The New Age, on the other hand, has most material for comment when the general Press has least. We by no means find it necessary when Parliament is not sitting to scrub the anchor for want of something to do. If our readers can endure with as much patience to read as we have industry to write a weekly comment on matters mainly economic, the prevailing political dullness can, we believe, be turned to the profit of our common understanding.

The celebration by means of a deputation to America of England's peace with that country during a whole century has resulted so far in the issue of a Peace Manifesto to all the Powers of the world. In it the signatories urge, among other considerations, this: "That the time has come when international rivalries and differences, though numerous and severe, may be settled without war." But there are no grounds given, that we can see, for this Angelic notion; for it is obvious that wars will not cease until the cause of wars has been sought out and eradicated; and nowhere, either in this or in any other pacifist document, have we seen any hint that the cause of wars is capitalism. On the contrary, from all we have read of pacifist literature, the amiable apostles of peace appear to be unaware of what is the real obstacle in their path. They profess to imagine that wars will cease on account of their cost, on account of their inhumanity, on account of the suffering they entail, on account of the growth of international friendship and sentiment. But none of these things weighs in the balances of nations, any more than in those of individuals, against the assumed and usually admitted necessity of the profiteers of the world to exploit for their personal advantage the markets and the inhabitants of the world. How, indeed, should they? The profiteers of any given nation are in a sense independent of the nation to which they nominally belong. The nation may lose money in war, may lose men, may be sickened with scenes or descriptions of horror, may even do violence to its sentimental friendships with this or the other nation; but, provided that its profiteers, individually or associated in powerful groups, see their profit in war, war there will be at whatever cost to the nations as nations involved.

Much less, however, than this positive theory of the cause of war is needed to demonstrate the fallacy of
the remedies suggested by the Pacifists. A reductio ad
absurdum in most cases enough to dispose of their
proffered grounds. The argument from the cost of
war, for example, is disposed of when the defenders
of war can plead the economy, in the long run, of
prestige and advertisement. A business-to-day finds its
profit in devoting sometimes as much as one half its
income to what is called advertising. A business to-day
finds its production good or bad? Undoubtedly it is bad.
But on the business of the successful firm and relatively to the
failures caused by it, the result of this madness has been
good. Similarly the profiteers of a nation, desirous of
expanding their joint but still private business, may
conclude that a successful war would be to their profit.
"Empire" has largely been sought with this and no other end in
view. And the results so far have been judged in terms of capitalist economics, answer to
these expectations; for every country that has waged
successful war now contains a few persons of colossal
wealth, though in each, of course, the many are poor.
The decay of what the humanity of war we can
scarcely treat with any seriousness, for peace, as has
frequently been remarked, is even more inhumane in its
accomplishments than war. More persons, for instance, have
died of starvation in South Africa of plaque,
and other industrial diseases than were killed by bullets
during the whole war. The injuries sustained yearly
on our railways and in our mines make an average
compared with which war is often a safe occupation.
If people are not prepared to work at leisure a price
so inhumane, the inhumanity of war, with its gilded
associations and its tragic excitements and pleasures,
will assuredly not move them to abolish war. Not
even, we believe, if Sir Richard Burton's wish could
come true, would war be abolished. "He who renders
war," said Burton, "fatal to all engaged in it, will be
the greatest benefactor the world has yet known." It
is no quibble, however, to reply that life itself is fatal
to all who engage in it; yet reproduction does not cease
on that account, any more than war. The results so far were
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Moreover, as those know best whose mastery of eco-
nomics is most complete, the new American tariff is as
good as a declaration of war already. Not only
falling upon all traders alike, will actually fall in the
increased expenditure upon wages. Moreover, as that
Jekyll and Hyde organ, the "Times," has pointed out,
the motives of this action are more in number and
deeper in meaning than immediate recoupment of losses.
Recoupment, indeed, both for the loss of the competitive
and for the increased wage-rates has already been made
by the companies, on the evidence of the "Times" it-
self, before the new rates come into force. Why, then,
are rates to be raised in addition? In the first place,
because if national purchase of the railways is imminent
and the price is to be calculated on recent profits,
profits at any present loss to the public, must be pushed
up as high as possible. Says the "Daily News": "Railway
profits are being steadily augmented with the
full knowledge that every penny will be capitalised when
it comes to purchase a share of these increased
cost to the community, while nominally falling upon all traders alike, will actually fall in the
end upon the small traders and the poor of the
community exclusively. For by a thousand devices known
to large traders, and the luxurious classes the new
burden will be shifted on to the backs of those least able
to bear it. With what result, we may ask? Not only

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with the result that the poor are again made relatively poorer, but with the calculated result that they will be led to attribute their misfortune to the rise in wages of the railwaymen. The "Times" in its role of Heywood avowed this purpose in its leader on the subject last week. The public, it suggested, was too ready to endorse strikes for higher wages; but if they could be convinced that higher wages meant increased prices" they would not so readily tolerate trade union action. Thus we see that over the whole field of industry, the dice are being steadily and deliberately loaded against the wage-earners in their next throw. Already the big capitalists were settled in their policy of opposing higher wages. On every occasion it was precipitate to enlist the small traders and the general public on the same side. This has been accomplished now, and by the time of the next railway strike, the capitalist opposition will include practically every man in business as well as the mass of the public. The irony of the situation is completed by the fact that the railwaymen are ignorant of what rods are picking for their backs. They are still continuing at their conferences to demand higher and higher wages in sweet oblivion of the events we have related. It will be many years before they realize the hatred of the small as well as the large traders and also the opposition of their own class in other industries.

Even this, however, is not all that is in motion while Parliament is asleep. It is indeed the very least of the instinctive precautions that Capitalism is taking for its future defence. For the present period of so-called prosperity will assuredly not last for ever, and in no long time the tide will turn and we shall be in the thick once more of Labour unrest. The prosperity which the policy of opposing higher wages provided for them in every occasion was merely temporary, but it is illusory. To prosper is to set out to do with, grows more unpopular, as we said it would, with every month of its operation. For the first few months, it is true, people were disposed to look for their ninetynineth instead of other returns for their fourpences; but they have now begun to realize that, except to a very few of them, the ninetynineths are never coming. Again, the tragic division of the doctors, coupled with the fact that the courts of the profession have throughout set the standard of medical attendance, has resulted in a medical insurance that will in the end defeat the object of the medical profession. Still again, the country has only just begun to realize the cost in administration of the new Act; a cost that, as sure as fate, will necessitate before very long either increased levies or still further restrictions. In the "Western Review" May, Mr. T. Good, one of the experts on insurance who opposed the Bill and whose prophecies are being fulfilled, has made a calculation of the administrative cost of the Act compared with its total income. The annual income of the whole scheme, he says, is some twenty-five million pounds; of which thirty million will go in administration. And administration will not become less but more costly as time and bureaucracy go on. The cost in administration next year will be nearer four million than to the millions, and in the following year nearer twenty than fifteen. In short, the sum devoted to benefits will dwindle as the sum devoted to administration will increase—to the glory of the official vultures, but to the damnation of the Act and the robbing of the poor.

We have never asked our readers to accept our word that the Insurance Act was a mistake; we should never dream of expecting anyone to do so. The reason when experience is available in no long time. But we ask them now to compare our forecasts with the facts now being daily recorded. The medical profession, nobody will deny, is in the position we late foresaw for it—despised by the general public, derided by the panel public, and hated by its own better self. And we are afraid that even yet it has not fallen to the inevitable depth. The Friendly Societies, whom we implored to believe us, are now engaged, to their regret, in regretting that they allowed their leaders to be bought and themselves to be sold. At conferences last week of the Oddfellows and the Hearts of Oak, all the speakers, with the exception of a member of the Government and the President of the Hearts of Oak in his opening address, sadly admitted that the Act "had retarded rather than helped the great principle of mutual cooperation." "Their interests," he said, "had, to a great extent, been sacrificed and betrayed in the interests of capitalist organisations." Of course they have been, but who, depending even on reason alone, could fail to have foreseen it? From the moment that Mr. Lloyd George accepted the dictation of the Prudential and appointed as one of his Commissioners the managing director of the Pearl Company, the interests of the mere friendly societies were doomed, and Mr. Lloyd George knew it as well as we do. In the additional cost of administration of the Manchester Unity of the Hearts of Oak has spent in the last year well nigh a hundred thousand pounds. Three hundred extra clerks had to be taken on. . . . over £20,000 went in postage, "the O'Mellors' underwriting account" by Mr. Macnamara (though why we cannot guess, for had we been delegates we should have had him turned out as a spy), the same hostile criticisms were passed upon the Act, and not in the dark of reason, but in the light of nine months of its working. Why, asked one delegate of Dr. Macnamara, why didn't you leave us alone! Because, came the reply, "the spirit of brotherhood. . . ." The cast of Mr. Lloyd George seems to have spread to his subordinates. What the trade union leaders think of the Insurance Act now that they
are "enjoying it," we confess we can only guess. These officials are such politicians that the last thing to be expected of them is the truth.

But the country at large, and above all, the electorate, bow are the that despite of the fact that the Unionists are as a party almost as deeply committed to the Act as the Liberals, the Newmarket by-election shows that the detestation of the Act is still greater than contempt for its political half-brothers. So intense, in fact, is the hatred of the Act after almost a year of its workings, that the wretched electorates, having no other means of expressing itself, jumps from the Liberal fire deliberately into the Unionist frying-pan. No other cause than the Insurance Act can possibly explain the tremendous turn-over of votes at Newmarket. The Liberal candidate was a pet of Mr. Lloyd George's very own; he was supposed to be the accredited exponent of the always coming Land programme; his promises to agricultural labourers and small farmers, of whom the constituency is largely composed, were as extravagant as Mr. Lloyd George could possibly wish. Yet a Liberal majority of four hundred has been converted into a Unionist majority of over eight hundred. And the sole cause, as we say, is the Insurance Act. Writing dubiously on the eve of the poll the "Times" correspondent, who, like the rest of his party, allows his judgment to be clouded by the official optimism of the Insurance Commissioners, said: "If [our italics], if there is any change at all in favour of the Unionists it is probably due to the Insurance Act." More convincing admission of the effect of the Act, however, was made by the defeated candidate himself at the declaration of the poll: his defeat, he said, was due to misrepresentation of the Insurance Act. What? Misrepresentation of the right, equal, and refreshing fruit has been gathered during the last nine or ten months? Hodge is not such a fool as to mistake nincence in his pocket for fourpence, if the ninence were really there. All he knows is that the fourpence is out of his hand and the ninence is still in the bush. We again give the Unionists warning that the Act is becoming more unpopular as its operation is becoming known. If they have political intelligence among them, they cannot save wilfully, fail this time to see their political profit in the fact.

The Insurance Act, however, was never more than one string of the capitalist bow. There are many others, of which Arbitration appears to be the most difficult to get into the hands of the Injunction Council, whose other name is Sir George Askwith, has lately been perplexing itself with the problem how to institute Compulsory Arbitration without exposing the scheme under that name. The first step was easy: to procure the unanimous support of the Council to a hearty verbal condemnation of Compulsory Arbitration; but the subsequent setting of it up again was met with difficulties. Sir George Askwith's own suggestions would solve the difficulty with little or no trouble if only they could be unanimously affirmed to be what they are not. His suggestions, bearing on this point, are three: (a) to compel every union to give notice of a forthcoming strike and to delay or suspend it until an official Inquiry has been held. We do not suppose anybody is simple enough to fail to detect the intention in this clause; it is not, we may say, to ensure the success of a strike or even to encourage the striking habit. In New York, New South Wales, only recently an official Inquiry was administered as a remedy against a threatened strike due to the Insurance Act the Inquiry opened last September and has not concluded its report to this day. The dispute in question was small, but the delay has been so great that a week or two ago the men (ferrymen) struck in defiance of law; and the Government competed to run a service of its own. So much for Official Inquiries and their purpose. Sir George Askwith's second proposal is (b) to procure from contracting unions and federations the deposit of a sum of money which shall be forfeited in the event of either party breaking its agreement. Again we see no room to doubt that the intention here is plain. In every instance the interpretation of a breach of agreement will and must be a nomination of the employing classes; who, since he is man and not god, will naturally as a rule see breaches in the man's case long before he will discover them in the case of the masters. Besides, the sum deposited will be a considerable amount even for the largest of the unions but it will be a trifle in the amounts possessed by the federated employers. To ensure for a bad clause the most elementary justice the deposit on each side should bear an equal proportion to the capitalised values of the contracting parties. But the third proposal of Sir George Askwith is in every respect the most dangerous to unionism of all. It is (c) to regard "sympathetic" strikes as constituting breaches of agreement. If there is the slightest doubt on this latter point, two considerations should remove it. Firstly, the whole future strength of trade unionism depends on its ability to carry into practice its motto of "Each for All and All for Each"; and, secondly, by the device of disyssynchronising agreements, the present clause could possibly make anything more than a sectional strike in every instance. But if anything has been learned by trade unionism during the last ten years it is this: that sectional strikes are either suicidal or murderous. Sir George Askwith, we imagine, has for once overshot his caution.

While the employers are thus engaged and political Labour is gazing on their operations with open-mouthed amazement mingled, it is to be feared, with admiration, the economic forces of the great Liberal fire deliberately into the Unionist frying-pan. No other means of expressing itself, jumps from the Liberal candidate was a pet of Mr. Lloyd George's very last ten years it is this: that sectional strikes are either suicidal or murderous. Sir George Askwith, we imagine, has for once overshot his caution.

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Current Cant.

"Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb are iconoclasts."—Daily Chronicle.

"I am very like Caesar."—George Bernard Shaw.

"The Militant Suffragettes are heroines."—Israel Zangwill.

"Ought the man who cannot sing at all to sing in church?"—Pall Mall Gazette.

"Those who are abnormal should be certified as insane."—Cecil Cowper, in "The Academy.

"It is not generally known, I believe, that the King has a special hairdresser to cut his hair."—London Mail.

"There is no room for loafers nowadays; every man has to work."—Mr. Mackie, at the Licensed Victuallers' Schools.

"Were it possible to convey to the public through the medium of the Press, all the blessings that the benefit of insurance gives..."—"The Policy.

"I think it would be well if ministers preached at least once a year from the text, 'I have married a wife, and, therefore, I need not come.' The years following marriage are frequently fatal to the habit of church attendance."—Rev. J. E. Roberts.

"No Englishman with a conscience can desire the British Government to insist upon the opium evil enduring three years. Prudence and morality are here at one, for the continuance of the opium traffic will be at the cost of our legitimate commerce..."—"News and Lender.

"The boy, what will he become? is a troublesome and a very anxious question. There is evidently a great work waiting to be done by the juvenile Labour Exchanges."—Cardiff Times.

"A new era is now dawning upon the world in Great Britain—an era of almost unrestrained and unbalanced democracy. At last, after many centuries of impotence or oppression, the People have entered upon their heritage of power..."—Bishop Weldon.

"To-day the militant women are honored above all others in that their courageous and capable behavior has drawn upon them the special and ferocious hostility of the Front Bench."—Tom Mann.

"The present system of business has not yet been shown to be degenerate."—Ernest Longley.

"Let me get away down the Commercial Road to Saint Mary and Saint Michael's, that my heart may expand and my soul be lifted up to see working-men rallying to the Master, and more fervent in their Catholicity than ever..."—Father R. Vaughan.

"No one can survey the civilized world without taking a hopeful view of the future of religion..."—Vanoc; in the "Reference.

"Half the wealth of the country, even in the estimate of Mr. Chiozza Money, a Socialist, is enjoyed by the working classes. In other words, if ruin came to the country by invasion, or any other great national disaster, the working classes would have more to lose than all the other people put together..."—"Acusor; in the "Leeds Mercury.

CURRENT COMMERCIALISM.

"The management of the 'Hippodrome' announce that they have engaged Mrs. Evelyn Thaw, the American actress who figured so prominently in the trial of her husband, Mr. Harry Thaw, for the murder of Mr. Stanford White, to appear in the 'Hippodrome' Revue. It is stated that Mrs. Thaw is to be paid £200 a week."—Daily Sketch.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

At the time of the Turco-Italian war I indicated that the status of Egypt would shortly have to be taken into consideration. Negotiations were opened, in fact, but they were interrupted by the outbreak of the Balkan war. And about the same time negotiations were also begun with Germany in connection with the Bagdad Railway. Lord Haldane's visit to Berlin will be remembered; but it was fruitless. Viscount Morley has now taken the matter in hand, and it is generally believed that the events of the last twelve months will help him to bring his task to a successful conclusion. No notice need be taken of the Press reports which hint that his visit to Berlin is purely private; for Lord Morley does not care much for travelling, and still less for travelling to Germany. In any case, the purpose of the visit is being freely discussed in Berlin diplomatic circles without the slightest indication that concealment or discretion is desirable.

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As the full details of this proceeding have not yet been made public, I will touch upon the more important. In the first place, Lord Morley has not gone to Berlin to discuss merely the question of the ownership of the final (Koweit) section of the Bagdad Railway, for that has already been as good as settled, and settled to the advantage of this country. For several months the German Government has ceased to support the German concessionnaires; for both Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter and Herr von Jagow, the late and the present Foreign Minister, decided that difficulties would be avoided in the meantime by admitting the English claims to the final section of the Bagdad line. It does not follow, of course, that the matter is never to be re-opened.

* * *

In the second place, a much more important question than the Bagdad Railway had to be discussed with the German Government, though there is no reason, on the surface, why it should not have been dealt with by our Ambassador in Berlin. A few weeks ago an "arrangement" was signed between the British Government and Turkey, whereby important changes in the status of Egypt will become effective when a suitable moment arises for making them known to the world. The changes proposed have not yet been set forth in detail; but, in so far as they are all, they are not the work of the Home Government but of Lord Kitchener. The most drastic alteration suggested in the Constitution is that the mixed tribunals, which consist partly of native and partly of foreign (i.e., European) judges, should be abolished in 1915—according to the Decree of January 30, 1910, those tribunals were to be continued for a period of five years from that date. It is proposed that instead of the mixed tribunals English Courts shall be introduced; and it is further proposed that the Ottoman High Commissioner, who has always resided at Cairo since 1887, shall be relieved of his duties, which are not particularly arduous. In addition to all this, it is urged that the Khedive, nominally responsible to the Sultan, but in reality supreme and independent, is responsible to Great Britain if responsible at all, shall be treated as if he were a servant of the Crown, and have rights and privileges conferred on him accordingly. In other words, England would administer de jure even a greater part of Egypt's governmental work than now administers de facto; for the abolition of the mixed tribunals would make a great change in England's direct relations with the people of Egypt. I do not think it advisable to refer further to this matter at present. Indeed, the remaining details of Lord Kitchener's scheme would hardly be of general interest; for they are chiefly of a financial nature and relate to the administration and supervision of Egypt's revenues. Naturally, strategical considerations have not been overlooked.
In spite of the fact that arrangements have been made for holding a Peace Conference in London, it must not be taken for granted that general peace is assured, or that the most important questions are going to be discussed here. Peace between the Allies on the one hand and Turkey on the other is certain enough; but beyond that we can see very little further than we can beyond the tomb. The quarrels among the Allies over the division of the spoils are becoming serious enough to give diplomats an anxious time; for there is no hesitration shown anywhere in affirming, and admitting, that Servia and Greece have a grudge against Bulgaria, and that Bulgaria would not hesitate, if she thought she could profit by it, to enter into an alliance with Turkey.

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Bulgaria has undoubtedly suffered heavily; but then so too have her partners. Servia, in view of the great assistance her army rendered at Adrianople and Chatalja, does not see why she should be bound by the preliminary treaty made with Bulgaria before the War, for this document restricted her possible gains, while at the same time restricting her sphere of operations. As the Belgrado Government was ultimately called upon to provide twice as many men as had been arranged for, no one can blame King Peter's advisers if they increase their territorial demands accordingly. Greece, too, points to the excellent work done by her navy, and maintains that Bulgaria could never have reached Adrianople if the Greek warships had not held the Asia Minor Turks in check. Servia is reminding her friends that she has had to give up Silistria—both town and fortress—to Roumania, as the price of her northern neighbour's "benevolent neutrality."

* * *

It is not for us to decide among all these bewildering demands, claims, and counter-claims. It seems to me that Bulgaria is asking for too much, and that she is unwilling to acknowledge the assistance rendered by her partners in the Balkan League. This, indeed, is the general opinion in diplomatic circles throughout Europe, from St. Petersburg to Paris; and Bulgaria will certainly not improve her position by sending Dr. Daneff over here again to represent her at the Peace Conference. Dr. Daneff, as I mentioned at the time, attended the preliminary conference in London and got himself a French Embassy dinner; and when M. Venizelos, the Afghan, said to him, "Well, "I am a Frenchman," the occasion was not calculated to bring good feelings among the Bulgarian delegates. I write of what is notorious in London diplomatic society.

* * *

But the real Conference will be held in Paris, and it will have the most difficult task of all to deal with, viz., finance. It is hoped by the Great Powers that the Balkan States, if they show a disposition to resort to force for the purpose of settling their own little disputes, will think twice about it when reminded that war means a withholding of loans. It is reported as I write that the Bulgarian Finance Minister has gone to Paris with the object of raising a loan of £10,000,000; but I am assured by a man who knows neither Bulgaria nor the Quai D'Orsay, that this loan will not advance more than one-tenth of this sum until she is assured that the money is not wanted for war purposes. Indeed, it is rather puzzling to know how these little States have held out so long. Greek finance is partly nationalized and partly in the hands of Messrs. Krupp, who have shown as much interest in Bulgaria as the Schneider-Creusot firm has been showing in Servia for several months past.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

Now, once that we have cleared our ever-burdened brains of all the elaborate, hardly acquired, and really quite useless nonsense that has been stuffed into them as the result of the exceptional experience of the Regular Army in South Africa, we shall at once see our way clear to "scraping" a good half of the present curriculum. Movements in extended order will go by the board, because nobody but a lunatic would dream of employing Territorials in extended order. Marines, Guardsmen, and the better drilled battalions of the line have advanced, and will advance indefinitely, until extended to five paces without "bunching," losing direction, or getting beyond control, lying down, and refusing to go on. Territorials would not—even two-year conscripts would not—and everybody knows they would not. It is therefore a waste of time to train them at it. Musketry in the sense of range practices would also be abolished. The men should be taught to load neatly and actually and to fire in sectional volleys. Except at the longer ranges, there is no armed fire in war except controlled fire. Only the man without a rifle can be trusted to think of anything save firing the rifle off, and if one could deprive the section commanders of all firearms it is quite conceivable that the better of them might keep the fire of their sections reasonably close, and yet prevent a thousand yards. After that, it is simply a question of keeping up the ammunition supply on the principle that, out of every thousand shots fired, some percentage simply must hit the mark. If the guns do their work the hostile fire will be just as wild. The effect of well-controlled fire can be brought home to the men by field firing, for which, again, it is not necessary to have expensive and elaborate ranges. Great Britain possesses a longer coast line than any other European State save Greece, and no spot in the island is more than forty miles from the sea. A squad on the foreshore firing at a towed and moving target will obtain all the practice wanted. The strike of the bullets is easily perceptible on the waves.

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The time thus saved could be devoted to drill, especially drill in large bodies such as battalions and brigades. Not only is such drill indispensable if troops are to be moved without confusion, but it is extremely popular with the men. There should also be field operations on a large scale; brigades and divisions, and perhaps the army, against division. These should be realistic: the arms should be combined, and the troops should be sent on "trek" under service conditions. It is frequently objected to such manoeuvres that the regimental officers and men learn little by them. Here, again, the answer depends upon the conception of war at the back of the objector's head. If he is thinking of a war of small columns, of cunning little traps laid by one company for another, of Red Indian tactics, and so forth, the grand manoeuvres of brigades and divisions are certainly the worst of educations for that description of war. If, on the other hand, he is thinking (as he ought to be thinking) of European war with hundreds of thousands of troops engaged at once, grand manoeuvres are the best of training. The men learn march discipline and how to fare for themselves on "trek." The regimental officers learn how to handle weary men under service conditions—and it is a fact worth remembering that a man knows neither his own self nor his friends until he has been with them in conditions of this sort. The staffs of regiments, brigades, and higher formations learn how to handle their commands on the move. The arms learn how to work together. The services and departments learn how to fit into their places in the organist of all that learning nothing? And be it not forgotten that a mistake in any of the subjects thus enumerated has far more fatal consequences than a mistake in the sub-
jects learned during battalion and company training. It does not matter very much if a few men do form fours to the left instead of the right. An N.C.O. can put that right in half a minute. But it does matter very much if the supply organisation collapses: if the guns cannot work in conjunction with the infantry; if, in short, the pieces of the great machine have not been shaken down together.

In addition, another happy coincidence, this species of training is by far the most popular. The imagination—the strongest faculty in an Englishman—is seized by the spectacle thousands upon thousands of troops, cavalry, infantry, and guns, on the march together.

I remember a casual acquaintance in a London "pub" describing, or endeavouring to describe, to me the effect on his mind of the spectacle of a mobilised brigade which marched through Alton during the afternoon of an autumn day in 1900. He had been particularly struck by the high-loaded wagons of the train. There was a small subsidence in the road which every vehicle had to pass in turn, and he described to me the vivid impression upon his memory of the hundred times repeated scrunch as each gun or wagon "took" the obstacle, and the "hup" of the officer set to watch the passage as he helped each animal through. Anyone who has watched that endless chain of vehicles will understand. Men are overawed by the combination of organisation and multitude.

But most important of all trainings is that which is afforded by the social life and good fellowship of the mess and canteen. After all, it is the training afforded there, and not that gained on the parade-ground or even on manoeuvres, which determines whether a man will or will not give up his profession. Men must learn to regard their regiment as an individual and distinctive entity, having claims upon their honour and affection, and it is just that feeling, by the way, which could never be generated among a hotchpotch crowd of compulsorily "trainees," thrust into the corps upon some foolish notion learned during battalion and company training.

One of our correspondents told in last week's issue of trade conditions in the North. Trade in Yorkshire, he says, "is booming, bounding 'in full-throated ease,' the only anxiety, and that rather small, being shortage of hands, as they call it. It has been a good year. Mr. Keir Hardie, the bell-wether of the Labour left, promptly telegraphed his desire to dance the turkey-trot in the same limelight. Now whatever our views on woman's political enfranchisement, it will be our views on woman's political enfranchisement, it is of infinite importance compared with the economic emancipation of the vast mass of the population. Is it not told that the Labour Party should thus fash itself about ladies and forget the enduring interests of men and women? The aim of Socialism is so to organise society that profiteering shall be abolished. Messrs. Macdonald and Keir Hardie are reputed to be Socialists and are therefore presumably deeply concerned with the stupendous aggregation of capital at the expense of labour? Do they show the slightest appreciation of the gravity of the facts? So far as we know, they do not. Their chairman has signalled his return from India by a speech on woman's suffrage and a theatrical offer (contemptuously declined) to publish the "Suffragette," a weekly paper devoted to the enfranchisement of propertied women. Mr. Keir Hardie, the bell-wether of the Labour left, promptly telegraphed his desire to dance a turkey-trot in the same limelight. Now whatever our views may be our views on woman's political enfranchisement, it is of infinite importance compared with the economic emancipation of the vast mass of the population. Is it not told that the Labour Party should thus fash itself about ladies and forget the enduring interests of men and women? The aim of Socialism is so to organise society that profiteering shall be abolished. Messrs. Macdonald and Keir Hardie are reputed to be Socialists and are therefore presumably deeply concerned with the stupendous aggregation of capital at the expense of labour? Do they show the slightest appreciation of the gravity of the facts? So far as we know, they do not. Their chairman has signalled his return from India by a speech on woman's suffrage and a theatrical offer (contemptuously declined) to publish the "Suffragette," a weekly paper devoted to the enfranchisement of propertied women. Mr. Keir Hardie, the bell-wether of the Labour left, promptly telegraphed his desire to dance a turkey-trot in the same limelight. Now whatever our views—
The answer is simple. Messrs. Macdonald and Hardie and their co-genres believe in the continuance of the wage-system. Those who have followed the argument for Guild Socialism know that profits, private or national, are only possible on this. In consequence, the Labour Party's frame of mind, as it witnesses these bounding profits, is a vague desire to nationalise and not to abolish them. Labourism postulates more—slightly more—wages and not the abolition of the wage-system. Thus when everybody is earning wages, Labourism has nothing pertinent to say or do. But it must keep itself in evidence. It is accordingly thrown back upon woman's suffrage or whatever may be the prominent political topic of the day.

We see, therefore, that political preoccupation has led the Labour Party into a position both stupid and tragic. It has misconceived the function of politics. It has assumed the existence of political power without economic power. It has openly preached the possibility of economic emancipation by means of political action. It has failed because political power is merely the reflection, the inevitable sequel, of economic power. Guild Socialists know that economic power must precede political power. We cannot therefore countenance the futility of putting the political cart before the economic horse.

The result of political Labour's misconception of the political function is, as we have said, both stupid and tragic. The stupidity of the situation expresses itself in the almost comical incongruities in which the Parliamentary Labour Party is continually floundering. The tragedy of it can best be expressed in the simple fact that since 1906, when the Labour Party entered Parliament in force, the loss in real wages is not less than £200,000,000 a year or £4,000,000 a week for 50 weeks. But is this loss the result of Labourism? We will answer by a question: Had the same nervous energy, activity, vigilance that have been devoted to politics been applied to economic organisation, is it conceivable that capital would have run off with all that plunder? Another question is also another answer: Had Messrs. Macdonald and Hardie shown the same vigilance and flair, in the economic sphere, in attacking profits, that they have shown politically, is it not reasonably certain that even if they made a mistake, an actual material gain, at least they might successfully have resisted the loss? Are we then far wrong when we assert that each Labour Member of Parliament has not morally deteriorated since his election? In like manner the local Labour politician grows from enthusiastic simplicity into cynical cunning. His work is barren; the consequence is that it bankrupts his character. Spiritually and materially, the effect of political Labourism is to plunge the wage-earner into deeper and murkier waters.

We do not doubt that the time, money and effort now wasted upon politics, would, if devoted to industrial organisation, prove fruitful and not barren. We believe that this simple truth will within an approved time germinate in the minds of the wage-earners. If not, then the gradually diminishing economic power of labour will end in inexcusable servitude.

Whilst it is true that economic power precedes and dominates political power, we do not agree with the Socialistists that there is no political function outside of the industrial unions. On the contrary, when by a proper application of organised power to industry, the wage-earners have shaken off the profiteers, when the production of wealth is followed by its equitable distribution, when the Guilds have relieved the State of its financial responsibilities and limitations, then, and not until then, will purified politics engage the fruitful energy of the emancipated worker.
decreed that the paper should cease publication," and the offices of the newspaper are assaulted and the furniture, printing press, and type destroyed, against which the Government, it need not be said, provides no protection whatever!

The liberty of the Press was one of the principles of the revolution. The condition of Portuguese journalism was unsatisfactory in the extreme. The Portuguese Press, with few honourable exceptions, was libellous. Indeed, we are not sure that the monarchy which the Government, it is needless to say, provides decreed that the paper should cease publication," and with having insulted the king, were not slow to remind the revolution. The condition of Portuguese journalism was unsatisfactory in the extreme. The Portuguese language that Don Pedro V had refused to pour forth the most vindictive slander against Dona Macar was the son of a journalist, and editors of Republican sheets charged with having insulted the king, were not slow to remind the Prime Minister that in his "Revolução de Setembro," and especially in the "Espectro," he had poured forth the most vindictive slander against Dona Maria II., the Queen of Portugal; and so vile was Sampaio's language that Dona Maria V had refused to appoint him Minister of the Crown, for being his mother's traducer. Thus, for years nothing was done to protect the monarchy by the enactment of laws against libelous Press were frequently issued but trials seldom took place. It was not, therefore, freedom of thought but the licence of the Press which the licentious Press.

"Your English papers are just as bad. Have you read this article?" were the words of Bernadino Machado drawing the attention of a British journalist to an article in a Portuguese in the "National Review."

"Such things," said the Portuguese Foreign Minister, "should not be permitted. It professed to be the work of an 'Englishman in Portugal'—who is he? Your Government which proclaims its friendship and sympathy for Portugal should not allow such pernicious falsehoods to be published." This was a strange concession to make. It would be hard to say whether Machado's statement was most conspicuous for its indiscretion or for its levity. The British journalist, however, reminded the Republican diplomat that extreme monarchists do not enjoy the same powers of summary jurisdiction over the Press as those exercised by a new Republic.

Nothing is normal in Portugal to-day. The nation still quivers in the throes of political revolution, she is still quivering in the throes (of revolution, she is still in a feverish activity and trying suspense. The Government "may go on taking the measures required by the situation." But it lacks prestige to prevent revolutionary movements headed by men without parts to maintain themselves on the grand heights to which their insane vanity raises them. The recent attempt at a coup d'etat which resulted in the seizure of hundreds of bombs of the latest pattern, at the headquarters of the Radical Republican Federation, was "a movement," says the "Mundo," the organ of the Portuguese Premier, "easily explicable as that of ambitious madmen." Nor is this to be wondered at. The larger portion of the nation lives to-day in a new Republic.'

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"Sebastianismo"—that over-strained nervous tension now known to experts in lunacy as "morbid impulse" has had its epochs in Portugal. The "King of Penamacor" was the son of a potter at Alcocheta, and if time had been given to his case he might have succeeded in being for a few months the King of Portugal. He was arrested, paraded on an ass's back through the streets of Lisbon and would have ended his days on the scaffold had he not faced the situation with relative composure. "Am I to be hanged," he asked, "because people choose to take off their hats to me?" The facile credulity in the statements of Antonio Costa, which we consider is the symptom of the Portuguese disease, evokes the days of the "King of Penamacor," the "King of Ericeira," or the Venetian "Knight of the Cross," who was welcomed as the "King of Portugal," "sacrifice" to all the thing. But the fact that the Calabrian bandit could not speak Portuguese!

Be that as it may, "Sebastianismo" came into existence in the days of the king whose frantic efforts to become a 'hero' resulted in the Castillian monarch reducing the abysmal and revolting abortive province. "Europe is conservative," is the regret expressed by the editor of the "Lucta," now worn out by the feverish activity and trying suspense of the last two years. But what strikes some Portuguese most forcibly and painfully is that these fourth-rate actors to-day entertaining Europe with a comedy do not yet realise that this comedy is about to end in a tragedy, which we propose to discuss in a concluding article.

V. DE BRAGANÇA CUNHA.

"England's Day of Reckoning."

V. Nomenclature and Nationality.

Or whether we, any of us, are consciously predominantly, "English," or "British." Is the Crown Canadian or British? Is an Australian a Briton? Is a Canadian a Briton? Is a Canadian a Briton? What is nationality? What is patriotism? Somewhere, in the greatest empire, is a Sovereign Power. What is it? Is an Imperial nationality—that is, a British empire nationality, including, as it must, white citizens and coloured subjects of the Crown in the following rough proportions, e.g., 35 million East Indians, 35 million Negreens, 30 million "British," and about 30 million "English"—a possibility? This, by the way, is the "ideal" of Imperialism, for, it is desirable? Or, on the other hand, would a National Federation of the one people and five Parliaments of what in reality is now the sovereign Power—the British race—be preferable? This, in turn, is Nationalism, not Imperialism. It is conceivable, and here is seriously suggested, that the Nation is greater than its Empire—the brain greater than its body. I do not agree that mere bulk is either Glory or anything more than mere bulk. I do not agree that this civilisation, of British nominalism and historic development, should amalgamate with, among themselves, the antagonistic castes, races, creeds, and other civilisations of the British subject and tropical empire, to all of which, be it noted, the two words 'nationality' and 'patriotism' are foreign and incomprehensible idioms. But this, as I have said, is the ideal and aspiration of the leaders of the Imperialist movement, if, that is, we assume that that movement (with its dominating subscribers) is at least as sincere as it is unintelligible. I am aware that many self-styled Imperialists do not really desire an Empire nationality, though this, nevertheless, is the only meaning, and can be the only meaning of their phrase "Imperial Unity." These last, though in maintaining their claim to a misleading and wrongful title they must follow their masters of the Purse, do recognise the historic expansion of their nation and kingdom, from the Motherland, its last Act of Union and its one Parliament, to comprise now five countries and five States (termed 'national,' for the moment) Parliaments. If this people, these States, these Parliaments and countries, which this unofficial and unimportant bulk of Imperialists would federate in some form. But here, as I have said, is not Imperialism, for all this people of the sovereign race are Britons with, among other essentials of nationality, a common tongue, and a common patriotism—a patriotism based on their common history. Among these, it does not matter whether they are Canadians, Welsh, or English, their patriotism is British. Each of these five environmental

sections of the race, may, and should, be loyal to their own Government, love their own country; but the patriotism of all greater and contrived nations is separable from their national unity. Hence, an Englishman should be as British as a Canadian. Teutons, in this connection, whether Bavarians or Prussians, are conscious of the real unity expressed by the term "nation." Their Federation is German, the Union and their patriotism is German. In the United States, again, the leaders are deliberately displacing the term "federal"—the "Federal Government," and so on—with the word "national." Since the unification of Italy, and of Germany, that word has been substituted for "national" with a larger international significance. There is no greater unit of Power than a national unit. And this word, unlike Imperial, is familiar to, understood by, a bond of the common people everywhere. Personally I want none of the "greater spiritual content of the wider patriotism, the Empire is my country," which is both Imperialism and Lord Milner's sentiment; because, knowing the Empire as an empire, its values, and, say, Bermudsey, I, baring sentiment altogether, am more conscious of that fraction of my own race. The last will fight for what I hold dear, for the Nation, the empire will not.

Now this deponent is a Canadian, loyal to his own race and to its history, which is British, loyal to his own Canadian Government only (as a Government), loving Canada even before Britain, but claiming and exercising all the rights of an independent and self-governing people. The privileges and duties of British nationality and British patriotism. The whole Empire, and the Motherland, is no less a "possession" of Canadians than of Englishmen. But this English, non-party, broader attitude does not yet find favour with the Imperialistic sentiments of a host of Englishmen, who, carried away by local partisan phrases, have never had time to analyse, or to understand, what these things mean, or whether they— their tribe or national—have not, however, are less to-day than a local self-styled "statesman's" local and personal stake in a minor local Bill. As a matter of fact, the British nation, with five Parliaments, has no National Parliament. Two-thirds of the Empire's territory, and one-fourth of the nation, notwithstanding this blatant Imperialism, are entirely without the jurisdiction of St. Stephen's. His Majesty assents to the Acts and Governments of five independent Parliaments. And four of these Parliaments possess the affairs of not only the Empire, but of that greater part of the Empire's territory which, if territorial expansion does, or may, proceed with racial and national expansion, is really the bulk of the kingdom, and which indubitably does contain to-morrow's real British wealth, to-morrow's comfort, and British national power. The "English," it may be noticed, have no voice at all in this greater part of "their possessions." Yet at the present moment Canadians use, enjoy, and profit by more of England's new capital subscriptions than all the 45,000,000 people in Britain. This, unnoticed, does not worry the Parliamentary Labour Party in this country, nor are the people here conscious of their loss. But every shoehackle in Canada appreciates his gain, and his country's gain. And the pamphlet, largely cosmopolitan daily, Press of Canada, knowing these things, is silent. But then, of course, when the Harmsworth combination asserts that "Britain leads the world" in trade and progress and prosperity, it really means that Britain, in all these things is British.

The following from the pen of Mr. Arnold White, in a recent number of the "Referee," is typical of a certain section of society and its mind. Speaking of English, Scotch, and Welsh "nationalities," he says: "Let all Englishmen use the word English when writing or speaking of the word 'English' has attained a larger inter-English; the Army is predominantly English; India has never heard of the United Kingdom" (or, presumably, of the British Crown, or British nation. It may be remembered that "the Princes and people of India" sent a congratulatory message last year to "the Great English people," through the Viceroy, a British official. "England she knows." I shall return to the subject of India's place in the sun, its real values to this nation, in a subsequent paper. To Mr. Arnold White his bigness is its greatness.

But fortunately this philosopher and publicist has nothing at this time to say of the Irish "nation," or, is it, of Irish nationalities? To Mr. Redmond the people of Ireland are a "nation." Yet the leader of the Opposition told his Blenheim audience: "There are two nations in Ireland." Whereas this, in my opinion, is disowned by Sir Edward Carson, who instructed the House that the Irish were not a nation at all. (Hansard, 42-118.)

On the same phase of the same subject in the current "British Review," Mr. Cecil Chesterton says, "I am convinced that our difficulties in Ireland are due altogether wholly to our refusal to recognise the sentiment of Irish nationality." Now with the profoundest respect for this scribe's splendid and more than English journalist, to my mind, he is here expressing a transitory sentiment, and sentiment which is wholly to our refusal to recognise the sentiment of Irish nationality.

But, as Mr. page Croft, M.P., is chairman and founder of an organisation named the Imperial Mission, which, really a minor association of the Unionist Party and the Tariff Reform League, in its membership such names as the Duke of Anglesey and Lord Roberts, to this leading Imperialist's pronouncements on nationality, a still unknown quantity, which, nevertheless, should be the very essence of his, and all so-called Imperialists, in both years, the year last and the year next, he said, "We are not five nations, we are one nation living in five countries." (Hansard, 34-7.) And then, in December of the same year, after a first weekend in Canada, he was able to agree that "Canadians, Australians and Scotchmen are proud of their separate national feelings, though," he added, "they are all proud of our" (the "English") "national flag." (Hansard, 45-162.)

Another local party, Imperialist, Sir Gilbert Parker, finds it convenient to express his conviction that, though—"the world takes no note of the Irish, Scotch, Australian, or Canadian 'nations,' it takes note of the British Nation, which," nevertheless, he then affirms, "includes smaller nationalities.

Now, while I agree with the first part of the last considered, but not sincere, opinion, I deny that a nationality can include foreign (i.e., "smaller" or "lesser") nationals, and, as it then must, various patriotism. A nation must at least be a unit in its patriotism; and patriotism, in turn, is the natural foundation of the national character. Hence, after some further considerations of this terminological phase, I shall try to show that this question of National combination is the true basic foundation and principle of constructive social reforms in Britain and in Greater Britain; that the problem of fair or adequate welfare in this country, for instance, is not an Imperial, is not a local, is not within the province of any local party or Parliament.

A. G. Crafter.
America: Chances and Remedies.
By Ezra Pound.

IV.

Proposition II—That I would drive the Seminars on "The Press.

After devising the new castes, to wit, of professors who could meet a creative artist without being made to appear ridiculous, and of artists who could meet a decently informed professor without being shown for charlatans, I would consider the matter of the thesis.

The "Thesis" as an institution may need some explanation to the present reader; be it known then that in the United States of America, possibly in the United States of France and Germany, and most civilised countries except England, the seats of learning confer the higher degree of "Doctor of Philosophy" in most cases upon students who have never studied and who never intend to study; any philosophy, but no matter, it is an old custom and worthy of reverence, and it dates from the time when people did study philosophy and the liberal arts. "Ph.D." after your name implies that you have done at least three years' hard work on some two or three special branches of learning after and above what you did for your baccalaureate degree, and part of this work is a thesis which is supposed to make some new contribution to the pre-existing sum of knowledge.

Now this is a very fine system, it is a tremendous machinery for collecting information, and I speak of it, and in especial of its inventor, with nothing save the deepest respect. But this system implies that after every hundred or so of such theses there should come a super thesis, the product of some intelligent person capable of efficient synthesis. In the branches of science it is possible that such synthesis actually occurs. In the history of letters, and possibly in other branches, there are two obstacles to be considered. First, the American universities are not in such close touch with each other as are the German universities. Second, there is no British Museum catalogue from which a man may start.

From these and other causes, the scholar Quixote often sets out on his quest of the unknown without fitting orientation. Original documents are fairly scarce in America. If he come abroad he will possibly fall upon some ill-catalogued library. He is little likely to have been told how to use the various European libraries. He may not even know that you save about three months' time by spending a week in the British Museum before you set out on any task of research. If he can only afford one summer abroad this knowledge is apt to be costly. The result of this, and of divers minor causes, is that, even if he does by chance discover something of importance, his monograph is very apt to be like one pillar of a temple raised in the desert that no one will ever visit.

In the meantime, good introductory works are sadly lacking. The disconnected method of research is beginning to be realised. Anent this, I had a curious passage with a don at Oxford. Another don had been inspecting American universities and he had found one proud head of a department who had correlated everything pertaining thereto. He took the Oxonian to a room completely filled with cubby-holes and from these he drew forth in alphabetical order the lists of all the books and articles that had even been written about any classic author, but . . . ! and here the don paused as if to overwhelm me with the approaching marvel. "But," I said quietly, "there were no texts of the authors themselves." "What!" he said, "is it possible? I thought perhaps Murray was exaggerating."

Now I had no idea what university was in question, so there was nothing to anticipate of what the visiting Oxonian might have found. Nevertheless, one cannot feel that this system is likely to breed that fine sense, that exiguous discrimination which shall enable us to preserve and to propagate "The Best."

The visit to Oxford brought me another gem. I was seated next a very revered head of something-or-other and someone had just shown him "A new poem, 'The Hound of Heaven,'" but he "Couldn't be bothered to stop for every adjective."

Now I could scarcely have heard this at home. Firstly, if the old gentleman had not seen the poem a decade ago it is unlikely that anyone would have thrust it upon him in the year of grace 1913. Secondly, if it were out of his own line he would probably have accepted authority that it was a masterpiece. Thirdly, nothing under the American heaven would have evoked that swift and profound censure, that scrap of criticism which touches the root and seed of Thompson's every defect.

This may seem beside the mark, but the crux of the matter is this: The graduate student is not taught to think of his own minute discoveries in relation to the subject as a whole. If that subject happen to be the history of an art he is scarce likely ever to have considered his work in relation to the life of that art.

On the other hand newspapers, especially the huge Sunday editions, are constantly printing interviews and impressions about recent discoveries in every field of knowledge; these are often vague and worthless.

No minute detail of knowledge is ever dull if it be presented to us in such a way as to make us understand its bearing on the whole of a science. Gaston Paris, Reinach, and other Manual of Classical Philology, have presented detailed knowledge in such a way that one can approach it; that anyone who likes may learn of what the subject consists and may study as much of it, or precisely that part of it which suits his wants.

The usual doctor's thesis is dull, is badly written, the candidate usually has to pay for the printing of the required copies, as even the special journals will not be bothered with the average thesis.

My suggestion is the very simple one that the thesis be brief, that the results, with due introduction and with due explanation of their bearing on the whole of the science or on the particular period of history, be published in some newspaper of standing, which should become in some measure the organ of the university. Secondly, that the minute of the thesis be typewritten and placed in the university library to be printed only if they happen to be of general interest or if the result and conclusions of the thesis based upon them are called into question.

The benefits of this scheme as I conceive it would be as follows:—

First, the student would have to get some clear notion of his work in its relation to life. Second, the newspaper which is fond of calling itself the great educator, etc., would be brought into touch with a new set of specialists, and aside from the thesis printed, the editor would know whom to call upon for an article on any special topic.

Note that I am not writing this for London.

Marriage Reform.
By Dusnia.

Now in the days when this story happened England was happy and young and fair, and everybody did as they liked and nobody suffered for it, and the rich felt no qualms about being rich, whilst as for the poor, there was nothing that they enjoyed so much as a good stiff dose of poverty and no nonsense about it. And from all this and other facts the anthropologist can gather that it must have been the spring of 1913 or thereabouts. Money poured out and money trickled it. Men were married and forgot it, and tie divorce court reminded them of the fact. Politicians lied. The spring fashions came out and various absurdities with them. Girls put their hair up. Men wore tight boots and got sore feet. London was exceedingly hot and dusty. Every-
body talked about nothing until they were sick and tired of it. People fainted in the crowd. And the devil walked up and down in the earth.

Now whilst explaining evolution and progress in general, this tale will be dealing with marriage reform in particular, and it is the first real genuine attempt to let the public know how England was led aside from the darkness and despair of an obsolete monogamy, and of the holy and merry men who laid the plot, and reaped the benefits. And incidentally it is also useful as showing what a lot can be done by pure, unadulterated chaff, not that this age requires any enlightenment upon that score, but for the benefit of posterity and of the next epoch, who might not believe that these things really happened unless someone really reliable told them so.

For in those glad and joyous days politics were slack. For it is in accordance with nature than no one should pay any attention to politics whilst there are better things to think about, and whilst the wine was flowing and the girls were dancing and the taxi-cabs were running, and the orchestras playing, and the Devil traveling up and down in the earth with more than usual speed and diligence, it was not to be expected that anyone should concern himself with dismal speeches; and the world—or the only part of it which matters—had something better to think about. Therefore politics were at a discount. People had ceased talking about them, and the newspapers had ceased writing about them, and war scares were a drug in the market, and the Government might have mobilised the regular Army and the Territorial Forces, but the National Reserve without anybody really worrying, and even the Ulster crowd were prepared to accept Home Rule, whilst as for Lloyd George, if you started talking about him, people left the room. And things were getting so mighty slack that, as Jerry Jocelyn (who happened to be Prime Minister) said, unless somebody raised a living issue there would be considerable danger that the public might forget about politics altogether. And whereupon the politicians he then said, as Jerry Jocelyn said. And as Jocelyn again remarked: "Better that I should find politics to amuse the public, than that the devil should find mischief!" And as a consequence he went to see the Four Great Men Who Really Run The Show, and in accordance with the latest scientific knowledge, he said that he was anxious to reorganise the opposition; for, as Jerry Jocelyn said, a good judicious opposition was half the battle, and you could bring in literally anything provided you could "cook" your opposition. And, indeed, in justice to the "Cockatoo," it must be said that it managed the opposition to perfection, talking consistently even greater nonsense than the "Parrot." Which may seem impossible to those that read the latter paper, but it's really quite simple when you know how to do it, and you can't get on in journalism until you do.

Therefore the "Daily Parrot" came out next morning with heavy, leaden type:—

MARRIAGE REFORM MEANS HAREMS FOR ALL.

To which the "Daily Cockatoo" replied:—

YOUR HOME WILL COST YOU MORE.

The which the "Parrot" ruffled by producing house-keeping bills of the Zulus, Bantus, Hottentots, Mashonas, and other negroid races of the African sub-Continent, proving beyond all possible doubt that although the majority of them possessed four or five wives apiece, and some as many as ten or twenty, they
were not thereby impoverished, and that they kept themselves in comfort on the equivalent of sevenpence-a-week. Five hundred a year, which was considerably higher than anything hitherto managed by the monogamist American artist, was which the "Cockatoo" answered with scorn that, if some people "Uncle and onions," it was notoriously because the savages in question were cannibals, and obtained considerable portions of their menu gratis by killing off their aged relatives; and published startling headlines to the effect that—

JOCELYN WISHES YOU TO EAT YOUR MOTHER,

and referred in terms of noble scorn to "devilling your father's kinde... If so..." And so he did the "Daily Cockatoo" go that it founded the "Anti-Cannibalism League," and collected £6,000 in subscriptions in a fortnight (mostly from aged relatives who thought they were going to be eaten by their heirs), and sent a dozen travelling vans with speakers all over England, and issued literature recommending persons of mature years to insert proozes in their wills and testaments rendering them null and void in case any portion of their substance before or after death, should prove to have been used for food. Again for the "Parrot," it founded the "Marriage Reform League," which issued several tons of printed matter a day, and plastered its famous "Happy Harem" posters all over the country, and hired two thousand eight hundred professional pub- holders to perambulate the towns of these sea-islands talking Marriage Reform, and saying how they had all been ruined by trying to keep two wives at once, and being caught at it and punished by the present irreconcilable enmities on the subject. Nor did the Marriage Reform League neglect the stage, for they hired the "Blue Eyed Bengalee" to introduce Marriage Reform into his pater, and Maritana van der Dimple was engaged at a ridiculous expense to add a new Marriage Reform verse to her famous rag-time melody at the Hippodrome:

"We'll put an end to bigamy
By voting for Polygamy,
When Jocelyn is in.

Johnnies, you may marry me,
Who cares about you?"

Finally Jocelyn set the example himself, and stimulated the enthusiasm of his adherents by taking in (as yet unofficial) marriage seven wives, to wit, Maritana herself, and Toto from Paris, and Loto from Paris, and Koko from Paris, and Tsukamoto from Japan, and Kescuomo from Kukarest, and, last but not least, Yubba Yubba herself, who had been conveyed especially and at immense cost from the harem of the Sultan of D'rel-A'st in the oasis of Tob, accompanied on the journey by thirteen hundred camels bearing ivory and spices and rahat-la-koum. And you saw how they cooked the carpets, and comforted Mr. Jocelyn when he returned in the evening from his labours for the public good. And it was pointed out by legends thrown upon the screen that all this solved the servant problem, and completely disposed of the "Cockatoo," and its pamphlets that "Your Home will Cost You Nothing.

Marriage Reform gained the day. And Marriage Reform was renamed "huptial separation," the "anti-marriage union," and a wife a "female cohabitor," and divorce was renamed "nuptial separation," and separation was called "nuptial divorce." And the rich should have as many wives as they pleased, and the poor should pay nothing for them, but the poor should have only one wife apiece, and not the whole of her, in order to save them from the sin of extravagance. And for the rest, as we have said, things went on very much as before. Money poured out, and money trickled in. The spring fashions came out, and various absurdities with them. Girls put their hair up. Men wore tight boots. Money poured out, and money trickled in. The spring fashions came out, and various absurdities with them. Girls put their hair up. Men wore tight boots. 

The editors received the tip, and "proper safeguards" was the word, and the two thousand eight hundred pub- looters told the tale, and Maritana van der Dimple changed her song and came out with an entirely new verse, translating it into forms intelligible to the vulgar, which unfortunately cannot be given in the pages of this chaste periodical. And it ended in success. And fifteen other papers came over to the "Parrot" the very next morning, and their readers with them, and those who really ran the country determined that their time was near. And they agreed that the simplest thing was for them to be a split in the Government on the subject of Marriage Reform, and for the Ministers whom they wanted to get rid of to resign en bloc, or to go to the Lords, and for the King to dissolve Parliament, and for a general election to follow, when the people would have an opportunity of uttering its mighty voice on the lines laid down for it by the politicians. And to make quite sure that the public did not get out of hand and vote for something uncer- tained, as the public sometimes does, it was arranged that the other party should go to the country with the cry, "No wives at all!" for which no one could possibly vote without declaring himself incapable of managing his affairs. Not that there was really any doubt of Marriage Reform failing to sweep the country, for, as Jerry Jocelyn observed, everybody would openily vote for seven wives except those who already possessed one, and they would not dare to vote for "no wives at all."

But the greatest sensation of all was caused by the "Election Special," which Messrs. Natty Flares, Film and Gramophone manufacturers, placed upon the picture halls. And these represented Marriage Reform in the Life. And you had a picture of Mr. Jerry Jocelyn, sitting in his house, surrounded by his seven wives, and hired two thousand eight hundred professional pub- holders to parambulate the taverns of these sea-girt bays, and comforted Mr. Jocelyn when he returned in the evening from his labours for the public good. And it was pointed out by legends thrown upon the screen that all this solved the servant problem, and completely disposed of the "Cockatoo," and its pamphlets that "Your Home will Cost You Nothing." And then a talking machine would be set to work and bellowed forth: "A message from Mr. Jere- miah Jocelyn," in which he encouraged his supporters, and promised them the triumph of the "D'yglogists." And the rich should have as many wives as they pleased, and the poor should pay for them; but the poor should have only one wife apiece, and not the whole of her, in order to save them from the sin of extravagance. And for the rest, as we have said, things went on very much as before. Money poured out, and money trickled in. The spring fashions came out, and various absurdities with them. Girls put their hair up. Men wore tight boots and got sore feet in consequence. London was exceedingly hot and dusty. Everybody talked about nothing until that it would not stick the fairies back into the crowd. And the devil walked up and down in the earth.
In Kashmir.

II.-Srinagar.

By C. E. Becheider.

The broad brown Jhelum flows down the valley in bends and curves between the mountains. At length it approaches the Takhti-Sulaiman, a tall gaunt hill detached from that small interior range, now almost bare of snow, which o'ertops the east of Srinagar. On the summit is a small doomed Hindu temple, the landmark of the City of the Sun through the Forty Vistas. Between the river and the foot of the hill, and for half a mile up and down the narrow Bund, are the European quarters. From this pathway steps, wooden or cut into the bank, lead down to the scores of house-boats and bridges. The first—but, heh quarters. From this pathway steps, wooden or cut into the bank, bring up the shikara and a small dinghy manned by five cheerful, lazy rogues and a Fakir who lives there in a hut and exacts toll from the boatman and his family; and there is usually a calf and a small doonga loads of timber. The houses are very decayed, but, with the aid of a walking-stick, I pass under the bridge beside a Kashmiri poling a pair. The top storey is a green roof, the next pink, the lowest blue, and it stands on a bare brick wall supported by piles, as are all the houses that project over the river. On the side of the house are two large pink and white storks. Each storey has four or five bow-windows, each with a latticed shutter tumbling on its hinges. I pass two little temples with glittering domes of tin and Vermilion dragons splashed uncouthly on the plaster wall. Through one of the arches of the second bridge I can see the domes of two Hindu temples and the wooden pagoda-shaped pinnacle of a Moslem ziarat and the green-roofed houses on both banks, seeming to meet at a bend. We pass a shikara propelled by only one boatman travelling very slowly down stream, laden with several generations of a prolific Hindu family. On the bank some Brahmibabas are checking the weighing of some doonga loads of timber. The houses are very much bigger now, mostly of four storeys, raised on piles above the high bank. Sultana raps twice with his paddle, and with the rattle of paddles behind me, I pass the wooden piles of the third bridge into the very midst of the merchants of Suryanagar. The tall old buildings have signboards hanging from their balconies and bow-windows. Suffering Moses paints his real name so that they might not call on me, and I am paddled rapidly away by the ruggians behind me. I clamber out and into the boks of the shikara, set down on the cushioned seat under the shade of a double awning, and am paddled swiftly. Through one of the arches of the second bridge I pass under the bridge beside a Kashmiri poling a raft of three gigantic logs, while two gaily-dressed veiled women are slowly paddled up stream. Doonages, laden with grain, timber, or stone, are poled in all directions, each with a little covered space astern for the boatman and his family; and there is usually a calf in a closely fitting hatch. On the left, divided from the Chief Minister's bungalow by a high-walled garden, is the Maharajah's New Palace, built right upon the bank, a great white, three-storied building with bow windows and balconies projecting over the stream. Two or three staircases run along it down to the river. Adjoining it is an old palace, towered and balconied, and connected by a passageway with the oldest building of all, a palace in ruined decay. Between the two the Maharajah's private temple stands out into the river high up on the wall, with a large gilded dome glowing in the sunshine. Below, round the base of the ancient palace, a canal flows down to the last bridge.

Along the banks the decrepit wooden houses, leaning on another, are for the most part thin and narrow, but three or four storeys high—regular poplars among buildings—with blossoming fruit-trees growing out of the ruins of the lowest storey. On all the roofs grow long green grass; when the pastures are bare the sheep are hoisted up past the protruding bow-windows and latticed balconies on to the tiny plot. Thrifty cattle stumble down the crumbling flights of steps that run between the houses and barns down to the water, and thence the ringing and fighting of many mongrels. Chattering old women crouch down to clean brass pots with the wet mud, others dip clothes in the stream and tread them out on a smooth stone, or, in the more usual fashion, slap them down on the rock until the buttons, the stitches, and, sometimes, the dirt, disappear. A group of elderly loin-clad Brahmans stands on a ghat beneath a little tin-roofed temple. The old men shiver as they look at the cold swift river, and finger the sacred thread that hangs over their shoulders. Suddenly there is a splash, and, a moment after, I see a dripping worshipper puff his way out of the water. Naked children in imitation play about the steps, the younger howling dismally as they are slowly cleansed and ducked, in the chill breeze blowing down from the snowfields. I notice one lovely little house in fair repair. The top storey is a green roof, the next pink, the blue, and it stands on a bare brick wall supported by piles, as are all the houses that project over the river. On the side of the house are two large pink and white storks. Each storey has four or five bow-windows, each with a latticed shutter tumbling on its hinges. I pass two little temples with glittering domes of tin and Vermilion dragons splashed uncouthly on the plaster wall. Through one of the arches of the second bridge I can see the domes of two Hindu temples and the wooden pagoda-shaped pinnacle of a Moslem ziarat and the green-roofed houses on both banks, seeming to meet at a bend. We pass a shikara propelled by only one boatman travelling very slowly down stream, laden with several generations of a prolific Hindu family. On the bank some Brahmibabas are checking the weighing of some doonga loads of timber. The houses are very much bigger now, mostly of four storeys, raised on piles above the high bank. Sultana raps twice with his paddle, and with the rattle of paddles behind me, I pass the wooden piles of the third bridge into the very midst of the merchants of Suryangar. The tall old buildings have signboards hanging from their balconies and bow-windows. Suffering Moses paints his real name so that they might not call on me, and I am paddled swiftly. Through one of the arches of the second bridge I pass under the bridge beside a Kashmiri poling a raft of three gigantic logs, while two gaily-dressed veiled women are slowly paddled up stream. Doonages, laden with grain, timber, or stone, are poled in all directions, each with a little covered space astern for the boatman and his family; and there is usually a calf in a closely fitting hatch. On the left, divided from the Chief Minister's bungalow by a high-walled garden, is the Maharajah's New Palace, built right upon the bank, a great white, three-storied building with bow windows and balconies projecting over the stream. Two or three staircases run along it down to the river. Adjoining it is an old palace, towered and balconied, and connected by a passageway with the oldest building of all, a palace in ruined decay. Between the two the Maharajah's private temple stands out into the river high up on the wall, with a large gilded dome glowing in the sunshine. Be-
As we came near the coast-edge we passed a little girl, the first pretty human thing I had seen in Italy. She didn’t beg of us, but cried “Buon giorno” in a clear Italian voice and waved her hands. I was immensely pleased and waved my hands back and kissed my fingers to her, and said how pretty she was, to the horror of my Spartan companion. She was very pretty indeed. I wish. . . Heigh-ho!

At Sorrento I stayed in a very pleasant albergo (far beyond my means) whose garden was full of tall orange trees, most decorative under a clear sky. In the flower-beds by the flagged walks grew stocks, foxgloves, and white fresies. These flowers—of which I know only the Italian name—are very beautiful indeed; the blossoms vary from white to pale primrose, with purple streaks outside, and one orange-coloured petal within, and they grow—five or six of them—on a kind of horizontal stem projecting from the main stalk. The scent is like that of lemons, but sweeter and richer. And because I was happy at that place, I remember the flowers very clearly.

I cannot claim to have “done” Sorrento in any sense of the word; except for a few hours’ wandering among the orange groves, and a climb across the steep terraces of olives and lentisks and beans on the hills towards Amalfi, I saw nothing of the place. I did not even go to Castellamare, for the quiet of the old inn garden was very pleasant. The rickety flight of stairs on one side of the building, the dark rickety flight of stairs on one side of the building, and he and his sons and servants show me beautiful Kashmir shawls, some that will pass through a ring, simple lovely designs in silver and enamel, and large brass were inlaid shop
carpets from Bokhara, numdahs from Yarkand and Khotan, tea, turquoises, copper and gold from Tibet, slipping into crevices or hiding behind stones. The mists through country similar to that between Vietri and Amalfi, is supposed to have been honoured by the landing of the Much-enduring Ion its beautiful hieroglyphics of the famous Lhasa pattern. This is the happy-in spite of leaving my beloved Amalfi—"as the crazy little carriage bumped over the stony road towards Prajano and Positano in the morning sunshine. There was hardly a ripple of foam about the jaggled rocks, hardly a ripple in the grass and flowers, fragrant from the burning sun. Just as on the former drive from Cava, the lizards scuttled across the rocks and shrub-roots, slipping into crevices or hiding behind stones. The mists hung about the peaks; the opposite shore of the gulf glimmered in the distance across the haze; and I turned about the headlands, giving us always some new foreground to set off the lines of hills we had had in sight ever since we started. Beauty? Do you ask me now to admire feeble productions like the Riviera between Genoa and Pisa, or the sunrise over the Alps? Go to Amalfi, little person, consider its ways and be wise.

Thus we clattered along—two somnolent elders and a great artist—until suddenly the beery driver turned to me, "Ecco, Sorrento, Isola di Galli." And then I set my mind to myself time after time that line from great Homer which I have set above this letter, for the Isola di Galli, according to some, is that island of the sirens where Odysseus heard the enchanted singing and shunned steep death by godlike music. For myself I prefer to take Capri as my siren island, and I leave my animadversions on Homer till I come to speak of Tiberius’ summer resort. Still, it reminded me that I was coming to sacred ground, since Sorrento, the ancient Surrentum, is supposed to have been honored by the landing of the Much-enduring on its beautiful quiet shores. How much of this is apocryphal I don’t know, but I certainly remember having read somewhere that Odysseus landed at Sorrento.

Right above the town is a kind of ridge of high rock over which passes the road from Amalfi, and at the point where the land begins to fall towards Sorrento is a "Tavern of the two Gulfs." Both the Gulf of Naples and the Gulf of Salerno can be seen at once. But the road descends quickly, the Gulf of Salerno winks one last blue flash as farewell, and you turn to contemplate Sorrento as it lies on its sunny slope looking towards the Neapolitan coast. The town is scattered, not concentrated in a ring, but lying among large orange and lemon orchards, whose brilliant fruit spots the trees with strong colouring and fills the air with a suggestion of perfumes which do not exist. All the tall, dusty walls of the gardens, but the beautiful trees give one pleasure enough, in spite of the lack of extended "views."
Thou Shalt Not Kill.

(From the Mahabharata.)

By Beatrice Hastings.

RELATE, O Bishnu, righteous chastisements:
Tell me how kingly rods may strike unstained,
To guard the pure, yet injure not the vile.
O Yudhishthira, hereto men narrate
How Satyavat gave law to Duryodhena:
Prince to his sire the law of man gave
Were passing evil subjects judged to death,
When Manu, Lord of Mind, inspired that prince
Within whose words all men have not heard on earth.
O sire, sometimes the right doth seem the wrong,
Again, iniquity takes virtue's grace:
Yet murder may not stand as righteousness!
"This, too, is seen—the wicked turn to good
In Dwapara by half all men are bad
Listen, 0 king, to words of ancient fame.
This is the way of Him that knoweth men."

Mete not to childish sin harsh chastisement
Release thou him in bondage of his
Who, when he judgeth, must judge true the offence,
Nor unrestrained mete grievous punishment.
In more severe be the ruler verso:
All innocent kindred fall for one man's crime.
"Power of the king extendeth not to death.
O king, thou mayst not persecute with death
Thy erring subject and his helpless kin.
This, too, is seen—the wicked turn to good:
Behold, the law of death is many slain
Till but one sixteenth portion pure is found.
Till one, sixteenth portion pure is found.
In more severe be the ruler verso:
All innocent kindred fall for one man's crime.
All men transgress, all suffer, all repent,
Ill rule, by dungeon, lash, and brand revealed,
Our worldly wheel is turned by chastisements.
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mystagogue, Mr. Maurice Hewlett of "ruinous face, ruined face" fame in these columns, is something to provoke a legitimate smile. 'Tis a mad world, my masters.

There is no defence for it save only the Brahma weapon which, plainly, is Truth. This is that wonderful weapon that neutralises falsehood with all the hypocrisies, insolences and vanities accompanying falsehood. While so-called occultism is virulently working against the minds of men, only a clear accusation of the charlatans employing it will be heard. If the accusation is false it will fall to the ground. If the accusation is true it will begin to establish itself from the very moment it is uttered.

In the brief day of The New Age, how many pretenders have we not seen compelled by an accusation to become what they really are? There yonder is Mr. Shaw cheerfully flattering Suburbia; there is Mr. Masefield, done with the silly nonsense of the classics and seated at home on the top of the biggest midden in England; there is Mr. Maeterlinck, a boy of the bruising world; there is Mr. Bennett writing for the New Statesman, and there is Mr. Yeats admiring his successor's triumph; and what scores are there not of youngish Philistines, all flat and stale, who half believed that the seal of Art was broken, that raving, doggerel and fusions were about to pass handsomely with all the English, poetry and criticism? When the truth has chanced to be said about a man what becomes he be.

For this reason of the nature of truth, the critic must be foremost to see the least sign of good promise. Less than the truth will blight him in speaking it, though his judgment fail only from ignorance, as surely as the deliberate lying of flatterers blights these. Ignorance is small excuse in cosmic law as in imitative human law. Time inexorably judges the critic's judgments.

Readers and Writers.

Since Strindberg's death a year ago five of his prose works have been translated and published in this country, two volumes of his plays, and now Miss Lind-A-Hageby has just published his life (Stanley Paul. 6s.). It is too much. Really Strindberg is not worth so much of England's precious attention. The merest selection would amply satisfy the healthiest craving for the works of Sweden's great genius. Miss Lind-A-Hageby's "Life," which I have just looked through, is no better than well-informed gossip about the man. The good lady sub-entitles her work: "The Spirit of Revolt!"; but, apart from the cant of Revolt with no example. I am reminded of Spinoza's corroboration of a Stendhal's of the Bible on his lips—or is this an amiable epitaph?

He died, it appears, with a declaration of his faith in human law. Time inexorably judges the critic's example. Now that I have copied out the passage, however, is to record the fact that a writer and to read Mr. Dyson in a minute.***

An oft-repeated prophecy of one of my colleagues is that we are on the eve of great satire in England. God send that we do not need it to be wrought by us if we do. Let us amuse ourselves with it or give it to our children to play with in the nursery, as we did in the case of Swift. The courageous thing to do with satire is to hate ourselves for it. My intention in this, however, is to record the fact that a writer in the "Nation" declared, apropos of Mr. Dyson's cartoons in the "Daily Herald," that satire has lately changed in spirit and "returned to the expression of contemptuous hate." In passing from "Max" or "F. C. G." to "Dyson," we pass from the "Rape of the Lock" to that of "The Draper's Letters." It may be so. Mr. Dyson is certainly a satirist. But nobody has yet, I believe, tried to murder him.

For the anatomy of satire probably nobody has bettered the classification of Goldwin Smith. "There are," he says, "three kinds of satire, corresponding to as many views of humanity and life; the Stoical, the Cynical, and the Epicurean. Of Stoical satire, with its strenuous hatred of vice and wrong, the type is Juvenal. Of Cynical satire, springing from bitter contempt of humanity, the type is Swift's 'Gulliver.' . . . Of Epicurean satire, flowing from a contempt of humanity which is not bitter, and lightly playing with the weakness and vanities of manhood, Horace is the classical example." Now that we have copied out the passage, it does not seem so luminous. Mr. Dyson cannot, at any rate, be placed in it.

I did last week what I have never done before and probably shall never do again: I bought and paid six shillings for and read a current issue of the "Edinburgh Review." It was Sydney Smith who really induced me to plunge in this fashion; for he was one of the founders, indeed, the original inspiration, of the Review, and was its first Editor. When he came, nearly forty years afterwards, to review the Review, he was able to write in this enviable strain: "To set on foot the "Nation" has been saying that Mr. Masefield has a genius for success. Pooh! So have all the other great advertisement agents. But there is no more relation between success and publicity and success in art than between the merits of good advertisements and pills respectively. In fact, advertisement and art have never gone together and never will. The advertised is always bad. At the game of advertisement, however, there will always be many players, and they will compete with each other as artists will not. Last week, for example, Mr. Tagore countermoved upon Mr. Masefield's wall-space by reading his unpublished play "Chitra" (a "law" story) to a select Kensington audience presided over by Sir Richard Stapley and attended by Mr. Tagore—the former a lately defeated Parliamentary candidate and the latter, I hear, the Under Secretary for India. I myself received an invitation, but my ears, among other things, would not permit me to accept it. They told me, truly enough, that they were not yet to be trusted to judge in matters of literature. Without a good deal more training than mere education provides, our ears are much less reliable as critics of style than our eyes. Abracadabra may be made to sound well; as Mr. Ashby-Sterry once amusingly demonstrated in a recitation with the meaningless refrain: "The Fate of the Capstan Bar." I have heard Mr. Yeats chant a "poem" in the voice of an oracle delivering the Sibyl-line books (as Reinhardt, at any rate, would present it), and when I came afterwards to read the lines myself, the imposition on my ears was exposed. Until, then, I can read with my ears as well as with my eyes they shall mew their inexperience in private practice. Mr. Hewlett, by the way, is about to follow Mr. Tagore's example and to read his something or other somewhere or other. I shall have a word to say about Mr. Hewlett in a minute.
such a Journal in such times (1802), to contribute towards it for many years, to bear patiently the reproach and poverty which it caused, and to look back and see that I have nothing to retract, and no intemperance and violence to reproach myself with, is a career of life which I must think to be extremely fortunate." The words must have struck a sympathetic chord in me for, as I say, I bought a copy of the "Edinburgh" last week.

Alas, how deceptive are sympathetic chords which I must think to be extremely fortunate." The "Review" under Mr. Harold Cox is stodgy, with

I solemnly took the opening sentence of each and analysed it to prove to my technical mind that my taste was not in error. It seems probable that there will be no further armed conflict in Europe as the immediate result of the Balkan War.

Thirteen weeks to produce that! I could do it once a day with punctuality and dispatch. It is an accepted axiom of modern politics that each State must be allowed to be the judge of what forces it needs for offence and defence.

Fancy an "axiom" of that length coming after so brief an announcement. The sentence is wagged by its tail.

There can be little doubt that criticism in England is apt to give a preponderating eminence to the prose-writer who weaves his texture out of his own emotions and reflections, and to the founders of the British Essay, Bacon and Cornwallis.

That is Mr. Gosse, and how fallen since before he edited the "Daily Mail" "literary" page! Preponderating eminence, apt to give away his texture—Bacon and Cornwallis! Besides, the purport of the whole is trivial. It is alike the despair and the solace of human existence that we can divine little more from the world of fiction or books or of solitude than what we bring to them. (Mr. Walter de la Mare, lately crowned with a purlieus by some society or other.)

When a great man dies it is always a matter for consideration whether his work has been so far dependent on his personality that it will die with him, or whether it has been built on such a foundation of sound principle that its permanence may be regarded as assured, subject to the changing needs of each day and generation.

The last is a model of bad style and should be placed on the cover of the "Edinburgh Review" for the emulation of its contributors. I wish I had my six shillings back again, or that Sydney Smith were alive.

**

Though something of an eleutheromania, I decline to accept the current conception of Liberty as it applies to literature—that anybody may express an opinion on anything and everybody shall say no more than the law permits. But Homer's "grand manner" is a mere trick. How, Mr. Sinclair asks, did Homer "secure" his "effect"? "Simply by giving his heroes the centre of the stage and portrayal thereby as unaware of any music in their emotions and limitless in their greed." Ah, Mr. Sinclair, that's the ticket! Mr. Sinclair probably supposes his onslought to be iconoclastic. It isn't, it's ignorance.

The moment an art is on its death-bed Leagues are formed ostensibly to bring it to life, but actually to give it burial. The latest League for the latest art to expire (only temporarily, I believe) is the "Drama League," which was founded last week with three avowed objects: (1) To prevent the untimely withdrawal of promising plays; (2) to whip up members to attend when such plays are dropping in their box-.offices; (3) to form a library of dramatic literature. Of these three objects only the third is practicable, the other two being as

It is an accepted axiom of modern politics that each play from a sense of duty which will not attend from a sense of profit; but no theatre will be kept open a day longer by their sacrifices. And who is to indicate the plays which are worth these efforts? The committee, I suppose. And how will they recommend? Their own, of course, but their plays are not a public success; or will they make them a private success assist matters? The drama for the moment is dead; the music-halls and the cinemas have completed the work of destruction that realism and Reinhardt began. To revive it, we do not need to band ourselves in Leagues and swear to attend its corpses and lie them living. The play's still the thing, and a new dramatist will arise so soon as the Leagues are out of the way. This is a prophecy.

If one obscure little paper calls another obscure little paper "a certain undistinguished weekly," refuses to name it, and then "would like to enter a vigorous protest!" (if only it could) "against the coarseness that passes in the latter under the heading of Reviews," I see the "Academy" girding on its fountain-pen and rushing from a fray with—well, with the "Peebles Courier," say! Only, the "Academy," by its quotation of a delectable passage, seems to have in mind The New Age. Touche! I chivalrously cry, Touche! I felt the "Academy's" retreating ink spatter my colleagues.

**

I made occasion a fortnight ago to mention Miss Evelyn Underhill's "work" on mysticism. Her review of Mr. Hewlett's new work, also mystical, "The Lore of Proserpine," which appeared in the "Daily News" last week, confirms my estimate of the pair of them. Great is Mr. Hewlett, and Miss Underhill is now his prophet. That mysticism of the modern sort is the last refuge of Romanticism I can well believe; but Mr. Hewlett's "Prossy": The book offers us a profound philosophy, a new vision of the world. Does it indeed? Deary me! The author "relates how a gentleman kept a fairy in his dog-run." Poor dog! "Man's soul, which Bunyan thought a city, is likened by Mr. Hewlett to a river divided into three flats." How urbane to be sure! Out of one of the windows he saw trees like "slim grey persons," and the spirits of the air "darken the sky as red wings in the autumn fields." Well, as Alice said, I never heard it before, but it sounds uncommon nonsense. Which reminds me.
When Mr. Yeats and Mr. Edward Carpenter (the story has been told in *The New Age* before) first met their conversation fell upon the Fabian Society, and afterwards—upon a fairy. Mr. Yeats had told Mr. Carpenter that he (Carpenter) was the spiritual successor of the Fabian Society, destined to supersede it; and to compensate himself for this disappointment he broke Mr. Carpenter's interest in Irish fairies. He related how once upon a time he was walking in a birch wood, I think it was, in Ireland and saw—emerge—from behind a tree—a bright figure—of a being—who might have been a god! Mr. Carpenter remarked very dryly: 'for he has humour under his free rhythm: 'Well, let's hope it's not quite true!' I know, by the way, that the story is correct, for I was there.

I do not need to hope that Mr. Hewlett's stories of 'slim, grey persons' and 'red wings' are not quite true. They cannot be or he dared not tell them, could not tell them, in his fashion. Or, if they are true, he had better see a doctor. Spiritual experiences demand silence or command language. They cannot be related in terms of dog-runs and lousy flats. And to Miss Underhill the story should be told of the reply of the Home Secretary has adopted in *The Truth* was revealed to him. 'A fool,' he said, 'for not having seen it before.' The most esoteric thing in the world is commonsense; the most simple, the most obvious, and the most incommunicable. All true Mysticism is summed up in it. The rest is vapours when it is nothing worse.

R. H. C.
maintenance for cancerous patients. Feeble-mindedness may be the cause of most of the crime, immorality, and poverty that, at present, are so expensive to the nation; but it is not so clear that it is less expensive to the nation to call these people "defectives," or that the cure is to prevent them from breeding. For if, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, of every 100,000 persons born five were hanged (a proportion practically equivalent to the incidence of insanity in modern England), yet crime did not decrease. Segregation will only be more expensive and no less futile. And who, we may ask at this point, are the people being segregated in this Act? Mr. McKenna has stated that "it must be borne in mind that to a considerable extent the feeble-minded homes would be supporting." May we suggest that the feeble-minded are persons who could support themselves, but will not, or cannot, provide surplus value either for capitalists or officials? Dr. Hollander mentions the fact that none of the existing homes are self-supporting; that the labour of the inmates reduces the expenditure by only six percent. Obviously, Mr. McKenna is contemplating a different type of defective, as, indeed, the very wording of another clause suggests. In providing a penalty of two years' imprisonment for abuse of a female defective, the Bill says: "unless he proves that he did not know and had no reasonable grounds for suspecting that the female was such a defective as aforesaid," it is obvious, then, that people will be under "care, supervision, and control" who are just like any ordinary person; and a man who is even less skilled in diagnosis of feeble-mindedness than doctors are in its definition may become a criminal simply because his love outruns natural suppression of instinct. This is the American idea of imprisonment for fornication; and if this clause is passed, and it has the effect that is intended, we may expect an increase of functional nervous disorders due to unnatural suppression of instinct.

The objections to the Bill in detail are manifold, but I can only mention one. At present, the plea of feeble-mindedness may not save a man convicted of a capital crime; under this Bill, there is not a chance in which the plea of feeble-mindedness may not be successful. In the case of the poorer classes, the result would be segregation for life; in the case of the upper classes, of course, a wealthy person would be appointed, and this person leave the court, and return to liberty with no more supervision than can be exercised by a companion. The legal reactions of this Bill are incalculable, and it is better to confine criticism to the principles of the Bill, and it is clear that without a precise definition of feeble-mindedness the provisions of the Bill may apply to anybody. It is clear that the remedy is not a remedy; that segregation of the feeble-minded will no more prevent feeble-mindedness than incarceration of the insane prevents insanity. It should also be clear that the fact of segregation will have the same effect on medical men in the case of feeble-mindedness as in insanity; it will act like a blinker on them, and unconsciously prohibit any research into the causes or the possibilities of the cure of feeble-mindedness. Segregation is a confession of failure, and is not itself a cure; and if on no other, on these grounds it should be opposed. For our knowledge of the brain is comparatively recent, and is by no means complete: it dates back only to Gall, perhaps to Swedenborg. For ordinary doctors it does not go much beyond Broca; and it is absurd to put an embargo on further research by such a palpably inept social remedy as segregation. Doctors, at least, should resist the Bill by all the means in their power; it would be a disgrace to the medical profession to allow a handful of quack sociologists to usurp the prerogative of healing. Readers of The New Act will not need to be told that this Bill is only a means of preparing the Servile State; and there I may leave the matter for the moment.

A. E. R.

**"Ethics."** By William Marwick.

"The end of all moral speculations," wrote David Hume, "is to teach us our duty, and, by proper representations of the deformity of vice and beauty of virtue, beget corresponding habits, and engage us to avoid the one and embrace the other. But is this ever to be expected from inferences and conclusions of the understanding, which of their very nature hold but the affections, or set in motion the active powers of man? They discover truths; but where the truths which they discover are indifferent and beget no desire or aversion, they can have no influence on conduct and behaviour. What is honourable, what is fair, what is becoming, what is noble, what is generous, takes possession of the heart, and animates us to embrace and maintain it. What is intelligible, what is evident, what is probable, what is true, procures only the cool assent of the understanding; and, gratifying an intellectual curiosity, puts an end to our researches." This paragraph from the first section of Hume's "Inquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals" seems to me, in its closing sentence, an apt description of the little manual that the Cambridge lecturer in Moral Science has produced for the Home University Library. Its defect is an intellectualism which "gratifying an intellectual curiosity, puts an end to our researches." It may be a good manual for examination purposes. It is clearly, simply, and ably written, but it seems to me to be singularly lacking in the power to make Ethics a subject of living practical interest, or to give any guidance in the discussion (I do not say the solution) of those ethical problems that confront us every day of our lives in the home, the market place, the school, and the university, in national and international affairs, in questions of race and religion; in a word, the ethical relations of humanity at large. To make quite clear what I mean, let me instance the ethical questions involved in the White Slave Traffic Bill, e.g., that of flogging, so ably discussed in these columns in the issues of October 24 and November 7, or the ethical problems raised by the war in the Balkans, or in the apparently purely economic thesis of Mr. Norman Angell's "The Great Illusion," that war is futile. In an earlier book he had made an effort to state the problem in ethical terms, and a recent interview in "The Christian Commonwealth" (November 3) makes it clear that in the latter, though he relies on purely economic arguments, the problem is fundamentally a moral issue. What help does Mr. Moore's book on "Ethics" give to the discussion (I do not say, the solution) of any moral issue before Parliament or before us? It would be to me, I think, a useful book to have by my side as I can see, and I have read the book from cover to cover, not only to gratify speculative curiosity, but also in the hope of finding a practical illustration of Hume's dictum that "the end of all moral speculations is to teach us our duty.

But I desire to be absolutely fair to Mr. Moore, and I shall let him state in his own words the questions he wished to discuss and has discussed. I did not quote from Hume's "Inquiry into the Principles of Morals" only to have his discussion of fundamental ethical questions in favour of quick and easy solutions of concrete problems. "Ethical philosophers," he says, "have been largely concerned, not with laying down rules to the effect that certain ways of acting are generally or always right, and other ways wrong, nor yet with giving lists of things which are good and others which are evil, but with trying to answer more general and fundamental questions such as the following: What, after all, is it that we mean to say of an action when we say that it is right or ought to be done? And what is it that we mean to say of a state of things when we say that it is good or bad? Can we discover any general characteristic, which belongs in common to..."
absolutely all right actions, no matter how different they may be in other respects? And what does not belong to any actions except those which are right? . . . There is . . . no such consensus of opinion among experts and laymen in these fundamental and ethical questions, as there is about many of the more important propositions in Mathematics and the Natural Sciences” (pp. 9 and 10). Bergson has remarked that “it has not been enough noticed how feeble is the reach of deduction in the psychological and moral sciences compared with a proposition verified by facts, verifiable consequences can here be drawn only up to a certain point, only in a certain measure. Very soon appeal has to be made to common sense, that is to say, to the continuous experience of the real, in order to inflict the consequences deduced and screened them along the life. Deduction succeeds in things moral only metaphorically, so it speaks, and just in the measure in which the moral is transposable into the physical, the psychological and moral sciences. From a proper sense, that is to say, spatial symbols” (“Creative Evolution,” Eng. Tr., p. 224).

Without discussing the passage, I simply quote it to call attention to what he says about appeal needing to be made “to the continuous experience of the real”; and it seems futile and a beating of the air to discuss even fundamental ethical questions, “to realise and distinguish clearly from another the most important of the different views which may be held about these matters” without constant reference to man’s “continuous experience of the real.” My point will be made still clearer if I refer to what Dr. Bernard Bosanquet calls “the principle—truthism if you like”—with which he began his Gifford Lectures on “The Principle of Individuality and Value,” “that in our attitude to experience, or through experience to the world, we are to take for our standard what man recognises as value when his life is fullest and his soul at its highest stretch.” Of course, the critic murmurs that all these terms of rank and value merely beg the question. But Bosanquet was only urging by anticipation “that there are in life central and dominant experiences, whose importance is obvious and undeniable, but which seldom find due recognition in the formal philosophy of other than the greatest men” (p. 4). “You do not, for example,” he adds, “readily find represented in philosophical doctrine so large and free an impression of the world as has recently been gathered by a gifted student of Shakespeare . . .” (4) “The phenomena, as we really recognise them, are like those of beauty and ugliness: you cannot divide them between this side and that, and say ‘Let here!’ ‘Let there!’ You have rather to open your eyes to the higher obvious, and look at the greater experiences as they are. . . . You cannot, perhaps, ‘solve the problem.’ But you can see that the whole belongs together in a way which our prima facie judgments wholly fail to confront. So with ‘good’ and ‘evil’ in the universe. Such experiences as Moral Good, Pleasure, Justice, take you only a certain way. With the best of logic you cannot make a universe out of them; or, more truly, the best of logic refuses to handle these alone. The matter must be of higher quality, or it will not give rise to the fuller form. So the higher, yet obvious and dominant, experience carries you at least as far as, for example, strength and endurance, love and sacrifice, the making and the achievement of souls.” This, it seems to me, is the most fruitful way to approach the study of ethical problems. “Simply to be right, as the greatest men are right, means to have traversed hundreds and thousands of ingestuities, to have rejected them as inadequate, and come back to the centre enriched by their negative results” (op. cit., p. 7).

To return to Mr. Moore’s “Ethics,” I shall quote from his closing chapter on “Intrinsic Value” a passage that illustrates the futility of his method and also his irritating use of italics: “The fact is, that the view which seems to me to be true is the one which, apart

† A. C. Bradley. “Shakespearean Tragedy,” p. 246.

from theories, I think everyone would naturally take—namely, that there are an immense variety of different things, all of which are intrinsically good; and that, though all these things may perhaps have some characteristics in common, their variety is so great that we have no weight which, besides being common to them all, is also peculiar to them—the is to say, which never belongs to anything which is intrinsically bad or indifferent. All that I think can be done . . . is to classify some of the chief kinds of each, etc. . . . But I have not space to do it here” (p. 245). This, he thinks is one of the most profitable things which can be done in ethics. It is a pity he did not attempt that ‘neglected’ subject, and leave the less profitable alone.

REVIEWS.

Fatuous Fables. By Denis Turner. (Fifield. 2s. 6d. net.)

O unwelcome hard, be off.

There was a certain millionaire

Whose life was very full of care.

There was a man who worshipped fame:

I cannot recollect his name.

There was a man who

Run away, run away, the Royal Literary Thingamy jawns for you.

New Poems. By D. S. Shorter. (Maunsell. 1s. 6d. net.)

One set of three verses, “The Poisoned Arrow,” has some claim to be called a minor poem.

Songs of Childhood. By M. Lawrence. (Grant Richards. 1s. 6d. net.)

And other verses, we must add, in quoting the mature line: “God! I am lonely!” ParLOUR-verse for the most part with many yores and before and much halting rhythm—

Love comes but once in his own regal guise,

Once his life we shrine his Majesty.

The songs of children are sophisticated things enough—

I do not understand the world

For I am very new,

I only wish the People saw

Things from my point of view.

By the way (nothing to do with this review), we read somewhere or other an effusion by Mr. Richard Buxton, something about “Just that half-hour before you go to bed, fold close your something hands and dunt dum,” and she was to repeat all the love words he had said to her that day and not mind if the great poets scoffed at his babble—he was too young to be able to say things decently although he could say, and had said, “strong words and naked, brutal, stiff and stark,” with all the ardour of his nature, and was very pleased not to know “the secret arts of loving and being loved.”

A lad who should get on!

Immanence. By E. Underhill. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)

The first verses proclaim the Creator as adorning all things great and being much concerned about the small ones, Love’s hour, feathery motherhood, and so on. In “In Stigmata,” Christ or another Master is addressed as “My Dear.”

“Invitatory” is a plea and a promise from God to a mortal soul. “Dear child! my Sister and my Bride, dear Heart, poor wearied one” are a few of the Almighty invitations; and the soul is promised “Her Lover and her God.” Why ever were women allowed to know anything about the soul? They will never make anything of a mystery except an excuse for an orgy.

In Lavender Covers. By Dermot Freyer. (Glaisheir. 1s. net.)

Casual stuff, the rejection of which by many editors with great promptitude and politeness, Mr. Freyer believes to be sufficient justification for publishing in book form. Our poet is content, he says, to be a man with the heart of a child. However, children can behold a girl without raving about the proud promise of her strange sweets to be, and they don’t discourse of
full-blooded love, pulsing and virginal; a quaint lie.
We also, borrowing his clichés, reject Mr. Freyer's
"third trespass" with great promptitude and politeness.

Verses. By E. Waterhouse. (Methuen. 28. net.)
In windy winter, O my love, my love,
I seek the spot where most I think of thee.

H'm. But where, where, where
Is the child so dear to me,
With the silken-golden hair.
Who sobbed upon my knee?

Where, where, is the art
Which alone could justify publishing feelings of this sort?

Helen of Troy. By Sara Teasdale. (Knickerbocker Press.)

Advertisement of the "New York Times" opinion:
"Authentic accent of genius... sufficient poetry in
this small book to furnish forth a hundred volumes."

For never woman born of man and maid
Had wrought such havoc on the earth as I.

From "Erinner"—
They sent you in to say farewell to me,
No, do not shake your head; I see your eyes.

From "The Wayfarer"—
Love entered in my heart one day
A sad, unwelcome guest.
But when he begged that he might stay,
I let him wait and rest.

From "Youth and Pilgrim"—
Gray pilgrim, you have journeyed far,
I pray you tell me
Is there a land where Love is not,
By shore of any sea?

Authentic accent of fiddlestick!

Poems to Pavlova. By A. T. Cull. (Perkins.)

These verses, among modern verse probably the most
skillful of its artificial order, have no
unlikely from so decorative a beginning.

Akademie; Revue Socialistic. Duben, 1913
(April, 1913.) Price, 40 heller (4d.)

This is a monthly review of Socialism issued
in Prague in the Czech language. The fact that it is
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in Prague in the Czech language. The fact that it is
under the editorship of F. V. Krejci, a well-known
literary critic, attests its general excellence. The
present number contains in its forty pages half a dozen
articles on economic and sociological subjects. Frant. Modracek writes of the lamentable condition of
Austrian finances. V. Dvorak touches the "present
theatrical crisis"; this refers to the serious pecuniary
losses that have been incurred during the past few
months by a large number of foreign theatres.
The writer sees the remedy in the formation of popular
stage societies such as have already gained ground in
Berlin and Vienna. E. Stern deals with Collectivism in
its various aspects, while Dr. A. Schulz concludes an
article on agrarian matters as they affect German social
democracy. A. Broz shows an intimate knowledge of
the Trades Union movement in England and the chief
figures associated with it. Finally there is an install-
ment in Czech translation of "Socialism and the middle
classes," by H. G. Wells. The various notes on poli-
tical, economic, and socialistic events survey a wide
field.

On the literary side may be mentioned a tale by
Anatole France, and the review of a detailed study by
J. Vondracek of the poetry of Petr Bezruc. It will
perhaps be remembered that translations from his re-
markable "Songs of Silesia," appeared in The New
Age about two years ago.

Confessions of a Tenderfoot. By Ralph Stock.
(Grant Richards. 10s. 6d. net.)

Why do people write books? "Some play the devil,
and then write a novel," said Byron. Others play the
fool, and then write confessions; but what confessions!
Is it of worldwide importance (and therefore worthy
of publication) that Mr. Stock did not know that there
was no porter at Maple Creek station to carry his bag
to a hotel? The discovery is solemnly recorded, and
is typical of these "confessions." The book tells of
the author's experiences in Canada as a cattle-rancher,
of his trip to England on a cattle boat, of his return
to Canada and his "hearing" of a trip to the
South Sea Islands and to Australia, and of his
settlement in Queensland as a grower of pineapples.
The book conveys little information concerning these
places; the author took himself wherever he went, and
his readers are as incapable of shaking him off. Mr.
Stock must have forgotten that a personal record is
interesting in proportion to the interest attaching to
the person; and that, to people who know nothing of
Mr. Stock, his book would be equally superfluous.
There are two principal reasons for writing a book:
one is to convey information, the other is the applica-
tion of literary skill to knowledge already obtained
with the intention of revealing its significance. Mr. Stock
is not a learned person, and he is certainly not a literary
man, in spite of his journalistic work in Sydney. He
has had nothing but a few experiences which might
happen to anybody, and his proper place is among
the six-shilling novelists. There, at least, his imper-
fections would seem natural. Perhaps even glorious are
examples of his "realism." Among the half-guinea
travel book writers he is an interloper; and even his
eighty-five illustrations will not make him anything
but a "tenderfoot" in literature. The letterpress is the
sort of stuff that Stevenson might have dined out a
letter, but it lacks all Stevenson's skill and occasional
grace of expression. You had better grow pineapples,
Mr. Stock; there are critics of literature about.

The Ring of Nature. By G. G. Desmond. (Methuen.
5s. net.)

This is a book of twenty-four chapters, two for each
month of the year, and four illustrations that have no
obvious connection with the narrative. We believe
that Gilbert White began it, and we gather from Mr.
Desmond's references to boy scouts that there is a
section of the reading public that is interested in
Nature. Anyhow, Mr. Desmond has published the
record of the observation of what happened during
one year, and has given us a good idea of what we may
expect to see and hear if we become skilled enough to
walk through the country without making a smell or
a noise. Mr. Desmond certainly avoids the laboured
incomprehensibility of the science; he also forgets
that his imaginary human companions, his narrative
becomes interesting. But his attempts to make it in-
teresting are unnatural, which is the severest con-
demnation of a Nature lover. The book certainly
adds clarity to amateur observations of Nature; each chapter tells what may be seen during
a fortnight, if one is lucky enough to live near a green
field, a spinney, and running water. Even Hyde Park
leads itself to observation, and Mr. Desmond's book
may be recommended to those who never went bird
nesting in their youth, and are sorry for it.

Shakespeare as Pan—Judge of the World. By
Charles Downing. (Shakespeare Press. 28. net.)

God bless the commentators! " 'Fair, kind, and
ture,' is all my argument," said Shakespeare in the
Sonnets. This means that Shakespeare has declared
himself as at one with Beauty, Truth, and Love.
When he said: "You are my all the world" he meant
that his ideal was identical with the All of Nature; and
thus presented himself as "Pan alive again with the
Renaissance." Therefore "The Society of the Shake-
pearean Reconciliation" has been formed for the pur-
pose of proving to the world that Shakespeare was not
only a poet, but was also "a supreme manifestation of
the Divine." The Sonnets declare him as Pan; "The
Tempest" presents him as "at one with the Moral
Law of Nature, and with the Moral Spirit of Love, in
what concerns the world; thus as Judge of the world
with the Reformation." Behold! We are witnessing the
birth of another "Chicago religion."
Art.

The Hundred and Forty-Fifth Royal Academy.

By Anthony M. Ludovic.

Nobody could be more desirous than I to praise and to find some ray of hope and promise for the future in the exhibitions of the Royal Academy. Say what you will about it, it is after all, the stronghold of many things which are sacred to the true lover of art. And, I believe, that it is precisely because it is the stronghold of many things which are traditionally sacred, that the public, who are the stronghold of tradition flock there in such numbers. They know that there, and perhaps there alone nowadays, they will find what they understand by a "picture"—that is to say, something of human interest which has awakened the love if not the passion of a painter, and which he has selected and communicated to them inside a gold frame. And they are right. This is what they get, more or less. Or at any rate, in their opinion, it is the nearest approach to this which our age can give them.

Now, believing the public to be right in their unconscious expression of a long traditional taste, what are the precious things precisely of which the Royal Academy is the stronghold? They are two: the subject picture and technical finish. Well may the true picture lover cry, "Que faites vous dans cette galeere?" when he sees these two precious things in such hands, and often in such company. But this, after all, is beside my point. If we regard the tradition of a subject picture as sacred, and we value finish, we shall see that both of these things now have their headquarters at the Royal Academy. You suggest, perhaps, that it is as if the re-suscitated bodies of two of our most revered personalities in history—say Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, and Colbert—were found hiding in a slum in Whitechapel. Certainly, it is very much the same thing. But I would add that it is probably in the most painful part of my present duty. Any one would think, from the way one is reviled when one re-visit's, that it is a task one enjoys. As a matter of fact, nothing is more unpleasant. I believe that sometimes a critic is base enough to work off an old grudge in a criticism. In that case, maybe, a certain pleasant feeling of relief is obtained at the cost of decency. But, on the whole, even the most irresponsible wasp must find it more pleasant to go about gathering honey, than to be perpetually sting-ing.

But do not let yourself be carried away by the thought that I inspected the portrait of "Their Majesties The King and Queen, and Their Royal Highnesses The Prince of Wales and The Princess Mary," by Mr. Lavery, A.R.A. I did not. But I had the subject and I stubbornly will not let it fail me. I confess I expected little, but I realised less. Where is the feeling, the sense, the je ne sais quoi of Royalty here? What has the artist given to his subject? Nothing! He has taken heaps away from it. He is away of all generosity, of all richness and all splendour. I cannot say, the pity of it! Had I not seen their Majesties I should have refrained from uttering a word about this picture. But—well, I think the less said the sooner the better.

But do not let yourself be carried away by the thought that a commission of this sort involves insuperable difficulties. We know it is difficult—everybody knows it is difficult. But on the walls of the very same room, there are two other portraits which I would vote are not at all successful, less certain that they are right, and therefore less confident in modernity, than the Academy painters: it is not by being more artistic by any means! These are important considerations, especially when one is standing in the porch of Burlington House, wondering why on earth one is driven ever to enter the terrible place at all.

There are, of course, some pictures which are so bad, so hopelessly, irretrievably rotten, that they would disgrace a collection even very much inferior to the present Royal Academy; such, for instance, taken at random, are Mr. (Adrian Jones's) "Earl Roberts" (No. 445), W. S. L.'s "Tranquillity" (No. 291), Mr. William M. Palin's "Mother and Child at Play" (No. 329), W. H. Margesson's "An Il Omen" (No. 394) and a number of others which will announce themselves ostentatiously enough to any one who has eyes to see. While I think of it, however, there is one other, that should be included in this category, and that is the appalling portrait of "Lesley and Rosalie," daughters of J. L. Til-lotson, Esq. (No. 794); by W. H. Hall. I feel certain that no two children ever looked so self-conscious and bare-faced as these two unfortunate little girls do. Poor kids!—they are probably quite pretty and charming; for there are signs of incompetence about the picture which force one to give up any attempt to the sitters rather than to their painter.

And now let me take, before disposing of the most painful part of my present duty. Any one would think, from the way one is reviled when one revises, that it is a task one enjoys. As a matter of fact, nothing is more unpleasant. I believe that sometimes a critic is base enough to work off an old grudge in a criticism. In that case, maybe, a certain pleasant feeling of relief is obtained at the cost of decency. But, on the whole, even the most irresponsible wasp must find it more pleasant to go about gathering honey, than to be perpetually sting-ing. It was not only with sorrow, but with genuine alarm that I inspected the portrait of "Their Majesties The King and Queen, and Their Royal Highnesses The Prince of Wales and The Princess Mary," by Mr. Lavery, A.R.A. I did not. But I had the subject and I stubbornly will not let it fail me. I confess I expected little, but I realised less. Where is the feeling, the sense, the je ne sais quoi of Royalty here? What has the artist given to his subject? Nothing! He has taken heaps away from it. He is away of all generosity, of all richness and all splendour. I cannot say, the pity of it! Had I not seen their Majesties I should have refrained from uttering a word about this picture. But—well, I think the less said the sooner the better.
a little art, even a difficult commission can be given some spirit, some life and its share of beauty. But there you are, it's done now, and Mr. Sargent's help for it! And with that feeling one walks away, wondering what on earth the people and everybody else think of it.

Let me now just race through a list of pictures that really are worth looking at. First and foremost, John S. Sargent's "Roses" (No. 160), a nice type, beautifully drawn and sympathetically treated; then, in the order in which they appear in the catalogue, "Summer in Windsor Forest" (No. 12) by Claude F. Barry; "Mrs. E. Wynne Chapman" (No. 21), by J. E. Shannon; "Shannon" (No. 229), by John S. Sargent; "The Stuck Yard" (No. 375), by Lindsay G. Macarthur; "The Summit of the Jungfrau" (No. 404), by J. Laver; very pleasing, but slightly marred by a careless foreground.

Browning—this is a charming study, conscientiously produced, but like Maeterlinck's stupid scene of the boggart, the composition is specially augmented by the addition of some players from the Queen's Hall, the music is specially composed (and, I may say, specially reviewed by the "Manchester Guardian"), and the augmented orchestra playing the specially composed music is produced by the composer. We mere Londoners ought to be impressed.

Yet I may protest that, in the days of my misspent youth, I saw as bad productions at any one of the "blood pots" of London as there are here. We have the strings shivering up chromatics to a shriek, while the brass grunted and roared to make the villain's "Curse you!" inaudible. There also did the traps stick, or open before their time; there also did flats become immovable, or were mixed in their setting. There also was seen the whole of the stage staff wrestling with each other and the scenery while the audience clammed for the play; and, really, it is rather late in the day to offer us incompetent stage management in London. The transformation scenes in pantomime are better produced at a first performance than were those of "The Whispering Well" at the Court Theatre; and the dramatic use of the backdrop is about the oldest thing I remember in stagecraft. As for the boggart at the well, that little bit could of been seen in steady crowds of pantomime dogs and monkeys; and if the Spirit of the Well must have illuminated eyes, there is no ostensible reason why one should be red and the other white, like railway signals. Altogether, in spite of its pretensions, the production of "The Whispering Well" was about the worst I have seen since "that I was and a tiny little boy."

The play? Hear the "Manchester Guardian" first. "The stuff of the play seems to us extremely fine, and with care and good fortune may go far; we acknowledge it as one of the most remarkable stage pieces of our time." The management have taken care to the extent of reprinting the "Manchester Guardian" critique, but can one command good fortune? "The Whispering Well" tells us that in proportion to our sacrifices shall we have what we most desire; and the management have sacrificed much. They have sacrificed, for example, quite a lot of the dialogue, for their specially composed music makes the actors inaudible during the greater part of the boggart scenes. They have sacrificed stage management, as I have said; and their production of this play shows that they have also sacrificed one of the most remarkable stage pieces of our time."

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

It is an old jibe of the writer of "Notes of the Week" that what Lancashire thinks today England thought the day before yesterday. I am reminded of the epigram by the production, at the Court Theatre, of Mr. F. H. Rose's "The Whispering Well." The memory has the greater relish because I was once told by a Manchester man (who has since been honored by the publication of a letter in the "Daily Citizen" as one of its "Thoughts of Leading Citizens") that Manchester was ever so much more advanced than London, particularly in drama. We, poor, benighted devils, were supposed to be still lumbering over "The Harbour Lights" and "Two Little Vagabonds"; while, in Manchester, "Nan" or some similar rubbish had been performed at Miss Horniman's. I say, of course, that it's time for us to come to London to show us what drama really is, and how plays ought to be produced. Certainly, if the amount of printed matter given with the programme is any indication of the managerial estimate of the importance of a production, "The Whispering Well" must be, as the "Manchester Guardian" said in its notice (carefully reprinted by the management, and distributed to the ignorant heathen of London at the Court Theatre), "the most astounding play that the Gaiety Theatre [of Manchester] has yet produced."
told all about that. Bedtime for the children: they demand a story, and for ten minutes the play is stopped while the story of “The Whispering Well” is told. They go to bed, and the play begins at the end of the first act.

Robin wants to be rich without work. His wife protests against his ungodly desire, and they quarrel. She goes to bed, and the play begins at the end of the first act.

They sacrifice their children, and the third act shows the real next morning, with Robin waking from a drunken sleep into which no one has been benedict with a stool when the Spirit of Desire appears. The last scene shows us the orchard many miles from my bookshelves, and off-hand it is difficult to remember the contents of the most familiar catalogue. But I know that frequently, and in some cases very frequently, in the recent catalogues of those firms—among them as Sir Robin and Lady Tumson. After a ridiculous scene in “The Hall of Sir Robin’s Mansion,” the spirit of desire offers to take him to the well, where, in proportion to his sacrifices, he may obtain riches. Then, without any indication that it is all a dream, begins the period of scene-shifting. The second scene of the second act is, apparently, the next morning in Robin’s cottage; and the man to go to bed as a good housewife, and shgrade, and she gives up all she has to regain the children. The father is too late to do likewise, and the spirit of desire drags him to the whispering well, and throws him into it. Later, one discovers that weeks have elapsed. More quarrels, and the man is about to strike his wife with a stool when the spirit of desire appears. They sacrifice their children, and the third act shows them as Sir Robin and Lady Tumson. After a ridiculous scene in “The Hall of Sir Robin’s Mansion,” the spirit of desire appears to the woman, and she gives up all she has to regain the children. The father is too late to do likewise, and the spirit of desire drags him to the whispering well, and throws him into it.

The last scene shows us the real next morning, with Robin waking from a drunken sleep into which no one had any reason to suppose that he had fallen; and, of course, reconciliation with his wife.

This is the stuff that seems “extremely fine” to the “Manchester Guardian”! It has been done to death in melodrama and is not redeemed from its utter banality by a touch of the Manchester Maeterlinck. The dialogue, as well as the ideas of the play, are worthy of a Labour man, and it is as trumpery in its pretentiousness as that of the ordinary conductor of a pantomime is banal, stage-making, and shgrade, and she gives up all she has to regain the children.

The present idols are Amy Woodforde-Finden, Stephen Adams, Teresa del Riego, Hermann Lohr, Guy d’Hardelo, and others whose works bear no mark of the Manchester Maeterlinck. The dialogue, as well as the ideas of the play, are worthy of a Labour man, and it is as trumpery in its pretentiousness as that of the ordinary conductor of a pantomime is banal, stage-making, and shgrade, and she gives up all she has to regain the children.

Music and Musicians.

By John Playford.

“Music Composers and Lyric Authors desiring publicity should apply for particulars of popular publishing scheme—.”—and Co., are prepared to consider MSS. with a view to publication. Author’s property (if applied on a very equitable basis, eliminating the usual speculative risks, and enabling composers to derive a very substantial benefit from their works.” Very frequently one may read advertisements of this kind in one or more daily newspapers. What they mean precisely is not very evident on the surface beyond the mere invitation to communicate with those benevolently minded business houses. What happens between composer and publisher is open to conjecture. My own experience is that the publisher takes the “usual speculative risks” (which are here thoughtfully reduced to a minimum), that the popular publishing scheme is performed on a “very equitable basis,” that nobody is ha’denny the worse, that more than likely the publisher is a few ha’denches thinner, and the composer a little wiser for the experience. I am not sorry if the composer has to pay; his work is usually indifferent good. The two firms of music-publishers who advertise the seduction above quoted distribute broadcast (at a price) music that is unlikely to disturb the peace of this glorious Empire to any very noticeable extent. And the names of the composers involved in the great scheme are not of the genus one associates with imperishable fame, or tremendous pecuniary profits.

So the point is only relatively important. What is important to musicians is that the quality of music made

in England to-day is better than it was ten years ago and very much better than it was twenty years ago. An average list of new songs published by such firms as Novello, Boosey, Chappell, Enoch, Cramer, J. H. Larway, and Stainer and Bell will expose a certain amount of sediment, the sort of sediment one is, perhaps, better without. At the moment of writing I am in an apple orchard many miles from a cottage, and it is difficult to remember the contents of the most familiar catalogue. But I know that frequently, and in some cases very frequently, in the recent catalogues of those firms—to take them at random, from memory—the names of Balfour Gardiner, Cyril Scott, Vaughan Williams, Roger Quilter, Julius Harrison, Percy Grainger, Joseph Holbrooke, James Friskin, Gustav von Holst, Hamilton Hartly, Frank Bridge, Graham Peel, W. H. Bell, Arnold Bax, Cyril Kootham, Edgar Bain- ton, Geoffrey Toye, and Norman O’Neill—each of whom one may safely regard as an artist who takes his art seriously without money-making as the chief end in view. I did not sit down in this uncomfortable orchard to prate about sincerity, but merely to point out what few people seem to be aware of—that, the standard of the maliciously misnamed “royalty ballad” has been considerably raised during the last few years. Probably each of the young men I have just mentioned is in receipt of royalties from at least one of the firms in my list. Twenty years ago did such composers ask this quality? Ten years ago most of them had hardly got over their pot-hooks, and to-day their workmanship—or most of it—holds its own with the best in the world.

Of course, I do not suggest that all these names are freelyfavoured at Ballad Concerts—the forcing-houses of the “royalty” song; but they are more than tolerated. The present idols are Amy Woodforde-Finden, Stephen Adams, Teresa del Riego, Hermann Lohr, Guy d’Harde-lo, and others whose works bear no mark of the Manchester Maeterlinck. The dialogue, as well as the ideas of the play, are worthy of a Labour man, and it is as trumpery in its pretentiousness as that of the ordinary conductor of a pantomime is banal, stage-making, and shgrade, and she gives up all she has to regain the children.

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Finally she tripped across to him and rapped his collar, but she reproduced a dozen seductive tricks correctly.

I, having learned the fatality of giving rein to impulse, I'...

I saw a woman at a dance one evening languishing at her, in the shadow. She had warts and protruding teeth, and there were other women and men, but superhuman mind, A voice, a mystery.

Put thy inferiors through the mill, Thou super-Socialist!

I'm highly strung by temperament, and with a body, though tingling with vitality, utterly devoid of charm and beauty, I was a fair example of the kind of woman and man who, having obtained a hearing, he was bursting for expression.

I played with his waistcoat-button, and said, "Yes, that will be best," I replied.

You do love me, don't you?" he asked, his moist face assuming an anxious expression.

The atmosphere of home came out, as it were, to greet me, with all their complicated machinery, were based directly or indirectly, or had tremendous relations with this. The thirst of youth and the vague desire of the restless woman sought this. All the complicated love affairs I had witnessed culminated in this. This was such a little thing; it was absurd.

I reached home, having experienced "everything," and I was feeling remarkably normal. I was not even dazed. This, that I had gone through, formed the basic impulse that is fit home for thee!

A voice, a mystery.

A voice, a mystery.

No, no," I replied. "We could have a private room in a hotel," he said.

You must have--" I faltered. "A mate," he finished, and took me by the shoulders.

I let him crush me to his chest and whisper passionate nothings in my ear. The experience, which I rated highly among the experiences of life, had set in; events must take their course.

I hurriedly among the experiences of life, had set in; events must take their course.

I endeavoured to return his pressure, and all the time I was persuading myself that this was "it." I am having 'it' now," I said. "This is the kind of thing--"

And then we tidied the office, and looking the door behind us, we stole out furiously. The wind was brisk. I had lost a hat-pin at both my hands in the excitement of holding my hat upon my head. The 'buses were full, and we could not obtain a taxi. We walked along the pavement, and conversation was suddenly difficult. He sniffed continually.

I reached home, having experienced "everything," and I was feeling remarkably normal. I was not even dazed. This, that I had gone through, formed the basic impulse of innumerable sonnets, and the poems of passion, that haunted our library were suppressed and put away from all consciousness of this. The thirst of youth and the vague desire of the restless woman sought this. All the complicated love affairs I had witnessed culminated in this. This was such a little thing; it was absurd.

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The atmosphere of home came out, as it were, to greet me, as the door was opened, and the atmosphere was fraught with disaster. While yet on the step, I knew that something had happened, and against all reason I felt guilty. I saw myself with the eyes of my sisters, and
knew that I was a Fallen Woman—if they should dis-
cover me. I heard subdued voices and knew the signi-
ficance of the tones; it was a question of disgrace. Feeling
myself growing hot and cold by turn I rushed the situa-
tion and inquired loudly as to what had occurred.
And then I learned that "Fairy had been out for hours."

MINNA WITIERS.

PROLAPSE CALAMI.
(The disjoined musings of one of the intellectually un-
extemplary.)

I'm sick of patience, tired of cleanliness,
Of wisdom among the stupid,
Tired of the brain and the nerves that feel too much—
Make me a fool, O God, make me a fool,
A stodgy, filthy mucker like the others.
O God,
Why did you make me poor?
Why wasn't I a gentleman?
O all these bloody fools, they torture me,
Torture the brain you made so fine—
I didn't want it.
Why did you let them make
Steam-whistles, babies, hawkers, barking dogs,
Tramways, and third-class carriages, and toots,
Church-bells, whips, stone-pavements and canaries,
Sharp female voices, beggars, motor-cars,
Hooters.
I wanted flowers, nothing but flowers,
Slim silver ones, frail as her fingers are;
Hills of them, and sunlight and the silence,
And the blessed endless sky.
O God,
And you made me poor—hell, not you—
"Our Father, which art in Heaven" . . .

My head aches—how I loathe this place,
And nearly every place except the flower land,
And that I'll never have—I'm not a gentleman.
O hell, O God, O damn, O blast, O —,
(I will swear if I want.)
Why was I made a pauper?
Got like a may-bug or a centipede,
And nearly every place except the flower land.

God—how the noise flays, how the fools stink—
All right, I'll stop it soon
Be silent somehow.

I watched the moulding of each petal, braced
With swiftly arching tendrils—ah I marred
With clog of noisome weeds. For oft my spirit
Was racked to find upon these virgin frames
Sin's birthmarks, dulling eyes and searing checks,
Spoil of some nightly bout.

And I grew fierce
To see frail fruit, whose core was tainted, sick
With infancy of untrained sires, ill-starred
Third generation of Jehovah's wrath,
Set with a seal upon their wizened limbs.
All this I saw, and, seeing, felt my soul
Surge up in wild compassion for mankind,
But yet I durst not speak.

And in the night
I thought the corridors were filled with dim
And monstrous shapes; a leathsome company
Of leering gorgoyles flitted to and fro,
Feeding on children's innocence.

For this
Has ever been my curse, that I have pierced
With anguished eyes the void of cemeteries.
But let me slowly wean my phantasy
From brooding overmuch thereon. And now
Out of my knapsack take I Homer—this
A scent but precious remnant of my lore.
And to the symphony of spring I chant
His anthem of hexameters, a spell
Potent to ban these spectres, spectral hair
And fit me for this gladsome pilgrimage.

P. SIVER.

DOPE!
[Being the natural sequel to Miss Christabel Pankhurst's
announcement of the existence of an elixir of
chastity.]


ARE YOU A WHITE SLAVER?
I CAN CURE YOU!
Why continue this foolish, injurious, and costly habit?
LEt ME TELL YOU MY OWN STORY.
For sixteen years I was regarded as a hopeless case.
My life was one long martyrdom.
Disguised as a nurse, a policeman, a luggage-barrow
or a slot-machine, I haunted every terminus in London.
Through my efforts to arouse sympathy by epileptic
paroxysms amidst the traffic, I have been placed in
seventeen different hospitals in a single day. I was
frequently fatally injured, and, under the incessant strain,
my health broke down. I had no power to resist the
fateful craving; at night I could not sleep. Government
institutions, repeated flagellations, all failed to give
relief.

YET I WAS CURED IN ONE DAY!
Through the kindness of an interested physician I learnt how any sufferer, no matter of how long
standing, may be cured speedily, safely, conveniently, with or
without his knowledge, at home, or while attending to
his business. Think of it! A permanent cure between
to-day and to-morrow.

MOTHERS, WIVES, VIGILANTES!
You can cure him secretly. Try it in his bath, in his
dentifrice, in his tea-can. Mention whether he is willing
to be cured or no, as, in extreme cases, I can supply
manacles, gags, tooth-chisels, tubes, and nozzles to fit
any nostril. You can't be happy till he gets it.

GIVE HIM NO—VIM!
Post-free, under plain wrapper, 18. 6d., 28. 9d., upwards.
Note that the 28. 9d. size contains four times the quantity
in the 18. 6d. phial. From
CHRIS. T. AMUL, Avenue de Sade, Paris.

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS. WRITE TO-DAY.

T. MARK.

COMPREHENSION.
I hold the world in my hand
For I hold it in my eye;
Here's a legend in the sand
And another in the sky.

There's a story going round,
Told among the stars and me,
With a moral so profound
None may guess what it might be.

How can any understand
Aught save joy and trouble?
There's a legend in the sand
Which says that Life's a bubble.

H. E. POSTON-TOCKER.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE RAILWAY CLERKS' ASSOCIATION.

Sir,—We have just received a copy of the Agenda for the Sixteenth Annual Conference of the clerks Association to be held at York. Presumably railway clerks have had a somewhat superior education to that of railwaymen, and one expects them to wear black coats with those of their masters. The Agenda, however, shows no signs whatever that these gents have so much as begun to realise that improvements for the abolition of wage-slavery has opened. As painfully unconvincing as the new movement as their masters are alert to it, these black-suited, empty-headed pen-scratchers (who disdain even to add the additional Union of Railmen to their titles) have filled their Agenda with bleats for every kind of amelioration of their servitude, but with never a word for freedom itself. Here in strict order from Item 29 to Item 45 are the subjects of petition and entreaty to be embodied in "resolutions" (the word is ridiculous in this connotation)—Differences in District Salaries on L. and N.W. Railway; Salaries of Locomotive Clerks on L. and Y. Railway; Reduction in Hours of Labour; Hours of Duty of Clerical Workers; Unpaid Overtime; Excessive Hours of Midland Parcel Clerks; Deferred Annual Leave; Weekly Half-Holidays; Premium Stationmasters and Clerks; "Premier" Clerks; Classification of Vacancies; Active Service Age Limit.

Is not the time at hand to urge such railway clerks as are among your readers to take instant steps to bring their association into line with the new connotation?—Differentiation in District Salaries for freedom itself. Here in strict order from Item 29 to Item 45 are the subjects of petition and entreaty to be embodied in "resolutions" (the word is ridiculous in this connotation)—Differences in District Salaries on L. and N.W. Railway; Salaries of Locomotive Clerks on L. and Y. Railway; Reduction in Hours of Labour; Hours of Duty of Clerical Workers; Unpaid Overtime; Excessive Hours of Midland Parcel Clerks; Deferred Annual Leave; Weekly Half-Holidays; Premium Stationmasters and Clerks; "Premier" Clerks; Classification of Vacancies; Active Service Age Limit.

OMINIPOTENT PROLETARIAT.

Sir,—It is either Mr. Felix Elderly's dull understanding, or my defective explanation which makes him think that there is only a hair-splitting difference between his contention that the proletariat can never have an effective voting power, and my contention "that for mere social reforms the proletariat's vote could be effective, and that only for a social revolution the proletariat's vote is powerless." I shall, therefore, give him the benefit of the doubt, and will try to be more lucid if possible.

When Labour demands better conditions under the present system of Society, the propertied classes will not oppose them with all the forces at their command. They will even remain politically divided into Conservatives, Liberals, and Radicals, and the Labour vote could achieve some social reforms. But if it were to come to a fight for an entire reconstruction of Society from Capitalism to Socialism, then it would mean a life and death struggle. Not only would the propertied classes present a solid front politically, but they would use all the forces at their command. The Paris Commune is an example of what they are capable of. If the above explanation is not clear enough for Mr. Elderly, then I must give up the task as a bad job.

THE BLACK CRUSADE.

Sir,—Reading the current "Edinburgh Review," I encountered the following sentence in an article by Mr. E. N. Bennett:—"Not a single newspaper in Great Britain has expressed sympathy with the Ottoman cause, or even endeavoured to place before its readers any definite statement of the Turkish view of the question. Marmaduke Pickthall, as authoritatively as fervently, did so in The New Age at a series length, and the same you have published in pamphlet form. What I would like to ask Mr. Bennett, with his reputation gained by his ignorance of the fact that a better-informed man than himself has done what he positively asserts nobody has done? What I would like to ask Mr. Bennett, with his reputation gained by his ignorance of the fact that a better-informed man than himself has done what he positively asserts nobody has done? What I would like to ask Mr. Bennett, with his reputation gained by his ignorance of the fact that a better-informed man than himself has done what he positively asserts nobody has done? What I would like to ask Mr. Bennett, with his reputation gained by his ignorance of the fact that a better-informed man than himself has done what he positively asserts nobody has done?

R. H. C.

MR. GARVIN'S DISCOVERY.

Sir,—Incredible as it may seem, you may be surprised to learn that a not inconsiderable number of people during the whole course of the alleged Marconi inquiry never read a word until now, being fully reminded that the date in question synchronised with that on which, after certain American newspapers and shipping interests had for two days sought to gar¬

THE NEW AGE

MAY 22, 1913

the wireless operators and establish a virtual monopoly with that on which, after certain American newspapers and shipping interests had for two days sought to gar¬

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THE RECENT VIVISECTION CASE.

Sir,—I have just seen a copy of a report of the evidence—or of part of the evidence—given by Dr. Saleeby and by Sir Victor Horsley in the trial of the case brought by Miss Lind-af-Hageby against the " Pall Mall Gazette" and Dr. Saleeby.

As an old (and retired) physician, and one who respects the courtesy which should be shown by decent members of the profession even to their opponents, and not only to those of the medical profession, but also to opponents among the laity, I desire to express regret at the language used by Dr. Saleeby and also at his testimony, supposing the report I have read to be correct.

On that hypothesis, Dr. Saleeby's explanation of his use of the expression, "unscrupulous mendacity of hirelings," shows that he lost his temper; and, if correctly reported, that he was because of his accusing the opponents of vivisection with buying people to make misrepresentations, for he, in fact, admits that his so saying, was an assumption without evidence.

And Sir Victor Horsley, in his testimony (at least, as reported), denied that there was an atmosphere of levity or hilarity among the students attending the experiments; possibly he has selectively disregarded parts of medical student class. I have seen with disgust and shame members of a graduating class behave with levity and rudeness even while suffering being done before them, while the surgeon performed his labours upon the patient.

I differ from Sir Victor in his estimate of Pasteur's work; and as the two into his letter would take up more space than you might care to give to the subject, I am able to prove, on any fitting occasion, that not only Pasteur did not "open a new era"—unless a misnomer of his view was intended—but that his erroneous statements have not only Pasteur did not "open a new era"—unless a misnomer of his view was intended—but that his erroneous statements have been refuted by his own disciples, and that his appearances of success have been misrepresentations.

Sir Victor has "followed the crowd" in lauding the work of Pasteur; I would like to see his knowledge of that work tested, as well as of the sources whence that work was derived.

I, therefore, invite Sir Victor Horsley to state, which of the works of Pasteur and of Béchamp he has studied, or even read!

M. R. LEVISON, Med. Dr.

THE NEW AGE AND THE PRESS.

Sir,—You would not believe—would you—that the "New Statesman" could be such an old coward as to discuss Guild Socialism (which it thinks to improve by its writing, and yet without mentioning Gifford of Gifford) without mentioning THE NEW AGE. But it does. It also "reminds our young revolutionaries that the Webbs, whom they have sent to the grave with a flourish... strongly urge this very thing"—namely, Guild development. But strangely, when they urge it? More important, when and how do they urge it? By the way, I think Mr. Shaw, too, has not "special appeal to the workers"—I mean, a new illustration of marvellously successful quackery may be so termed, that his erroneous statements have not only clouded the fundamental sciences of medicine, but have misled the profession in.to adopting Medicine needs "to take a new departure," by taking up the study of morbid anatomy where Quenelet left it, and by the light of the general sciences, there must have been built up the sciences of physiology, pathology, anatomy, and medical chemistry upon sure foundations that are now, new to Pasteur and his followers, floundering in error and confusion.

The slight attempt to be placed by Sir Victor Horsley upon the names and reputations of Dr. Edward Bell and Lawson Tait can only react upon himself. True men of science were they indeed, and, in my judgment, Sir Victor Horsley has excluded himself from the ranks of men of science by his reckless exhibition of spite or envy against these two "Sommeitès de la Science."

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FEMINISM.

Sir,—I have so profound a respect for the acumen of the writer of your weekly notes, that I dissent from a single one of his expressed theories only with caution, and some mental uneasiness.

But a week or two ago your anti-feminist went quite beyond the limits of my mistrustful forbearance. To me he reads like one with a momentarily justified reason to furtify prejudice. Little enough, in all conscience, has argument and reason got to do with the present agitation anyway. Nor have those tiresome moral platitudes either—more foolish roots at the source, as an exercise in coercion, which must be resisted to all lengths in the public interest, etc., and so on. Not a word about Ministers' votes, or of any emergency or wrath beyond appeasement. Not a word about the tacit approval of hooliganism as an agent of suppres- sion, but plenty about taking such orders in general. Evidence of popular disapproval, and enlisting them as arguments in an a priori sequence.

What folly is all this parody upon the sovereign issues? My conviction ever since the Suffragist demand became insurgent has been that to make the concession to it in principle was the simplest and safest course. In this matter I am entirely a pragmatist, not persisting even a regardble approximation towards a political ethic in- cluded in either granting or denying the vote to sections as participorters in the community.

Such adjustments depend more upon material conflict for their shaping than upon academic reasoning, and so your note-writer is for once largely wasting his own time and the time of the public by the mere disputation of economic power, but yet be given to believing that it would set in this issue conveniently in the functions of a mighty value, and are, the balance of the vote affair should assume the proportions of a quite unnes- sarily violent now.

Graciously married to a real feminine, one of the comfort- ably normal type, I apprehend, Sir, none of his calamitous predicates. Some gleams of psychological knowledge forbid me to suppose that having gained the vote, women would be driven to go into the community.

The supposition is contrary to all experience. It flatters their genius excessively, and grossly maligns their instinctive nature in the greater concerns affecting the well-being of the race. No; I refuse to be scared. Many political revolutions have come and gone, at first half and feeble, but at the culminating of time have effaced their sharp edges, and made them part and parcel with that common run of experience that ceases to excite after any further consideration. Political revolutions are not made by the alarmist views as to what feminist attempts at supremacy might amount to let him turn for reassur- ance to the parallel with the passage of the Reform Bill in France.... "but I may remark another effect of this revolution... which is that of lessening, or, rather, reducing to nothing the emotional influences of the sex; they mixed themselves before in everything, in order to govern everything. The men in this country were puppets, moved by their wives, who, instead of giving the tone, in questions of national debate, must now receive it, and must be content to move in the political sphere of some celebrated leader—that is to say, they are, in fact, sinking into what nature intended them for; they will become more miliable, and the nation better governed."

What really set me off wondering, however, was this query. What does the writer of your notes mean, when he refers to the added bitterness to those women who do not want the vote, and do not desire? Why should the first sort be disturbed—they might be amused or sarcastic perhaps—but why anguished?

F. C.

"THE Writer of the Notes" replies: You correspondent appears to be one of those frivolous persons who see no karm in anything. To him the Vote apparently is a matter of no concern, to men or to women; and neither is anything else, I judge, so long as he personally is comfortable. His misrepre- sentations of my views are however more obvious to your readers. I have never confuted, as he implies, anti-Suffragism with anti-Feminism; but, on the contrary, I have stated that anti-Suffragism really arises from Pankhurst's failure to give reasons for my views on the Suffrage; and, in fact, I have repeated them so often as to risk their neglect by their monotonity. I have never prophecied
a dramatic catastrophe as the result of enfranchising women and thereby sealing their entrance into industry, and Mr., and are no basis for the conditions that led of French Revolution and that women retired when politics again became sane and masculine? These are as valid deductions as those your correspondent against from the passage the minority of their sex should force the vote on them all. I can't for the life of me decide whether Mr. Kenndey's, has not quite "sunk to the nadir." I should not think badly of a man who sank down or fled from a swarm of wasps, and modern women are wasps. Presently we shall escape from them, from our wounds, lie low, and descend on the sinisters while they're all grinning at home over the day's performance. In fact, the police have just carried out much such a raid, and the grin begins to go against the grindstone. The public whose bribery and corruption is only less than their touching dependence on mere male guidance, a guidance which they have thrown in to save their character, and had no more Whatever of her. She said everything to the glory of God. She proposed once at the Sunday-schools some silly proposition which the village schoolmaster ridiculed, and that of the teachers. I saw her write. Self-possession, she had none of it. But from that day she, by under methods, wire-pulling, schoolmaster so low to the ground he went out of his mind in fear of her and hanged himself. He had a large young family. His school was a Church school, and managed by house-holders' families. He saved money, and for a speculation about the time he perceived that she intended to do him in, and the two circumstances together terrorised him out of his much injured man, but she had little to do with her. He could have been as wicked and vindictive as anybody who ever lived, and been favoured by her if he had toadied and flattered her. She was the most dangerous women, absolutely selfish and without culture, and wanted to control the private lives of everybody near her. Her power for mischief lay in her physical attraction, which was so great as they could be in any woman without brains. I cannot say, however, that her example has affected my views of women much; they arise from experience alone, and are of different class—a plebeian one. My grandfather was a small farmer, rack-rented, when I was a youth. I liked him, and used to go and talk to him, and I was amused with his difficulties, and out of my small, very small store I used to help him. He thought, or had an apprehension, that I might be more generously disposed than my father might. In fact, that I might hurt myself by giving more than I could afford. I did not. But his wife, Granny, had no ruth, no scruples; she told her tales coloured, and lied, to get as much out of me as ever she could. I remember her once when, after she had excited my sympathy and, I suppose, subscription by her tale of their extreme poverty, grandfather came in and all unconsciously let out that he had ten pounds or twelve—I forget which— with which he was going to buy a cow. It must be really thirty years ago. Granny had not the slightest influence with me after that. F. M.

FEMINISM IN "THE NEW AGE."

Sir,—Mr. Randall's wit has said more for itself than Dr. Rouse before, nor can I remember an earl's daughter who married our family being impoverished. She had the wish for power, and, independently of the Yorkshiremen. Oh! she was a silly, mischievous, vain, and cruel character, and] could not be patronised if she had toadied and flattered her. She was a bad-natured man, but that they arise from life experience among women of my own.

Sir,—Mr. Randall has certainly laid the ghost. We gratefully acknowledge that some who are not Suffragists—e.g., the Archbishop of Canterbury—did yeoman service, but had it not been for the enthusiasm of the Suffrage forces, their strong organisations, and persistent education of the public over many years' standing, these good men had been as voices crying in the wilderness, if they had not been mute in the silence of despair. This cutting is from "The Church League for Women's Suffrage," March 10. If any male reader of the New Age desires to deprive the women of their boast, let him now step forward. Men were wrenched into the White Slave Act with a fury which the wasps will probably find never forgive or forgotten. Evidence regarding the influence of women behind the Insurance Act, I personally do not possess in so damming a form as the above paragraph. But the two most influential among modern women labour leaders, Margaret Bondfield and Miss Mary MacArthur, supported the Act and raged in thousands of menaces to blanked female labourers. Women doctors are all on the panels, though women, for some reason, do not patronise them. The objection of mistresses to the White Slave Act was avowedly the private one that they hated interfering inspectors and stamps and bother. A very good objection, doubtless, but not the masculine objection, shared also by a few exceptional women, against corrupting and enslaving a whole nation. I was talking to a dealer in stamps about its enfranchisement of women. "Wait until the Mrs. Doctor realises that her old prestige in society is somehow not what it was. She won't be so fond of Mr. Lloyd George and his seven vanishing hundreds."

In Mr. Kennedy's final paragraph, he puts a question to a lady critic, and once more raises my doubts whether I am the person he intended in replying to the question. "Will this problem of modern England and her industrial system" be solved by men's?
organisations... or, and, if not, are we to look for support in our attempts to shame, gib, gulp, or kick the working classes into action?" Well, Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Gaelle contend that the "Herald," may turn to women if they feel inclined. But why not do something in dear old Ireland, and leave us to fight it out ourselves, or stew in our own juice. If Ireland, however, were the key country for super-Celts to get out of, but what is the good of coming to us who will never take the advice of Irishmen? Ireland seems to be the very country that I am not the critic aimed at by Mr. Kennedy. His and organise men. But, once again, I begin to suspect that I have turned up snugly at the offices of the "Herald," or of "The Suffragette.

SYDNEY ROBERT WEST.

"EVERYMAN'S" ACCURACY.

Sir,—I should like to call your attention to a remarkable article headed, "The Trial of the Girondists," by Henri Mazel, which appeared recently in "Everyman." There is much in it which does not convince me, and, indeed, it might be taken as a model of what to avoid in the writing of history. I have pointed out a few of the errors to the best of my ability, but I have not attempted to correct them. Therefore, in the name of that national education of which "Everyman" talks so much, I beg you to give me a hearing.

The faults may be classified under the following four headings: (a) Wrong spelling of historical names; (b) bad English and clumsy narrative; (c) historical inaccuracies; and (d) a long-sighted and philosophical aim.

(a) Of these I would note that Lannuinais, Riouffe, Vergniaud, and Vigee are rendered respectively: Languinais, Riouffe, Verguain, and Viger. One can understand how these mistakes occurred, but, if the essay was intended to be anything more than a soporific, an early opportunity should have been taken of putting the reader right.

(b) A short extract will serve as a specimen. The whole article is in the same strain.

"An immense crowd was gathered on the route. Cries of 'Vive la République!' 'Town with the traitors!' were heard all around. The condemned replied, 'Vive la République!'

"One of them said, prophetically, 'Poor Parisians! We are leaving in your hands men who will make you pay dearly for your day's pleasure.'"

"The melancholy cortege took an hour to go from the Palais de Justice to the Place de la Revolution (now La Place de la Concorde).

"On their arrival at the place of execution, Boyer-Fonfrède and Ducos embraced another, and the others followed their example.

"The Marquis de Sillery was the first to mount the scaffold. On the scaffold he saluted the spectators right and left, with as much ease as if he were in a drawing-room. Another followed and another.

"During the waiting time they sang the refrain, 'Death rather than slavery!' It was the motto of Francis I."

"Some of them at the moment of their death said some inaudible words.

"When Vergnaud's turn came there was a rumbling of drums which drowned his voice. In the same way they had prevented Louis XVI from speaking on the scaffold.

"The last to be executed was a man called Viger. The execution lasted thirty-eight minutes.

"The end of the executions was greeted by cries, a million times repeated, 'Vive la République!' which lasted for more than twenty minutes."

(c) M. Mazel writes that the prisoners "saw the Public Prosecutor rise and protest against the death sentence." A rather casual attitude for a Public Prosecutor to adopt! What Lenôtre says is, that "Pompidou immediately demanded sentence of death on all!"

"In the first column we read: 'Proceedings of the trial lasting seven days'; in the second column, "the trial lasted for five days." M. Mazel means that five days elapsed before Robespierre passed his law to speed up the trials before the Revolutionary Tribunal. The reader is also led to believe that the jury at once decided to hear no more evidence, whereas the question had to be read to them twice, before they declared that their minds were made up.

We are told that the Girondists "occurred in the King's trial, but by force of their will and determination desired it, though they were unwilling that the death sentence should be passed upon him, before the people had 'seen the trial.'"

A few lines lower down M. Mazel writes, that the Girondists "established the Revolutionary Tribunal." Yet Mignet says: "The Mountain demanded the establishment of an extraordinary tribunal. The Girondists used all their power against such an arbitrary and soluble institution.

"But that they could effect was to introduce the jury, to add to the number of judges, and, admissible action so long as they preserved any influence." Lenôtre also reports, that "Vergniaud indignantly protested against the establishment of an "inquisition that would be a thousand times more doubtful than that of Venice."

These are but a few of M. Mazel's many misstatements, but his greatest fault is that he has written a violent and awkward diatribe against a party, who, as Mr. Belloc says, "represented the purest and the most enthusiastic ideal of democracy," without following his authorities for the conclusions at which he arrives.

(d) He begins by accusing the Girondists of cowardice, and supports his statement by the fact that on the eve of their fall they numbered 278. He also praises the Feuillant or Liberal Court party, who he thinks "would have saved France from all the Terrorist horrors." But how can such a broad generalisation be made, when the Convention had been dispersed on January 27, 1793, the party was still powerful in the following year. On August 8, 1792, two days before the attack on the Tuileries, the mass of the Swiss guards and the fall of the Monarchy, Dr. Moore writes: "When the decree of accusation (of M. de la Fayette, a prominent Feuillant) was put to the vote, it was rejected by nearly 200 votes.

"As this was considered as a trial of strength, it is to be presumed that the majority of the Assembly is with the Court party, however the party to have influence with the people with them." Obviously cowardice cannot be imputed to the Girondists unless we also include the Feuillants.

But a majority in the Assembly or the Convention stood for very little, while the Paris sections and the Commune possessed the real power. For all practical purposes the Girondists were prisoners in Paris. When they attempted to form a guard to render their deliberations free from interruption, and to protect their persons against violence, they were rejected by the armed forces which were at the call of the Extremist or Mountain groups.

Had the Girondists been less bold in their denunciations, had they not repeatedly demanded the punishment of the instigators of the September massacres, they would not have been punished with such fury.

In other respects, they may not have been blameless, perhaps they were impractical, perhaps they were tainted with the Jesuity of expediency, but towards them the public were not. Like Peer Gynt, they attempted to go round the Mountain, and the Mountain punished their temerity.

I trust that I have not encroached unduly upon your space, but the matter is of importance. The public should be assured, when they buy a journal of literary pretensions, that they can rely upon the accuracy of such statements as I have exposed.

JOHN B. RYER.
MR. HILAIRE BELLOC.