked from a distance like nothing but a purple cloud. Actually it was all sweet ladies on camels and, in a desert, even you would have found them beautiful. They halted suddenly, and waited for the royal and glittering-robed Prillo, shading their eyes with their gloved hands and struck mute, or almost mute, at the sight of a look from a distance like nothing but a purple cloud. Even you would have found them beautiful. They knew herself to have broken down and yielded the jewel of her honour. She did not know where she was! The world went black, white, scarlet, purple, gold, green and an amazing pink. She was whirled about, dashed, squeezed, and thrust on the point of the flower sword of Passion to hang like the Himalayas, depths like black Erebus, through oceans blazing and on fiery winds, up to the very clouds and flaming stars. It all stilled down and she lay in a vice-like grip, almost incapable even of wondering whether Prillo had died or slept, or were only sleeping the emurpled slumber after golden moments.

Then she set to work, and with a mighty effort wriggled out of Prillo's embrace. She kissed him, cuddled him, poured water upon his silken brow, smacked his palms and pinched his fingers until at length, prodigiously, Prillo sat up.

"Dear," said Florisade, "we are losing precious moments. Let us fly."

"Cruel one! I am nearly dead!" replied Prillo.

"How couldst thou be so insensitive? To offer me ham when I was already overcome!"

"It was bête de me, darling, but I didn't really know what I was doing."

"Thy glances promised me the food of gods for always. Ham!"

"I shall be yours, my own life, always, always. Forget my stupidity!"

"The Sun himself was my cook, my food lay on a silver fork and a golden dish waited for the repast, delightful and thrice purified. Ham!"

"You are the most original, and poetical, and mystical of sweet lovers, my delicate one! But let us not risk our future happiness. Men will kill us if we remain here. Let us fly. I will just pack up a few of these things—not the ham, dearest, so unpleasant to memory, but the tongue and perhaps the sardines." So saying, Florisade, with that practical wisdom which is the truest token of woman's passion, turned to put the things together.

Prillo could never make one detail of his story quite clear to Amhat and the new courtiers. Far the thousandth time, he recounted: "Then, when the Sun had poured the usual gift upon the silver grill, and the butter of many clarifications boiled upon the surface of the hoisted cake, goddesses stretched me from the Rock and bore me to celestial regions. There I fed hourly on ineffable delights until sense could contain the rapture that swelled in my breast." Friends, ask me not why I am arrived thus hungry. No doubt the chemicals of such adventures subtly metamorphose." But, of course, this was not the real explanation!
Letters from Italy.

XII.—CAVA—CORPO DI CAVA—PAESTEM.

“When daffodils begin to peer—
With hey, the doxy over the dale—
Why, then comes in the sweet o’ the year,
And the red blood reigns in the winter’s pale!”

Vera primavera at last! The pear-trees are blossoming in the gardens, and already (March 7) the hawthorn bushes are scattering their white flowers across their dark, thorny twigs. The pink almond flowers—those frail daring things—have been out for weeks, but until now I did not feel that “spring is here.” I could get up a real “spring-poet” ecstasy over Cava; but until now I did not feel that “spring is here.”

“Buttercups. But there are the most splendid daisies in the gardens, and already (March 7) the hawthorn bushes are scattering their white flowers across their dark, thorny twigs. The pink almond flowers—those frail daring things—have been out for weeks, but until now I did not feel that “spring is here.” I could get up a real “spring-poet” ecstasy over Cava; but until now I did not feel that “spring is here.”

“Yea, verily, and drowned his own wits.
Rewarded”—or something like that. As it is, I merely went up to a spring where the village children bring handfuls of watercress. The village children bring handfuls of watercress. The village children bring handfuls of watercress. The village children bring handfuls of watercress. The village children bring handfuls of watercress. The village children bring handfuls of watercress. The village children bring handfuls of watercress. The village children bring handfuls of watercress.

“The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With hey, the sweet birds, Oh, how they sing!”

But they don’t sing here, because accursed I-talians go forth with guns, ram-rods, powder, bullets, game-bags, pricklers, gillys, dogs, and the like, to pursue “lo sport.” With infinite care they select a tree which they feel is frequented by their “prey,” and when a hen sparrow or a tom-tit or a warbler perches thereon, they fire a volley. . . . viva lo sport! Mind you, it was a grievous waste of good powder and shot to fire at the birds flying. In Italy we are economic; we waste not our cartridges. And I know not if we slay male thrushes—suppose we only wounded one! Horror! Consider the risk of engaging, single-handed, in combat with one of those fierce, carnivorous birds, infuriated by wounds! And then a hen sparrow or blackbird is so much more succulent! It is true that there are plagues of insects later on in the year—perhaps the birds might have eaten them, but—viva lo sport! We must be English. Do not they praise sport?

“When daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady-smocks, all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight.”

I haven’t the least idea what “lady-smocks” and “cuckoo-buds” are like—I take it that the latter are buttercups. But there are the most splendid daisies in the sparse woods near Cava; if I were Wordsworth—which thank heaven I’m not—I would filthily besmudge this page with an “Ode to a Dyspeptic Daisy, or Virtue Rewarded”—or something like that. As it is, I merely note the fact that the “silver shields with the golden boss” (or whatever the phrase is), are remarkably large and handsome. If I did not feel the weight of years upon me I would make daisy-chains, like little girls in England.

“And violets blue”—yes, there are violets in the woods, some quite blue and some less so. And there are ινηρη ν’ ανήμανη, και νάρκισσος γέρας. The anemones are very beautiful, some white and some blue—the blue ones larger and more exotic looking than the others. And then the most fragrant little narcissi grow somewhere near—I can’t discover where. The village children bring handfuls of them to you, and proffer them for soldi. Little beasts! I wish I knew where the narcissi grow. And still I have not exhausted my catalogue of spring flowers, for the blue periwinkle grows wild with the violets, and the primroses—just like those in Surrey—lie about the sapling-roots and upon the moss. “Prim-roses”! spring roses? I’m no philologist; perhaps the “prim” means “primavera” and not “curtailed as to wani-
tonness.” I know they are not in the least like roses—but still, qu’ voulez-vous? Moreover, in Cava I found blue thyme and a few grape-hyacinths and one red cyclamen—the first I had ever seen. It pleased me, for the thing is Hellenic, is in Meleager’s garland, if I am not wrong.

“All Love’s blossoms, and all cry
‘Ladies, if not plucked we die.’

(I trust I have not misquoted our good Fletcher too badly.)

Corpo di Cava is a sort of hill-village near Cava; I walked up on a day when tramontane blew horribly; Eurus and Notus were nothing to him, and Aeolus himself would have been a poor counter-blast. Still, it was pleasant enough, and I was oddly reminded of Dulverton by Corpo di Cava. Of course, the Somerset hills were mist-crowned mountains, and I looked into a valley which would have made Jan Ridd gasp. But the resemblance was there right enough, even to the little stream hop, which I think is called that of Eirene. It seems a doubtful sort of thing to me, because the Greeks never fooled with abstract deities like that. The three other temples are called Demeter’s, Poseidon’s, and the “Basilica”—which is very stupid, because the Greeks did not have basilicas. I feel that the archaebolists seem hopelessly floored by the immaterial questions they spend their lives in solving incorrectly—which I leave them to do. What delighted me was the austere beauty of these pre-Percian Greek things—that kind of beauty one never finds to-day in the arts. I should need to write for hours even to hint at any great feeling for the temples. They are so simple, they look so easy to build, that one almost forgets that they were symbols of a unique culture—that the word “Syb- rite” has come to mean with us a luxurious, delicate way of living. And as I walked through the pronaos of the Temple of Poseidon, and made a kind of prayer, Greek fashion, to the God, I knew how very foolish and trite our “civilisation” is, and that the few who care for beautiful things will not look for them in the twentieth century. What part have we in this loveli-
ness. We have built Balham and Manchester and the new Law Courts as our memorials—and here stand these perfect creations, abandoned and silent, with all the life that created them lost, but still such a delicate rebuke to our vulgarity. The casual looker-on, who sees the American tourist bolting his lunch on the temple stairs, would find in it a sad sign of the “sur-

‘Prim-roses’! spring roses? I’m no philologist; perhaps the “prim” means “primavera” and not “curtailed as to wan-

Richard Aldington.
Views and Reviews.*

Mr. Stratford’s two ponderous volumes make us wonder what is the purpose of history. Is it simply to inform us of what happened, and who did it? Is it to make manifest the inception and development of a principle? Is it to teach us the worship of ancestors; or is it to show us the development of the character of a people, to show us the expression in action of one or another of the qualities that pertain to a nation? It need hardly be said that none of these questions is answered by Mr. Stratford. He does not even define the word “patriotism,” which alone could make his re-statement of English history justifiable; he is content to adopt an attitude, a Byronic attitude:

Must we but weep o’er days more blest?
Must we but blush? Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of ours but true and dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylae!

“Thus sung, or would, or could, or should have sung,” as Byron phrased it, Mr. Stratford in these volumes; for he is fierce in his denunciation of what he calls materialism, he is enthusiastic in his praise of what he calls idealism, and he ransacks English history and literature for personages on whom to lavish his hearty love and loathing. Although, as I have said, he does not define the word patriotism, some definition is implicit in the mere process of writing; and Mr. Stratford, by his sympathies and antipathies has revealed his own conception of patriotism. He quotes again and again the words of the Bastard in “King John,” approving them as a standard expression of patriotism:

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these, her princes, are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,
If England to herself can rest but true.

Magnificent brag, fit for an epilogue! But it must never be forgotten that this is the language of crisis; if it becomes common, not the Bastard but ancient Pistol, is the typical English character. When the issue is refined to that of “Death or Glory,” it need not be doubted that most men would risk their lives for any cause whatsoever. It is so easy to conquer or die; there is in most of us that “something desperate, which let your wisdom fear,” of which Hamlet spoke; but the expression of it in action is not necessarily a proof of patriotism. The perfection of law and order to which we have attained gives little scope for it; even in international affairs, matters are so seldom brought to “the dread arbitrament of war,” and, when they are, so few people are allowed the debauchery of passion that is called the joy of battle, that nations, as such, are practically incapable of this romantic patriotism.

If nations are incapable of patriotism, it follows logically that patriots are comparatively few in number, that they are not so much members as makers of nations, that they are not nationals but individuals; and history becomes, as Carlyle said it was, the biography of great men. That is what Mr. Stratford has made of it. He has written a commentary on English history to praise or blame individuals for their fervour or lukewarmness in the cause of England’s greatness. But what is England’s greatness? Is it England’s brag— that brag that found its expression in the Englishman’s remark that “if the United States did not mend her manners, England would go over and give her a good thrashing”; and met its retort in the Yankee’s query: “What? again! Is it the Englishman’s freedom, the freedom to sing, “Britons never shall be slaves”?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon’s song diviner;
He served—but served Polycesters—
A tyrant; but our masters then were—
We were still, at least, our countrymen.

But tyranny is not the less inimical to patriotism because it is native; and Mr. Stratford’s patriotism means no more than that some men have put a gripe on England that no foreign nation has been able to remove, and that, therefore, we ought to sing: “Cheer, boys, cheer,” to the memory of these men.

But when England has become a cant word for politicians, and patriotism the excuse for much intolerant rant of journalists and demagogues, the Englishman finds it impossible to accept Mr. Stratford’s easy creed of idealism. If Mr. Stratford’s denunciation of some modern movements means anything, it means that only a dead man can be a patriot. But if we accept Mr. Stratford’s canon, and judge by intentions, not by results (idealistically, not materialistically, as he would say), quite a good case can be made out for modern men and women. Who can doubt the whole-souled devotion of the suffragists, for example? Everybody knows that the vote will not do what they think it will, but that they are the stuff of which martyrs are made, no one can deny. If it is to the credit of any of his heroes that they were willing to die for their cause, surely the women suffragists are as noble as many heroes that they were willing to die for their cause, the power; and it is difficult to see why Mr. Stratford does not admire them.

What Mr. Stratford has to say of Socialism, or of the relations of capital and labour, is valueless. A people suffering from poverty simply cannot afford the luxury of romantic patriotism; a materialistic argument, and therefore abominable, but characteristically English. “Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori,” Mr. Stratford quotes with approval; but living for one’s country ought also to be “dulce et decorum.” We have drifted to a state when, as even Mr. Stratford shows, Parliament or the Monarchy is no longer in touch with the will of the people; and we are therefore abandoned to a tyranny. If it is always to be assumed that the glory of England is safe in the hands of those in power, we need not read histories of patriotism. If we are to believe that nations have a soul, then we ought not to be so high and mighty as to forget that the first petition of the Lord’s Prayer was: “Give us this day our daily bread.” We find, if we think it out, that materialism is the basis of idealism— that the condition of the expression of the soul is the existence of the body, and that there can be no renaissance of national feeling, no harmony with tradition, no response to the fine appeal of enthusiasm, while the whole energy of the mass of people is devoted to the elementary process of getting a living.

But, as Emerson said, the English are “heavy fellows. Their drowsy minds need to be flagellated by war and trade and politics and persecution. They cannot well read a principle, except by the light of faggots and of burning towns.” Perhaps to “lie at the proud foot of a conqueror” might be the best means of appealing to the patriotism of the English; it is certain that nothing but a national crisis will call forth that heroic spirit in action and letters which wins the admiration of Mr. Stratford.

A. E. R.

* “The History of English Patriotism.” By Esme Wingfield-Stratford. (Lane. 2 vols. 25s. net.)
Pastiche.

FREE RHYTHM.

Being Realistic Reflections Therein by a Certain Minor

Fresh from the arms of my mistress
I hastened across Trafalgar Square.
I will not describe it, for Henley has done it
Better than I can.
Besides, no fountains were volleying golden glaze,
Because the hour was eleven-thirty P.M.
I hastened because the last train home
Leaves Charing Cross at eleven-forty P.M.
In my overcoat pocket I carried
Two bananas, the "Evening News;"
And a threepenny packet of "Kopros" cigarettes.
I heeded but little the chattering Rabble
That scurried out of theatres.
They seemed to me wondrous,
Mere crawling invertebrates,
While I,
In the manner of Horace,
Was buttting the stars with my forehead.
I took no stock of the women's shoulders,
But rather indulged in meditations,
Philosophical, highly original, vastly profound,
As follows:—
"These have been at a pasteboard show, a flimsy mummery;
They have gazed on the antics of puppets jerked willy-nilly.
They have seen in the flesh (and many in little else)
As Whose lineaments are blazoned on postcards,
But in the train
I wrote this goodly farrago
For the delight of the world at large.
I hastened because the last train home
Leaves Charing Cross at eleven-forty P.M.
I carried with me these, accompanied by stamped address envelopes.
I accept no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to me.

AN OFFICE INTERLUDE.

(A Stage-direction in one act, with apologies to no one but the reader.)

SCENE.—A perfectly commonplace soliciotor's office, with
which I have no acquaintance, and shall therefore proceed to describe in detail. Outside—for the description of a place entails the description of its surroundings within anything up to a radius of ten miles—a solitary cabman is spitting thoughtfully, apparently with the object of hitting a small piece of paper lying about five yards away. His precision denotes long practice. He may either happen to be the only tenant of a regular cab-stand, or he may be waiting for a fare who has gone into one of the dingy houses opposite, or possibly into one of the equally dingy ones on the same side. The ground floors are usually used for shops or offices, and the upper ones for offices or shops. There are also bedrooms and parlours with jingling glass and coloured paper ornaments. Dingy dignity curtains drawn half way across the higher windows effectively darken the rooms without securing a decent privacy for their inhabitants. At several of these, wash-stands or looking-glasses are visible, and in one case an unemptied chamber pot is putting finishing touches to a remarkably incomplete and belated toilet. Tired-looking female typists, with worn clothes and too much cheap jewellery, sit at tables besides others, eagerly staring across the street in the hope that some weak-faced clerk passing by may smile or wink up at them, and so infuse the only romance they know into the dreary monotony of their lives.
The room rejoices in the singularly inappropriate title of Cedar Grove; it leads into Elm Avenue, at right angles to which is Sycamore Lane, neither of which differ from it in any respect except that they substitute grimy suburban residences for grimey offices and shops. The day is neither particularly hot nor particularly cold, and the street is littered with no exceptional amount of garbage. A decaying cabbage-stalk lies not far from the cabman, to which he transfers his attention, having attained a mechanical perfection with regard to the bit of paper which he should have mentioned that his mother was a diapason; that he comes from Birmingham; and that he once had a cousin who was, and may be still, a plumber in Kilkenney.

In a passage outside the office the office-boy is sleeping across three battered cane chairs, as in his case curfew had been very fond of Homer. The photograph is of his wife, and he has a brother-in-law called William; but it was not for the sake of that relationship that he married. The telephone is on the table (centre), the table is covered with papers which have obviously been scribbled on at random, and scattered under the pretense that they are of a business character. A roll-top desk (L), the pigeon-holes being supplied with similar papers, two wooden chairs (centre R), a photograph of a commonplace young woman with a fringe, and a row of telephone receivers, extending completely round the room, and making a kind of framework to the window, complete the furniture. From the pocket of Henry Smith a coloured comic paper protrudes its scaring facefulness. He is a most commonplace young man, indeed, only by the hereditary training of many generations could he have attained such outstanding mediocrity—rather corpulent from excess of sleep, and his great-uncle

For any unpalatable truths they have about them. The only difference is that the Corporation articles are never used. He, however, has no qualms about the telephones, as he feels he has a right to the amusement of having someone in at least once a month, and to the hope that he may some day get some conversation with someone by one of his lines getting wrongly hitched on at the Exchange. This hope has not yet been realised. He has long ago given up playing pitch-and-toss with the office boy, because the latter could beat him too easily for his pocket to stand the strain, and sitting at the table with a wet towel round his head, studying an air of business preoccupation, because it gave him neuralgia. He jumps up, and after some difficulty locates the right receiver. A voice asks, "Is that you?" He replies, "I don't know; wait a minute." He looks up a list of his numbers. "No!" The bell rings again, and he replaces the telephone, and returns to sleep in the arm-chair. Nothing else of importance happens, except that the cabman spits rather more profusely, his objective now being his horse's hoof.

P. SELVER.

AN OFFICE INTERLUDE.

MAY 1, 1913

F. S. THOMAS.
Music and Musicians.

By John Playford.

Two interesting works were heard in London quite recently, labelled "The Secret of Suzanne," and "The Jewels of the Madonna." — which have had quite considerable success during the last two or three seasons at the Royal Opera; the name of the latter is only known to those who had read in the newspapers the pretty story of its "romantic discovery" by Monsieur Gabriel Pierne in Paris. Both works were interesting as much for what they did not as for what they did achieve of their composers' intentions.

"La Vita Nuova" is a comparatively early work — some ten or twelve years old — yet in that short period, as far removed in style from its composer's present development as "Rienzi" is from "Parsifal." Its performance by the London Choral Society, under the inimitable direction of Mr. Arthur Fagge, was distressingly mediocre — one hardly expects anything else from that amiable enterprise organisation. Yet the Society is hardly to blame; for truth to tell, the work is composed in the traditional manner of the Anglican anthem—nice, well-bred, tonic-and-dominant harmonies, respectable "hall-closing" and "full-closing" and "feminine endings" — the essential Dyson, as someone has charmingly said. "slumbering in the bosom of every Italian." The London Choral Society was in its element; so, apparently, was Mr. Arthur Fagge, whose firm repudiation of anything approaching a tempo rubato was superbly heroic. Only one thing in the music struck me as being worth repetition — the intermezzo for piano—an otherwise unjustifiable intrusion in the orchestra—two harps, and strings pizzicato. It was called "Dante's of the Angels" or something of that sort. It was deliciously secular and as remote from the spirit of Dante's text as possible.

The other work, the "Tableaux Symphoniques," was well worth hearing. We all know the story of Fanelli's modesty, his employment for many years as an obscure music copyist, his providential meeting with Monsieur Debussy, whose firm repudiation of anything approaching a tempo rubato was superbly heroic. Only one thing in the music struck me as being worth repetition — the intermezzo for piano—an otherwise unjustifiable intrusion in the orchestra—two harps, and strings pizzicato. It was called "Dante's of the Angels" or something of that sort. It was deliciously secular and as remote from the spirit of Dante's text as possible.

My views in regard to the voting power of the proletariat are different from his interpretation — "the impossibility of the proletariat ever having an effective voting power." That is the Anarchist view. Small as the working man's vote is, it is large enough to make the proletariat a political force in the country, if every working man's vote were cast for Labour.

The proletariat could at least hold the balance of power in national and municipal politics, and by playing off one party against the other could wrest from them such social reforms as would improve labour conditions. With a significant political party, the proletariat would have a better chance in its struggle with capital everywhere, especially in the United States, where an anti-Labour judge could help the strike to be won. The behaviour of the police towards strikers would be quite different if Labour had an independent political voice. The above is obvious to all except Anarchists, Syndicalists, and Labour falters (to use an American epithet).

My message to the Socialist and semi-Socialist parties of the world is that the political and physical power of the proletariat can never be strong enough to nationalise the means of production and distribution against the combined resistance of the propertied classes. If they do not plant their power in national and municipal politics, and by playing off one party against the other could wrest from them such social reforms as would improve labour conditions.

Sir — The theory of the voting power of the proletariat is different from his interpretation — "the impossibility of the proletariat ever having an effective voting power." That is the Anarchist view. Small as the working man's vote is, it is large enough to make the proletariat a political force in the country, if every working man's vote were cast for Labour.

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The above is obvious to all except Anarchists, Syndicalists, and Labour falters (to use an American epithet).
My theory is to spare that head, and to make it understand the fact that, together with the trunk (proletariat) so much to live together, and the evils from which the whole body is now suffering would be cured.

Mr. Felix Elderly quotes your remark in your issue of April 17 that "we have come to the fact of a "monotonous, dullness, dreariness, and hopelessness." Assuming for argument's sake that that truly describes the future, still we must bear in mind this vital point—that for at least 75 per cent. of mankind life at present is not only monotonous, dull, dreary, and hopeless, but in addition to that they suffer from poverty, want, and, worst of all, dread of want, hard toil, unemployement, worry, anxiety, and a terrible struggle for existence. A state of society free from the characteristics which I have here described is not by a process of reasoning, but by changed conditions and surroundings. The changed conditions must enable them to live in comfort and security, whilst their owners of the means of production would be able without any loss to themselves to provide the wealth and their amalgamation into international joint-stock companies could then be utilised for the production of goods and in the meantime, all honour, praise, and help to Miss Margaret Douglas, and those with her, for the splendid work they are doing for those who hate slavery and are not wanting in plain British pluck. Furthermore, let us thank Heaven we are blessed with the NEW AGE!

JESSIE W. LOVETT.

THE INSURANCE ACT.

SIR.—Will you allow me, as a constant reader and proponent of the 'Nemesis of Capitalist Production,' to express my thanks to your contributor, Mr. Charles Brookmayer, for his delightful account, in last week's issue, of the recent meeting of Insurance Tax-Resisters at the Caxton Hall carefully, and some with more than usual intelligence.

As one also present, I can testify to the enthusiastic spirit of the crowd, especially the working class element. It is fervent, and one desires hoped that the spirit is going to begin to animate the mass of male workers generally, and make men of them. As a whole, they have far too much to lose by the Act. In the meanwhile, all honour, praise, and help to Miss Margaret Douglas, and those with her, for the splendid work they are doing. Furthermore, let us thank Heaven we are blessed with the NEW AGE!

NOEL HILDEW

THE NEW AGE AND THE PRESS.

SIR.—Your readers do not need to be told that there were many references to the NEW AGE in the press of late week; but I think it should also be noted that, not only daily that did not report your evidence before the Marconi Committee was the "Daily Herald." Doubtless, this also you anticipated from a fellow-Socialist journal. But did Mr. G. K. Chesterton, I wonder who recently gave the "Herald" credit for perfect fairness? In all my experience of the press I recollect many things as pointedly mean but none meaner. The rebel journal now rebels against the simplest duty of reporting of news. The "Westminster Gazette" made a pretty slip which reveals, however, a bad conscience. "Mr. Wells, in the "New "Wit- ness," makes you some amend, however, for the impatient and constant silence of the "New Statesman." One of their best writers, he says, is already good enough for the NEW AGE; and he concludes his comments on the first issue thus: "The "New Statesman," in short, is very like the old politician, only a little duller. By the way, this paper is called 'The "New Statesman," and, shortly, the "Free,
or rather New, Weekly,' which would have thought it? I wonder Mr. Wells would have thought it? You never know your friends until they find their enemies. "Bernard Lintot," in "The "New Statesman.""

H. W. LOVETT.

CAPITALIST PRODUCTION.

SIR.—"Your contributor "Rifleman" says in his article "The Nemesis of Capitalist Production": "Air, water, etc., have immense abstract value, but have no exchange value, because for obvious reasons they are not subject to exchange." If "Rifleman" really believes this—and I admit he has on his side many economic professors—I should like to live forever and with out any elements in the make up of the exchange value of desirable houses at Bexhill-on-Sea or the Cornish coast.

H. W. LOVETT.

PRESS-CUTTER.
THE LATEST FORM OF PURITANICAL BRUTALITY.

Sir,—Is it not a thousand pities that Sir Almroth Wright should be married? It seems to me that Mrs. Hastings is marked out, by nature, taste, and creed, for his true mate. He must have a protector of some sort, even to guard her against the modern mercenary spirit, would demand a small emolument. How would a woman living on the earnings of a man be protected? It is sickening, nauseating, maddening! I never have considered any notions which I will condemn as a part of the soul that is in me, but that they are necessary and indispensable, nobody with the brain of two or three boys could conduct himself. Will any such person, thus generously endowed, doubt for one moment that some of the men ready to undertake these duties will occasionally be men who will take advantage of their position and prove the black sheep of their exalted country. (If the reader would like my reasons for this statement, I can give them.) But I imagined that there was at least some limit to her stupidity. This flagrant abuse of men apprehended under the sanction of this Bill with equanimity?...  

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The influence of women upon literature has proved itself to be wholly bad. There can never have been any period in which so enormous a mass of Vulgarity, folly, and utter rubbish was issued from the printing presses as during the last hundred or more. What is rooted in their physical structure, education can only moderate, never eradicate. Though no woman would mere respond to George Meredith's well-known dictum: "What a woman thinks of a woman is a test of her nature."—K.B.

M.B. Hastings replies: Miss Boyle's assumption that misuse of a foreign word stamps one as unculturable is not calls for serious attention. I think—culture has to do with taste and perception, I think—her of George Meredith's well-known dictum: "What a woman thinks of a woman is a test of her nature."—K.B.

My contributor accuses me in effect of drawing a conclusion that is his, not mine, and then sailing away optimistically into the empyrean. I knew all the languages in the world, I would merely remind you of Socrates. "I know that I know nothing." And yet Sir Almroth's lady is not despised at all. What is rooted in their physical structure, education can only moderate, never eradicate. The English brain works slowly, but it has the organic quality. He begins to see through the blinding murk of his grey, nigh God-forsaken cities the ugly features of the Yankee, so he tells us—and not as gifted exceptions, but as personal and appear inevitable, but, once aware of conscious killing injustice, the grey wolf of his ancestral fighting blood may awake to startle the smugspectre menaces from a different quarter—the growing democracy of the United States which lands a smiting blow. He has given up all that his fathers won. The English may be as sheep in their heroic, law-abiding acceptance of life not personal and appear inevitable, but, once aware of conscious killing injustice, the grey wolf of his ancestral fighting blood may awake to startle the smug butcher-shepherds who guard the flock. The effect happily may be humorous as well as grim, and none will laugh more heartily than the Englishman, who, showing his teeth, finds he was being ridden by a spectre whose power is not barred long ago. The corporate road alone remains as an equal. There is no other solution. The former road was barred long ago. The corporate road alone remains as a way of escape. The evil is that the truth of understanding discloses the loveless Underworld which is his kingdom.

In my Intimacies of women, Miss Boyle accuses me of being professional sentimentalist. I wish to show that, after his death, Shakespeare of his work. Throughout all ages shall be, after his death, "the great misnomer, the Great Misunderstood." As for Meredith—what a woman thinks of him is a fair test of her intelligence. Upon his bosom repose tearfully, smilingly the Great Misunderstood.**

** ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH.**

Sir,—I think that in claiming the hospitality of a serious journal you should state a point of view as cogently as one can, without diffuseness. I believe that the suffragettes have yet found out Mr. Will Dyson and broken his windows. His cartoons are an awful indictment of modern women, shabby, whorish, and malignant. I defy any true artist to deceive himself about the "truth" of women. As for Meredith—what a woman thinks of him is a fair test of her intelligence. Upon his bosom repose tearfully, smilingly the Great Misunderstood.

As I hold the honest optimist in vastly more respect than the facile optimist, I should like, I will not say to defend a consistency whose mind suggests to him that children, boy or girl, should be taken from the mothers that have borne them. It may seem an odd claim to make on behalf of a people that has been labelled "a nation of shopkeepers," but I maintain the truth to be that the English are not at heart a commercially-minded people. I can say with entire honesty that I have in my life met few Englishmen of any class who were tradesmen at heart, to whom, that is, money-making was an end rather than an uncommercial means. If the Englishman loves money-making so much, why is it that his ruling passion to-day is to escape from it at the earliest possible day and hour? One does not gather that the artists and craftsmen, who made our sacred and parish churches a glory in the land, hushed up their own crassly to be that they might found mushroom village cities, and cease doing any thing worth calling living. The Yankee, as he tells us—"the claim wears the look of truth—loves money-making for its own sake. It is English so with the Englishman who finds as mere money-making becomes more and more the work-a-day aim of our civilisation, the real English of every class is being stifled either where the bare and promise of a freer, fuller life beckons to them. Just as for two hundred years the most enterprising blood of Norwegian and Tintom was enriching for the making of England and the English, "this sceptre isle... set in the silver sea," so now they are boarding the big steam galleys for the English lands beyond the unknown seas. The rulers of England are mostly now in the Empire's silent service at the ends of the earth, and the Allen, visibly or invisibly, rules at home.

The energy of a fighting race that goes into the creation of industry, but the heart of the Englishman has gone out of a game that threatens to destroy all that for them makes life worth living. The countrymen of Shakespeare, heirs of a freedom won, not for themselves alone but for all men, were not born to be content as the sons of cunning money-jugglers. Nor will they be. The English brain works slowly, but it has the organic quality. He begins to see through the blinding murk of the grey, nigh God-forsaken cities the ugly features of the Yankee, so he tells us—and not as gifted exceptions, but as personal and appear inevitable, but, once aware of conscious killing injustice, the grey wolf of his ancestral fighting blood may awake to startle the smug butcher-shepherds who guard the flock. The effect happily may be humorous as well as grim, and none will laugh more heartily than the Englishman, who, showing his teeth, finds he was being ridden by a spectre whose power is not barred long ago. The corporate road alone remains as an equal. There is no other solution. The former road was barred long ago. The corporate road alone remains as a way of escape. The evil is that the truth of understanding discloses the loveless Underworld which is his kingdom.

The unthinking, or dividend-thinking, will say the spectre menaces from a different quarter—the growing democracy of the United States which lands a smiting blow. He has given up all that his fathers won. The English may be as sheep in their heroic, law-abiding acceptance of life, more personal and appear inevitable, but, once aware of conscious killing injustice, the grey wolf of his ancestral fighting blood may awake to startle the smug butcher-shepherds who guard the flock. The effect happily may be humorous as well as grim, and none will laugh more heartily than the Englishman, who, showing his teeth, finds he was being ridden by a spectre whose power is not barred long ago. The corporate road alone remains as an equal. There is no other solution. The former road was barred long ago. The corporate road alone remains as a way of escape. The evil is that the truth of understanding discloses the loveless Underworld which is his kingdom.

The unthinking, or dividend-thinking, will say the spectre menaces from a different quarter—the growing power of Labour threatens the security alike of citizen and of State. Is it so? The New Statesman, has proved to conviction that so long as Labour is not a true capitalist proflit-sharer, but essentially a raw material of industry, nothing can prevent its inevitable enslavement. Labour must either be classed either corporately or corporately possess as equal. There is no other solution. The former road was barred long ago. The corporate road alone remains as a way of escape. The evil is that the truth of understanding discloses the loveless Underworld which is his kingdom.

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Your contributor confronts the inspired prophet of a sunrise that shone upon the mountain tops with sovereign eye, and the tired idealist of a twilight afternoon. He asks further: What is the use of quoting poetry? I will tell him. It is because we have reached a new human affairs, in our national life, in which the wisest philosophy unaided will not help us. The most cogent appeal to reason and enlightened self-interest will not help us as a people of materialism in which we are fast; if unaccompanied by the magical appeal of the poet, the prophet, and the dreamer to their vision with which the people get. Blake has told us that the tyranny of this mundane shell "ceases where the lark mounts." Man may master the winds, but if forgotten how to fly his fate will still be that of the man with the muck-rake.

Not until the Song-maker comes along, bard and herald of the great reform, shall yet he be, ministril of a people made one, will the daystar, as a new "Meric England."

May I, Sir, before ending this screed, make a double apology—for its length and for a misquotation of which I was guilty in a previous letter. Perhaps you will allow me to give the whole of the passage I had in mind. It occurs in Dr. Curried MacDonald's "Sanity of William Blake," a study instinct with an interpretative inspiration, true spiritual kin to Blake's own genius.

"Then upon these convictions that the child is father of the man, Blake builds his life-long glory of faith, that he is necessary, are apt to disregard the recommendations of women councilors; that men shirk nearly all works of justice and progress, allowing these to devolve upon women; and that women, though men almost, are sometimes as unwise in advising one-sided legislation as men are in legislating without women being represented in their counsels."

The pleas for justice and mercy put forth by the Council of Women in the following instructive case, in Ontario, were squashed by men (Napoleonic absolutism). They were squashed by men, and doing nothing to get one and complaining of their neglect, the third woman—who has retained her feminine instincts—has men at her command and can toil on.

Concerning (a), it is well known, amongst men, that the difference in their respective reasons are sometimes as unwise in advising one-sided legislation as men are in legislating without women being represented in their counsels."

The pleas for justice and mercy put forth by the Council of Women in the following instructive case, in Ontario, were squashed by men: the women, not being in touch with men, are sometimes as unwise in advising one-sided legislation as men are in legislating without women being represented in their counsels.

The pleas for justice and mercy put forth by the Council of Women in the following instructive case, in Ontario, were squashed by men. They were squashed by men, and doing nothing to get one and complaining of their neglect, the third woman—who has retained her feminine instincts—has men at her command and can toil on. A million unmarried men is a problem, it is true; but that a million men remain unmarried is a disgrace to women.

(b) The invasion of the wage-market by women will have the effect, as you have pointed out, of lowering men's wages by competition, with the further result of reducing the incentive of men to marry. But that, I confess, appears to me to be only the temporary effect of the new movement. I do not say, and nothing will happen; but, higher wages. The population in those communities where two out of every three men are skilled and doing nothing to get one and complaining of their neglect, the third woman—who has retained her feminine instincts—has men at her command and can toil on. A million unmarried men is a problem, it is true; but that a million men remain unmarried is a disgrace to women.

In these desperate straits, she took the axe and killed her would-be murderer with it. The plea was that he had killed the wrong man by mistake. But even in Ontario, a woman nearing maternity cannot be hanged, and the sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. She was taken from her at six weeks, and died for lack of suitable food; and she is permanently cut off from her four children, who were to be well-fed and well-trained. Men refuse to help because, in their opinion, the hard-working and loving mother is a "bad woman."

The Minister of Justice neglected to return any reply, in spite of his promise to a deputation from the Women's Council. No explanation was obtained why an evidently dan...
gerous convict, as Napolitano was, was let out in a week after being sentenced to three years.

Fanstastic, however, is not a male monopoly; and Ontario women, unassisted by the voices of men, have been led by such as Engleheart, Wilson, and Sharp, to hold two women's journals, "Votes for Women," and "The Country Woman Cause," both expressly repudiated the lash, and English women, with the exception of a few fanatics, have never advocated that women and women councillors should definitely favoer such retrograde legislation as whipping for male procurers, though it is fair to say that no woman has ever written, at least at a Mr. Roosevelt lately in the "Outlook," and as several British M.P.'s have done.

If both sexes were in council together, one-sided legislation would be checked. For instance, a great deal of light might be thrown on the question whether the "age of consent" should be raised to 25, if men as well as women would be concerned in the matter.

What is the citadel which men have hitherto so jealously defended against women? It surely is the man's right, as he considers it, to have a sex-slave and a cook-slave all to himself. But the first does not prove very satisfactory, and the economic waste of the second, involving fifty kitchens where there would suffice, must bring its abolition. A domestic revolution is certainly ahead of us. Yet a bigger fact is that women are continually gaining more and more power over the destinies of the race, and, like the cohesion of the human beings, Council or no council, what influence, apart from the quality as well as the quantity of children themselves, Council or no council, what influence, apart from the quality as well as the quantity of children among men as well as women. Do your advice, Sir (of August 23), that "a social woman reformer is the greatest impediment to social reform," or that of Januar, that "let women form a women's social league for the advancement of women's interests," help us to promote channels of influence whereby those who have most power may be inspired by those who have most wisdom?

The THE PERSE PLAYERS No. 1 is "Present-Day Criticism" for the last two weeks shows several misconceptions which I should like to clear away. Your reviewer says: "The interested reader will find a detection of the elements of the Caldwell Cook's article." Alas! that joyous description is of an ideal secondary school, the Play School Republic of the future, but it does not yet exist. The Play School at present consists of one building, containing hall and classrooms, with a small gravel playground in front, and we are getting rather cramped. A new hall is being put up. We are as yet in the process of planning the playground. However, as soon as the money we seek is forthcoming, the Play School Republic shall be set on foot at once.

The other points are smaller. The senior boys have not departed very widely from the original ballad story in "The Wraggle-Taggie Gypsies." The versions vary greatly. The one they used to be found in is "English Folk Songs for Schools." I confess myself rather puzzled to find the point of your reviewer's disapproval upon the schoolboy genius. The worst thing that can happen to a boy who has discovered an early interest is quite inapplicable to the method I am working on, the chief principle of which is to leave the boys to their own devices as much as possible, saving only the necessary minimum of guidance and control. To praise the conceit of the system which develops these published plays and possess an almost absolute judgment on the vagaries of the directions which are written for the express purpose of explaining the methods to teachers. Of course, it is chiefly a policy of "leave them alone and they'll come home," but I shall be more explicit in future.

Your reviewer's welcome of "The Wraggle-Taggie Gypsies" alleviates somewhat the discouragement we have felt in the senior "playwrighting." But his small praise of "Talbot's Death" and "Freyr's Wooling" is very surprising. I am convinced that the Norse Mythology is the best quarry for the themes of the plays, because they dig out nothing finished; all is rough or but crudely shaped, and it leaves the boys their work still to do. The stories lack their detail, and the god-like persons are huge, indeterminate characters, and still to be wrought into something life-like. Medieval romance is crowded with ready-made detail; moreover, the motives of the action in the complex stories are mostly such as boys of twelve cannot set themselves, or lay down to a kind of Tennysonian sentiment. But they knew and heartily appreciate the simpler passions and deed-thoughts of the early gods; and the divine attributes are useful distinguishing marks among characters who start merely as names.

The most cogent reason of all for continuing is that, as each boy has become for himself the god or goddess he represents, and is making his part fit him day by day, to change to other themes would be to uproot a grove of healthy trees to plant bedfellows in flowers.

But the book of words can give but a slight idea of these boyish games in life and poetry. The most important, interesting, and lively part of the whole sequence is the gradual building up of the fabric by means of a combination in play of a brisk make-believe action, a continuous music of lovely words well spoken, and a collection of bright costumes and useful properties; next to this in importance is the performance of such a play, which must be seen to be believed; least important of all is the publication of a book, which the boys themselves rarely trouble to read.

The use of the word "governors" is reference to those responsible for the teaching is unfortunate. The governors of the school are not of very high rank; they already aspire to consolidation, and the wisest are found among them.

Does your advice, Sir (of August 23), that "a social woman reformer is the greatest impediment to social reform," or that of Januar, that "let women form a women's social league for the advancement of women's interests," help us to promote channels of influence whereby those who have most power may be inspired by those who have most wisdom?

Sir,—I am inclined to supplement your note on caricature by the remark of Nietzsche to somebody who complained of rough criticism: "Don't pretend to be so frail." The price we pay for celebrity is to endure, I will not say the truths, but the frankness, of strangers. In private life we would not even notice it, but as the public life would be intolerable, in fact, if our circle of acquaintances treated us as the public treats us. But when once we leave the sphere of our private life, we ought to expect a different treatment, and to be satisfied if we are frank without being positively unfriendly. After all, that is what the world for each one of us is for: to allow us to see ourselves in a mirror, and to enjoy the glamour of personal familiarity. In a country like England, however, where the middle-classes are only just emerging from home life into public life, it is reasonable that they meet is chilling, and, in their opinion, rude. The upper classes have long since got over their public stage-fright and their resentment against the hisses of the gallery and the deadly silence of the pit. They take caricature, abuse, inventive, opprobrious epithets, and all the rest of the material of hearty criticism as their due almost; and certainly without crying shame upon the public for it. The working classes, similarly, have long since added a muscle to their skin. To hear a gang of navies chaffing into their number is to receive a liberal education in public manners. The middle-classes, alone, have not as yet learned to be latched into shape with consent. It is the custom of the public to laugh at strangers who remarks on them as if he owed them the respect a friend. But being upon the public stage they will learn in time to accept the methods of public judgment; and of these caricatures which are drawn, not for the amusement of the audience, but for the self-satisfaction of the caricaturist, it is now abroad where the middle-classes are more accustomed to public life.

It would be interesting by the way, to know if any of "Tomtit's" subjects have protested against his treatment of them. I have met several of the originals without learning that they bore him any ill-will, and notably two of the subject of his unkindly savage criticism. As I am one of them I take this opportunity of thanking him for the pains he took to make me appear as detestable as my enemies say I am.

A victim.
I have already said that I mentioned Nietzsche only because he was contemporaneous with Ibsen. Mr. Hare retorted that 'there was no doctrine of the will to refute, even by anticipation.' The play is a refutation of the doctrine of the will, which Mr. Hare said did not exist to be refuted, even by anticipation; and I mentioned Nietzsche rather than Stirner because he is, in my opinion, more familiar, accessible, and emphatic; as I said. Mr. Hare has shown me clearly that he does not hesitate to get at the truth, or to enlarge the comprehension of himself and his readers, but to score little debating points. He has failed to do so, but he has forced me to a most laborious and unnecessary explanation; for which I can only apologise to your readers. Mr. Hare's promise to be silent is the only gratifying feature of this controversy.

'THE PRETENDERS.'

Sir,—An unfinished discussion satisfies me, and I beg one word more with Mr. Hope; after that, though I should lose my voice, I will be silent.

The issue is now clear; we disagree as to Ibsen's chief purpose in writing "The Pretenders." I think Skule is the significant character, and that Hakon is—in Mr. Hope's words—'...the mercenary mechanical hero of melodrama,' and secondary to Skule. Mr. Hope contends that the '...dramatic fact' of Hakon's continuous victory reveals Ibsen's philosophic purpose, and can not be denied that it implies that the doctrine of the will was not an exponent just before 'The Pretenders' was written, and now I am told that 'if 'The Pretenders' was intended to refute Stirner, why not say so without mentioning Nietzsche?' My contention is that it was written not to refute Stirner or Nietzsche, but the doctrine of the will of which both were exponents, that doctrine of the will which Mr. Hare said did not exist to be refuted, even by anticipation; and I mentioned Nietzsche rather than Stirner because he is, in my opinion, more familiar, accessible, and emphatic; as I said. Mr. Hare has shown me clearly that he does not hesitate to get at the truth, or to enlarge the comprehension of himself and his readers, but to score little debating points. He has failed to do so, but he has forced me to a most laborious and unnecessary explanation; for which I can only apologise to your readers. Mr. Hare's promise to be silent is the only gratifying feature of this controversy.

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