NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Seven times has the House of Commons passed the Second Reading of a Bill to enfranchise women; but on the eighth occasion, which occurred on Tuesday of this week, the Bill was defeated on Second Reading by a majority of 47. This result confirms our impression that the subject is becoming unpopular in exact proportion as it appears to be becoming feasible; and justifies the conclusion that the nearer the apparent realisation of votes for women in this country the farther off in fact will be the realisation itself. Even now, we are certain, the full strength of the opposition to the political misdirection of women has scarcely been drawn upon. The majority of 47 is slight if we reckon in figures; but its weight increases when we recall that nearly two hundred Members were deliberately absent on other than feminist grounds. Outside Parliament and many of those who were present voted for the Bill but personalities that have become ripened by experience are a sort of incarnate good reason in themselves.

It cannot be objected that on this occasion there was anything defective in the suffrage case save reason. Mr. Asquith's great influence was doubtless a considerable reason in the eyes of wavering anti-suffragists; but personalities that have become riper by experience are a sort of incarnate good reason in themselves. There is no disgrace, to our mind, in following a trusted man when the light of reason flickers. To be susceptible to the influence of such men at such times is a necessary quality of the rational intelligence. And as a balance against Mr. Asquith there were Sir Edward Grey to support the Suffragists with the still dewy laurels of foreign prestige upon him. The arguments, however, were in the main on one side only; and Mr. Asquith summarised them, as they affect politics, decisively. Parliament, he began by saying, is omnipotent; but though absolute, we may add, it must not be arbitrary. The reasonable conditions to be satisfied by any section of the population seeking the privilege of the franchise were two: proof of an overwhelming demand; and evidence of their need of protection. Neither of these conditions was satisfied by the advocates of women's suffrage; nor, except by a few persons who could count as little as they could be counted, was it pretended by anybody that these conditions were satisfied. Sir Alfred Mond claimed, in bravissimo it must be supposed, that a majority of women were in favour of the franchise; but who else believes it? Similarly, the women of this country would be hard put to it to find matter to sustain a charge against Parliament of neglecting their claims; and, if such a charge is generally made.

Against this strong and constitutional defence of the status quo the attacks of the Suffragists were comparatively irrelevant. In some instances, notably in the speech of Mr. Philip Snowden, which was more praised than admired, the arguments were not only irrelevant to the defence, but they were mutually destructive. It was essential to the women, he said, that they should not raise in politics for the purpose of improving their economic position. At the same time, however, he urged that the advent of women would raise the status of political life and give us broader views in politics, that the addition of an inferior element to Parliament actually lowers its status, be the interest what it may. Parliament is intended to contain the representatives of the nation; and these will never be discovered by composing its members entirely of delegates of interests. And this criticism of Mr. Snowden takes no account, be it noted, of the truth of either of his conflicting statements; both of which, as it happens, are erroneous. For it should now be clear to a clot that political power does not precede but follows economic power; and, consequently, that wages must be raised to give votes to value and not vice versa. It should also be clear that the addition of an inferior element to public life—an element, let us say, of less aptitude for and experience of public life—cannot possibly raise the general level of politics, but must, on the contrary, depress it.

We have fortunately succeeded at last in driving home our first axiom, that the vote cannot directly be
employed to raise wages. Not a single speaker
in the debate uttered this now dead fallacy. But several
speakers and all the Labour Members who took part in
the debate claimed that though wages could not be
raised directly by the vote they could be raised in-
directly. The line of reasoning on which this conclu-
sion rests appears to be this. As a consequence of
possessing the vote the women become more amenable
to trade union organisation; and by this means—the
means of economic combination—their wages might in
course of time be raised. But this argument, it will be
seen, ignores certain facts, the first and most obvious
of which is that political action is a long and a dan-
gerous way round to economic action. The parallel,
as is usual, of the history of men with the prospect of
women is here no parallel at all. Indeed, we believe
that in few instances can the great example of their
conduct serve as a guide to forecasts of women's con-
duct. In the case of the men it is true that their enfran-
chisement in 1832 and 1867 preceded in point of time the
great Trade Union Act of 1875; but post hoc is not
always propter hoc. Not only did trade unions exist
among workmen before 1875, and even before 1832,
but the desire to form them existed as a strong need
and was itself a main stimulus to the political agitation.
Among the industrial women of to-day, however, there
is this everyday desire to form trade unions. Women join
trade unions under persuasion and leave, as a rule, at the earliest opportunity. Is it likely
that what their wretched conditions of industry have not done, what the example and
the preaching of their men fellows in industry has not done, the mere possession of a vote will do?
The impulse to trade unionism is weak in women for the
reason that the hold of women on industry is also weak. They are in industry against their will and they
naturally decline to construct fortifications in it as if
they were intended to be. Under the circumstances, if the direct object-lesson of their pitiable
condition has failed to convince them of the necessity
of economic combination, we cannot see how voting
every five years at a political election will do it; unless,
at the same time, they are persuaded that they are in
industry for good.

But besides the something not themselves that makes
for trade-unionism being weak in women, the political
reason is full of faults and leads away the trade-trad
its economic origin. If even the will to form unions
were ten times stronger than it is among women, the
political method would squander its strength. We have
seen that since the Labour movement ceased its concen-
tration on economic and political matters, its leaders
given up, for the rank and file are never really in politics,
wages have gone down at the rate of one per cent. per
annum. Would this economic loss have been incurred
if the forty Labour members had remained forty agita-
tors and trade union leaders? Without reckoning a
Napoleon among them, it is still safe to say that they include very able men whose leadership of labour unions would have remained unquestioned had they stayed in
them. But, for the sake of the tinsel and political glory,
they left their unions and their unions' methods, with
the effect on wages that the statistics, and more than that
the statistics, the bellies, of wage-slaves prove. As truly
as Napoleon sacrificed some hundreds of thousands of
Frenchmen to his own bloody glory, the Labour poli-
icians of to-day are sacrificing to their political careers
the economic livelihood of hundreds of thousands of their
fellows. And now, it appears, they are anxious for the
women to follow their worst example. To preach trade-
unionism to women in industry and to hold up to them
(if they are doomed to remain in industry) the example of
men's unions is right and proper; it is genuine frater-
nal advice. But to encourage them, while their unions are
still feeble, to divert their attention to politics, is to
offer them the advice of the fox that lost its tail.

It must surely have been with his tongue in his cheek
that Mr. Snowden maintained that women would raise
the status of public life. All the evidence that we have
ever seen supports the conclusion that they would lower
it exactly to the extent of their conspired participation
in it. We say, with no desire to be unnecessarily offen-
sive, that from the moment that women stepped into
public life the status of public life not only in men's
eyes, but in women's eyes, begins to decline. Here and
there, it is true, an exceptional woman, like Johnson's
dog walking on its hind legs, acquires herself passably well
as an able, liberal and creative body, but these exceptions are useless when we are forming
rules. They are exceptional among men because they are
exceptional among women! As we said last week,
men in general shrink with natural repugnance from
public association with political women; and we shall
add this week that women despise the "politicals"
among themselves in almost an equal degree. How this
doubled prejudice against women in politics can raise
the status of public life, we have not the mind to see.
And not only is their direct influence on politics lower-
ing, but their indirect political influence, when it is
exercited in the lump, is almost as bad. Consider, for ex-
ample, the most recent piece of legislation we owe to the
indirect political influence of women. It was a Bill to
flog men. But if they were powerful enough to do much evil they are also powerful to do good, if
they should feel so disposed. Are they, as a sex, so dis-
posed? Let the birds and beasts of the earth, ravaged
of their plumage and furs to do them good, women, reply!
There are no more callous beings in nature than women
—when, that is, they act as a body and a community.
We confess, as well as deride we should also dread
the political federation of women. Individually, like men in
general, they are sometimes kind, liberal and just. Col-
lectively, unlike men, they are cruel, conservative and
revengeful. The importation of women's mass opinion into public life would therefore be something more than
a joke. Beginning as a farce it would end as a tragedy.
Punishing by its damnation the success of the attempt of the women's awful, Mr. Philip
Snowden (seldom, you will observe, by their own) the
redemption of men's public life, women would conclude
by its damnation. We only regret that while Parliament
was about it, the door on the enfranchisement of women
was not bolted and guarded by the curtains of its
faces. That would have been our notion of chivalry.

We cannot refrain from recording here an incident
which occurred at the Women's Liberal Federation last
week, and illustrates the minor defects of women in
politics. The Countess of Carlisle was presiding, and
if experience could teach the unteachable, should have
made a chairman at least as decorous as a parish coun-
cillor fresh from the furrow. Yet her ladyship, accord-
ing to the "Times," left the chair in a huff because
some person or other shouted the word "No," and only
consented to return when it was explained that the
remark had no reference to herself or to anything she
had said. Later in the meeting she threatened to resign
because some delegates near the platform were laughing
—not at her; and at still a later stage she made a com-
ment on Mr. Burns that "every servants' hall in the
kingdom will recognise as possibly domestic but not as
public etiquette. She had been made very wroth, she
said, that morning by the discovery "that the Right
Hon. John Burns, for whom I stood bail, did not vote for
the Women's Bill." I think," she continued, "that a
man who is a real democrat, but who forsakes us
George's reference to "young Mr. Gladstone"?

There is no need to inquire exquisitely into the
reasons Mr. Garvin gives for having delayed until last
weak the publication of his views on the Marconi affair. Prudence, we should say, for once has been Mr. Garvin's adviser. There is no denying, however, that his single contribution to the subject, now that it has at last arrived, is both new and significant. It is his discovery that the Ministerial dealings in American Marconis took place in the days immediately following the "Titanic" disaster. This fact alone in our opinion will outweigh in the public mind all the other facts of the case put together. And, indeed, from many points of view it should. For the coincidence of private speculation with public misfortune reveals the Ministers concerned as not merely greedy but callous, and not merely as deficient in public spirit, but in ordinary humane feeling. We have said many times that the character of Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Rufus Isaacs is Liberal ideas without Liberal sentiments; and here they are proving it. How can Nonconformists continue to be blind to this man capable of being proct out of public calumny, it is also capable of conducting the nation in the direction of God's kingdom? The incongruity of their position in the same Cabinet with Lord Morley is pointed by the latter's own speech at the Royal Academy banquet. The lives of great statesmen, he said, had, for their nation something of the glamour of art; they affect us all and excite the imagination like the paintings of Michael Angelo. So much the more reason that Sir Rufus Isaacs and Mr. Lloyd George should be placed where nobody would be inspired to imitate them.

The apparition of Mr. Churchill in the Marconi Committee Room was as melodramatic as any Adelphi manager could wish. But old dramatic critics are not to be deceived by fustian. The "Spectator" alone, however, appears to have estimated the performance at its true value; even the "New Witness" succumbed to the temptation to applaud. What was the position of affairs when Mr. Churchill was called? A witness under a great deal of pressure had stated that a fourth Cabinet Minister's name had been mentioned in connection with the whole affair, and that he had not been given an opportunity of clearing it. Nay, what would and should have been Mr. Churchill's own comment on the omission? Would he not have abused the Committee for not having called him, precisely as he abused them for calling him—and with better reason? The notion that a Minister's name may not be mentioned or that he is above suspicion merely because he is a Minister is unfortunately belied in these days. And it is as much too soon for Mr. Churchill to ask us to rely implicitly on his personal record as it is too late for him to stand on the dignity of a Cabinet Minister. Things have happened since all statesmen, and particularly those in office, might safely be regarded as honourable men. A Ministry cannot associate with Lloyd George and Sir Rufus Isaacs without sharing their losses even without sharing their gains. The reflection is also forced on us that other Ministers than Mr. Churchill would have behaved differently. Suppose, for example, that Mr. Birrell's name had been mentioned, or Mr. Burns', or Lord Morley's, we should, in all probability, have had the first instance this inquiry has afforded of consummate public manners in public men. As it is, Churchill has just added the touch of bombast needed to complete the perfect vulgarity of the whole affair.

Some of the papers have already referred to the fact, published by the "Times" in its financial supplement of May 6, that Lord Murray, formerly the Master of Eliebank, had signed, at Bogotá, certain papers in connection with an oil concession in which Messrs. Weetman Pearson and Co. are interested. And then the "Times," in its Political Notes of May 8, announced in very definite terms that rumours had become prevalent in the City respecting the connection of certain Ministers with oil concessions, hinting that explanations had better be made in the House before they spread too far. The reason given for making these rumours public in a journal "read by Members of Parliament" was that by doing so the Marconi trouble might be avoided in connection with oil shares, Ministers having stated that they refrained from taking action sooner as the rumours about the Marconi deals had appeared in unimportant papers—papers, that is, without advertisements.

It is amusing, not to say instructive, to turn back to the "Daily News" of August 7 and 8 last year, when the Master of Eliebank resigned. In the former issue there was the usual article by P. W. W., and the announcement of the resignation on August 8 showed traces of the same adulatory pen. But it was not hinted in the "Daily News," or in any other paper, that the Master of Eliebank was going round the world in search of oil concessions. There was an allusion to his position with Messrs. Pearson, but it was implicit that this was more or less of a sinecure. The real reason for the retirement, we were informed, was that Lord Murray was going to manage his father's estates. This was the pathetic fact on which stress was laid. Lord Murray's poor old father was becoming worn out by his advanced age, and the dutiful son was about to resign, not because he disagreed with the policy of the Government, not because he wished to enter upon a business career, not because there were strong rumours flying about concerning Marconi shares—oh, no!—but simply because he was going to manage his father's estates.

And what then happens? Lord Murray continues to take a fairly prominent part in politics; he leaves England to spend a holiday on the Continent, and he is hardly back again before he is off to Canada, the United States, Mexico, and South America. We find him travelling from Mexico to Bogotá and back again, always hunting for oil, apparently. And then we have the news that the connexion with an oil concession in which Messrs. Weetman Pearson, and the announcement of the resignation on August 8 showed traces of the same adulatory pen of the "Times" was that by doing so the Marconi trouble might be avoided in connection with oil shares, Ministers having stated that they refrained from taking action sooner as the rumours about the Marconi deals had appeared in unimportant papers—papers, that is, without advertisements.

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The hypocrisy is obvious. Lord Murray is no doubt a good business man; but he must be a wonderful person if he can manage his father's estates in Scotland from Bogotá, in the intervals of negotiating oil concessions from the Colombian Government. It is strange, too, that the third member of the famous Trinity, should be so conveniently out of the way just as the inquiry is being held, and that he should have resigned when the rumours had to be taken notice of. A coincidence, too, that Mr. E. S. Montagu should have had to leave for India just when a certain silver deal was talked about. Like the "Times," we merely point out facts.
Current Cant.

"... men like apes blind with lust."—"The Awakener."

"Mr. Morton P. Lucas, President, Warwick Leamington Conservative Association, a hater of Socialism, and as stout a Unionist as any in the Midlands, sat by the death-bed of a leading local Socialist not so long ago to comfort his last hours."—"The Standard."

"British justice must be kept clear of any looseness of procedure which might open a way for abuses to enter. The Press, as a very general rule, exercises a wise discretion in this connection, and its high sense of public duty can be relied upon."—"Daily Chronicle."

"The population of London is always increasing... New centres of life are constantly being created within the borders of the diocese, and the duty devolves upon the Bishop of seeing that they are also centres of light."—"The Bishop of London."

"Progress in social reform has now come as sweepingly in progress as education and cheap literature. The man in the street is in the saddle..."—"The Book Monthly."

"Lord Roberts has demonstrated conclusively that the British working man is neither the idler nor the coward that the demagogues paint him."—"Liverpool Courier."

"A phenomenon worth observing is the great increase in the public interest in pure philosophy."—"Solomon Eagle, in "New Statesman."

"God grant that China may turn to the Christian faith, and thereby find her salvation and regeneration."—"Cosmo Christian, in "East End News."

"The great and unusual charm of 'Come over here!' is that it is an entertainment that entertains. There is a race between the motor and the railway..."—"The Academy."

"Lloyd George often says more than he means, but never says what he does not mean, and never dissembles for the purpose of misleading the public."—"Rev. J. Vynwy Morgan, D.D."

"Golf, to-day, affords a common meeting ground for almost all, and its 'shop' is delightful to the initiated."—"Daily Mail."

"Could we but free ourselves from the wretched spirit of Party..."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

"It is one of the most difficult things in the world for the Press to avoid in the interests of the State giving information that might be of infinite value... During the last few months I have learned to respect the Press more than ever."—"Colony, Sec'y."

"Note-conformists, most of all, have risked the dirt to undo the devil's work, and make England more tolerable for all men... Already in the short course of the present year the Ottoman tyranny in Europe has fallen, and the people that walked in darkness have seen a great light... The rock of the National Insurance Act seems as though it will obey the Prophet's rod."—"Rev. J. Morgan Gibson."

"With regard to the price which some women are willing to pay for their dogs to be sculptured, I notice one very peculiar thing: They are willing to pay more for their dogs than for their husbands."—"Mrs. Longworth."

CURRENT CAB.

"She was in his arms. The dark cab seemed full of the scent of the fading rose she wore,—that and his arms. A silver star peered like an inquisitive eye into the open window... it was now."—"Louise Heilgers, in the "London Mail."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdud.

Assuming that the Montenegrins are willing, however sullenly, to acquiesce in King Nicholas's decision to give up Scutari to the Powers, after having more or less vindicated their valour and justified their existence as soldiers, we have still to recognize that one difficulty disappears only to make way for another—for several. With the settlement of the Scutari question, the northern boundary is settled; but the discussions among the Ambassadors concerning the southern boundary of Albania have little more than begun. True, a rough scheme has been drawn up, and the further negotiations will be conducted on the basis of this scheme. The difficulty is that the Ambassadors, in their rough draft of a plan, have chosen to take Janina away from Greece and include it in Albania.

Janina, let us recall, was one of the exploits of the Greek army. It is true that a "deal" took place towards the end of the siege; but, so far as the Greek soldiers and the Greek people were concerned, Janina was captured by the valor of the troops and the tactical skill of the Crown Prince. If there was an outburst in Montenegro and in Russia when it became known that the Powers meant to award Scutari to Albania, there will be another outburst, this time in Greece and Russia, when it is officially announced that Janina is also to go to Albania.

Naturally, the Greeks will not give the Great Powers much cause for concern. They are not so stubborn as their northern allies, and, though the flush of re-sentment may be strong, and may even lead to an "incident" or two, it will calm down afterwards. What is feared is that the Panslavist agitation may start again in Russia; and this is a factor tending towards war which the Russian Government may not find it so easy to deal with as on the former occasion. If diplomats are becoming anxious, they are becoming anxious over what may happen in St. Petersburg, not what may happen at Athens.

These, however, are the least of the difficulties now confronting the Ambassadors' Conference. Having decided the boundaries of Albania after a great deal of trouble and heart-breaking disputes, what of the parties who are, after all, most chiefly concerned, namely, the Albanians themselves? We have heard little of these people in the course of the war, and still less in the course of the peace negotiations, but they are an important factor nevertheless. There are about a million and a half of them, of whom about a quarter are Moslems. To the north there are relatively large numbers of Roman Catholics, and to the south, round about Janina, the Albanians profess Greek Orthodoxy. The Moslems are, so to speak, in the centre. The clan system prevails to an extent which we can hardly realise in this degenerate west of ours. The authority of the chiefs is supreme, and the country has not for centuries acknowledged or obeyed any one sovereign.

It is pretty well known that Abdul Hamid looked to Albania for his best bravest, and most devoted soldiers; and he was not disappointed. His personal bodyguard always consisted of Albanians, and in consideration of their loyalty certain unofficial privileges were allowed, or rather winked at. It is certain that taxes have never been collected regularly from the inhabitants of this rugged western province—the least European of Turkey's former Empire, although lying nearer the European civilisation than any other province. The tax-collector was never so attractive in Anatolia, and still less in Arabia; but he met with a better reception from the Albanians than from the Albanians. Again, these feudal tribes are constantly at war with one another, although they have been known to combine to repel an invader, or to cut up Young Turkish troops when a rebellion became necessary.
Agriculture and war are still the pursuits of this primitive people, strong and fierce in their primiveness and jealous of the intruder.

Into this country, then, with its three religions—religions which are fundamentally different—its medieval disorder and mentalitiy of the dark ages, it is proposed to introduce at a single stroke the close connection of modern European civilization in the form of a written Constitution, a loan, the interest on the same, and the "destruction of the Triple Alliance. It would be impossible for Austria-are not negligible, and advantage is being taken of the situation of Spain to strengthen the position of the Triple Entente. It would be impossible for France to transport troops from Oran to Marseilles if Spain were hostile.

I have already said that Yuan-Shi-Kai as the head of a new dynasty would not be an impossible proposal. His conclusion of the Five-Power loan while a ring of bayonets guarded the Finance Minister was one of his most brilliant strokes. Now, why is the pan-Germanic 'auspices, from the economic point of view, from the imperial point of view, from the military point of view, all enterprise and initiative so it does like-wise in Switzerland.

Let us now consider developments taking place under Pan-Germanic auspices, from the economic point of view. Just as the "haute finance" (generally Jewish—I must be allowed to speak plainly) absorbs and engrosses all activities, all enterprise and initiative, so it does like-wise in Switzerland. Jewish instincts overspread and monopolise everything. Not only the small tradesman and shopkeeper, but, alas! the husbandfarmer, the dair-yowner, the cheese-making industry—they all fall a prey to this hydra. Is it to be wondered at if, under the coils of this Python, landowners who till their own soil gradually drift into the bankruptcy court, if they are forced to surrender and to emigrate?

Therefore, just the sturdiest element of Switzerland, its peasants, is destined to disappear, and—what was formerly "free Helvetia"—is destined to become a nation of lacqueys and flunkeys? . . .
Do I need to say this?
Let us now deal with the question of Chauvinism.

I have already said that in Germany, at the present time, Chauvinism is at high-water mark. As stated likewise, it has had its origin in the memorable events of the year 1870; and it has been stimulated since by the deeds of illustrious persons of the German army, stands unvarnished.

What is it else, I ask, but a stimulant to Chauvinism, an incitement to expansion, to international rivalries, to colonial conquests?

And the popular songs of Germany, to be sure! I have given above some samples; and I have left the reader to infer and to understand what use is being made of them.

Let it well be understood; this foetering of the jingo spirit is a matter of considerable importance to the world at large. For can it be doubted that any growth of Chauvinism among the population of a great Power (if it be homogeneous) is ipso facto a menace, a threat to the adjoining smaller States?

Will it be doubted that this Chauvinism exists among the population of the German Empire? I reply: it would be strange if it did not. Facts, popular manifestations, the increasing popularity of Jingoist Press organs are, it seems to me, proof enough. When a few years ago the well-known Count Zeppelin achieved his aeronautical triumph, was not the frenzy, the applause on account of these successes! "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles!" ("Germany, oh, Germany, over all!") one heard on all sides. But, I ask, is not this unreasonable? is it not wise to go into such ecstasies? No doubt a certain pride is allowed for what is assuredly a notable accomplishment; but, after all (and if I may be permitted to ask), has not every country its excellencies, its particular attainments, its past record also its failings? Does not this likewise apply to Germany? If matters were somewhat closely scanned, would it not appear that Germany too has its blemishes—in respect of individual liberty, of mutual forethought and considerateness—blemishes which even little Switzerland has got rid of long ago?

Moreover, do not the people of Germany feel that such outbursts of enthusiasm are unseemly—make a bad impression abroad? By what right does Germany set itself up as a pattern to other nations? Must not this give offence? Is it not clear that spreading one's incense one becomes oblivious of the failings and deficiencies that exist at home in one's own national household, as they do exist indeed, in the households of all other countries?

And then, if this song be more than a mere boast, a rodomontade, if it is to be taken seriously, then it would have to be proved that Germany, as a national unit, is indeed better than all other Powers; that it is perfect. This proof has not been furnished yet.

I have referred here above to the aeronautical successes of Count Zeppelin. Without wishing to enter into technical details, let us see whether the high commendation they appear to have received (I do not speak of popular applause!) is warranted.

Aeronautical journals in Germany wish their readers to believe that Germany has in this respect a vast, an immense, advantage over their rivals, especially in warfare. This view will hardly bear strict investigation. For, first of all, it would have to be demonstrated that any aerial conveyance (respectively those of the Zeppelin type) is able to make an ascent anywhere, at any time, and in any season. This, I beg to think, has not been proved yet.

The second point to be urged (although it is new and rather obvious) is this: "What one person, one nation can do, another person, another nation can do likewise." In other words, there is no ground for assuming (however talented Count Zeppelin may be), that other inventors, e.g., British or French, or Italian, etc., are less gifted than he is himself.

Winding up with what I said above under the heading of Chauvinism, I may be permitted to observe that whilst Germany, in the first half of the nineteenth century, has been political boundary of the student and given to self-disparagement (at least in the opinion of its professors and literati generally), in the second half of the same century, on the contrary, it appears to have become much too forward. It would be well to remember that for nations as for individuals; there is a via media—the golden mean—the way which is equally removed from national self-conceit as from national self-disparagement.

Thus, having almost completed the burden of my task, there still remain a few points tending to show whether the wings of the Prussian eagle are justified, or even authorised, in overshadowing little Switzerland.

(1) We have first to consider the frame of mind, the social and moral qualities of the average inhabitant of Eastern Switzerland. Blemishes there are probably, in his character; but generally speaking it may be asserted that he is kindly, hospitable, plain-speaking, open-minded, yet easily led, and honourable—as honourable as our rotten social environment permits him to be. These natures are precisely the ones likely to fall into any trap—diplomatic or otherwise—that is being set for them. Therefore a first warning must be uttered: Cave! (beware!)

(2) The second point, which shows German doctrines in Switzerland to be wholly fatuous, nay worse—is the fact that Switzerland is, and for years past has been, the very leader, the vanguard in all thorough-going social movements. This as well known to anyone who observes contemporary events. The "Red Cross" Society (help to the wounded on the field of battle), which was started in Geneva about fifty years ago, is due to the initiative of Switzerland; so is (if I err not) the movement for the promotion of international peace, and for official insurance against unemployment—a system which is equally removed from national self-conceit as from national self-disparagement.

(3) There is a third consideration which shows the absolute preposterousness of Germans in trying to impose, not only their institutions, but also their ways and habits of thought, upon Switzerland.

It is this: to-day nationalism (taking this word in its proper sense) is in the ascendant among all nations of the globe. Everywhere the watchword (though never uttered, yet most studiously acted upon) is: "Our (respective) country is to be upheld, honoured, is to become paramount!" And would not Switzerland do well to follow this example (so far as it may be able, of course)? For are proofs needed any longer of this nationalistic wave which is sweeping over the world? Let us look around. Without going as far as British India and China (where proofs of political unrest are palpable, obvious enough), we have nearer home, the "sister isle" whose cravings for self-government are patent to the world; we have the disruption of the Scandinavian peninsula; we have an important political movement called "nationalist" in France; we have an ex-President of the United States obtruding his "wisdom" to all the

* See, among others, an article by that well-known writer, Mr. Morrison Davidson, in "Reynolds' Newspaper", London.
International Peace—The Straight Way.

The question for the nations to put to themselves today is: "Do we desire self-aggrandisement, even at the expense of others; or are we prepared to submit our claims to the arbitration of an international tribunal?" It is fairly evident that a majority of the Christian nations is to-day in favour of the peaceful settlement of disputes, and the burden of taxation for armaments is becoming an intolerable strain upon financial resources. Hence a spontaneous desire for peaceful solutions of international disputes, according to the writer's opinion, is the speediest method of ending the present ruinous struggle for military supremacy, and commending itself for discussion.

Our peace societies confine their efforts to-day chiefly to the advocacy of international arbitration, or of voluntary disarmament in some form or other. But sober men feel that neither of these proposals can afford any real security for peace so long as it lies in the power of any nation to disregard its promises and commence hostilities with a chance of success. While the power to conquer a rival nation by force of arms exists, there will lurk the fear of war, and the nations must go on piling up armaments in the competition that knows no end.

Furthermore, and this is my chief point against present peace propaganda, every time a nation either violates a treaty, or by its warlike preparations, appears to be contemplating such a course, the rest of the civilized world is rendered more suspicious of peace than ever. The sudden gleam of the bayonet is shown; the fear of war, the suddenness of the blow, and the settled ruling of murderous weapons on their persons and lives, is more impressive than the slow growth of the pacifist sentiment. The individuals of every nation committed to a step towards rendering the whole community a more peaceful one.

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nations is now interested in the preservation of peace. Let these nations set up an international tribunal and provide it with money and men, to enforce its decisions after the manner of an ordinary court of law. During the recent debates on the question of Germany’s warlike preparations it was seriously proposed in certain quarters that Great Britain should forbid Germany to build any more warships. If that had been done, the last ascent of the forces of the federated tribunal would be made against the offender, and such a war would command the best enthusiasm of the federated nations, since it would be a combined effort to achieve permanent peace.

The representation of the signatory powers on the federated tribunal and their respective contributions in men and money can, of course, only be settled by discussion. In recent years, however, two Frenchmen, Messrs. Brogajota, of 44, Rue de Trevisse, Paris, have published a pamphlet containing a remarkably sane scheme of international federation. Briefly outlined, this scheme proposes that federation shall be begun by any two or more nations that agree, the one necessary condition being that the resulting tribunal shall be invested with sufficient power in men, ships and arms to make warship which could be found. The average sentiment of these gentlemen seems to me to have anticipated in a remarkable way the difficulties in the federated nations, or, if such a nation feel itself too weak for a straight fight are apparent when an official of the tribunal must necessarily have said that Dr. C. had gone on the panel and would annex all their cards.

In spite of the difficulty of choosing four hundred suitable people from this vast number the Selection Committee seems to have succeeded, by some means, in getting over our personal liberty into the hands of our law courts and policemen. The average man, willingly yields up this portion of his personal liberty because the only alternative is a costly and vexatious system of personal defence. Similarly in international affairs the sole alternative to this curtailment of personal liberty is the political methods of their creator, Mr. Lloyd George. During the past nine months these individuals have proved themselves apt pupils of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Every device adopted to break the resistance of the doctors to panel servitude, for instance, has been employed towards the other resisters. Just as, in December last, a Dr. had gone on the panel and would annex all their cards, so for months past the inspectors have been answering resisters that their organisation has collapsed and that all their neighbours have begun stamping cards.

Benefits for Bureaucrats.

By Margaret Douglas.

Twenty-seven thousand men and women applied for the post of inspector under the Insurance Act last autumn! In spite of the difficulty of choosing four hundred suitable people from this vast number the Selection Committee seems to have succeeded, by some curious chance, in gathering together a small army of persons who are content to imitate, in the administrative sphere, the political methods of their creator, Mr. Lloyd George. During the past nine months these individuals have proved themselves apt pupils of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Every device adopted to break the resistance of the doctors to panel servitude, for instance, has been employed towards the other resisters. Just as, in December last, Drs. A. and B. were told that Dr. C. had gone on the panel and would annex all their patients, so for months past the inspectors have been answering resisters that their organisation has collapsed and that all their neighbours have begun stamping cards.

All may be fair in war as in love, but the advantages of a straight fight are apparent when an official of the tribunal must necessarily have said that Dr. C. had gone on the panel and would annex all their cards, so for months past the inspectors have been answering resisters that their organisation has collapsed and that all their neighbours have begun stamping cards.
the young woman who composed an elaborate note informal brain devised another scheme. The new type was relieved to find her very much alive, and declaring benefits to which she was entitled, and which she could recover from him at law. Full of concern the employer for an hour. Needless to mention that neither explanation nor apology was forthcoming.

In Berkshire, where some twenty prosecutions failed to teach the farmers that "the law of the land must be obeyed" (the dull magistrates' dull formula), the fertile official brain devised another scheme. The new type of inspector offered on behalf of the Commissioners to remit six months' contributions if the rebels would comply with the Act in the third quarter. When public attention was drawn to this cynical offer made to representatives of the Farmers' League, the Commissioners issued an official statement denying that they had ever instructed their inspector to make such a bargain, but the deal holds good notwithstanding, and not in Berkshire alone.

For work of this character the nation is spending in salaries for England alone between sixty and eighty thousand pounds this year. No scientific knowledge, no technical skill is required of these officials; they are simply parasites or, the community. Their only function is to count whether thirteen stamps have been affixed to pieces of cardboard, "a thing the village idiot could do for himself," said an old countryman to me last week, yet they give privileges denied to factory or sanitary inspectors. They travel in motor cars round the country flaunting the insult of their comfort before the industrious poor who pay the bill; when they descend to take the train they travel first class. One inspector indeed had the effrontery to pose as a friend and get herself driven two miles or so in the pony cart belonging to the lady on whose house she contemplated a raid.

The inspector is the most obvious sign of the new bureaucracy, as he is its most superfluous member. Under any scheme framed on national lines to meet a national need no "spies" would be required. But when one realises that in addition to the yearly hundred thousand spent in England, Irish, Scottish, and Welsh inspectors, there is another fifty thousand a year to be found for the audit staff, not to mention the unnumbered host of clerks, typists, and the luckless mortals who spend their dreary existence in a disused national need no "spies" would be required. But when one realises this endless waste of time, labour and money that one loses patience.

The Insurance Act is being administered three times over. Ostensibly the administration is in the hands of friendly society and insurance company officials. Their salaries and expenses, calculated at about three millions a year, are guaranteed by deduction from the contributions before they are paid. On the principle, I suppose, of setting a thief to catch a thief, we have the Commissioners' staffs administering quite superfluously in duplicate, their salaries and expenses amounting to two millions a year, being guaranteed by the State. Then we have the local committees whose voluntary members are quite naturally beginning to resent their paltry third-class ticket allowance when others travel first, and already there is talk of payment for their services. The cost of the local committees has yet to be discovered, but it is at last becoming clear to the working people that the money being spent in this unfruitful manner would provide quite a number of very poor persons with free and generous help.

When Sir Robert Morant described the Insurance Act, as he is reported to have done, as "a joint adventure between the Commissioners and the Societies," he forgot to point out the fact that is becoming clearer every day, that all the financial risks of the enterprize are being compulsorily undertaken by people who cannot afford a square meal more than once a week at best. They have to make good any deficiencies in the funds on valuation or put up with smaller payments. The benefits of the Insurance Act in short are guaranteed to the bureaucrats who administer it, but not to the people who pay.

America: Chances and Remedies.

By Ezra Pound.

III.

Proposition I—that I would "Drive the Auto on the Seminar."

We read in the life of Abelard that, having learned to reason in the school of Roselin he came down to Paris and there found someone, whose name I and nearly everyone else have forgotten, holding the chair of philosophy, and Abelard engaged the gentleman in dispute and very shortly thereafter the gentleman whose name we have forgotten was holding his classes at some place or other down the river, and Abelard was discoursing in Paris.

And in course of time Abelard was called home to attend to the execution of his father's will and estates or something of the sort. And the professor returned to Paris. And later Abelard returned to Paris, and the professor departed.

And Abelard took up the ascetic life and went into the wilderness, and five thousand students went after him and camped in the wilderness, enduring all manner of hardships. And all this happened at a time when the universities were a far from negligible factor in the intellectual life of Christendom.

Now it is inconceivable that in this day and decade any unknown man could oust any professor of anything by a mere display of superior intelligence.

I have no experience of technical schools, but I can conceive it possible that, say, a great engineer, one with monumental achievements behind him, if he could demonstrate to the governing board of some university that any bridge built according to the instructions of its head professor of engineering, most of necessity collapse, might get the head professor shifted into a less dangerous position after a long play of diplomacy.

But in the departments of the humanities, of letters, or of philosophy, such a cataclysm is merely unthinkable.

It is as wholly and utterly unthinkable as that a commercial periodical should demand its staff of critics to be reasonably trained, or that we, the community at large, should demand of our artists in letters that they have some knowledge of the great tradition, some trace of what is called the "literary conscience," or something above mediocrity of ambition.

I remember that I was once berating the present state of affairs to the president of a university, and he said he knew nothing about the matter (I think it was some question of graduate study and the system of presenting literature). Anyhow, he said that it was not his affair, he was putting his money into the institution because he wanted to leave a memorial to his father. He rather pitied me, I believe, for taking such a matter as the conservation of letters to heart.

I respect his feeling for his father. I don't much mind a man's wanting to erect memorials. I respect his standing by his staff. But this is not the spirit that goes to the making of Risvegliamenti.

Now let us suppose the usual graduate seminar, the usual professors as they exist in America, one out of every twenty, intelligent, perhaps a humanist, the other nineteen perhaps passionately devoted to literature (we are supposing for the moment a seminar in some branch of letters); passionately devoted, let us
say, to literature, or more likely, each one of them devoted to some period, about which he knows more definite facts than any artist who lived in it!

Let us suppose that most of them hate vulgarities, defeat the "Press," disapprove of the present. Let us suppose a few of them believe in the future, by which they mean "the nineties."

Now let us suppose the normal protagonist of contemporary literary production be thrust in amongst them. He is ignorant as Ham, as blatant and purposeless as G. K. Chesterton, as free from any desire of producing lasting works of art as a "Times" reporter, or he is as dull as the "slicer" poets, or as "gaga" as the survivors, or he is something else as bad, or worse as the case may be. And with literature as a whole, with the lasting laws he is unacquainted as a graduate student in chemistry. If he writes novels, he has never heard of Flaubert. If he is a southerner, he believes he might have been anything—this or that, the tyro, the dilettante, the drifter, and a real waiter and with marks of distinct provincialism. (This is not a whim, but an actual incident. An American novelist, a successful novelist, actually had the nerve to explain to me just what it was in the French social system that made it impossible for a novelist to come out of France. But let this pass.) My contention is that some sort of conference between these two sets of "influences," let us say amicable debate, would be highly instructive to the students who actually had the nerve to explain to me just what it was in the French social system that made it impossible for a novelist to come out of France. (But let this pass.)

The effect on writers would be even more worth considering than any artist who lived in it. For writers would be driven to consider his art as an art. He might on being invited to debate be brought for once to question himself about his reasons for existence. In fact, the whole outrageous scheme would stir up more than a few backwaters of mental stagnation. In deciding what authors should be summoned, the students should have some voice. The conferences should take place, I should think, monthly. If space permitted me I should point out that this sort of infiltration of ideas is precisely what does take place in capitals, where the best artists and scholars occasionally meet by accident. The decentralised state of America makes it all the more desirable that some other machinery should be devised for this purpose.

**MAN.**

Man is a pigmy; man is a god, He lives for ever, yet dies; He might have been a pea in a pod, Or one of a million flies.

He might have been the tail of a rat, Or the tooth of a hungry whale; He might have been anything—this or that, This monkey withon a sun.

But he's neither a heavy-rolling star, Nor the soul of a frying-pan; He's something that none of these things are— And his life is only a span.

H. E. Foster-Toogood.

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**Letters from Italy.**

**XIV.—AMALFI.**

"Li départir de la dolce contrôl Ou la belle est M'a mis en grand tristour."

**AMALFI.** Amalfi, sorely did I grieve to part from thee, who hast that sad gift of beauty—but the price of thy hôtels was two francs a day more than I could afford. By such apparently trivial considerations," observed the Sage, "the human destinies are controlled." I have no hope of return to thee (Amalfi) unless the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Excessively Minor Poets should intervene with a gracious subsidy of two francs per day. Or perhaps I'll get £100 by writing a poem about Jesus Christ and a wayward repentant cranksman:

"'From nineteen eight to nineteen ten, I stole and whoered and stole again; From nineteen ten to nineteen 'even, I inquired about the gates of Heaven; But then in nineteen twenty two I met And brought a tupp'ny testament.'"

You did not think that was spontaneous, did you? Observe the technique! It cost me nearly half a minute's work to write it. And the remuneration for poetry is so small nowadays. But I blaspheme, frankly I blaspheme the beauty of Amalfi by making silly jokes—it is entirely due to the half-bottle of Capri wine (rosso vecchio) which I have just consumed for dinner. And it is a fine night, and the moon is shining, and I don't care if it is a fool's trick to jape.

Anyway, Amalfi put me into such delicate humour that I fell in love with her right away. Late in the afternoon I came to her amid a rich glow of golden sunlight which made me think of July evenings in Kent. The queer little "canozze" joggled us along the uneven road by the sea-shore, past groups of deliciously idle fishermen and louts, past the shops of the macaroni makers, and through a couple of small cliff tunnels to the Hôtel de la Sirène. Such a rustic Siren as she was, with odd pretences to civilisation, like electric light and a real waiter, and with marks of distinct provincialism in decoration and furniture. But she was pleasant enough, and "soignemont evitée" the snobism of the Albergo dei Cappuccino, which is now the haunt of the motor-boat.

In a little while I went forth to take stock of my beloved Amalfi. Her Duomo is entirely restored, except for the campanile—a fact grateful to the religious, but little pleasing to me, who prefer beauty to holiness, and a Renaissance tomb to all the souls in purgatory. Beneath the church (I mean in the crypt) I found a stuttering fisher, who lied for five minutes about the feeble vestry, and a real waiter, and with marks of distinct provincialism in decoration and furniture. But she was pleasant enough, and "soignemont evitée" the snobism of the Albergo dei Cappuccino, which is now the haunt of the motor-boat.

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Before I entered the church I stood on the gallery at the top of the large flight of steps and looked into the Piazza. It will be remembered that the Piazza at Amalfi is considered to be something of a curiosity, and it certainly is pleasant to see the coming and going of brightly-clad peasants, the knots of long-limbed sailors excitedly discussing the rise and fall of the Roman Empire, and the ragged ragazzo gambling for soldi. Still, all this is nothing to the real beauty of Amalfi.
The proprietor of the Cappuccini Inn graciously allows visitors to wander in the renowned garden, which everyone must know in Naples and Rome, from the advertisement poster with a foolish-looking monk sitting by a pillar. You ascend about 200 steps to a long terrace, with white pillars on the sea side, and orange-trees, covered at the same time with fruit and blossoms, on the other. Above is a kind of pergola of lemon and lime trees, whose greenish-yellow fruit hangs there in amazing abundance. The warm evening air is sweet with flowers, and the whole garden at that time lies in the shadow of a great foreland. If you choose, you can wander up a steep path, marked "Belle Vue," through thickets of olive trees to a ruined castello, and thence look over the Gulf of Salerno. The sunset is not directly visible, but delicate colours creep across the sky from behind the hill and are reflected on the clouds in the east. The wind had entirely ceased when I was there, and in the hush far-off voices and shouts came up from the village. Above the shrill rose and yellow sky was the slim, curved moon, which everyone must know in Naples and Rome from the east. The wind had entirely ceased when I was sitting by a pillar. You ascend about

The eastern sun is agleam on the white hill and I heard a voice from the south which spoke and said:—

"A curse! A curse upon you, England, So chalk-white bestrewn without Like a whitened sepulchre But within as black, As sootily black, As a coal barge Anchored between the North Sea and the Atlantic. Curse upon you, island of traffickers, And upon your pettifogging politics! Curse upon Lord Beaconsfield Who in the name of human love Acted as go-between For Asia and Europe Like an out-and-out commercial traveller! Curse upon your holy church And your trusty women; Your trusty sock-knitting, Tea-swalling women! Curse upon your Tauchnitz-edition novels, Your mission-houses and salvation-armies!" But I answered from the north and said:—

"You sooty white Albion! Even if your sins were blood-red As your roast beef, And your heart were black as your coal, I, the mighty, I, the outlaw, I take your sea-girt chalk-layer And draw a stroke Over your mighty debit account Upon your mighty black slate; Not because I am hotheaded But by your excellent Pale Ale And your good razors; I forgive you Your East Indian sins, Your African crimes And your Irish outrages: I forgive you, England, Not for your sake, But for yours, Dickens, Darwin, Spencer and Mill!"

I lie by the cable-tier Smoking "Five blue brothers" And thinking of nothing. The sea is green, So murky absinthe-green; It is bitter as magnesium chloride And salty as sodium chloride; It is chaste as potassium iodide; And oblivion, oblivion From great sins and great sorrows Is given only by the sea, And by absinthe! O thou green absinthe-sea, O thou calm absinthe-oblivion, Daze my senses And let me slumber in peace As of old I slumbered Over an article in the "Revue des deux Mondes" Sweden lies like a smoke-patch Like the smoke of a maduro-havanna. And the sun sets upon it Like a half-quenched cigar, But round about the horizon Stands ruin as red As Bengal fires And gleams on the misery.
Present-Day Criticism.

It occurs to us that a woman has publicly expressed her contempt for the supposed grand champion of women, George Meredith. "Twas a portentous deed too revolutionary, surely! Have we not the gospel from the women everywhere that the baptism of women is complete every time they have sacrificed herself in Meredith? Is it possible now to think of women and their mysterious cause without discerning Meredith in their eyes, on their lips, in their heart of hearts? It is certain that Meredith is immensely popular with women. Why do they cherish him, and why should they not, if they should not? We inquired. We put our question first to the iconoclast mentioned above. The reply was laconic—"Like all male feminists, Meredith was—and I have often thought that. 'Dancy' is the secret of Diana's apotheosis by women. Every woman is looking for a 'Dancy.' With such a nice, obedient, competent, negligible and unaccountably inferior self every woman feels that she could face the world and win for herself a lady friend of unimpeachable reputation like Lady Dunstable. Diana arouses the awed admiration of impulsive ladies who yearn every day of their lives for just such a chaperone. There are no tiresome intruding babies to tie Diana down to her first marriage of convenience. Diana does all things well! She writes novels that fetch her in money to dress and entertain to the tawdry and desperate degree of manner. Such a chapter, in Meredith's opinion, may be written about a mere woman. Men as hysterical and thick-skinned as Diana could scarcely be exhibited for other women's admiration! It is however enough excuse for a woman's home life, the gradual lifting of manners that a domineering male acquaintance brings tidings of a lady friend's illness. A gross touch—Meredith was gross enough when he was not dainty—is that which brings the melodrama-tically conceived Redworth, Diana's dernier resort, to outwit her accepted lover with the tale of a sick-bed. Redworth, of course, is only the tool of the plot, and quite unconscious of his opportuneness: the tawdry and malignant denouement is Meredith's creation. And you will notice how he writes out of this crisis, Diana, the woman, is depicted as persuaded, urged, goaded into actions, or, at best, is carried away by often cunning calculations or by her ill-controlled impulses and whims. She is never a responsible person. She is supposed to marry a man just for the sake of it. A gentleman is made to play a fatuously public game with a notorious society politician, who is ridiculously exhibited behaving as though his mid-Victorian position would have endangered a divorce scandal. Meredith makes her set her cap at Percy for nothing but an exercise of female power, and when Percy has subdued his fair conqueror and she is to be tested by an elopement through which she has still warm from Percy's lips a State secret which she herself has arranged to elope with her lover, her heart is not turned to her fair companion. Her hat is still warm from Percy's lips, and she has a momentary lover's vision for money, running round at midnight to sell to the Opposition peers a State secret which she has not warm from Percy's lips, and the picture of her next day cooling the clever story to that astounded gentleman sinks in imbecility almost below characterisation.

Meredith's petty mind, which perpetually strove to hide behind tremendously male words, bursts out in the gross and spleenful passage where the once-adored Percy is introducing Diana a new woman who he would suppose none but a woman to have written this scene where the husband and wife are shown as walking away with some sudden occult diminution of physical form, while Diana reads mediocrity in their very backs! But we must remember that this Diana, with her epicrammetric reflections, was neither a real woman nor a lady novelist, but only Meredith's puppet. Her marriage at last with the good, tedious, wealthy Redworth, who will presently oblige her by acquiring a title, takes their beauty, wit and success; and can never divert her throngs of enthusiastic moon-worshippers.

But wherein has Meredith shown his fangs and venom so that even three, two, or one woman can uncompromisingly refuse him? He has shown them in this—that while he trifles with and undermines the conventions of women, while he lures women away from security by inventing an impossibly lovely, gifted, and lucky will o' the wisp of an adventures, he offers them nothing in exchange for lost honor and duty; dull these are, no doubt, yet full of little rewards and privileges, and, at any rate, all that most women have to expect. Meredith's treachery to women goes deeper, very much deeper, than a mere low dangling of a single bog-light. We think that nothing more center-place, of women was ever boldly expressed by satirist, than by Meredith in his flattering novels. In the plainest matter of honour, he tosses woman a low standard as the privilege of her irresponsibility. Diana, poor darling, may commit a treacherous offence, and obtain absolution from everyone save only her victim. A man, for a similar offence, would have been cut in his club. Again: Diana has arranged to elope with her lover; her boxes are in the hall, packed and labelled; her hat is on; when there appears a devoted gentleman with the bad news that Diana's old friend is ill. She allows herself to be so excited by the authoritative messenger and his errand that she flies at his command, leaving her lover to trot up and down a railway station with nary a word to consoling him. A gross touch—Meredith was gross enough when he was not dainty—is that which brings the melodrama-tically conceived Redworth, Diana's dernier resort, to outwit her accepted lover with the tale of a sick-bed. Redworth, of course, is only the tool of the plot, and quite unconscious of his opportuneness: the tawdry and malignant denouement is Meredith's creation. And you will notice how he writes out of this crisis, Diana, the woman, is depicted as persuaded, urged, goaded into actions, or, at best, is carried away by often cunning calculations or by her ill-controlled impulses and whims. She is never a responsible person. She is supposed to marry a man just for the sake of it. A gentleman is made to play a fatuously public game with a notorious society politician, who is ridiculously exhibited behaving as though his mid-Victorian position would have endangered a divorce scandal. Meredith makes her set her cap at Percy for nothing but an exercise of female power, and when Percy has subdued his fair conqueror and she is to be tested by an elopement through which she stands to lose his career (what men!), her impulsive feelings make her behave like a vulgarian. He sends her, at a pinch for money, running round at midnight to sell to the Opposition peers a State secret which she has still warm from Percy's lips; and the picture of her next day cooling the clever story to that astounded gentleman sinks in imbecility almost below characterisation.
this really despicable character into bourgeois obscurity, there, however, as we understand, to carry on through her husband’s influence, some vague feminine Cause. And what is her husband? Nobody knows; but Meredith knew how to excite women with hints and blinks. And what are women to imitate from Diana? Her beauty? Impossible—Meredith made it. Her wit? Meredith made this too. Her attempt at a large sum of money by writing novels? Even Meredith could not allow her more than one successful tour de force—and he made her squander the means of her temporary independence like a girl of the theatres, in extravagant living. Her virtues? Sympathy, loyalty? Meredith depicts her so insensible to both, dull-spirited, let us say, simply beyond belief. This discerning man, this reader of the horizon of men of letters and desired to pay it off. Fortunately, painters are well known to be devoid of taste in literary matters; so their slight falls off our back. They still manage these things better on the Continent, that is, in France, that is, in Paris. At quite a small affair at the Sorbonne last week it was M. Rostand who was invited, and who accepted the invitation, to speak. M. Rostand is not a first-rater for all time, but he is a first-rater for our day, and he has created one character more immortal than himself. He spoke of Paris, in particular, of Paris as it is and as it ought to be. As it is, it is the incarnation of the centralised culture of Europe; as he hopes it to be, it will be “the heart of Europe” also. There is a man who wishes to—what does Dr. Levy think?—to modern Paris ask what is Wells, Mr. Kipling, Messrs. Maeterlinck and Gorki of the “It is the only European spirit I should care to converse with.” The work is “The Renaissance” (Heinemann, ros. net. Translated by Mr. Paul V. Cohn) and it consists of five plays, each having for its hero one of the leading figures of the Italian Renaissance. I find myself looking forward to reading Gobineau, since the name is attractive and I have heard (singular thing!) nothing to his aesthetic discredit. But five plays! Essays I can read with anybody ready, the older and the longer the better. I have just read through the three volumes of Sydney Smith and have begun re-reading with old delight the entire works of Swift. But plays! However, I shall get through them, as I have already begun the Japanese NO dramas, announced by Heinemann. A Japanese Shakespeare, they say! Next to Gobineau in Dr. Levy’s levee will come Stendhal—a much more readable man than the Count in my judgment. I have not heard that publisher will advertise on a complete Stendhal in English. Adventurous publishers in these days are rare, and genius, dead or alive, may remain unpublished for all they care. Still connected, by a marriage of the spirit, so to say, with Nietzsche, is a new translation by Mr. Herman Scherchen of Heinrich’s “Atta Troll” and North Sea poems. These poems, I verily believe, were one of the main streams of inspiration of the recent “free rhythm” or prose poetic or mule-style school. It is a form most dangerously attractive, being as easy to write as it is usually difficult to read. Nietzsche himself did not excel in it; Strindberg (as Mr. Selver intends to prove to us) only imitated it with fair success; the rest employ it as a Pea employs a bladder, to make a hollow rattle in it. Ideas alone can be graphically expressed; and this is in ideas that most versifiers—tut, tut! I hope Mr. Scheffauer’s translation will put imitation out of fashion.

A correspondent has lately been complaining of the “bad taste” of Mr. Jan de Junosza Rosciszewski’s caricatures appearing on the last page of this journal every week. It was not Lord Halsbury by any chance, was it? He also has been advising political caricaturists to take lessons in beauty; from the Royal Academy Exhibition, above all places! But caricature has nothing to do with beauty, except by providing the world with a sight of its opposite. Such of us as arrive in hell will not cut a pretty figure there; and the prevision of our appearance as we present our obol to Charon might do something to disuade us from continuing on the primrose path. At least that is how I look upon caricature. It is designed to show a man much as he may ultimately come to look like if he persists in looking like it! Portraits, on the other hand, ought, in my opinion, to reveal the alternative and celestial destiny. A portrait, so it start fairly from its subject, cannot ennoble a man too much for me; per contra, a caricature cannot de-noble a man too extremely. Mr. Rosciszewski intends to publish in a week or two a first portfolio of his caricatures; and the “New Age Press” will have the honour of attempting to sell them. They will be bound after the style of the volumes of THE NEW AGE, and priced at five shillings net.
In Kashmir.

The Beginning of Spring.

By C. E. Bechhoefer

The houseboat floats across the great Wular lake. Above its marshy banks and little fleets of fishing boats tower range upon range of mountains, the wooded summits of the nearer just sprinkled snow, farther off the gigantic forests of deodar and pine standing out from a gleaming white floor. Behind these rise thousands of mighty Himalayan snowfields—peaks, glaciers, and slopes, indistinguishable at last from the high hovering clouds. In all this enormous circle there is only one small gap, and even there many miles behind the rest, a faint grey tinge separates snow from cloud. Overhead a tropical sun is glowing, and bulbuls and sparrows and great butterflies flutter from the shores to perch on the warm verandah of my boat.

That was yesterday in the midday warmth of the Kashmir sun. Now, as I look through my window shivering with cold, we pass up the swift Jhelum, muddy with the fresh like veined black marble. And now the clouds have closed up the gap and the struggling light discloses nothing but a little hamlet, its lonely farms and cottages surrounded by thin straight poplars with their week-old leaves and the white and pink blossoms of fruit trees. And somehow a distant sound of the clouds a lark sings. But now my head boatman yells hoarsely at the struggling coolies on the towpath, and the heavy houseboat swings slowly round a bend. For a moment, in the awful clearness below the mist, I seem far away to see a town and a fortihed hill. I wonder if it is Srinagar; but we turn another bend and I can see eastward no more. A doonga speeds past downstream, built like all native boats in the East, long and thin, flat-bottomed and roofed with strips of mica. The long evening shadows, like a white-beard, turbaned old Mussulman smoking his hookah in the prow pulls up a length of the matting to gaze curiously at my ponderous boat and me, as I sit in bed by the open window. He raises his right palm to his bowed forehead and gives me a general greeting. I hastily return his salaam. In the stern of the doonga the sails are coiled up and I see his wife steering with a paddle. She observes me, and, as I look away, quickly covers her head with a fold of her long garment. It is the voice of passion for perfection—in anything.

In every big business there ought to be a brain with nothing else to do but to direct high policy. I mean nothing to do with finance, nothing to do with business details, no definable work of any kind; but the general direction and consideration of the firm's prestige. For want of such a brain some promising businesses have perished. The foreign affairs of this kind is pathetic in the artistic sense. Sir James Murray is to be applauded, admired and felicitated upon the choice, the execution and the good fortune of his life's work. I am reminded by his fresh enthusiasm at the age of 76 of the enthusiasm of Hokusai, the painter-genius of Japan, at the age of 75—"the Old Man mad about painting"—

From the age of six I had a mania for drawing the forms of things. By the time I was fifty I had published an infinity of designs; but all I produced before the age of seventy is not worth taking into account. By seventy-three I had learned a little about the real structure of Nature. In consequence, when I am eighty, I shall have made still more progress. At ninety I shall penetrate the mystery of things. At a hundred I shall certainly have reached a marvellous stage; and when I am a hundred and ten everything I do, be it a dot or a line, will be alive.

There speaks the creative artist in his authentic and invariable voice. It is the voice of passion for perfection—in anything.
runs off in the dusk. The crowd laughs, and we all stroll back to the river side.

Three or four youths volunteer to paddle us after the houseboat, and we slowly make our way against the swift current the masalchi tells me of himself. He is a lad of nineteen, willing and sensible, and, he proudly declares is a real farmer, not a masalchi. But produce is too plentiful and cheap, and four months’ labour in the vegetable garden proves too much for him; the results of another four months go for food, so he has become a bheesh for his belly’s sake, and he pats it in Oriental fashion. His wages, by the way, are nine rupees—twelve shillings a month. He is amazed at the amount of milk and butter to be obtained from English cows, and wonders still more when I tell him that they are thrice the size of their sort in India. The lights of the houseboat come into sight round a bend, and the young men from the village start off back across the fields, happy with a stroll back to the riverside.

As the sun sets, the snow of the mountains grows greyer and greyer beneath the green pall of the cloud-brushed sky. All becomes dark and chill. Suddenly a storm bursts upon us, a biting wind shrieks through the chensars and the whirled poplars, the river rushes down in waves, and the boatmen run yelling for the shelter of the cook boat. The houseboat sways and creaks under the lee of the high bank. The wind a minute later ceases to blow, and at once the brown river flows smoothly along, reflecting the great stars that fill the sky.

Views and Reviews.

To talk about Syndicalism is as unsatisfactory as fighting with a blank spook. It has no definitions, no principles; indeed, scarcely two books on the subject agree except as to the expediency of the General Strike, which was originally a Socialist idea, and sabotage, which is, I believe, the only Syndicalist contribution to the theory of revolution. For the rest, writers differ from each other according to their fancy. If one writer says that industry will be organised communally, another says that industry will be organised nationally; in the case of the book now under review, the organisation is left to the instinctive genius of the workers themselves. They will choose their trade, they will choose whether they will work singly or in groups; in fact, they will do exactly as they like, so long as they work, and it is assumed that every requirement will be met. Production will be increased, although no one will have power to organise production; it is assumed that the instinctive genius of the workers will inspire them to produce the requisite quantity of the commodities required, and that everybody will be happy because free.

This may be so, or it may not be so. Whatever may happen when the State is abolished is a matter of prophecy, and anybody may be right or wrong concerning the millennium. But the practical question remains: "How is the State to be abolished?" The authors, of course, rely on the instinctive obedience of the people to customs; that industry will be organised communally, another says that industry will be organised nationally; in the case of the book now under review, the organisation is left to the instinctive genius of the workers themselves. They will choose their trade, they will choose whether they will work singly or in groups; in fact, they will do exactly as they like, so long as they work, and it is assumed that every requirement will be met. Production will be increased, although no one will have power to organise production; it is assumed that the instinctive genius of the workers will inspire them to produce the requisite quantity of the commodities required, and that everybody will be happy because free.

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For it is certain that, long before the Syndicalists have perfected the organisation of the General Strike, the State will have moved against them. The State is not so stupid as to allow the Syndicalists to choose the most favourable moment for the struggle; and even at the risk of provoking a revolution, the forces of the State will be used in repression. A declaration of war, however, is not the only weapon. As a matter of fact, the appointment of a dictator, would be the obvious retort to any serious menace of revolution; and instead of the strikers parading the streets and holding meetings in their halls, they would find their leaders arrested, and themselves not allowed to form groups. The fanciful picture of the paralysis of the Government, and the growing power of the strikers, in the earlier chapters of this book, is not likely to be realised.

The authors, of course, count on the disaffection of the Army, intensified by their propaganda of anti-militarism, to make repressive measures impossible; and we may as well grant that, if the course of the revolution were to be as the authors predict, it might be difficult to employ the military forces efficiently. But the assumption that the mob of Paris will avoid conflict with, and therefore defeat by, the military is so chimerical that we can only regard it as the basis of a fairy tale. Let men be inspired by the spirit of revolt, and, armed or unarmed, to fight for justice, and be defeated by the military; and if the Army won, as it would win, in the first encounter with the strikers, the "Don’t shoot" propaganda would be forgotten, and the Army would instinctively maintain the winning side.

Although, as the history of the French Revolution shows, there is nothing easier to overthrow than Government, there is nothing more difficult to overthrow than Government. But let us concede the whole argument of the authors; let us suppose that they have abolished the State, and are creating the Co-operative Commonwealth. How would they, then, abolished Government? Kropotkin, sound Anarchist that he is, sees the clenched hoof in their proposals. "As to the 'Confederate Government'," he says, "it bears a great resemblance to a much-repaired Government that has just overthrown." But if the Army is abolished, the police is abolished, the law-courts destroyed, and the prisons rased to the ground, if nobody is responsible for maintaining law and order, how can the Government be effective? The authors, of course, rely on the instinctive obedience of the people to customs that, if it must be admitted, were forced upon them by Governments in the past; and they look to lynch law to punish offenders. Judgment on what are called "anti-human acts" will be given by the working group or the Trade Unions of which the criminally disposed persons are members; but in cases of "odious outrage," such as the seduction of children or the violation of women, the eye-witnesses would "allow themselves to be led into acts of summary justice." As the populace will be armed, it is exceedingly doubtful whether justice will ever be anything but summary; and if the interpretation of "anti-human acts" is to be left to individuals who are singularly sparing of definitions, it is inconceivable that everybody will be making pot-shots at everybody else. Certainly, it will only need one lively person to "allow himself to be led into an act of summary justice" to set the whole community by the ears.

The question of foreign invasion is settled with lightning speed. The Powers, of course, would be very leisurely in their preparations, while the Syndicalist transformation of the state of France would be tremendously rapid. So the invasion and blockade of France would not begin until the Syndicalists had subdued it; an act of courtesy on the part of the Powers that is overwhelmingly incomprehensible. The Powers, of course, would rely on their armies and navies, but the Syndicalists would use the latest resources of science. By the use of Hertzian waves, the ammunition of the armies and navies would be exploded from a distance; uncanny little airships and aeroplanes, also controlled by Hertzian waves, would drop explosives and asphyxiating bombs on the invaders; and the invaders would be routed without having seen a man to kill.

* "Syndicalism and the Co-operative Commonwealth." By Emile Pataud and Emille Pouget. (New International Publishing Co. 24. 6d. net.)
Those who escaped the explosions would die horrible deaths from drinking the water carefully poisoned by the Syndicalists before they deserted the invaded territory; and the slaughter would be so terrible that another revolution would not be necessary to invade France.

The whole passage reads like a romance—which it is.

If I conclude that Syndicalism, in its latest form, adds nothing but a few melodramatic threats to Morris' "News from Nowhere," I have estimated the value of this book correctly. The assumption that people can change, with no preparation other than propaganda, is a proof that the Syndicalists have never seriously regarded the problems that lay before them. The destructive character of their propaganda is apparent; what is not so apparent is that the instinctive genius of the people for construction will produce anything like the State imagined by the Syndicalists.

A. E. R.

REVIEWS.

The Blue Review. (May 18.)

Can the leopard change his spots? It would be fairly safe to say, was it not for Power attempting to introduce us to a new periodical that might prove to be new in interest. We know all the writers now writing. Most of them contribute promiscuously, according to the cheque-book. We know very exactly what to expect from them. Therefore, we may dismiss the "Blue Review" contributors almost en bloc with a curse in our heart. The cover is really well done. The vile "Rhythm" plaque has vanished, and you might suppose the new blue to be introducing all the masters. Alack! Inside are only our old Pandarins, unchanged and interminable—Cannan, Davies, George, Gibson, Swinnerton, Middleton Murry. Here, too, is the old pictorial "Rhythm" filth. Will no one tell these creatures where their drawings properly belong? Where, therefore, we may dismiss the formation of its decisions, is a proof that the Syndicalists have never a haven of thought of his descent. But for the rest, here is work which would have us believe in the faith which removed at a stroke every obstacle to a career. To this hour the principle is still of vital importance in all Mohammedan countries. A dozen times has a Sultan, utterly ruined, stooped among his people, found in a water-carrier, a tobacco-smoker, a slave, a renegade, the required man, raised him in a day to power, and supported him to save the empire. If the snuff-maker can rule Egypt, why should he not rule the Deity? The proudest Arab could not murmured if God chose a slave like Zed to be leader of armies and visibly confirmed His choice by the seal of the Deity. The proudest Arab could not murmur if the Prophet had an instinctive desire to be- come the head of a new sect that Islam extinguished. Townsend, in less than eighty short pages, traces his initial steps and misfortunes and the subsequent stages in a career which is well enough known; but we cannot pass by Meredith Townsend's excellent summary of the equality prevailing in Moslem countries. Referring to Mohammed's lowly associates, he says:

Claims of birth and wealth could be of no value in the presence of a master whose favour implied the favour of the Deity. The proudest Amb could not murmur if God chose a slave like Zed to be leader of armies and visibly confirmed His choice by the seal of the Deity. The proudest Arab could not murmur if the Prophet had an instinctive desire to be- come the leader, to attentive listeners. . . . Every strong man, kept down by circumstances, had an instinctive desire to believe in the faith which removed at a stroke every obstacle to a career. To this hour the principle is still of vital importance in all Mohammedan countries. A dozen times has a Sultan, utterly ruined, stooped among his people, found in a water-carrier, a tobacco-smoker, a slave, a renegade, the required man, raised him in a day to power, and supported him to save the empire. If the snuff-maker can rule Egypt, why should he not rule the Deity? 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cunning investments and successful speculation, rise to plutocracy, but not to the exercise of nobler power; while in the East the man who is a slave one week may there be romance in this. Mr. Bickley's monograph on Synge is, from one point of view, satisfactory enough. But Mr. Bickley must pardon us for saying that "Riders to the Sea" is emphatically not "one of those achievements before which the voice understood the Oriental point of view better than Meredith." Mr. Bickley's pen has run away with him. If this little book is pleasing consider it merely as a collection of plain facts about Synge, it is not so pleasing from the critical standpoint. But the author is less lyrical, and consequently a safer guide, in other passages. We maintain, though we maintain it with regret, that Synge, Yeats, and many other representatives of the so-called Irish school have not yet shown themselves worthy of a permanent place in any hall of fame—we say "yet" because, though Synge is no longer with us, most of these little bubbles on the foam of literature are still alive, and may yet on, though we have grave doubts, justify their poetical existence.

With Lafcadio Hearn we confess to having less patience. A man who "liked the foreign and the fantastic and the sensuous," to whom English poetry "meant little," and who would have "given everything" to a literary Columbus—to discover a Romantic America in some West Indian or North African or Oriental region," is a freak. Such a man is, in very rare cases, too far above this world to bother about it; but he too often turns out to be of too little value, spiritually and otherwise, for the world to bother about him. Hearn comes into this latter category without a doubt; and the declining interest still shown in him is the last dying kick of the freakish romanticism of the 'nineties. Thomas has dealt with the man adequately, and in almost the right spirit—a little too serious, until psychology becomes an exact science and we know what credence is, the chances of theology proving its validity remain remote. Certainly, no harm is done by trying to drill a little reason into Christian heads, but the religious spirit will not be encouraged to increase by any revival of the study of the working of its laws. What is needed more than ever is a revival of religious experience, and theology attunes itself only to the finite and measurable aspect of the perception of the infinite.

The Meaning of Christianity. By the Rev. F. A. M. Spencer (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

The meaning of Christianity is not very clear, but Mr. Spencer proves that it does not mean what it is supposed to mean. In a manner not unlike that of George Tyrrell, though lacking his literary grace, he tries to adapt various Christian concepts so that they do not conflict with accepted facts explained by science. His real purpose is to prove that valid theology is possible, that a science which necessarily is based on unverifiable facts, or, to be more accurate, on facts that cannot be verified to order, is not a hopeless study, and may conceivably become once again the mother of all sciences. But as, in the first instance, credence is the very condition of regarding the subject seriously, until psychology becomes an exact science and we know what credence is, the chances of theology proving its validity remain remote. Certainly, no harm is done by trying to drill a little reason into Christian heads, but the religious spirit will not be encouraged to increase by any revival of the study of the working of its laws. What is needed more than ever is a revival of religious experience, and theology attunes itself only to the finite and measurable aspect of the perception of the infinite.

The Balkan War Drama. By a Correspondent. (Melrose. 3s. 6d.)

It is a mystery to us that this book ever managed to get published. Mr. Bickley discusses all those characteristics which are sufficient to damn a work in nine cases out of ten, before it leaves the hands of the author. We mean that the author (who is easily recognisable as the "Times correspondent in Belgrade), had not only spent some considerable time in the Balkans and become acquainted with the inside situation there, but was in addition a person of some discernment, and had a genuine desire to present the public with a serious and reasoned account of what took place. We advise the author to take care. If he wishes to give the public much more work of this description, Harmsworth will discover that he has brains, and replace him by one of the "Daily Mirror" office boys.

It is, of course, too early as yet to give anything beyond the very sketchiest account of what occurred. But up to the publication of this work no one that we have been able to discover has attempted to give any account at all. One really cannot help supposing that, as Mr. Belloc says, people simply do not want the truth, and that "Christian charity is not to fail; a genuine desire to present the public with a serious, and the criticism acute; but the. Good Samaritan was a man to deal with a machine-made civilisation, scarcely the man to deal with a machine-made civilisation. Moreover, he did not bestow his charity with the intention of exploiting the labour of the sufferer; and in the circumstances, the less said about him the better, if employers are to be saved from hypocrisy. It is all very well to say: "Love thy God; love thy neighbour; love thyself. Be fair to men; protect women; give opportunity to children." The question is, "How?" and if the whole system of society is to fail unless some method must be adopted. If Christian charity is to result in greater profit to the employee, it cannot result in greater profit to the employee. If the Good Samaritan replenishes the traveller's store or increases the sum not only of what the Press and publishers are willing to give, but of what the public desires. However, here is a stand made against this intellectual debacle. The author is to be congratulated upon it.

Social Religion. By Scott Nearing, Ph.D. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)

The usual thing; some facts about social conditions and a good deal of preaching of Christian charity. There is the usual advice to employers that the observation of the rules of hygiene pays them; in other words, increases their profits. The survey of evidence of bad conditions of labour and existence in America is extensive, and the criticism acute; but the Good Samaritan was scarcely the man to deal with a machine-made civilisation. Moreover, he did not bestow his charity with the intention of exploiting the labour of the sufferer; and in the circumstances, the less said about him the better, if employers are to be saved from hypocrisy. It is all very well to say: "Love thy God; love thy neighbour; love thyself. Be fair to men; protect women; give opportunity to children." The question is, "How?" and if the whole system of society is to fail unless some method must be adopted. If Christian charity is to result in greater profit to the employee, it cannot result in greater profit to the employee. If the Good Samaritan replenishes the traveller's store or increases it, and sends him down the road to Jericho, the thieves have another and a better hand, and is not really an improvement on the traveller's first state.
In all my cure of souls, which is widely scattered, I have, however, never despaired of any man but Malice-le-Grand. I was about to retire, broken upon its invincible savagery. Sir, you have restored to me my Living! Oh bless you! You see, I had been forced out of Malice! Satan himself, who, as I hear, held the balance for a moment last night up at the Black Cow, has lost his hold upon persons whose malignance is only thorough so long as it is taken seriously. Mind, added the Vicar, after his glass of port—"mind, I don't say that your incomparably odious threats had no influence."

T. K. I.

MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS

I got up and decided that it was pre-eminently a morning to wash on. The rain made me feel at once muggy and chill. However, there was that face looking sincerely forty, so I plunged it into rainwater cold as death, and shined it up as well as I could. It even then didn't quite pass. Some days you wake up so nice, all warm and bubbling, and with a skin to wash which would be wasteful and ridiculous excess. Other days everything is cruel and poor, and your face is an insult, and even if you didn't care and say you've given everything up, you'll be sure to go into washing in the end, after you've seen yourself in the glass a few times. Fortunately, my mind was quite clear this morning. I looked out of bed at the trees in the wardrobe-grove—I mean refused, of course, and by the treacle of the pines wet as wet. It was great luck of mine to take the wardrobe out of Roy's study and try it in the little green room out of that everywhere else except the kitchen—such a vast animal! It takes up a whole wall in the green-room, but I just turned out everything frivolous, and left the dominating thing to triumph. Imagine the joy when I woke next morning to see the forest in the long glass! I have never grumbled since about having to sleep with my back to the light, so that's one fault I've cured myself of! Seeing those blue-purple trunks, I said to myself—"Beware, it's a hellish day, and cold and rainy, and presently it'll get warm and steamy, because, you see, it has rained before seven, and this is May, and the sun's pretty hot really behind the clouds." I nearly said all this, and, anyway, it has turned out the truth. Roy, certainly, you feel rather poorly to-day, everything will go wrong!"

So, when I had washed, I importantly examined to see which expression to dress for. Being all wrong to begin with, I made several mistakes, like an amateur indeed. I nearly got cross! I fuzzed my hair and looked horrid, like a bold, yellow Circassian, a little bilious. Those eyes simply glared large and flat. At last I really did see them. Now, there's nothing to do with large, flat eyes but pathetise them, so I pinned my hair flat with two invisibles on each side, and stuck on a pale pink turban, which I made out of one of Roy's ties, and threw up the colours with blue Venice beads on a black frock. Your skin always responds to colours, and presently, I was fit to emerge with a lovely hectic flush. All the same, the day is still dangerous, and I shouldn't wonder if I had to go and reverse the colours all over, as I'm getting almost bright enough. Like Fate to demand my cerise Jaeger coat and the white silk cap which are winter-weight, though they don't look it, and have to be worn with cool detachment on muggy days. I really must get some more clothes! That's the, of course, happy solution!

Alice Morning.

A PRAYER.

O God damn George! Consign him to hell, To that region of flame, where eternally dwell The souls of the damned and gold, The poor to their enemies, designedly sold— O God damn George! O God damn George! He, in Thy name, The banner of justice raised and the hope of the people, the apostle of right, Only to trick and betray them in fight— O God damn George! O God damn George! The impertinent thief, Who from Jews, lords and plutocrats promised relief, When I had washed, I importantly examined to see which expression to dress for. Being all wrong to begin with, I made several mistakes, like an amateur indeed. I nearly got cross! I fuzzed my hair and looked horrid, like a bold, yellow Circassian, a little bilious. Those eyes simply glared large and flat. At last I really did see them. Now, there's nothing to do with large, flat eyes but pathetise them, so I pinned my hair flat with two invisibles on each side, and stuck on a pale pink turban, which I made out of one of Roy's ties, and threw up the colours with blue Venice beads on a black frock. Your skin always responds to colours, and presently, I was fit to emerge with a lovely hectic flush. All the same, the day is still dangerous, and I shouldn't wonder if I had to go and reverse the colours all over, as I'm getting almost bright enough. Like Fate to demand my cerise Jaeger coat and the white silk cap which are winter-weight, though they don't look it, and have to be worn with cool detachment on muggy days. I really must get some more clothes! That's the, of course, happy solution!

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Alice Morning.
A RAGTIME PARTY.

I was welcomed upon the doorstep by my friend, Miss Landeck, who dragged me into the brilliantly illuminated drawing-room and introduced me to a crowd of strangers, among whom were two young Americans who wore peg-top trousers and ball-foots shoes with enormous laces which trailed behind them and rustled with each step. They called themselves "Ragtime experts." Miss Landeck's youngest sister had met them in the tube. We stood chatting with conventional reserve for some time about the various Ragtime tunes. One of them, so the elder American said, had been "taken direct from Chopin" (pronounced Chopping). I shuddered, and was about to make my escape when Mrs. Landeck, a fashionably attired woman of about fifty, stopped the conversation by exclaiming, with an affected American accent, "Landeck, who dragged me into the brilliantly illuminated gramophone when the girls returned in their skirts." This fact at once destroyed my original premise, which was not what I had very naturally expected; skirts, they being still respectably attired, were not loose and baggy, but were actually tighter than the ones which they had discarded! This fact at once destroyed my original premise, which was that ragtime dancing is as honest revolt against convention, a desire to be absolutely free in movement, a thing altogether barbaric and animal. But I could not reconcile such a theory with these tighter skirts—skirts which made a really spacious movement impossible—skirts which merely exaggerated the irascibility of the women's bodies. Having women gone to the trouble of changing tight skirts for tighter ones? I was endeavouring to discover a motive when the gramophone started. Partners were chosen, the dancers got comfortably to grip, and the orgy began. The women's legs stretched slowly out against their tight skirtings; the American peg-top trousers, baggy to excess, swung backwards and forwards, executing a most monotonous movement suggestive of thwarted passion and sexual futility. They were performing the "Hunny Hug." The dancers grew hot and tired. Many of them were quite exhausted by their exertions. Miss Landeck, who had been dancing with one of the Americans, hung herself down against the wall and perspiration ran down her face and neck, soiling the edge of her blouse. Her face had a strained expression upon it. Her blouse was creased and soiled; several had worked open on grounds of incompetence. She then sought her former chair, where she was fanned back to breathe. Her face had a strained expression upon it. Her blouse was creased and soiled; several had worked open on grounds of incompetence. She then sought her former chair, where she was fanned back to  

GOLD, PRICES AND WAGES.

Sir,—George Lewes once gave an illustration of the different methods by which the typical Englishman, Frenchman, and German would proceed to write a descriptive article on the same subject. The Englishman would proceed to write an article on "The Giraffe. The Englishman, he said, would conduct about an African plain for a year or two and study the animal on his native soil. The Frenchman would probably spend an hour at the nearest to the "Zoo" and spend an hour in observation, whilst the German would immediately proceed to his study and endea vour to evolve the subject out of the "inner consciousness." A careful study of Professor Hobson's recent book, "Gold, Prices, and Wages," will lead to the conclusion that the author has must have adopted the German method.

Economics is a science that surely requires something more than mere book knowledge for a thorough grasp of its various branches. Professor Hobson's falling, is probably a lack of business knowledge, which, in his latest work has led him into some serious errors. And it is not surprising to find his reviewer, Mr. Philip Snowden, whose weakness is in the same direction, reiterating in "The Nation" Mr. Hobson's mistakes.

Professor Hobson attacks the generally accepted theory that gold is the basis of credit and industry, and evidently rejects the classic illustration of the inverted pyramid, where commerce is seen resting on credit, which in turn reposes very precariously upon a small volume of gold, represented by the apex. He asserts that credit is based—not upon gold—but upon goods. He even questions "whether the credit of a country and others is concerned, the credit system really requires any gold ingredient. His ultimate object is to show that the recent increase in the gold supplies is not the main cause—even if it is a contributing cause—of the recent general advance in prices.

"The gold is the backbone of credit," he says, "is valuable goods. The importance of this essential fact is concealed by the fact that each credit form is expressed in terms of gold or its equivalent, which in turn are convertible into gold. So it easily comes to be believed that gold is the substance of the whole credit system, that it is built on a gold base; that it can only grow on condition that the gold basis grows, and finally that it must grow as the gold basis grows." He attacks Professor Ashley's statement that "the most direct and immediate way in which an influx of gold affects trade is by causing the banks to make advances on easier terms, so stimulating enterprise and causing an increase in the demand for commodities and services, and consequently a rise of prices."

If Professor Hobson had been at all familiar with banking methods he would have known that banks are not what they are supposed to be as banking security only because they are believed to be readily exchangeable for gold. Everyone knows that bankers grade collateral, from what are known as "legal" goods and bills and goods not readily convertible are ruled out.

Sir Edward Holden probably knows as much about bank credit as any living man. In his address to the Liverpool Bankers' Institute in 1907 he said: "You here see the direct connection between trade on the one hand and gold and credit on the other, and that it is not so much the production of gold, as the amount of gold, which can be obtained for the purpose of increasing bankers' reserves. I venture to think that the above explanation will enable you to come to the conclusion that if the gold base of the triangle cannot be increased, then the danger spot is the lack of credit."

"I want you to remember that the banking system of every country has its triangle, and that the principles enunciated above apply in every triangle in every banking system based on gold in the world. That being so, it is clear, generally speaking, that the business of the world is carried on by means of loans, that those loans, and their credit, or the stand-by for the protection of the credit, is gold, and that therefore gold controls trade."

Professor Hobson entirely overestimates the effect of our legal tender laws. He has been misled by the basis of credit by virtue of these laws, and whilst banks may extend credit regardless of their gold reserves, they do so only at their own and the public peril.

Professor Hobson's objection to Professor Ashley's statement above quoted is based upon the fact that the increase in the gold supplies has not been accompanied

* Professor Hobson's new work.

TO A BANK.

Thou money bank
Of evergreen enchantments
Deceived with violets and primroses,
With gnarly roots entwined.
Envy not mankind, beneath thy sky,
But pity thy lack of a mortal task
Such as I.

I. N. W.

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I. N. W.
Coal is being held up in price by the owners and miners together. They say they won't work full time, that they are restricting the output to keep wages up, and that this also keeps prices up. The miners seem to have no objection to making the public pay $4s., provided they get sixpence of.

F. M.

BALKAN ATROCITIES.

Sir,—In February last, having received the first report of the Committee of Inquiry into the Atrocities of the Bulgarian Allies, with other information drawn from Turkish sources, I expressed my feelings in a letter to The New Age. After this, consequently, the reports it quoted have since been treated as the work of imagination in some quarters. A Mr. Wallis, writing from Sofia to the "Manchester Guardian," lightly declared any atrocities committed by the Bulgars to have been the nature of reprisals, not exceeding what is reckoned usual in all warfare. After holding me up to ridicule as a purveyor of fables, he solemnly advised the British nation to distrust all tidings emanating from Constantinople. And trust all tidings emanating from Sofia, is understood, as course—"Codlin's your friend, not Short," in classic phrase.

The Turks are not, have never been, dishonest, as a race; nor are they prone to scream at tales of horror. Economically speaking, they are possible or hopeless—a trait of fatalism, not of inhumanity—is a national characteristic. I have been in Turkey seeing the Man, not the Nation. Most strikingly has this been in the light of the fact that our legal tender laws gold would be relegated to the arts. It is true that, economically speaking, gold is not necessary as the basis of credit, and but for the vast increase in credit facilities as we have witnessed, and hence no corresponding advance in prices.

The fundamental evil in our present financial system is evidently obvious to Professor Hobson, although he fails to point it out. He seems to be quite sure that his fund of imagination in some quarters.

The discovery of Professor Hobson is, therefore, not new. It is but candour to say that what is correct in Mr. Hobson's book is not new, and what is new is not correct. Professor Hobson has missed the great chance of exposing a gigantic evil. This evil is the continued irresponsible in a large degree for the phenomenal advance in prices. Other writers, beside myself, pointed out years ago the inevitable effect of the great increase in credit facilities contemporaneously with the formation of cartels, combines, and trusts.

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The fundamental evil in our present financial system is evidently obvious to Professor Hobson, although he fails to point it out. He seems to be quite sure that his fund of imagination in some quarters.
moments of mercy, offered three alternatives to the Moslems—to become Christian, or to leave the country, or be massacred. The tales of actual killing roused among the Moslems a sensation of being forcibly fed was tried by the most out-rageous of the women. It will not be long before they become famous; and I am on a perilous height, illumined by that fateful light, which I set to shining in obscurity. I can only ask Mr. West to be merciful for a while, until I am really aware of my situation: “Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?“ and offer what explanation I can at the moment.

First, let me make a confession. I have never looked, I do not look, I will not look, except on sidewalks. Indeed, I am so conscious of my own rectitude (or, perhaps, I should say, obliquity) in this matter that I am hurt and indignant at the suggestion that I am flirting with the Suffragettes. I never flirt; and, so far as I am concerned, I would not burn in the same hell with them. That, surely, is emphatic enough to alienate any Suffragette who may be nursing nefarious designs against my integrity; and even Mr. West ought to be reassured that I do not contemplate the reception of any quáid of martyr, person or nation, by the hands of my readers, and that the passage mentioned would be read in conjunction with it. But I did not think that anyone who remembered my former treatises would be ignorant of the purpose of my article, which, I maintain, would overlook the very construction of the passage complained of. If the article meant anything at all, it meant that I did not differ from Mr. Stratford or this question of martyrdom. All through his book, Mr. Stratford was paraphrasing Du los et decorum est pro patria mori, and my own opinion of martyrdom is that defined by Shaw’s General Burgoyne in the phrase: “Martyrdom, sir, is what these people like; it is the only way in which a man can become too common.”

So, when I wrote the passage which Mr. West regards as heretical, I withdraw nothing, if the article meant anything at all, it means that I did not think that anyone who remembered my former treatises would be ignorant of the purpose of my article, which, I maintain, would overlook the very construction of the passage complained of. If the article meant anything at all, it meant that I did not differ from Mr. Stratford or this question of martyrdom. All through his book, Mr. Stratford was paraphrasing Du los et decorum est pro patria mori, and my own opinion of martyrdom is that defined by Shaw’s General Burgoyne in the phrase: “Martyrdom, sir, is what these people like; it is the only way in which a man can become too common.”

Now, I did not think that anyone who remembered my former treatises would be ignorant of the purpose of my article, which, I maintain, would overlook the very construction of the passage complained of. If the article meant anything at all, it meant that I did not differ from Mr. Stratford or this question of martyrdom. All through his book, Mr. Stratford was paraphrasing Du los et decorum est pro patria mori, and my own opinion of martyrdom is that defined by Shaw’s General Burgoyne in the phrase: “Martyrdom, sir, is what these people like; it is the only way in which a man can become too common.”

It is precisely because I believe in the pathologization of the origin of this movement, because I am what Nietzsche called "medicating," that I think it will not be long before the women will go the whole hog, and will to death. The course of the movement has revealed a progressive development; conquest, in the matter of disease; at first, their desire for martyrdom revealed itself in the simple desire to be arrested, and some of them were known to ask policemen: “What must I do to be arrested?” The usual answer was: “Smack my face!”; and quite a number of the early heroes of the Suffragists became famous in this way. Thou the more daring spirits elected to go to prison; and polite conversation resolved itself into a boasting of the number of times one had been in prison. But this sense of being forcibly fed was tried by the most out-rageous of the women. It will not be long before they are bragging of how many times they have died for the cause. If death for a cause is admirable, and we are therefore going to judge by intentions and not by results, as Mr. Stratford argued, then I think that it is a fair retort to Mr. Stratford to ask him about his own life. Here is his life, not mine; and if anyone must die at the stake, I suggest that it should be Mr. Stratford, not myself.

The New Age may prove his sound discipleship by an auto-da-fé, with Mr. Stratford as victim.

A MEMBER OF GREATER BRITAIN.
the spiritual generosity and indifference to material standards and benefits which in Europe have been called, if loosely, chivalry. But the reproach is irrelevant; and my critic appears to think more of the modern Englishman than of the American.

My purpose in juxtaposing the names of certain women and certain men was not to compare the best and most exceptional of the one sex with the worst of the other, but to bring before the public two extremes—two ways of life, thought, or professed to think, little; but to take modern representative men in one or two callings of knowledge and compare them with equally representative women. For that purpose, I was prepared to lay emphasis on two subjects which The New Age has brought prominently to the notice of the public during the last two and a half years, viz., the conditions prevailing in the factory, and social culture, social revolution. When we consider the study of the classics in England, or their popularising, we simply cannot get away from a man such as Dr. C. R. S. Rouse. He edits the Loeb Library of translations, he edits the "Classical Review," he edits Latin and Greek texts, and makes his influence felt in innumerable other ways. There is only one man who is equally ubiquitous, and that is Dr. Gilbert Murray, who has already been referred to in this paper by one of my colleagues and myself. In other words, our masculine scholars have encouraged, or at any rate permit, Dr. Rouse and Dr. Murray to represent the classics in present-day England. If an editor or publisher does, or a teacher that amounts to information about any branch of classical learning, about any phase of the civilisation of antiquity, he turns to Dr. Rouse. We can discover among our own women scholars for guides, and find these inevitable twins. I feel, however, that neither Dr. Murray nor Dr. Rouse would compare in the same way with Miss Jane Harrison. He was much superior. I venture to say that anyone who knows anything about classics as they are studied in modern England realises this. Miss Harrison specialised as Mr. Murray or Dr. Rouse specialised. She has her all-round knowledge, as they have. That is to say, if we look for a guide to the classics among our women scholars, we shall find Miss Harrison. There is an old Roman tag, though it is not usually quoted as Vergil meant it to be quoted, to the effect that from one example year by year we may draw them all. And there are no more comparisons of my critic seems to me to be so, we will let it go at that.

It is when one comes to consider social culture and the means of acquiring it that one's opinion of modern Englishmen sinks to the nadir; and if I were an Englishwoman I must acknowledge that my view of Englishmen would be expressed with some violence. I am not generalising vaguely about men and women; for their relations vary from country to country, and where one sex has marked social standards of the other—at any rate, no such loud complaint as we find in England. But the karma of a country, as I have said before, is a whole burdened. But the joke is—the irony of the situation will be better appreciated in France—all this work was done by a woman, Miss Margaret Douglas. So much for men in politics.

I believe the truth to be this: there is no Englishman, actively engaged in politics at the present moment, in whom the slightest trust can be placed. If you go from politics to art or literature or social reorganisation, the remark will apply equally well. Men are in power in England at this moment, and it is men who drew up, and passed, and—worst of all—calmly accepted, the Insurance Act and the White Slave Traffic Act. I absolutely deny that there was any question of organisation, or even of the White Slavery Act than men were; but in any case no one can say that female influence was at the back. Women were quite content with the present arrangement as it was taken. But the joke is—the irony of the situation will be better appreciated in France—there is no Englishman, actively engaged in politics at the present moment, in whom the slightest trust can be placed. If you go from politics to art or literature or social reorganisation, the remark will apply equally well.

There are a few Britons who seek to change this karma. They may be half French, like Mr. Belloc, or three-quarters of the same race, like Mr. George Harrison (I am only judging from a perusal of the Jewish, and not from actual knowledge), or Jews like Mr. Sidney Low, or Irishmen like myself; but they are seldom English. The problem I am concerned with is modern English and her industrial system. The question that my critic should put to herself is, Will this problem be solved by men's organisations, which have not for years shown any signs of intelligence, resistance to difficulties, ability to grasp facts quickly and to act rapidly? And, if not, where shall we look for support in political and cultural work? The appeal will be to shame, gibe, bully, or kick the working classes into activity?

THE MICROZYMAS.

Sir,—The publication in your issue of May 1 of the appreciative and impartial review of my translation into English of the latest Bechamp "The Blood, etc." is, if I may be permitted to say so much, creditable alike to your journal and to the reviewer.

But Dr. Snow seems not to have known that "Le Sang" was published by its author as "the crown to a collection of works upon fermentations, upon spontaneous generation, upon amnionium substances, upon organisation, upon physiological and general pathology which he had pursued without relaxation since 1894," (a period of about 45 years.)

A summary of those labours was published by Béchamp in (1 think) 1888 in a work of 1,000 closely-printed pages, called "Les Microzymas, etc." All the difficulties Dr. Snow experienced in his study of "The Blood, etc."

And, if instead of the proposition in, Dr. Snow had written before, his statement would have represented the actual facts; for the very latest cités, were discovered and published by Mr. Béchamp, either alone or in conjunction with his son, or other coadjuvants, and an account of the whole will be found in "Les Microzymas."
Having no copy of that work with me, I cannot give a reference to the pages where the experiments which established that discovery are described. There need, however, be no difficulty in finding them, by the aid of the excellent table of contents provided by the author. Thanking you and Dr. Snow for the generous treatment of my translation. H. LEVERSON.

Mr. Dr. "en retraite." 

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SIR,—There is a general opinion that the Royal Academy is the most unscrupulous art institution in Europe; that it deliberately lays itself out to attract, year by year, the greatest amount of patronage from the widest circle of the public; that it is able to purchase good pictures because they are not of general interest; that it has intentionally misappropriated the funds of the Chantrey Bequest, squandering them on its own members, and that it seeks to entrap the ignorant buyer of large-priced pictures. These ideas are grotesquely beside the mark. The Academy is the most conscientious institution imaginable. It feels that in its hands is a national responsibility to the merits of the pictures, and that it is thoroughly scrupulous. Its rejection of the works of some men as [Whistler] and (for a long period) Mark Stevens, [Hue] its refusal to buy Albert Moore and [Ash] Stevies, [Hue] its yearly insults to many of our best painters are matters entirely actuated by a strong sense of duty.

The attitude of the Academy is never better illustrated than in its treatment of old masters. Where a beginner and entrancing as these exhibitions are to a student, they always provide a humorous side by the inclusion of a dozen or so fake paintings thoroughly huckstering under the names of some of the greatest masters. And herein is the secret: Academicians are not students of the greatest in art.

It is a commonplace to say that the Royal Academy is now, and has always been, the greatest enemy of art in this country. The laughings-stock of artistic Europe, it serves to give the foreign visitor an entirely wrong impression of contemporary English painting. It sedulously fostered the Victorian subject picture which held all the big collectors in thrall and induced so many clever men to seduce their talents to commercialism. For fifty years English art was in an almost complete state of stagnation. It was not until the Barbizon school and the impressionists of 1870, English artists were under the heel of the ignorant manufacturer, and the big dealers who could not cope with technical triumphs, that regard for values of French painting were matched under the names of some of the greatest masters. And herein is the secret: Academicians are not students of the greatest in art.

A CORRECTION.

SIR,—I have no more than the merest comment to make on the accident by which two lines were omitted from my article in last week's issue. One's work rarely suffers by deletion; indeed, Michelangelo tells us that deletion is the very secret of Art. So my own consolation is complete. But I do wonder very much what Mr. Philip H. P. will think if I omit quotation marks altogether, though not from my pen, with punctuation perhaps not less fanciful than his own, nevertheless, not his own. Whatever shortcomings may have been in my manuscript, I must protest that I copied the sonnet most scrupulously.

THE WRITER OF "PRESENT DAY CRITICISM.

[We owe another paragraph to our friends the two somebody's at the latter half of last century. Time heals all things—except the Academy.

To-day the picture market—that ridiculous index of the merit of works of art—reflects more than anything else the influence of the Academy on the innocent buyer. A reference to the "Year's Art" tells us that, the works of living artists which fetched the highest prices at public auction consisted of the work of popular Academicians with totals of 1,500, 750, and 570 guineas respectively. It is a matter of some interest that in the case of these prices certain type of painter will sell his soul for a member's ticket. The institution which honoured the huge canvas of Edwin Long—work which a Kensington student of to-day would be ashamed to produce—still covers its walls with the counterparts of the Arts Longa scheme, even the same, even in the market. Veterans of the '50s tell us of a canvas of Long's which was knocked down amid tense excitement for 6,500 guineas. It is difficult to say if even a Victorian-minded character would now give 5,000 guineas for it. And to-day's story will be repeated tomorrow, as soon as the dealers have had their fling.

Already, the "friend of princes," the "producer of the world's greatest collection," the "friend of princes," who spent his time "Socialism," which mere resumed with the word "Write"—with absurd results—in "Notes of the Week," and in the reply to the letter, "What is Feminism?" the word "binding" should have been "binding." A line should have separated Mr. Craven's speech from the comments of the "Writers of the Articles on Guild Socialism," which were resumed with the words: "It is encouraging."—Ed., N.A.]

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