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All communications relative to The New Age should be addressed to The New Age, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Unless something completely unexpected occurs, the resumption of Parliament on Tuesday will make little difference in the mere political situation. It is known that events are waiting upon the preparations of the Opposition to form a Government; for until the Opposition are ready, neither the Unionists will attempt to force a General Election nor will the Government too openly tempt them. But Mr. Bonar Law is far from being ready, and most of his party are in terror lest they should be called upon to repeal and not merely to amend the Insurance Act. To do the former they are openly tempted to amiable duty of picking out the good parts from the bad parts of the bishop’s egg is not ours; and on a representative review of the work of the Government we are driven to declare that in the very respect in which it has both prided itself and been praised even by its political opponents—Social Reform—the present Government, at the same time that it has been the ablest, has been also the worst enemy the English democracy and proletariat have ever encountered and suffered defeat under. We do not think that this proposition needs any further evidence in its support than the issues of The New Age during the six years of our existence. But since the present seems to be a convenient moment for drawing a line, as the children say, and adding up, we may as well sum up briefly the changes undergone by the nation during the Liberal régime.

**NOTES OF THE WEEK.**

In preparation for contingencies, however—since accidents happen even under the best-regularized caucuses—the Liberal Publication Department has just published a comprehensive eulogy of the work of the present Government during its fifteen years of office. If it were our disposition to arbitrate instead of to judge, we could easily do as the journalists do, or even as the publicists of the day do, namely, enumerate what in our judgment are the good features of this Government’s legislation, what are its bad, and strike a balance between them. But the curate’s amiable duty of picking out the good parts from the bad parts of the Bishop’s egg is not ours; and on a representative review of the work of the Government we are driven to declare that in the very respect in which it has both prided itself and been praised even by its political opponents—Social Reform—the present Government, at the same time that it has been the ablest, has been also the worst enemy the English democracy and proletariat have ever encountered and suffered defeat under. We do not think that this proposition needs any further evidence in its support than the issues of The New Age during the six years of our existence. But since the present seems to be a convenient moment for drawing a line, as the children say, and adding up, we may as well summarise briefly the changes undergone by the nation during the Liberal régime.

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is another new and sinister phenomenon: a people at once hating and under the compulsion of submitting to its government; and under that compulsion, moreover, with no immediate hope or prospect of relief. For not only is it efficient itself to be an alien and almost an inimical oligarchy, but, for the first time in our history, the opposition is being realised by the public (largely under the influence of Mr. Belloc in person and of events) to be part and parcel of it. The great struggle that Macaulay foresaw for his de- scendants of the People against the combined Crown and Parliament, is now, it appears, about to begin. All the features of the greatest constitutional battle the world has ever seen can now be dimly made out. On the one side is the Crown and Parliament financed, supporting and supported by the greediest, the most ignorant, and the most able profiteers of history, with all power in their hands, economic, political and military. On the other side are the Crown and Parliament, is now, it appears, about to begin. The picture is black, but not, we are afraid, too black for the facts. The last seven years of the Liberal régime have, at any rate, made it blacker.

In the second place, what of the Social Question, as it used seven years ago to be called? How has that fared under the Liberal régime? According to the “Daily News,” the Social Question, as a result of the work of Mr. Lloyd George and his friends, is in a fair way to being answered—has, in fact, been partially answered. The septennial period of national review, says the “Daily News,” is almost in social reform.”

"The work of the Government expresses not only industry but the statesmanship which builds deep and sure. Where or what is the evidence for this? Not only has the relative position of the employing and the wage-earning classes (our only classes now) been changed to the detriment of the latter, but their abso- lute differences are more strongly marked than since the days of feudalism. As industry has increased with the aid of inventions, transport, markets and foreign policy (which has been directed by profiteers exclusively), Rent, Interest and Profit have likewise increased out of all proportion to wages. The standard of luxury, in other words, of the property classes has been rising much faster than that of living of the propertless classes. Can the “Daily News” deny it? Will Mr. Chiozza Money or Professor Bowley support them in denying it? As little can anybody truthfully deny that as well as suffering relative loss the proletariat (numbering, be it remembered, a good thirty millions of us) has also seen both its own status and that of the employing class hardened considerably during the last seven years. For the first time since Land Feudalism was broken down, a new feudalism has been inaugurated almost in set terms; a Commer- cial Feudalism under which wage-slaves are set apart from and below their employers with more indignity to their common humanity and less hope of vindicating it than ever the serfs of the barons were permitted to feel. If this is an argument of the proletariat—as perhaps in the opinion of the capitalist pimps of the “Daily News” it may be—there is no man living who would not prefer that the question should have been left unsolved until the Day of Judgment. Unanswered, unsolved, unanswered, and the more the matter darkens, the more have remained a hope, a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night; but the solution in the form of Commercial Feudalism is a foreboding of the discussion of the rights of man, it is a crime against humanity. We repeat our indictment of the last seven years’ work of social reform of the present Government. It has made the task of social revolution infinitely harder, the hope of our nation infinitely smaller, and life in our

island infinitely more dreary, depressing and undesir- able. While, therefore, with class flames about their heads the Liberal apostles are celebrating the Liberal record with hosannas to Mr. Lloyd George and his friends, we, looking solely to the class of the proletar- iat and observing the effects under their preceding the Liberal Messiah, see in the latter only his clod feet.

It is not to be denied, however, that the oligarchy has had for its coadjutants and assistants not only its paid servants of the official Press, the bureaucracy and the other institutions it took over from the former aristocracy, but the technically unpaid and voluntary services of the leaders of the proletariat, whether proletariat, professional or simply amateur. Nothing, in de- fect of means, will be lacking when we come to look back on this period to complete the disgust with which we shall contemplate it; for the astonishing and humiliating circumstance will then be apparent that it was with all the signals against us, with the shriek of several warn- ing whistles in our ears, with red flags waving in our faces, and, at the same time, with our own leaders eagerly driving us on, that we plunged as a people into the disastrous tunnel of Commercial Feudalism. Who will be to blame when posterity arrives at the day of reckoning? Not wholly the oligarchy, that is certain; for once more we say that it is with us, as it was with the serfs of the barons, that the blame is attached. It is not only that they have been part of the plot that the friends of the oligarchy, avowed and un- avowed, should pretend that the solution of the industrial question is this of servility and no other. But not only is it contrary to reason that this should be the only solution, but the fact is visible and almost tangible that better solutions exist, have been stated, have been pub- lished, have been demonstrated, have been circulated, have been examined, have been found—in theory if not in practice.
Thousands of new officials have had to be appointed to keep these underpinnings in place; and tens of thousands of voluntary workers spend their days in assisting them. And more and more will be necessary as the inhuman edifice threatens to tot to pieces. It is inconceivable that a system, consonant with the genius of man, always appealing singly where men are free, satisfying to men's hopes, and recommended by every canon of morality, society and economics, should require greater exertions to support when once it is re-established, or present greater difficulties in re-establishing if one clearly realises, than a system whose ordinary working means are clear and even more practically simple than the devices and inquiry necessary to bring it in and maintain the Servile State. Lastly, and almost needless to state, we were referring to the persons controlling the Labour Party and Press and to the persons conducting Fabian Social Reform by private and public propaganda, the old S.D.R., and now the B.S.P., and to the professed independents such as the “Nation,” the “Christian Commonwealth,” and the “Clairon.” What, we ask, are these people doing to continue muttering dead formulæ when the superstition has been exposed? Or are we mad and will continue to incur nothing but private loss and public hatred week by week in defence of a chimera? Yes or no, can superstition has been exposed? Or are we mad and do we incur nothing but private loss and public hatred week by week in defence of a chimera? Yes or no, can the status of the proletariat be raised while the wage-market continues at its present levels to provide a minimum wage? Yes or no, can the wage system be abolished? If neither, we are mad and the sooner The New Age is got rid of the better. But if both—why? We pause for a reply.

But listen now to the suggestions that come from what we have called the party that merely thinks it knows what it is talking about. In the “Nation” of May 10, “Ten Progressive M.P.’s” is the title they give to the suggestion which appeared in every newspaper. “Ten Progressive M.P.’s” addressed presumably to Lord Haldane and his Committee and designed to summarise the “practical suggestions as to future policy” which the Progressives of the House of Commons agree to support. What are these practical suggestions? First, that the “Religious Difficulty” must be settled in a certain fashion. The fashion is of no importance, for, as Mr. Jacobs stated and as every teacher (and parent, too, who is not a maniac) knows, there is no “Religious difficulty.” Secondly, that Physical Education must be undertaken—to the extent of feeding, doctoring, drilling, bathing the children, and, still further, to “the instruction of mothers” in these things! [Why not do the children as well as the mothers?] Thirdly, “the Co-ordination and Development of our Educational System,” which mouthful means that children shall be scholarshipped from the primary schools to the universities. Fourthly, the “Education of the Adult” by employing the universities during the summer vacations for classes of adult “working people.” Lastly (but not least!) the “Need for More Financial Assistance.” Our readers, we hope, will find it hard to believe that throughout this whole document not a single reference is made to the suggestion which we have seen, every practical teacher naturally makes first, the reduction of the size of the classes. Not a word, not a hint, not a breath, that this, and this only, in the opinion of the whole guild of teachers, is the one thing necessary and indispensable to reform.

But take another instance—the “New Statesman.” Messrs. Webb and Shaw are fond of making a merit of deferring in all cases to “expert” opinion. Their journal is “expert” or nothing. Yet in a series of articles on Educational Reform, some writer or other, under their ægis, contrives, with the “Ten Progressive M.P.’s,” to omit the expert and unanimous opinion of tens of thousands of teachers and to enumerate only the usual academic, ignorant, and mechanical formulae. Worse even than its current copy, this organ lays it down that the first educational reform is to raise the school age! On what grounds this is immediately desirable in the interests of education, as professed experts, we fail to see. The elementary schools as they exist to-day are simply not fit for children of the age of thirteen. To use the language of teachers, children “mark time” after they have passed into what was called the Seventh Standard. The economic ground for the changes on the other hand, we clearly see. It is to prevent juvenile labour supplanting men’s labour in the wage-market. (By the way, if the “New Statesman” and other progressive papers are so anxious to exclude cheap labour from competition with men’s labour, why do they countenance the thrusting and pulling of women into industry? Sauce for the goose is sauce for the goslings. Juvenile labour could have its Minimum Wage, like women, and all would then be well!) But what has this economic reform to do with educational reform? What has raising the school age to do with the “expert” opinion that the schools which are under present conditions is worse than wasted? Utilise school-time by reducing-classes and making education possible, the school age will raise itself—and other reforms will be added. Ignore this as the “New Statesman” does, and in another fifty years we shall fifty years be talking of educational reform. But Mr. Ann Shaw, it appears, would have the world “go on talking.”
Current Cant.

"We are well on the road to Socialism."—PHILIP SNOWDEN.

Never has Mr. Snowden given a finer instance of his matchless power than in the 13. book entitled "Socialism and Syndicalism". . . with his keen, piercing intellect, with his clear, convincing logic, and in lucid and luminous language . . . Mr. Snowden makes this double subject plain. Today the secret is disclosed. The book is on sale."—Advertisement in the "Clarion."

"The Empire, being made by poor men, appeals to poor men. . . . Our King has grasped the meaning of empire. He knows that the strength of his throne rests on the loyalty to his person of the little people."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"Londoners who live in the world's capital, the centre of the universe, the seat of science, the cradle of modern culture, the haunts and homes of heroes and heroines, and kings in art, literature, life, can afford to be lethargic largely of the to the consciousness of their superior position in the world."—J. CARR.

"The National Insurance Act is a great and beneficial measure. There will come a day when those who toil and spin will rise to a full realisation of its importance. . . ."—Daily Chronicle.

"Humility has taken a prodigious step forward."

HUGH DE SELINCOURT.

"Though we live in a democratic age. . . ."

"Morning Post."

"Liberalism stands for good administration as well as for good legislation. . . . Liberal Ministers have sent a pulse of reorganising sympathy through every Department, and in countless ways have made life better for us all."—E. H. SHILLITO, B.A., in "Everyman."

"'Now these papers'—he unrolls a bulky parcel as he spoke—'tell a true story from its beginning to its end—the story of a white slave who, without trickery, kid-napping, or brutality, found herself ensnared for ever by the lure. . . . These remarkable words are taken from the introduction of a new serial which will appear in 'Ideas' in a few weeks. . . . In the meantime you must feast on anticipation. . . .' Ideas."

"It is very difficult to say what is literature and what is journalism."—ST. JOHN G. EVRINE.

"Mr. Galsworthy stands for all that is best in our present democratic movement."—EGAN MEW, in the "Academy."

"Dr. Driver has not only held his course successfully through a particularly grave theological crisis, but it is largely owing to his work that the crisis has issued in a deepened and clarified faith instead of leaving a widespread deposit of profane rationalism. . . ."—Christian World.

"There are many things to be recorded to the credit of the steady strong men of the Cabinet. . . ."—Referee.

"The Sunday-school is an admirable institution. It teaches little boys and girls to be good."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"During the last fifteen years the wages of workers in other than agricultural industries have advanced in a much greater ratio. During this period the standard of living in all classes of society, and particularly among the working classes, has risen considerably."—CHARLES BATHURST, M.P.

"The report of the birth of a son to a charming little lady by her second husband makes a few remarks concerning her first venture 'appropos.'—LONDON MAIL.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

Now that King George and Queen Mary have visited the Kaiser, the prominence of some of the characteristics of the present conflict are bound to be accentuated by the amateur students of foreign affairs who continue to give Fleet Street, or a great part of it, the benefit of their alleged expert knowledge. It is no more necessary now than it has ever been to pay particular attention to the sentimental leading articles in the daily and weekly papers, or to the innumerable paragraphs from "well-informed correspondents" about "agreement," and so on. This journal alone announced last week that the real motives of Lord Morley's trip to Berlin had reference to Egypt, though the Bagdad Railway was naturally discussed. So far as the Egyptian question is concerned, there is nothing to be added to what I wrote last week; but there are some other aspects of Germany's position towards the remaining Great Powers which can well do with a word of comment.

The peaceful influence of certain factors cannot be overlooked. The changed tone of the German Press is remarkable. Obviously the Foreign Office has let it be known that the anti-English campaign of the last four or five years was to be stopped. This was due not merely to the approaching visit of King George—getter change I speak of began a few weeks ago—and not to the situation in the Balkans; but also to the favourable information conveyed to the Wilhelmstrasse touching the Russian Budget, which was introduced on May 23. Again, at recent Ambassadors' Conferences in London, the British Government found itself in agreement with the German Foreign Minister on many points relating to Asia Minor. This led to an "improved understanding" that is, the capitalists in England found that they had more in common with the capitalists in Germany than they had supposed. That is all to the good. But neither this "improved understanding" nor the King's visit has had the slightest effect on the German Army Law or the German Navy Law. The German Government has not gone back on its decision to raise the peace strength of the army to 800,000 men, and work is proceeding on the warships now on order. I do not wish to convey by this that Germany is going to war next week; but simply that while there is no necessity for gush there is also no necessity for pessimism.

Trading considerations more than ever determine the foreign policy of a country. If the warrior of antiquity looked for more worlds to conquer, the governments of modern times seek prosaically more countries to exploit. Even in the time of an Abdul Hamid large tracts of Asia Minor were almost entirely given over to concessionnaires, and German agents were particularly active and influential, chiefly because the authorities at Constantinople always looked to Berlin for active help in time of trouble. But French, Russian, and English capitalists had begun before the revolution to take an interest in the development of Asia Minor, and now, with the practical break-up of the Turkish Empire, the definition of commercial spheres has become a necessity. Formerly, in time of dispute, Abdul Hamid's Government exercised a powerful authority; and the prestige of his diplomatic success and of the army enabled even the stupid Young Turks to control the foreign capitalists. All this has now been done away with. Turkey is in the hands of the Powers, and the Powers must decide among themselves matters which were until recently left to the Turkish Government.

When we realise the friction which this involves, we shall better understand the difficulties in the way of diplomatists. It was a hard task for the Powers to apportion Thrace, Macedonia, and Albania among the Allies; but it is proving a thousand times harder task for them to apportion commercial spheres in Asia Minor.
among themselves. There is more than Asia Minor to be taken into account. Germany is willing to give up a little railway on the Levant coast to France provided that France grants a concession or two to German traders in Egypt. England demands that the German owners of the Bagdad line shall give up their rights in Koweit, and Germany is prepared to do this if England will waive her claims to a portion of the Portuguese Colonies in Africa. Russia is willing to grant Germany a certain amount of influence on the southern coast of the Black Sea if only the Kaiser's Government will consent to a small alteration in the Potsdam Convention. And so on. The discussions are delicate, involved, and sometimes acrimonious, and the public will hear little or nothing about them. The details are never likely to be published; but when the negotiations are over we shall have a short but favourable statement. I say short but favourable because an immediate agreement on all points is assured.

If I have not referred to France in connection with these negotiations it is because she has not so far taken a very prominent part in them. In fact, France's traditional policy in the Near East has been shattered by the events of the last three or four years, and French statesmen have not yet quite made up their minds how they should act. France had for two or three generations supported Turkey financially and morally, and in return Turkey had permitted France, as the protector of Roman Catholics throughout the Empire and to inspire the higher classes in Turkey with French thought and the "tone" of French civilisation. General von der Goltz and Baron Marschall von Bieberstein gradually turned Turkey in the direction of Germany; and the Young Turk régime slighted French offers of assistance, except when that assistance happened to be financial. France, as Gabriel Hanotaux says in last Friday's "Figaro," was useful only for lending money.

As the same writer also says, however, peoples remain even though rulers and régimes and governments pass away; and a consideration of the attitude thus expressed may give us the clue to future French policy in the Near East. Although no official decision has been reached in this matter—although, indeed, the subject has not yet been fully discussed or thought out—there is a strong desire in French diplomatic circles that the financial assistance which was formerly given to Turkey for the benefit of Thrace, Macedonia, and Albania should now be given to the Balkan Allies concerned, the object in view being precisely the same as before. France, it is suggested, should become the friend of Greece, Bulgaria, Servia, and Albania exactly as France was the protectorate of Roman Catholics throughout the Empire and to inspire the higher classes in Turkey with French thought and the "tone" of French civilisation. France had permitted France to act as the protector of Roman Catholics throughout the Empire and to inspire the higher classes in Turkey with French thought and the "tone" of French civilisation. General von der Goltz and Baron Marschall von Bieberstein gradually turned Turkey in the direction of Germany; and the Young Turk régime slighted French offers of assistance, except when that assistance happened to be financial. France, as Gabriel Hanotaux says in last Friday's "Figaro," was useful only for lending money.

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Agriculture and the Guilds.

Our libraries are choked with books on agriculture. Its science, economy, and commerce have each produced regiments, brigades, and armies of ponderous, interesting, dull, light, frivolous, stupid, biased tomes and books and brochures and tracts. The daily and weekly Press gives endless columns to market reports, to farmers' meetings, to blight and disease, to all the current agricultural facts and events. All this array of printed matter, differing in all else, has one point in common: the condition of the farm labourer is unanimously regarded as static. He remains to-day the most static of the fifteen million wage-earners of Great Britain, and being the most static, the most hopeless. Foolish politicians, worse than a pest of mosquitoes, drop poisonous nonsense into men's ears leaving with their stings nothing but irritation. They raise little feeling save which they call "single tax," or "small holdings," or "the minimum wage," or "labourers' cottages." But they all assume that the farm labourer is a static quantity, doomed to lie for years under the same conditions of oppression and degradation which have pressed him almost as independent as his landlord.

We even encourage town-bred wastrels and starvelings to go "back to the land." Kept in the background, the man who ploughs and sows and reaps, who drains our land, cuts and cleans our ditches, trims our hedges, thatches the cottages, feeds the sheep, tends the lambs, herds the cattle, trains the horses, whose daughters milk the cows and feed the chickens, scald the milk. Whether it be peace or war, it is Hodge who does the work—does his work faithfully and is forgotten.

Farm work is admittedly highly skilled. Why, then, is it so poorly paid? Let us first see the current wages paid to agricultural labourers. We quote from the Fifteenth Abstract of Labour Statistics:

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How comes it that we pay these starvation wages to the highly skilled workers of what is still our greatest and most valuable industry? We are not concerned here to trace the history of agriculture through its various permutations from hind and serf, through vilainage down to feudalism and so to sweated wagery. One point need only be emphasised: agriculture is our most ancient and continuing of industries. It has out...
lived the Normans, Plantagenets, Tudors, and Stuarts; it began before Sheffield and Birmingham were heard of; Manchester and Glasgow are newcomers. In this long course of centuries, customs have rooted themselves in the soil, the whole system has crystallised hard. Not only has the law of diminishing returns operated; but rent has also, in the main, been permanent. And Labour has always paid: not the farmer, who still prospers; not the agent, who still drives his gig; Hodge has paid in poverty and rheumatism, with the work-house as his sanctuary.

The free and easy importation of foodstuffs into Great Britain is apt to blind our eyes to the fundamental value of an efficient agricultural industry at home. With us it has become so much a matter of course that it requires an effort of imagination to visualise our national life without it. These lines are being written in a little town that looks out on the Caribbean Sea. It has a population of 14,000, of whom perhaps 350 are pure white, the rest a medley of aboriginals and negroes. We are hemmed in on all sides by impenetrable forest and mangrove swamps. The people depend almost entirely upon the sale of mahogany, which drifts down the various rivers in rafts of logs. It is Christmas Day and the hired season for mahogany cutters, who sign on for a year and get months of wages in advance. They are busy spending it on rum. Down the small unpaved streets, roll drunken negroes, caribs, coolies, and half-breeds. The gaol close by is full of men who have inflicted grave personal injury during drunken brawls. This morning,波特 drunk tea imported from England, canned milk imported from New York, coffee imported from New Orleans Mobile, or New York, and porterage from New York, canned tongue imported from Chicago, packed eggs imported from New Orleans, marmalade imported from London. Tonight, at dinner, we shall eat canned pork imported from Chicago, butter, potatoes, beans, peas, turnips, rice, coffee imported from New York, and orange imported from New York, Mobile, or New Orleans. The only food obtained locally is fish. Yet the land is as rich as any in the world.

Sugar canes grow for the asking, there is rich pasture for breeding and unbroken horses. Hops also fell from 25,000 cwts. to 11,447,971 bushels. Barley has a more sorry tale to tell. In 1897, 72,616,471 bushels were paid; in 1911, only 17,311,857. Oats fell from 165,556,156 bushels to 152,033,356. Beans and peas fell from 11,900,157 to 11,447,112. Potatoes were more hopeful; they rose from 4,106,609 tons to 7,520,168 tons. Contra, turnips, swedes, and mangolds went down from 27,164,433 tons to 30,985,112. Hay fell from 14,042,703 to 11,656,471. Hops also fell from 411,086 cwt.s. to 328,023. Of course all these corn and green crops fluctuate according to the season. The only significance of these figures is that our agricultural industry is stationary when it ought to be keeping pace with the growth of the population.

Tural labour it will become the urgent duty of the Guilds to do it. Certainly of the Guilds, for the control and supply of food is surely the most important function of such large economic bodies as the guilds are destined to be. They would be continually foolish to trust their very lives to the mercy of capitalist packers, in the hands of whom thieves in any part of the world. (Probably by that time, wheat-corner will be engineered in Canada.) But there are other reasons: The right distribution of the land and its economic exploitation necessarily flow out of an industrial revolution. With the Guilds possessing a monopoly of labour and refusing to sell it as a commodity for wages, the great landed estates will infallibly be broken up and land as an "amenity" will lose all its meaning. It will then become the duty of the Guilds to cultivate the land or otherwise put it to economic use. Inasmuch as the Guilds will control the consumption of food-stuffs, it follows that they must ultimately control their production. Industrial Britain covered by a network of Guild organisation contemporary with an effete land system worked by wage-slavery would be a contradiction in terms: The Guild members would be eating food produced under a régime against which they had successfully revolted. Food so produced would not stick in their throats.

It is certain that our land system has proved its usefulness: it can go no further. In 1897, 47,869,000 acres were under cultivation. Notwithstanding the growing demand for food-stuffs by an increasing population, the acreage in 1911 fell to 45,929,000 acres. We are told that tillage has given place to pasturage as more profitable. It is not true. In 1897, there were 2,070,000 horses used solely for agriculture, mares kept solely for breeding, and then brought into line with modern practice.

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There are a thousand technical aspects of this problem into which we need not enter; indeed, they are irrelevant, because the problem for the Guilds is to secure the monopoly of labour, and therefore our task is to consider the conditions that govern wage slavery in agriculture. The Guild point of approach to the agricultural problem is first to organise the labourers and then bring them into line with modern practice. Of course, we know that the farm labourer is intensely conservative; on the wages he receives he could be anything else? Of course, we know that education must play a fruitful part in building up a fruitful agricultural industry; but how, that is to use the wages paid, under-fed, badly clothed agricultural labourers, whose only books are the Bible, Moody and Sankey's Hymns, and Old Moore's Almanack? All this we know; nevertheless, the first step is not improved agricultural methods, not a new incidence of taxation, not improved housing conditions, but the organisation into an effective trade union of the farm labourers.

In 1881, there were 2,574,531 persons engaged in...
agriculture, including woodmen, gardeners (domestic and non-domestic), nurserymen, seedsmen and florists. In 1901, the figures were 2,626,454—a decline of over 300,000 agricultural workers in 20 years. But in the two decades, the population of the United Kingdom rose from 44,881,840 to 44,958,721, an increase of 0.2 per cent. Having regard to this natural increase in population it is too much to assume that during these twenty years agriculture has dumped upon the competitive wage market 750,000 men, women and children? We must not only count the 300,000 who actually left agriculture, but also allow for the natural increase upon an agricultural population of 5,000,000 persons, young and old—an increase that did not go into agriculture because its conditions forbade, and who accordingly left the country and other emigrated or crowded into the towns; 750,000 in 20 years is 37,500 annually. Can the trade unions afford to let this continuous stream of competitive wagy continue indefinitely? The older men who are intrigued with politics doubtless think that some benevolence of the Socialist Union will be cheapened and co-opted by the rise of a great and solemn, festivals that mankind from its infancy has arranged to celebrate realities. The complexities of land tenure, the vast immense heritage their allies forgetful of a glorious tradition and of an utterly unfitted for and incapable of any such large arrangement in Great Britain. In France, industry and agriculture are married; in Great Britain they are divorced. But under Guild organisation what could be easier and jollier? Does it strain our imagination to see the Agricultural Guild calling upon the other guilds, at harvest time, prove profoundly healthy-giving and economically sound in Great Britain?

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But we must not, however, permit the joyous vision of a rejuvenated agriculture to blind our eyes to existing realities. The second great demand of the agricultural market, the vested interests that have grown on and about agriculture in the market towns—you will find the grocer man in England, Scotland and Wales scarcely disguised from his prototype in Ireland—render any quick solution of the problem impossible. This at least is true: the Guilds in approaching the problem through the gateway of labour and the abolition of wagy will hold the key to the position. The first lesson to be learned is that Hodge economically emancipated will be Hodge spiritually, mentally and technically transformed.

Insane Portugal.

By V. de Braganca Cunha.

"ENGLISHMEN see with increasing regret the oldest of their allies forgetful of a glorious tradition and of an immense heritage of civilisation, involved in a hopeless turmoil of mutual chicanery, jobbery, and persecution at a time when other European countries less favoured by fortune in every material respect are winning their way by splendid self-sacrifice and patriotic effort towards the goal of a higher civilisation." Strong and painful words when applied to any country. They were uttered by an English daily which has continually been taking Republican Portugal to task for the neglect of promised reforms, and has now formally threatened to leave her to her fate! The recent attempt at a coup d'etat for which the Radical Republican Federation was responsible, was described by Afonso Costa as a movement of "conspiracy and revolt." The "House" seemed satisfied by the Premier's statement and a motion of confidence in the Ministry was carried by 86 votes. This incident, however, gives rise to some reflections. When the provision in the Republican Constitution (Art. 33, Clause C), that no one of the Ministers should be elected President of the Republic, was under discussion it raised a tempest of protests from politicians who held self-interest and vanity to be the only springs of action. "You withdraw the motion or I appeal to the streets," were the words of Afonso Costa, the leader of the "Grupo Democrata," in a vote in power. The motion was, perhaps, introduced to moderate the party ambition, to repress the inordinate vanity of the leaders, and thus to secure neutrality in the affairs of the State. But Afonso Costa knew that the supporters of the candidacy of Manuel Arriaga to the Presidency, were the instigators of the motion. His suspicious mind instantly surmised sinister plots that he thought ought to be read through. His political opponents, he believed, in proposing the exclusion of Ministers to the Presidency had no other design than to exclude his partisan and colleague in the Revolutionary Government, Psernardino Machado, the advertised candidate to the Presidency; and the perfectly unscrupulous nature of his mind, the propensity to violence made him resort to the street, while it conveyed a notion of the petty minds that are ruling Portugal, made it distressingly plain that an ex-Minister of Justice in the Revolutionary Government, by his overbearing conduct, wanted to keep the deliberations of the "House," which has a vote of confidence in the Government, under a control as indecent as it was pernicious. Here was a proof that Afonso Costa did not take seriously the "representatives of the people," and hoped that the Lisbon populace, over which he ruled with an absolute dominion, would devise new expedients of blood to modify an article in the Republican Constitution—a constitution that already regarded as traitors those who "endeavour to change by illegal means that which the nation has established."

The reason for this is not far to seek: "In the time of the Monarchy," wrote Cunha e Costa, a distinguished lawyer and Republican member of the Lisbon Municipal, "part of the elected members were, indeed, chosen in the Ministry of the Kingdom, but many members owed their seats to their own influences. Nowadays, with the possible exception of Lisbon and one or two other centres, all the members ostensibly chosen by the country, come from the Ministry of the Interior, or rather from the Directory, where all the subordinate elements rule the most. For, the great assembly which was to establish the organic bases of the administration, recourse was had to an inverted selection from which resulted a Parliament without initiation or discrimination, a Parliament in which the public conscience is already connived at, deliberately and inexorably." "This
The average Republican politician does not and cannot, of course, follow the intricacies of international politics. "Agitators of the first rank, eloquent and inspiring speakers, conscientious opponents of untried and undesirable measures," to put it in the words of the Republican writer Cunha e Costa, "their energies have been entirely absorbed by the propaganda and preparations for the Revolution which has prevented them from studying the national problems and their solutions." It is very suggestive that Theophilo Braga, recognising the dangers which threaten the downtrodden Portuguese nationality, should confess the Republic is powerless to avert them.

"The Ministers representing the Republic abroad cannot be taken seriously by any Government," was his words to a journalist of the Republican "Seculo." Again, taking a representative of the "Dia" into confidence, the aged Professor explicitly confirmed his charges against each of the so-called Republican diplomats. Coming from a man of Braga's authority, from one who was the President of the Revolutionary Government, these utterances made a profound impression on the public mind. The interview led to a discussion in the "House," and in the "Seculo," in a leading article, asserted that "the Republic is served extremely badly by its diplomats." "The representatives of Portugal abroad," said this Republican daily, "have been almost always recruited from politics and usually appointed either from a wish to remove rivals or after they have failed in the Senate. The Legations are not, therefore, considered as important posts to be entrusted to persons of high merit, but as party consolation prizes." Braga was called a "traitor" and "irresponsible" in the chamber, and on April 8th, when he entered, many "Deputies" left their places. We will not enter here into a discussion of the patriotism and straightforwardness of a man who certainly knows the Republican diplomats far better than any living Portuguese. The choice of Theophilo Braga as President of the Revolutionary Government was of no small importance to the Republic. Braga's antecedents marked him out as in many ways just the man whom the times demanded; and the one feature which was loudly advertised as being characteristic of the Professor was his indifference to the goad of ambition which drives on inferior men so madly. Braga took seriously the imaginary mission of guiding the destinies of Portugal and announced the Revolution to be the "rare and notable event, the expression of the pride of an indomitable race, the bravest of which has rendered it legendary, which filled with joy and enthusiasm the heart of patriots." But now he is shown to be "a false friend, a bad citizen, and a treacherous colleague"; and the "Lucta," edited by an ex-Minister in the Revolutionary Government, hurled upon the "irresponsible" Professor the reproach of having through his indirect utterances when President of the Government, provoked the hostile attitude of Spain towards Portugal.

This brings us to the very heart of the matter. The map of Europe has already undergone many changes, and it is not improbable that the political complications which accumulate on Europe's head may result, among other things, in a danger of the position of Portugal as an independent Power. Several distinct and important new phases have manifested themselves since the recent visit of Colonel Seely, the representative of the War Office, to Spain. Romanones, the Spanish Premier, has spoken pretty freely, and his remarks on the subject of "expansion" had such a weight that the Portuguese daily 'Diario de Noticias' could not refrain from quoting the Spanish statesman's utterances at some considerable length.

That there is real anxiety, even the "Mundo," the organ of Afonso Costa, unconsciously admits. The "Mundo" (April 16) printed an article condemning the recent attempt on King Alfonso's life—an attempt in which, we may observe, a Portuguese anarchist was involved. It said that the King of Spain's death would in no wise alter the situation in Spain. This clumsy trick on the part of the Republic has failed to cause sardonic laughter in many quarters. For the "Mundo" supports Afonso Costa, who has found a place in his Cabinet for a leading member of the "Carbonaria," and it defends every act of a Government that at the demonstration held in Lisbon on February 16 eulogised the murderers of King Carlos as "true heroes, worthy sons of Portugal!"

In what form of justice or injustice the Powers propose to inflict their good services on Portugal we cannot tell. The right to interfere—no one will deny that it is—we think a direct infringement of the independence of sovereign States, not less reprehensible in principle than the acts of the Corsican warrior; and the maintenance of Portuguese independence ought to be the object of every Portuguese—he be a Republican or Monarchist—to secure. There is no protector to shield the nation from the coming assaults of powerful neighbours. Theophilo Braga already repudiates in the interview published in the "Seculo" (all reliance on English alliance, or such support as it can receive) of his charge of Braga. We do not wish to cavil at the charge of Braga. But we believe from such alliance the cause of Portuguese Republicanism has nothing to hope. Moreover, a balancing system, to which smaller States are used to look up for salvation, affords no protection against the violence of three great Powers, but has helped in the past the concentration of all authority into the usurping hands of few potentates.

Portugal has, in the past, exhibited in the midst of domestic convulsions a vitality such as that which baffled the destructive genius of Napoleon. There is, however, a marked distinction between the present crisis which may prove fatal at any moment, and those which have shaken Portugal in the past. In every one of the previous periods of recuperation, wrote M. H. Koebel, the author of "Portugal: The Land of Portugal," Portugal "has had before it an ideal upon which to fix its eyes, and a personality in which that ideal was represented and centred. At times this one in the forefront stood forward on his own initiative; at others he was insensibly propelled from beneath. It did not matter which. The symbol was there, to go or be pushed, and the progress continued. Putting aside for the moment its human incarnation, where is the ideal now? The majority of educated Portuguese will tell you with perfect frankness that the conception of an independent Portugal, albeit the ideal is a rudderless ship indeed."
“England's Day of Reckoning.”
By A. G. Crafer.

II.
The preceding and first article of this series led up to the following: a series of theoretical enunciations of the view that the people of the British Empire, as represented in the Indian, South African, and Australian Dominions, are not British, but are of the British race, and that the glory of the British Empire is not in the glory of the British, but in the British race. The British are not the only people in the Empire, but they are the only people who have the right to call themselves British.

The problem of the British Empire is not merely a political problem, but a social and economic problem. The British Empire is not merely a political entity, but a social and economic entity. The British Empire is not merely a political community, but a social and economic community.

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finally (though I might keep on quoting this authority) we were told at the City Carlton Club—"Imperialists aimed to bind the Empire together as a whole," including India. And "this idea," adds Mr. Bonar Law, "is wrong thinking something if the whole Empire is to become a nation." Now all these leaders clearly aim at nothing less than an Empire nationality, which they term Imperialism. I could quote practically the whole of the leaders of one party to that effect. They do not contemplate, as is generally supposed, a union of the British race and the five British Parliamentary States only.

The whole thing is bosh. One is inclined to ask: who pays for it? Or is it the Imperialistic balderdash of little partisan "statesmen," for cheers, who have never even tried to understand their subject? The "flag of the Empire" is, like the Crown, solely national. The nation is greater than its Empire, will fight for its Empire, but the subject Empire will never fight for the nation. "Loyalty to the Empire," on the part of Britons, is loyalty to their common responsibilities in connection with the races and countries which are outside their patriotism, but which are subject to their Sovereign nation. Yet Mr. Foster, and other Imperialists would have us think that this loyalty, to an only incidental duty, is patriotism. As a matter of fact, no one has ever yet produced a feasible and acceptable, scheme of Imperial Unity, and no one ever will. On the other hand, a war threatening these seeds would immediately evolve a national union of the five States. That, or the end of the Empire, and the end of the British power.

Sweet Simplicity.

By E. Nesbit.

A certain dismal charm, all its own, marks the circular sent out, in a somewhat indiscriminating profusion, by the Anti-Socialist Union of Great Britain. Union; Great; Britain; these be Words of Power. Socialist, also, is a word that should have the strength of magic to uplift the heads of those Christians who remember the teaching of their Master. But anti is a word of weakness. And that not only when it is astray among words of power. Its weakness is apparent even when it is ranged among words almost as weak as itself. Anti-Vegetarian, Anti-Puritan, Anti-Insurance Act. The statement of a mere negation can assume a word of power. How much better watch-words were "For Meat!" "For Commonsense!" "For Liberty!" But the Anti-Socialist Union of Great Britain (why not of Ireland? or doesn't Ireland matter?) finds it not so easy to change its negation to assertion. It is against Socialism; therefore it is for. . . . what? For the English rich, one supposes, and for thins as they are. Not for the English nation, and for things as they might be, or ought to be.

Its treasurer is Lord Somebody, its vice-chairman Mr. Somebody Else, M.P. Its chairman Mr. Claude Lowther, also M.P. It is this gentleman who sets his name to the appeal which lies before me.

"Dear Mr. Smith"—he writes with condescending impertinence to a total stranger whose strangeness might, one would have supposed, entitle him to the ordinary 'Sir' of commercial courtesy—"Dear Mr. Smith—As chairman of the Anti-Socialist Union, I claim to speak with authority on the subject of Socialism, and I feel it my duty to warn those who are living in a fool's paradise of its monstrous growth which, uninterrupted, may at any moment bring national bankruptcy and individual ruin upon us.

"The abolition of the Monarchy—the repudiation of the National Debt—the taxation of all private property out of existence—has been the spoken and written policy of the Socialist Party for the last twenty years. "Ridiculous as the proposals may seem to the student of economics and appalling as they may appear to the patriot or even the ordinary citizen, we cannot blink the fact that there are millions in Britain who support these views and that Socialist agitators in every part of the country are daily raking in recruits to the ranks of Socialism. "I earnestly entreat you to read the accompanying enclosures and to become a member of the Anti-Socialist Union whose aim is to arrest a disease which like a leprosy is spreading over the country. "Yours truly, "Claude Lowther."

Without inquiring too closely as to the nature and etymology of the "fool's paradise of its monstrous growth" in which Mr. Smith is presumably living, the mind dwells in fond speculation on Mr. Lowther's possible methods of "interrupting" such a paradise. How will he interrupt a paradise? What is he going to do? How is he going to do it?

The magnificent tribute of the letter's third paragraph will be balm to those millions of Socialists who have been in doubt as to the spread of their doctrine. It will hearten them like a cordial, inspire them like a trumpet-blast.

Paragraph four of Mr. Lowther's letter informs the inquirer that Socialism is "spreading over the country like a leprosy." Well, whatever else a leprosy does, it does go ahead. Again the Socialists bow, smiling and blushing in the face of Mr. Lowther's compliments.

Paragraph four, besides the compliment, contains an entreaty. Will Mr. Smith read the accompanying enclosures? Mr. Smith will—and does. He reads the "enclosures" which, singularly enough, "accompany" the letter with which they are enclosed, and finds three parallel columns headed: "What the Socialists are Doing," "What the Anti-Socialist Union is Doing," and "What the Anti-Socialist Union Wants to Do, and Must Do."

WHAT THE SOCIALISTS ARE DOING.

1. They are spending £250,000 each year on propaganda work and meetings are held at the rate of 2,000 a week.

Mr. Smith reads, and his comment on column three is something like "Don't you wish you may do it?" Column two admits that the Anti-Socialist Union has to pay its speakers. The Socialist speakers speak for love. That is one of the great differences between societies based on negation and societies based on affirmation. When the anti-Socialists find themselves believing in something, and not merely denying something, they may be able to hold their 2,000 meetings a week as the Socialists do. Till then they will have as many hired negationists as they can pay for. No more. And Mr. Smith would like to remind Mr. Claude Lowther that a cause which has none but advocates is not, and never can be, a popular cause.

WHAT THE ANTI-SOCIALIST UNION IS DOING.

1. We are employing 40 speakers continually, and hold 200–300 meetings each week.

WHAT THE ANTI-SOCIALIST UNION WANTS TO DO, AND MUST DO.

1. To hold not two or three but 2,000 meetings a week.
In the obvious difficulties presented by his scheme for dealing with Clause 2, Mr. Claude Lowther has Mr. Smith’s surprised sympathy.

**WHAT THE SOCIALISTS ARE DOING.**

- 1. They are responsible for the economical unrest existing in almost all our large trades.

**WHAT THE ANTI-SOCIALISTS ARE DOING.**

- 1. They are the doers; they organize and are responsible for the immense amount of agitation which is keeping up the price of coal, and making millions of working men the yoke of Socialism.

Mr. Smith feels still more strongly what sort of work it is which is cut out for Mr. Lowther.

**WHAT THE SOCIALISTS ARE DOING.**

- 4. The organized labour of the country, representing nearly 25 million working men, has been captured by a handful of Socialists.

**WHAT THE ANTI-SOCIALISTS ARE DOING.**

- 6. They are sending hundreds of pamphlets, monthlies, and weekly journals which are distributed broadcast. They are now starting a daily paper.

The pathos of column two almost unmans Mr. Smith.

"We had a monthly paper, but..." Poor Mr. Claude Lowther. The main dream he put in column three commands Mr. Smith’s pity. The most brilliant and lucid writers, my deplorable Anti-Socialist, are never found to champion a mere negation.

Mr. Lowther himself has the hopelessness of his cause brought home to him more and more vividly and irresistibly, as he ends his parallel columns in a terrific burst of futility.

**WHAT THE SOCIALISTS ARE DOING.**

- 6. They are sending their missionaries, both men and women, into the factories, the shops, Army, and Navy.

Mr. Smith passes over the agreeable suggestion of Socialist Vivandieres for our Army, Socialist Little Liberties for our Navy, and things of the same sort.

Mr. Smith’s name, given in music, may be regarded with the same sort of discrimination. Retiring professors are patronized by Mr. Morgan, in finance, advocates “backing the man,” and says he has lent a million dollars more than once to men whom he knew nothing about. In the arts he encourages the dead. I am very glad he sees fit to collect, for the possession of masterwork in the country will, in time, beget some sort of discrimination.

- Proposition III—The College of the Arts.

In America you can be subsidised to study the development of abblats in Middle High German; to make comment on the works of Quintet; to read Assyrian tablets; even to paint pictures, to sculpt, and in one western college a man has been given a fellowship in musical composition. (I believe this happened at Oberlin and I pay the trustees my respects.)

We are endeavouring to emancipate all Social Reform Measures. (But test, apparently, any influence with our large measures.”)

{}
The American Academy at Rome is a most commendable model. Ten men are kept there, for a term of three years each—painters, sculptors, architects.

But why of necessity Rome? Why only ten men? Why only three sorts of art?

The mingling of young men engaged in all the different sorts of art has always proved most fruitful. One comes to a capital, in fact, in order that one may find the most dynamic minds of each variety.

My proposal is of the simplest. I want not ten men but a hundred. I want not Rome, but New York or Chicago. I want these hundred men chosen with regard to their intentions and their capacities, not by an academic foot rule. I want them to be men who have done enough to show that their work is neither a passing whim nor a commercial predilection. I want painters, sculptors, musical composers, architects, scholars in the art of verse, and in the art of prose for that matter, and those who show some signs of being dramaticists, and I should admit the occasional artists in the slightly divergent arts, say etchers or workers in bronze or in stained glass.

I should leave the charter so open that no dynamic man need be excluded. I should not have a freak committee that was composed of efficient artists. There is no hope for such an institution as this, unless the selecting committee be guided by an almost blind hatred of mediocrity, unless they have it branded and engraven upon their consciousness that one fragment of perfect work outweighs forty salons of exhibitions without such a perfect fragment.

Longinus said it long ago in his book to young writers, "When you have composed such and such a thing, think how it would be received by Sophocles or Demosthenes." Until the American artist can work with some thought in his mind of how such and such a work would appeal to, let us say, Rodin, Anatole France, Henry James, or whatever master you will, dead or living, who is known to be reasonably severe, and to have a decent respect for bungles, until just such a committee there be no use in taking the American writer or artist seriously or of providing him with any plum cakes whatsoever.

But to return to our college. Presumably after the American neophite in the arts has been beaten with a rope-end until he knows those things which any decent sailor man should know blind, drunk, or a-sleeping:

I should turn a hundred of him into a super-college, to write a college with no professors. I should give him enough yearly income (ranging from £100 to £500) so that he needn't worry about his actual food and lodging. I should take him on during the impossible years of an artist's life, to wit, along between twenty and thirty. I should keep him for from one to three years, according to his earnestness and his performance. (I would not have the three year limit absolute, though I think special provision outside the college could be made for any cases.) I would require nothing of him except that he painted the thing as he saw it, at his own rate and time, and that he showed up at a general sort of club rooms reasonably often, to quarrel, to dispute, to fraternise with, to backbite and to accelerate his fellows.

I should have at least ten per cent. of the fellows, foreigners summoned from abroad. I should not have over twenty per cent. notably of any one religion.

I would have a reasonable fund to provide for bringing great artists from the corners of the earth to loaf about the club room and abuse the bad work of the fellows of the college, or to commend it on such rare occasions as any of it seemed worthy of commendation.

New York is an exceedingly beautiful city; any more than one intelligent man might find a worse way of spending a vacation.

The art of the world has come out of the capitals of the world, because it is only in the capitals of the world, at certain favoured periods, that the best minds among the older men and the ready minds of the younger enthusiasts have mingled and have taken fire one from another.

America is saved when she manages to make a capital, the segregation of officials at Washington has not done this. The game was better played at Alexandria and at Florence.

I write of this little school perhaps lightly, but I do not feel the need of it lightly, nor is my intention of seeing it real a passing fancy of the hour.

Letters from Italy.

XVI.—CAPRI.

"And those in the ship bound me upright, hand and foot, to the mast, and fastened the ropes from it; and they sat down and smote the hoary sea with the sweeps. But while we plunged swiftly on and came as near as a shout might travel, not secretly they rose up hard by the sea-swift ship, singing this clear song:

"As thou goest by, much-praised Odysseus, great lord of the Achaians, here bring thy ship to land that thou mayst hear the speech of us twain. For there has been none sailing by in his black ship but has heard the honey-dropping speech of our mouths, and gladly he has dwelt here gaining greater knowledge. "For we know all that Argives and Trojans suffered in broad Troy by the will of the gods, and we know all that is upon the much-blossoming earth."

"So spake they, sending forth lovely speech; and straightway my heart yearned to be heard, and I bade my fellows loose me, bending my eyebrows at them for a sign. But they, leaning to the oars, rowed the harder." That is Homer's account of the visit of Odysseus to Capri. There was no particular excuse for my making a new translation when there are so many excellent versions on the market, but I wanted to express an exaggerated regret for this island without writing sloppy dithyrambs. And, of course, Capri is the island of the sirens. Have you not seen guide-books decorated with an unpleasant half-female creature intended for the Homeric Siren? And I have contemplated with vague curiosity the remarks of Italian tourists in hotel visitors' books—"Addio, bella Sirena, addio bellissimo cielo, addio" (heavy sobs and a blot), etc., etc.

Old Homer, the "fondan father," that "mouth sweeter than Calliope's," etc., etc., knew his business when he planted his colony of sirens along these shores. There may or may not, be some truth in that complex yarn someone told me about someone else who knew a book written by a Frenchman to prove that Homer had a Phonencian chart at his elbow when he wrote the Odyssey. But anyhow, as I say, he would never have found a place more happy for his purpose.

The Island of Capri lies off the Sorrento end of the Bay of Naples. Anyone coming from the Gulf of Salerno towards Sorrento would have to pass close to Capri, and those sea-weary heroes, with their "old Greek dread of the sea," would yearn beyond all things to land on the little sand beach and forget their toils. I don't see how Odysseus got his men to row past. (It only costs twenty centesimi to land at the Marina Grande.) And the beauty of the place seen from the sea would attract even the most stodgy Philistine.

After this Odysseus business Capri led a more of
less respectable life for ten or twelve centuries. It was colonised by Greeks from some other Greek colony (Sybaris) in Italy, but never flourished particularly well. This seems a little curious to me (though I have it on (Sybaris) in Italy, but never flourished particularly well.

was colonised by Greeks from some other Greek colony in Symond's Italian essays a passage translated by him "barious like the Tyrrenhians and Romans," and who association with the people about them had "become bar-

tradition, lost art which created them. Perhaps some such fate occurred to him that an innocent and blameless existence would have been for him the last and direst failure he is said to have become lunatic and to have evolving some new brand of debauch. Owing to his Capri to consider his past actions with the vain hope of sequences, like the Syphilitic bastard in Flaubert's spent feverish nights and days perambulating about that Monte Solaro rises straight from the sea to a long ridge nearly 2,000 feet high, one sees that the spectacle must have had some excitement even for the jaded nerves of an "Imperial lunatic."

What happened to Tiberius in the end I don't exactly remember, but very unpleasantly, in order that lower-fourth schoolboys might be fitly edified by sermons on divine retribution. Anyway, I haven't taken the trouble to look up the Emperor's dwellings, though one can see quite well on picture postcards; and they were in very ruinous condition and very dull after Rome, Tusculum, Ostia, and Pompeii, and they are a long way from where I live. I have seen the remains of a Roman villa, half under water now, but that I could scarcely help since it stands in the middle of one of the best views.

Further history of Capri escapes me. There is a semi-ruinous tower on Monte Solaro, which a German painter here tells me is Saracenic. In the vulgar it is "Fragments of a Faith Forgotten," where the "Gospel of Mary Magdalene" is translated. Yet Maeterlinck has the reputation both of an artist and a mystic. Not with me.

The Japanese NO dramas (Heinemann, 5s. net) which I announced a fortnight ago have duly arrived, and I have read, so far, the Introduction and one of the plays. Dr. Stopes' Introduction is only so-so, containing facts, but not many ideas. We learn that the NO dramas are ancient, have been exclusively reserved for the Japanese aristocracy, and are not "dramatic" in our sense of the word. Very interesting, but what do these things mean? Why were the plays jealously guarded from plebeian popularity; and how came they, without dramatic qualities, to hold their own so long? An explana-

Readers and Writers.

A hundred years ago last Friday Wagner was born, and in celebration of his jubilee the Paris Opéra has been en fête, distributing laurels to Wotans, and crowning the bust of Wagner, and I know not what else besides. At the same time a few of Wagner's very earliest letters have made their first appearance—probably at a jubilee price. They are begging letters such as any newly married hobbledehoy might write, appealing without any dignity or humour to his employer for loans. His employer in this instance, was a Parisian publisher who appears to have been so appreciative of Wagner's genius that he left him copying and correcting music when he should have paid him to write it. All the neglect, however that Wagner received from Paris slid off his back in after years; for praise, however belated, undid every wrong with him. In memorandum of the day I dutifully turned over the leaves of Wagner's "literary" works; a mere museum of intellectual oddities.

At the Chatelot Theatre in Paris—Paris, mark you—a brand-new play of Maeterlinck's was anxiously expected to be performed last week. It was to signalise Maeterlinck's "return to the drama"—I presumed his exercise to be "laudable." To my astonishment the play turned out to be our old friend; "Mary Magdalene." It is possible that this play is new to Parisian theatre-goers, but we have had it in translation (Methuen) in England for several years, with disputations and disquisitions intensely. The theme, as readers of The New Age may remember, is the conversion of Mary Magdalene from her old ways under the romantic influence of Jesus; and very disgustingly it is treated. Madame Maeterlinck, who is, of course, playing the title-role of her husband's play, probably sums up the character of Mary as conceived by Maeterlinck pretty accurately: "a courteous ... whose mode of life has become distasteful and who is longing for things." Was it the Crucifixion, it is re-assuring to learn, will not be re-presented on the stage, even by bisocone superintended by bishops; but "cries of grief and horror" (off, as they say) "enable us to assist at it in spirit." Would any artist, I ask, touch, only to vulgarise, the story even as recorded in the canonical Gospels? As recorded in the Gnostic gospels, of course, the story is infinitely more subtle, as may be seen by turning to Mead's "Fragments of a Faith Forgotten," and Wightman's "Gospel of Mary Magdalene" is translated. Yet Maeterlinck has the reputation both of an artist and a mystic. Not with me.

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of the "drama" by which these ideas are represented. There are no dramatic "moments, no climbing of climax, no "scenics" of any sort. But there is the very kind of writing, described in the "classics" of literature, which constitute the very essence of fine attitudes and fine recitation. Above all, realism is avoided. Unless you are on the level of the author, you miss everything—as you deserve to do. To the gross it is the cackle without the hosses.

The Italian Renaissance, as everybody knows, had great men for its initiators, great men (in the form of the classics) for its ensamples, and, in consequence, great men for its products. But the Chinese Renaissance, a local affair though some four hundred million people are concerned, has a set of missionaries, women and tradesmen for its conductors, and is likely, in consequence, to do China more harm than good. Amongst the English "classics," we are told, chosen for circulation in China, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is most popular—and tradesmen for its conductors, and is likely, in consequence, to do China more harm than good. Amongst the English "classics," we are told, chosen for circulation in China, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is most popular—which shows the universality of bathos; for the little lord was a little prig and should have had his ears cotes are easily fluttered, particularly on such a series as the "Writing of English." For, as surely as eggs are eggs, "Q.'s" audience is in expectation of "tips" for writing essays. In this respect, I am sure, disappointment awaits his lady-hearers when they come afterwards to examine their capture; for nobody can each style by lecture, and "Q." could not do it if it could be done. What, however, he can do is to produce in his audience iconoclastic thrills by open confessions which he would not venture to make to a company of educated men: this condescension being a familiar form of concealed anti-feminism. His lecture last week, for example, of "socialism as a disaster" and the assertion that he, "Q.' could not read Elizabethan prose, with one exception, with pleasure. "Its one merit," he said, "consisted in that it was struggling, fumbling to say something." Well, that's something. The exception was the translation of the Bible, "out and away" the greatest book of English prose; and its appearance was a miracle. What stuff! What rubbish! The man who says that the appearance of the revised Bible of 1611 was a "miracle," in the sense of being unprepared for and unexpected, is maintaining next that life cannot come to rest, and that the whale swallowed Jonah. It is worse than superstition, however; and worse even than ignorance; for the "explanation" is not only untrue, but it is flatly misleading. If forty-seven obscure nobodies by the mere grace of God could create without the support of their age the greatest book of English prose, why should not an equal number of Girton girls and dons' wives . . . you hear the silent applause? But the hypothesis is unfounded, as anybody can see who examines comparatively not only the precessious pages of the contemporaries of the men of 1611. The forty-seven were preceded by the translators of three centuries, "all good Englishmen and faithful speakers of English"; the Elizabethan period strictly had closed before they began their work. Shakespeare himself had ten years to live when the Version was begun; Bacon was at the height of his glory. That English prose was then being written by masters of whom the Forty-seven were simply forty-seven nobody can deny; and the names are not enough let anybody "turn to the text of the Dedication to James. In it they will find evidence, not only that the translators received royal encouragement, but the even more royal encouragement of emulation with their contemporaries. We shall be mankind," they say it may be a good thing; Brethren, they run their own ways, and give liking unto nothing, but what is framed by themselves and hammered on their anvils. That charge, I maintain, acquits their contemporaries of the worst crime against artists—namely, indifference.

Strictly speaking, it was an impertinence of Mr. William Archer to follow Mr. G. K. Chesterton as the Saturday special article-writer of the "Daily News." Apostolically drunk or sober Mr. Chesterton never wrote without considering; one had only to find anything to praise in it, save the bibliography and a letter by Mr. Wilfrid Blunt. The latter conveys the information that Mr. Morris was insusceptible to sex, and would discuss a subject with the prettiest woman no longer than she had anything interesting to say. It is a pleasing trait and one of the best I have heard of. Mr. Arthur Compton-Ricketts, one of the numerous former editors, I believe, to be the stories of British and American statesmen. So there is no doing anything with the race! After these two silly selections comes a heap of books usually marked in our second-hand shops at a penny soiled Russel Wallace's "Wonderful Century"; Angell's "Great Illusion"; Horsley's "Science and Alcohol"; Kirkup's "History of Socialism"; "Text Book of Joint Stock Companies." These are the scraps of which China is to make for herself a new heaven and a new earth. I can see it!

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Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch appears to be having a devil of a fine time as the King Edward VII Professor of English Literature at Cambridge. His lectures, we are told, are being attended by shoals of Girton girls and by troops of the wives of the dons. Such dovecotes are easily fluttered, particularly on such a series as the "Writing of English." For, as surely as eggs are eggs, "Q.'s" audience is in expectation of "tips" for writing essays. In this respect, I am sure, disappointment awaits his lady-hearers when they come afterwards to examine their capture; for nobody can each style by lecture, and "Q." could not do it if it could be done. What, however, he can do is to produce in his audience iconoclastic thrills by open confessions which he would not venture to make to a company of educated men: this condescension being a familiar form of concealed anti-feminism. His lecture last week, for example, of "socialism as a disaster" and the assertion that he, "Q." could not read Elizabethan prose, with one exception, with pleasure. "Its one merit," he said, "consisted in that it was struggling, fumbling to say something." Well, that's something. The exception was the translation of the Bible, "out and away" the greatest book of English prose; and its appearance was a miracle. What stuff! What rubbish! The man who says that the appearance of the revised Bible of 1611 was a "miracle," in the sense of being unprepared for and unexpected, is maintaining next that life cannot come to rest, and that the whale swallowed Jonah. It is worse than superstition, however; and worse even than ignorance; for the "explanation" is not only untrue, but it is flatly misleading. If forty-seven obscure nobodies by the mere grace of God could create without the support of their age the greatest book of English prose, why should not an equal number of Girton girls and dons' wives . . . you hear the silent applause? But the hypothesis is unfounded, as anybody can see who examines comparatively not only the precessious pages of the contemporaries of the men of 1611. The forty-seven were preceded by the translators of three centuries, "all good Englishmen and faithful speakers of English"; the Elizabethan period strictly had closed before they began their work. Shakespeare himself had ten years to live when the Version was begun; Bacon was at the height of his glory. That English prose was then being written by masters of whom the Forty-seven were simply forty-seven nobody can deny; and if the names are not enough let anybody "turn to the text of the Dedication to James. In it they will find evidence, not only that the translators received royal encouragement, but the even more royal encouragement of emulation with their contemporaries. We shall be mankind," they say it may be a good thing; Brethren, they run their own ways, and give liking unto nothing, but what is framed by themselves and hammered on their anvils. That charge, I maintain, acquits their contemporaries of the worst crime against artists—namely, indifference.

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The Times," strangely but truly enough, said, "consisted in that it was struggling, fumbling to say something." Well, that's something. The exception was the translation of the Bible, "out and away" the greatest book of English prose; and its appearance was a miracle. What stuff! What rubbish! The man who says that the appearance of the revised Bible of 1611 was a "miracle," in the sense of being unprepared for and unexpected, is maintaining next that life cannot come to rest, and that the whale swallowed Jonah. It is worse than superstition, however; and worse even than ignorance; for the "explanation" is not only untrue, but it is flatly misleading. If forty-seven obscure nobodies by the mere grace of God could create without the support of their age the greatest book of English prose, why should not an equal number of Girton girls and dons' wives . . . you hear the silent applause? But the hypothesis is unfounded, as anybody can see who examines comparatively not only the precessious pages of the contemporaries of the men of 1611. The forty-seven were preceded by the translators of three centuries, "all good Englishmen and faithful speakers of English"; the Elizabethan period strictly had closed before they began their work. Shakespeare himself had ten years to live when the Version was begun; Bacon was at the height of his glory. That English prose was then being written by masters of whom the Forty-seven were simply forty-seven nobody can deny; and if the names are not enough let anybody "turn to the text of the Dedication to James. In it they will find evidence, not only that the translators received royal encouragement, but the even more royal encouragement of emulation with their contemporaries. We shall be mankind," they say it may be a good thing; Brethren, they run their own ways, and give liking unto nothing, but what is framed by themselves and hammered on their anvils. That charge, I maintain, acquits their contemporaries of the worst crime against artists—namely, indifference.

In curiosity last week I picked up on a bookstall a copy of a new magazine: "The Patrician." Nothing more deserves to be said of it, but I was set calculating the number of new magazines now being hatched. It is amazing. I'm afraid that all tell us that the New Age set the fashion; for every one of the new journals and reviews sets its cap at us. Well, I have no objection myself so we all tie together, though death by overcrowding, they tell me, is most uncom-
frank and ask what reason for existing have the please. Statesman,” the “New Freewoman,” the “Blue half comfortable. But what I should like to know is the reason for existing does, or when (2) it proposes to do better what existing journals do badly. Neither of the above publications, however, satisfies either of these conditions. The “Nation” and the “Board of Trade Gazette” covered the ground of the “New Statesman,” and better, not worse. The “Blue Review” was anticipated by the “English Review.” In the autumn I understand we are to have still another weekly review. 32 pages at a penny, and edited by Mr. Austin Harrison.

“Even supreme mastery of style is a small thing when it is not the instrument of a shaping imagination” Mr. S. R. Ratcliffe in the “Daily News” on the late Goldwin Smith. Put it in “Current idiosync” if you please. As if supreme mastery of style could exist without a shaping imagination! The writer probably meant that Goldwin Smith ceased to be a Liberal when he realised that under Liberalism plutocracy would “reign till it rotted.”

R. H. C.

They Do Not Understand.

By J. T. Fife.

Low, long ago, in the capital of a great nation which was known all over the world as the “Island Empire,” there lived a very strange man.

He was a foreigner; and so the people of that city didn’t like him at all. They said he was a wizard, was in league with evil spirits; and they would have burned him at the stake in the city square, but they were afraid. As time passed the desire to kill him increased, and that, because he was always asking questions. In fact, he was known as Mr. Why.

Now, you and I should be only too pleased to answer questions—that is, proper ones. Nay, at a pinch, we might even “answer a fool according to his folly.” It is to be regretted, therefore, Mr. Why is no longer a citizen of this world.

One day, while the King was reviewing his army in the Royal Park, Mr. Why broke through the cordon of guards which kept the common people at a proper distance. He marched right up to the King, and, without any more ado, asked what the soldiers were about.

Now, you must know that such an action coming from one of the common people was without precedent in the Island Empire, therefore the guards were taken by surprise. Before they had recovered he was addressing the King.

This almost paralysed them. He just walked—walked! mark you—and that was all. And it was required in that land, that on approaching the Sovereign, one had to halt twenty and a half paces from the regal presence, lift up both hands over the head, bow once to the North, twice to the East, three times to the South, and four times to the West. For this purpose, those who attended Court, carried mariners’ compasses. One then faced his Majesty again, and began to bend slowly back until the outstretched hands touched the ground; after which, and in that manner that vulgar little boys call the “Crab Walk,” one proceeded slowly until one reached the feet of the King. On arriving thus far one was commanded to rise, or the King’s body-guard removed the pieces. The Lord High Executioner was ever in attendance for this. Such a method had originated in the ante-glacial period of that nation’s history, but the reason was unknown.

However, the King was in merry mood, and the display pictured in all the courtiers’ faces made him burst out laughing. Then the courtiers laughed, and so did the guards, who had been approaching the Royal grandstand from all quarters in crab fashion after running to the twenty and a half paces.

“Well, caitiff!” said the King, “What wouldst thou?”

“I asked,” answered Mr. Why, never once saying “Your Solar Mightiness,” as was required. “I asked, what are those men doing?”


This last he addressed to the Lord High Executioner.

“Hither send me the Grand Prime Minister, the Secretary of State for the Minister for War. Aha! Quick!! Hasten!!”

The courtiers all echoed Aha! while the L.H.E. interviewed the Deputy, who ordered the Chief Lord-in-Waiting, who asked the Gold Stick, who solicited the Black Rod, to receive that instant attendance of the Prime Minister and his Cabinet.

And so it was; for they hurried from business of great public moment, in which they were determining that a well fifty feet deep was a wall fifty feet high, in order to await the King’s pleasure.

“Answer this caitiff,” commanded he after they had concluded their contortions and genuflections.

“Aha! answer this caitiff!” chorused the courtiers.

“Yes, your Mightiness, we shall answer this caitiff,” said the Prime Minister. “Ho! Caitiff! What is it?”

Mr. Why was amazed at the procedure, though he again asked what the men were doing.

“Ha!” replied the Prime Minister. “Hum! Those men are the army. They are manoeuvring—ah, parading, er, drilling aha, being inspected, er doing ever so many things.”

“But why? For what purpose are they drilling?”

“Answer!” said the King to the Minister for War, touching him with the button he held in his hand.

“Oh, your Mighty Solarity,” protested the War Lord, “the honour is too great for me.”

“Come, come!” called the King. “Answer! or—”

and at the sign the Lord High Executioner stepped forward.

“Your Solar Benignity, yes! Answer the question? Yes!” He quavered this out, but there was no quaver when he spoke to Mr. Why.

“Varlet,” he said, “they are drilling so that they may be able and ready to fight.”

“Why?” persisted the stranger.

“Your Solar Mightiness, must I answer this?” pleaded the troubled War Lord.

“Answer!” said his Mightiness impatiently.

“Well, varlet, so that when our neighbours over the water come to steal our neat little island, we shall be able to resist them.”

“Isn’t their own land good enough?”

“H’m yes; perhaps, well—but—but, Oh, your Mightiness, it is the Colonial Secretary who should answer such a question. Why Emperor Sauer Kraut may make my answer a ‘casus belli.’”

The King commanded the attendance of the Colonial Secretary, and ordered him to answer the question.

“I isn’t their own land good enough?” he mused. “Ay—ah—yes, of course. But—but, well, you do not understand.”
"That is why I ask," said Mr. Why. "It is said you drill men and make an army, so that it may be able to defend those lands that your neighbours wish to steal.

"Oh—ho?" said the Secretary, "has all that been said? Well, well! I'm very much afraid some one has shown great lack of discretion. My colleague, the Secretary for War, has not surely been so very—it, or, I mean, alive to the importance of answering such question in camera, or, at least, diplomatically."

Here the King interposed.

"Cut the cackle," said he, which was surely a very unkindly way of speaking.

"Your Solar Solarity yes," replied the unfortunate Secretary. "I'll cut the ah—er—what you call it. Well, honoured sir!—not calcif or varlet, mark—honoured sir, the various kingdoms, principalities, etc., do likewise. Each has an army. Therefore it must follow, if our nation is to keep its place in the van of progress, it must have an army too. Don't you see?"

"No; not I," said Mr. Why. "I understand you have an army to prevent Emperor—"

"Hush, hush! No, no! Now, not another word," the Secretary interjected, while all around were saying "Hush!" Is it proper to be naturally grave. However, the King commanded that he be allowed to put the question as he chose. "For," he continued, "are we down—"

"Hush, hush," said he, which was surely a very unkindly way of speaking. "Do the men like it?" persisted Mr. Why.

"Well, no! Not all of them," answered the Man of War. "But what has that got to do with it? They've got to like it."

"H'm! It's very queer," was Why's only remark. "H'm! It's very queer," Why proceeded. "To prevent Emperor Sauer Kraut from stealing your land."

"Yes, yes! and—?" said the Secretary.

"And that Sauer Kraut keeps an army to prevent you stealing his."

"No, no!" protested the Colonial Secretary very agitated. "No, not at all. The army of—"

"Hush!"

It was the Secretary of State who spoke.

"Hush! Let us put it in this way. Let us talk of the armies of A and B. So. Then, while A has its army on a purely defensive basis, trained to protect its borders from any aggression—we are all agreed on that, B, however, keeps his army on an agressive basis. Don't you see it now?"

"Well—yes," said Mr. Why. "I think I do. A considers it good business to kill B to prevent B killing him."

"Tut! my dear, respected, and honoured friend, no. But A believes in being ready, 'In time of peace prepare for war', you remember the passage? Ah!—But I'm certain His Solarity could put it much better."

"Hear! hear! So let it be!" chorused the courtiers. But the King—remember Truth is stranger than Fiction—the King was thinking.

"Now you see it?" continued the Secretary of State.

"No, I do not," replied Mr. Why.

"And neither do I," said the King; which surprised everyone around. And the Press correspondents—Didn't I tell you reporters were present? No? Well, they were. You see, this was a very progressive, extra, late, edition country, so the reporters had to get new pencils in order to take proper note of what the King said.

Mr. Why showed no desire to stop.

"But what do all those men do for a living?" he asked.

"Most August Sire," answered the War Lord, "soldiering is their work."

"Oho! But how are they kept?"

"The nation pays them," was the answer.

"Costly, isn't it?"

"Well, yes, millions. Hundreds of millions."

"And that's what I don't get," said the King. "I'll go on strike yet. An increase in my salary is long overdue. I'll join the Labour Party—"

"Pardon, your Mighty Mightiness, pardon! We will consider this as a command," said the Prime Minister, "and courtiers and the people cried, 'Hurrrah!' "

"Yes; we believe it is time, your Majesty. Therefore we shall double the Death Duties, increase the Land Tax, and triple—"

But such a howl of fury came from the courtiers that what was to be tripled was never heard. The people yelled too. Such was the alarm that all the guards fixed their bayonets and marched to within the twenty and a half paces, and were getting ready for the contortionist progression.

It was his Mightiness who restored order, by sagging the Prime Minister on the spot, and ordering him to be taken to prison. This made the reporters frantic. A few of them were signalling by means of a pocket-wireless telegraphic watch to their editors, to send a return the cinematographic photographer. Order restored, Mr. Why was commanded to proceed.

"Well, then," said he, "but do the people like it?"

"Eh!""

Such was the universal interjection: such a question upset them.

"Do the men like it?" persisted Mr. Why.

"Well, no! Not all of them," answered the Man of War. "But what has that got to do with it? They've got to like it."

"Ha! It's very queer," was Why's only remark. Then he did a terrible thing; a most awful thing. He turned round to leave; actually turned his back on the King. Did ever anyone hear of such a—oh—an almost sacrilegious action? Instead of retreating backwards on all fours and thumping his head on the ground three times to the minute, he actually turned and walked away.

The King, kind and all, as he was, couldn't stand that.

"Guards!" he yelled. "Guards! Stop that man."

But Mr. Why didn't require the guards to stop him. When he heard the King yell out, he thought someone had hurt him, so returned to render assistance.

Ah! It was an angry King he now saw; a King no longer inclined to humour the idiosyncrasy of a foreigner: he had been too grossly insulted.

Frowning on Mr. Why he bellowed, "Hast anything to say? Hast—"

"Indeed, no," answered Mr. Why. "Only I do not understand."

"Hah! That saves you not! You do not understand? Ha! ha! ha! He doesn't understand."

The courtiers, and next the populace took up the cry. "Ha!" they yelled, "He doesn't understand."

Mr. Why regarded them with astonishment.

"Yes," he said, "it is true. I do not understand. Your army and Emperor Sauer Kraut's army are composed of men, most of whom do not desire to be in the army—"

"Ho! ho!" said the King, "who speaks of armies now?"

"I do," said Mr. Why. "And I do not understand why those who compose the army do not put a stop to it. They are the people—the nation—" But he got no further.

"Guards," screamed the King, "Guards! My God! Why don't you kill him? He is an anarchist, a foreign alien. Guards! Guards!"

Rough hands were now laid on Mr. Why. The Lord High Executioner drew his scimitar and smote at him, but the War Lord's cheek came in the way and curled up its blade like tinfoil. The army, though, only assisted by the guards, carried him off to prison, while the people bowed, "Kill him! Kill all aliens! God save the King!"

As Mr. Why was led off to prison he remarked:—

"Now, I see. The army exists nominally for one thing, but really for another."

But poor Mr. Why was executed all the same.
Views and Reviews.

This will be a very dull article, for Mr. Philip Snowden is so hopelessly out-of-date that I can do no more than vamp up arguments familiar to the readers of The New Age in reviewing his book. Let I should be accused of wantonly destructive criticism, let me quote from the review of this book in the "Daily Citizen." "Mr. Snowden is one of the orators of the Labour movement, and he is also one of its distinguished writers. His power of expression is to be found in his exceeding clarity. He sees things clearly, and he states them clearly. Add to his lucidity his wealth of ideas, ordered and comprehensive, and the reason of his interest for readers and hearers is at once manifested.

It will be seen from what is said that the volume will be a real acquisition to the forces of progress." I do not want to criticise this review, but I must remark that the statement that "there is evidence of hurried writing" is compatible with the description of Mr. Snowden as one of the distinguished writers of the Labour movement only in a sense derogatory to the literary ability of that movement.

Mr. Snowden, of course, regards Socialism as a political movement; indeed, in drawing the customary distinction between evolutionary and revolutionary Socialists, he says: "This phrase, Revolutionary Socialism, has survived long after it has ceased to have any real significance, for nowadays not even the lowest voiced Revolutionary Socialist expects that the Social Revolution will be achieved in any other way than by the gradual acquisition of political power by the democracy and the gradual transformation of the capitalist system into a co-operative commonwealth." This may be true of "Revolutionary Socialists," but it certainly is not true of those allies of the Social movement whom Mr. Snowden patronises so insufferably in this book. It is Mr. Snowden's misfortune, due entirely to his deliberate stupidity, to be contradicted by facts; and, as readers of this journal know, the co-operators have refused to federate with the Parliamentary Labour Party. "Politics divide, economies unite," said the President of that Conference; and the Parliamentary Labour Party has lost the support of the co-operators. But is the statement true of Revolutionary Socialists? Mr. John Graham Brooks, writing of American Syndicalism, argues that Syndicalism is the result of disappointment with politics. "Politicians of every ilk and shade had promised results that did not come. Incoming Governments held out hopes that were not realised. Wherever these disappointments reached a certain portion of the wage-earners, Syndicalism gets its first expression." Lest it might be thought that this was simply disappointment with ordinary party politics, I make another quotation. Mr. Brooks says: "Two or three years later it was written; 'We Socialists in ninety Communes have benches full of deputies and two members of the Government, but what have they done for Socialism? They are busy, most of them, explaining why we can do nothing. One critic said: 'The only talent they had developed was le talent de s'exécuter; it is all talk, talk.' Thus out of the sorrow or the ruse of disappointment Syndicalism is born. It was only a more concrete and acute form of that chagrin at the failure of parliaments and legislatures which the people of many countries have come to feel, and none more rebelliously than we in the United States. It is thus not alone the revolution that politics and trade unions work so feebly and so tardily, Socialism also brought its own discouragements, to those who are now Syndicalists. Socialism is long enough in the field to have furnished its own history of disappointment."

But even if Revolutionary Socialists agree with Mr. Snowden, Mr. Snowden does not agree with himself. For he objects to Kautsky's definition of a Revolutionary Socialist as one "whose aim is that a hitherto oppressed shall conquer the power of the State" in words which, for sheer baffle-headedness, are not surpassed by any politician whose "power of expression is not to be found in his exceeding clarity." Mr. Snowden says: "This [Kautsky's] seems a very unsatisfactory definition of the Social Revolution. The conquest of political power by a new class is not the Social Revolution [although the Revolutionary Socialists, according to Mr. Snowden, agree with him that it is]. The Social Revolution is the conquest of economic power by a hitherto subject class. [Who is sneering at the Labour Party now?] It is possible for political power to pass into the hands of a new class, but no Social Revolution to follow. We have seen that in this country. In 1867 and in 1884 there was a political revolution which transferred the political superstructure to a new class—the proletarian. But the Social Revolution has followed. The political power of the new electorate, instead of accomplishing a Social Revolution has from certain points of view made the economic position of the capitalist class more secure than before."

The fact is that Mr. Snowden has lost himself in special pleading for a bad cause. For by the very terms of Marx's definition (to which he adheres, and proves therefrom that "all Socialists who help the evolutionary processes which culminate in the Revolution are Revolutionary and Evolutionary Socialists at the same time"), the transformation of the economic foundations of society must precede the transformation of the juridical and political superstructure. The present economic foundation is wages, the price paid for labour as a commodity. Has the Labour Party abolished wages? The answer to all these questions is in the negative; and there can be no transformation of the juridical and political structure until the economic foundations of society are changed. What, then, is his objection to Syndicalism. It is simply that Syndicalism has as its object the abolition of the wage-system. Disguised under various platitudes, such as: "Socialism has been so much concerned about the community that it has neglected the individual to some extent. Syndicalism comes to urge that aspect of the social problem": there is the hostility to the abolition of wages. "The Socialist State will settle the rates of remuneration of the various grades of workers," he says in another place; and as "Socialism will neither abolish private property nor prohibit private enterprise," this simply means that the Government will compete for labour with employers. We are to devote our attention to electing more Labour members so that the root of all evil, the commodity idea of labour, may flourish under the auspices of the State. The sacrifice is really too great for such a reward; and not even for the sake of this "pale ascetic," with his "passionate devotion to the cause of the people," as the Liberal papers phrase it, will we forego the glimmer of truth that Mr. Snowden would obscure. A. E. R.
Industrial Germany. By William H. Dawson. (Collins (The Nation's Library). 12s. net.)

This book may be described as a readable selection of important facts, statistics, and figures. It is a horrid subject; for industry is big business, and Germany has never been noted for refinement, so that when we have the two together we might well fancy ourselves back in the stone age. But no doubt our business men are afraid of the Germans and would do well to study their methods. From our point of view the workmen should do so, too, for the contents of this little volume should be a warning to them, and especially to the Collectivists among them.

The German State has set out to exploit all the natural resources of the country in favour of the manufacturer; and the mere fact that the railways, when this was being done, became State-owned, does not mean that the workmen are well paid. Take this as an example:

The net yield of all the German State railways in 1911 was estimated at £65,000,000, and, after allowing a deduction for interest at the rate of 3½ per cent., a profit of £50,000,000 remained for public purposes. It has been estimated that, since the passing into the national possession, the German railways have provided over £150,000,000 of revenue, and inferentially saved the various States taxation to that extent.

Unquestionably the profits are swallowed by the comparatively low wages paid to the inferior grades of labour, and perhaps to some extent by the fact that the railway service employs many females, and it may be unsafe to conclude that the present return will long continue. The daily wages of labourers on the Prussian State railways, in 1900, ranged from 28. 6d. to 33. 10d. a day, and those of artisans from 3s. 3d. to 4s. 6d. a day. This is a source of great soreness, and of as much agitation as is possible under the rigid regulations applying to this branch of the State service, which makes strikes impossible.

This is the Servile State with a vengeance; and the last half-dozen lines of this excerpt illustrate the contents which The New Age has been making for years past. Payment in kind and not in money; prohibition of strikes and lockouts; and the providing of material value to certain classes of workmen, etc., houses at low rents, free garden plots, pensions, bonuses, holidays, etc.; but the wages question is a source of great soreness, and of so much agitation as is possible under the rigid regulations applying to this branch of the State service, which makes strikes impossible.

Of the remaining chapters of a book which is undoubtedly of value to Socialists, emphasis should be laid on the section dealing with "cartels" and syndicates—employers' syndicates. It is not sufficiently realised in England that the German Trusts are as omnipotent as those in America, even if on a smaller scale. Hear Mr. Dawson again:

The eighty odd cartels and syndicates in the coal and iron industries probably outweigh in importance all the rest put together, alike in the amount of capital represented and in their influence upon industry generally. One of the oldest and most powerful of the syndicates is the Rhenish-Westphalian Coal Syndicate, formed in 1893 for the avowed purpose of abolishing unhealthy competition in the coal trade. In other words, of regulating prices with an upward tendency. By the agreement upon which the syndicate is based, the allied collieries agree to limit their output to the shares assigned to them and to sell to the syndicate, which supplies the market at its own prices. To-day this syndicate controls the entire colliery industry of Rhineland-Westphalia, and, in consequence, the coal trade of North-West and much of Central Germany, since the cost of carriage largely disabuses the Sielstrasse from competing within these areas. The coal is sold by the agents of dealers formed under the direction of the syndicate, and subject to its control in all important matters. The costs of the syndicate are covered by a levy on the accounts of the allied companies; but this deduction is merely nominal, for it is naturally allowed for in the fixing of prices.

This is only one syndicate; there are several others described by Mr. Dawson at some length. And perhaps the most significant lesson for us may be drawn from the efforts made by the capitalists to combat the spread of trade unionism when the workmen's movements threatened to interfere with cartels and profits. They started an opposition trade union movement, the so-called "Pacifist" or "Free Labour" societies, "formed as a rule for individual industrial undertakings and largely subsidised by the employers." It is hardly necessary after this for Mr. Dawson to tell us that the "Pacifist" cause to counteract strikes and "do not represent the labour cause in its most virile aspects." We shall yet see a "Pacifist" trade union movement in England, with Mr. Philip Snowden and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald at its head. A very good book this; and full of warnings obvious enough to everybody except Labour M.P.'s.

In Jesuit Land. By W. H. Koebel. (Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d. net.)

The story of the Jesuit civilisation of the Guaranis natives has been already told by Mr. Cunningham Graham in his "A Vanished Arcadia," but Mr. Koebel has seized the opportunity offered by the impending commercial development of that territory to that subject, and write what is practically a new edition of that work. The story is well retelling; but instead of the usual tourist's introduction, we should have preferred a detailed account of the probable development of this territory contrasted with the actual results of the efforts of the Jesuits. A judicial summing up in favour of the disinterestedness, the skill, and the practical success of the Jesuit administration was scarcely necessary: no one now denies the colonising genius of this order of priests. But our knowledge of capitalist enterprise makes us more than a little dubious of the results of the forthcoming development of this portion of Paraguay; we have good reason to fear that as compared with the comfortable and cultured slavery imposed by the Jesuits, the modern entrepreneur has only the inhuman and degrading slavery to offer that the colonists who secured the expulsion of the Jesuits imposed. We should have preferred, because we really need, some information concerning the nature of the development that now awaits the Misiones territory. Certainly, it is not likely that the labourer will forget the benefit of his labour, in addition to all that organisation and culture imply; and Mr. Koebel's book will at least serve as a basis of criticism of modern capitalist effort. The book is illustrated with some good photographs, and has, at least, the merit of dealing with an interesting subject.

The Cable Game. By Stanley Washburn. (Melrose. 4s. 6d. net.)

We suppose that there are people who like to know how newspaper men earn their living, more particularly when they are of such importance that they are allowed to charter steamboats. Mr. Washburn is such a man, and he tells in this book of the trials and adventures through which he passed in the attempt to obtain information for his paper concerning the riots in Russia. Really, it does not matter to us what he was after; his book might be a novel for all the value it has. We are introduced to a black servant, who is, we suppose, more respectable than his character in a work of fiction dare be. We have several accounts of storms on the Black Sea, and the hair-breath escapes from death of Mr. Washburn and his crew; and the whole is written in that detestably journalistic style that makes most American books unreadable. There is little, if anything, that is omitted; and the only fit memorial of them is the few columns of news in the Chicago "Daily News." The book is the unwarrantable intrusion of a previously
unknown person, whom we prefer shrouded in the anonymity of "Our Special Correspondent."

**Rambles in Kent.** By J. Charles Cox. (Methuen. 6s.)

This volume is a fellow to Dr. Cox's three previous volumes on Sussex, Surrey, and Somerset. The interests of the author are various, including architecture, literary and political history, that heterogeneous collection of subjects summarised as archaeology; and he has an eye to see, but not a pen to describe, the beauty of scenery and of stained glass. Dr. Cox is a born pedestrian: his prose betrays the fact; but he does not whistle for want of thought: as he passes through a county, he muses on dates, styles of architecture, traditions of political and literary association; and one might do worse than tour a county in his company. Certainly, his planning of walks is admirable, and his books may lure people abroad who regard places as inaccessible if they are not on a railway line. What "the call of the wild" may fail to effect, that curiosity that is attracted to places that are connected, ever so remotely, with well-known names may achieve; and snobbery may thus become the servant of hygiene.

**Vagabond Days in Brittany.** By Leslie Richardson. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

This is another example of a sort of book that is becoming common, and is practically useless. If Mr. Richardson wishes to write a guide-book to Brittany, let him do so; if he wishes to write a story-book, let him try. But to write a guide-book in the form of a story-book is to be neither interesting nor intelligible. The task of disentangling fact from fiction is not one that will appeal to tourists, and, to a reader who does not intend to travel, Mr. Richardson's recital of his drinking bouts and "corroborees" lacks much of humour and everything of art. Maximus and Lucien may be of interest in their seasickness, that the story of their son; but we may reasonably protest that we are not so certain that the headgear is not murderous, so that duchesses do laundry work and washerwomen receive society; with a rummage sale, the truth about sport (which is simply that it is cheaper to buy your food than catch it), the gospel of success, and similar fatuities, The essays dealing with the literary life are not naturally critics of poetry. But we may doubt whether good feeling can really be inspired by bad poetry; and some of Mr. Young's lines are so inept that we can only hope that the children will not transfer their destructive energy from prose to literature. To write:—

Now woeankind their murderous headgear dore, We place on Love the crown ne'er to come off: is to put a premium on confused utterance. For it is certain that the headgear is not murderous, but murdered; and "the crown ne'er to come off" is such a paltry rhyme and limping rhythm, so inept a description, and so redundant an expression—it expresses, in short, so many literary vices—that the possibility of its inculcating virtue is not apparent. Better stick to prose, Mr. Young, if you want to preach.

**A YOUTHFUL SPIRIT'S JOURNEY.**

I stole away in silence from those sun-swept native hills, Where forests wild with music of a thousand woodland rills, I roamed away in manhood's guise, youth's spirit left behind, And soughts for worldly majesty; sought wisdom of mankind, Stupendous strength of souls and high nobility— I found but slaves contented with captivity.

Heedless to truth's own transcendential light, The mass of men meandering through travel's dreadful night, And no star shone to guide them to heavenly freedom's hall; Their food was but a poison, a bitter, bitter gall.

The sweat of slaves surrendered to hideous golden gods Oozed out and flesh and blood were soulless as earth's sods; Through all this load of sadness, of dire infirmity, What craving can there be for Time's eternity?

Drooping low with anguish at mankind's dreadful states, I ploughed my way through jungles to where Youth's spirit waits; And clothed me once again in his celestial spring, And forest brook and lovely glen once more with music ring—

**The New Age.** By Francis Grierson. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

This volume of essays will add little, if anything, to Mr. Grierson's reputation. His apparent profundity deserts him when he deals with tangible things; and his own criticism of Lamartine, that a man of genius loses inspiration and power when he descends to politics, ought to have warned him against political prophecy. "The Invincible Alliance," which gives the title to this volume, is a suggestion for an alliance between England and America against a coalised Europe and a menacing Asia. Mr. Grierson suggests an exchange of preachers between the two countries as a means to this end; but why not give Europe and Asia the benefit of their eloquence, and export the lot to these Continents? A number of the other essays in this volume have appeared in The New Age, and, as Mr. Grierson does not acknowledge the fact, we need not do more than remind him of it. When he writes of our Parliamentary arena, he does little more than translate the symbolism of "F. C. G.'s" cartoons into language; and his political wit has degenerated into transcription from a menu-card. We miss from this volume the commendation of M. Maeterlinck; but doubtless that will arrive in time for a second edition.

**The Revolt of the Birds.** By G. Edward Young. (Kelly. 2s. 6d. net.)

This is described as "A Song-Drama for Children," and its excellent purpose discounts criticism to some extent; moreover, children are not naturally critics of poetry. But we may doubt whether good feeling can really be inspired by bad poetry; and some of Mr. Young's lines are so inept that we can only hope that the children will not transfer their destructive energy from prose to literature. To write:—

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Redolence of prodigal roses on breath of the south wind?

"Nay, as it were so
He now would be drooping in silence, beholding the ruin
Of spent, scattered petals."

Then, haply, he plundered the bloom with melliferous yearning?

"Nay, then, like the bee is he unsty distilling a sweetness
A dowry for others?"

Then, friend, hath he caught the wild dancing of carnival waters

'Mong cascades of laughter ecstatic—invigiling allurement

Of goats sirem-haunted?

"Nay, friend, might he not then be silently tracing and weaving
Hymnic adornments?"

Then hath this Anacreon visions of complaisant maidens, And rich-mantling goblets?

"Metlinks, then would flow from his nuptials mellower music."

Then, friend, was it merely

A surfeit of viands, hyperborean combustible

A torrid indulgence of Fancy?

But, see, the eye waneth, The moon elims aloof, and, Dear friend, in mist of death so : a calm salutation!

Twill linger, an amulet sure, for our slumbers . . .

I'm happy we left them;

Good-night, friend.

ALBERT ALLEN.

THE EPIGRAM.

JOHN: Truly, we live in an epigrammatic age! We must all make epigrams or die. It matters little what we make them about. Beer, like Mr. Chesterton: Free Love, like Mr. Shaw; Roman Catholicism, like Mr. Belloc; or even Whiskers, like a less illustrious jester. The epigram's the thing. How bored one gets with this monstrous cleverness!

TON: Still, there is a use for the epigram. For instance, when I come upon a short, striking sentence, after reading a passage of exposition or argument, I feel that it illuminates the whole passage; and that the exposition would lack perfect lucidity and the argument be pointless without the essential epigram: like a cathedral wanting the spire, or a sword without a point.

JOHN: True; but what would you say of an architect who only built spires, or a soldier who was only armed with a sword point? Yet these moderns are such mad architects and inadequate soldiers. The epigram is very effective when used by a literary artist. After he has elaborated his argument and brought out all the resources of his reasoning and his enthusiasm, the epigram may be used wisely to carry ultimate conviction. But Chesterton and Shaw deluge us with epigrams, and nothing but epigrams. Epigrams are their substitute for reason, faith, and even intellectual honesty. Or, perhaps, they use it as a veil to conceal that admirable but unpopular epigram.

I fear me."

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ALBERT ALLEN.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TRADE AND WAGES.

SIR,—Twenty-five years ago I heard a lecturer say, "The rich are getting richer and the poor poorer." This statement has been regularly repeated ever since, and is echoed in The New Age. "Notes of last week; but if it is true, the poor should by this time all have taken to the woods! It is true the rich have been getting richer, and are continuing to do so, but the standard of the poorest remain always pretty much the same. They are the same because they must have, what will keep them fit for work; no more. The occupations and trades where workmen really get skill obtained for a shorter period than when they were twenty-five years ago, although they do not get—as a manufacturer freely deplored to me only the other day—anything like a fair share in the wealth accruing from good trade, general progress, and inventions. The poorest, the unskilled, get nothing but contempt.

The better conditions and wages men have, the more likely are they to be still improved. The worse the conditions and wages, the more hopeless is the prospect of any improvement. Take a case from the wool industry. Twenty-five years ago the top wage for a dayman wool-sorter was 28s. per week. To-day it is 35s. 6d. Wool-sorting is a skilled trade. The men work side by side in large rooms, devoid of machinery, where conversation is possible and necessary to the other. Wooll-combing, although as necessary as sorting, is not a skilled trade, and it is carried on amidst deafening machinery, and under a stench of oil and wool. Conversation being, of course, impossible during work. After ten hours in the sickening atmosphere of a combing shed, the operative has only the great deal of spirit left for much else. The wages of woolcombers to-day are little better, relative to food prices, than they were twenty-five years ago. I once saw procession of woolcombers on strike. I shall never forget it. Ninety per cent. could have stood for the apology in "Romeo and Juliet," without any make-up whatever, and I am sure Dickens, who created Smike, had seen a woolcomber! Although they held up their heads with conscious effort, I felt that they were men, that their condition was not their own creation, but that of the well-dressed persons who superintended their work. Their horizon is always the annual holiday or the next improvement. Take a case from the wool industry. The first menace of war will reveal the terrible weakness of its position.

F. WHELDALE.

RAILWAY CLERKS.

SIR,—Your writers of the articles on "Guild Socialism"* have always said that more than 2 per cent. of them ever heard of The New Age, to say nothing of the Guild Socialism therein outlined. Such a remark is not for them, nurses as they are, like the teachers and the post office employees, in services which are nurseries of small souls. Their horizon is always the annual holiday or the next 5 per cent. increase in salary—not wages, Sir. Their ambition, which few attain, is 50s. or £3 a week, and a home in suburbia, where residue of energy may be spent in a quiet gentility. Have you, Sir, ever been in one of those "homes"? I have, and the slums are not more discouraging. You cannot help thinking what such people would be like £300 a year. I am not blaming them, I mourn over them, lamenting the conditions which made them what they are. The small farmer, miner, mechanic, or navvy, is a more complete man—mourn over them, lamenting; the conditions which made them what they are. The small farmer, miner, mechanic, or navvy, is a more complete man—

JAS. LOCKE.

THE INSURANCE ACT.

SIR,—I do not wish to intervene in the feminist controversy which is raging in The New Age, but I should like to point out to Mr. Sydney Robert West that it is not enough for the Roman Catholic insurance offices to provide in their advertisements "familial insurance, men and women," for the Roman Catholic Church, which does not, and refuses to allow, any forms of life of the marital order, secure in his "hatred of a slave-making Act." There are thousands who can do this, but they accomplish nothing. Their union does support to thousands more who dare not act alone.

Therefore I urge him to join this association, which contains people of all political views, and who are being fined and victimised for retaining some independence and love of freedom.

MARGARET DOUGLAS,
Hon. Secretary,
Insurance Tax Resisters’s Defence Association.

INTERNATIONAL FEDERATION—A CHIMERA.

SIR,—The scheme of international federation, so interestingly described in your columns by Mr. Henry Meulen, has one weak point. It assumes that the signatory Powers are so sensible, and so peace-loving, that they will not reserve reservations limiting its operation, and are in a position to continue so indefinitely—a condition which certainly does not obtain at the present moment. For as soon as one can see it, it is not till the millennium, is it in human nature that a vigorous and expanding nation, which finds its borders constantly threatened, can abjure its armaments and consent to the bolstering up of some effete and nerveless government in order that the political boundaries of, say, 1913, shall be preserved unchanged through all succeeding centuries? The idea is absurd, and we may well give up all these chimerical schemes of universal peace and set ourselves to face the bracing fact that a country’s peace depends on its own strength and preparedness to defend its inheritance. As soon as these qualities sink below a certain critical point, then will that country fall, and rightly fall, as downward to the dust and her nation which, in the keen struggle for existence, finds itself in need of new territory for its teeming population.

I will conclude with one word of warning, which is that no time is likely to be long enough, for the confusion obtained from such a higgledy-piggledy jumble of minds, nations, and races would be too much anarchistic in nature to suit my taste. The only possible comparison, surely, is between the best types (or average types) of similar classes in the two sexes; a comparison which is at least as old as Manu, and which can be properly made only on the principles of artistic selection so well expressed in the Indian law codes.

I confess with great pleasure that I am unable to understand the callow modern express business, so limp, self-so jauntily, like a perky shop-assistant with a day off, by saying "modern women are wasps" (we can always hear this sort of thing, and just as clerks), and by referring to Miss Harrison’s work as being the result of "the excellent feminine patchwork faculty of putting two and two together." I beg Mr. West not to read Miss Harrison’s works again; for anyone who can speak of the pleasure of reading them as a "penance" is obviously incapable of understanding them, or her, or the subjects she writes about with so much charm, penetration, and lucidity. Only a day or two before I saw Mr. West’s letter in type I did contrast three well-known men with three women equally well known in similar spheres, pointing out that the advantage lay rather with the women, hence the comparison between Mr. Rouse and Miss Harrison. I cannot accept the principle of Mr. West’s "proper comparison," viz., between all men since civilisation began, and all women, for the compared results obtained from such a higgledy-piggledy jumble of minds, nations, and races would be too much anarchistic in nature to suit my taste.

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Still, references to Miss Underhill, one by have had to travel over a good deal of the ground Mr. Hewlett's book favourably certainly does not justify covered by Miss Underhill, and, even if hill's criticism of the character of Jesus. Here, again, I shallow as those of Mr. West.

AGE which seem to me to contain remarks as ill-founded could still testify that her book reckons without the type of woman I have referred to any superficial critic with a bee in his bonnet who cannot.

I do not think my critic has yet proved his contention. The Government would have experienced much more trouble than it has. As for the influence of women on the White Slave Act, I do not think it has yet been contentedly. As opposed to the cutting from the "Church League for Women's Suffrage," an organ which I had never previously heard of, my reccomendation is—cannot, un

tunately, lay aside the cutting into the momentum that "Votes for Women" utterly opposed the faggling clause. As for the better-class women, their views, in so far as I have been able to ascertain, were decided by the faggling clause and to the other crude features of the Act. On the other hand, the slave-women, the respectable married woman type of lower middle females, supported the Act exactly as feather-headed Will Crooks did. This type of woman, by the way, predominates in Ireland's Women's Home, and it is many of these "Liberal first and women afterwards" people who did their best to facilitate the working of the Insurance Act. Miss Bondfield and Miss MacArthur were, in my opinion, guilty of a very grave error of judgment in "roping in" women under the Act—in fact, they were downright foolish; but their offence was no worse than that of the Labour members with whom their political work was always closely associated.

I do not follow Mr. West's reference to "long-sighted people who know and that it did not begin with themselves." I am the last person to whom this cock-a-hoop observation should be addressed, for I have been and am still one of the New Age and I have been for the other ages. One thing is certain, if I may borrow a phrase from Mr. West: England will never be "brought round by any superficial argument". The woman who can realise that there are as many classes and types of women as of men, that to brand a whole sex as "vasps" is neither just nor funny, and that any social reformer who reconciles without the type of woman I have referred to earlier in this letter will find his one-sided principles unequal to their duties. This does not profess to be a daring prophecy of a far-off event; it is only the common-sense observation of a man who realises that intelligence is not confined to one sex and to a few abysmal members of the other.

I do not think it irrelevant, and I trust, sir, you will not, if I make two complaints about articles in The New News which seem works as ill-founded and shallow as those of Mr. West. I allude to the two references to Miss Underhill, one by "R. H. C." in "Readers and Writers" and the other in "Present-Day Criticism." It is, no doubt, unfortunate that the "Daily News" should have selected Miss Underhill to review a book by a man who is not yet her intellectual equal. Still, New News are not written for the middle class; and the fact that Miss Underhill reviewed Mr. Hewlett's book favourably certainly does not justify the application of "myopic" to "Mysticism," Miss Underhill's criticism of the character of Jesus. Here, again, I have had to travel over a good deal of the ground covered by Mr. West; if I had read, I could still testify that her book "Mysticism" showed a scholarship and balance which are in strong contrast to the petulance of your critique. I have not yet finished "The Mystic Way," but a perusal of the first two or three chapters have shown me that scholarship, dignity, and firm grasp of the subject as before. You cannot judge Miss Underhill by her little piece of poetry any more than you can judge, say, Voltaire by his tragedies. When R. H. C." speaks of Miss Underhill's work on Mysticism, putting him, it seems to me to me that he not only defeats his own ends, but brings discredit on the critical authority of The New Age. All who know more about the question of Oriental philosophy are well aware of the high value of Miss Underhill's books. However unjustly The New Age is treated by others, it should not retaliate by being unjust in its turn.

Sir,—In your issue of April 17 you say: "We never urged women into economic independence." On the contrary, we allowed them to have it, and we argued that it was a different animal. Mr. West's statement that the Insurance Act did not lead him to support the only organisation formed to combat it. It is misguided pseudo-individualism of what sort sort of organisation that he allowed to have rail heads because capital was waiting of the whole world, and that if women do it, men will have to go without work.

This belief has been shattered into atoms wherever it has been tested. The most famous example is the hostility to machinery which characterised, and still characterises, much of the feverish zeal of the early nineteenth centuries men went in bands and smashed machinery to prevent it competing with human labour and the material wealth of the community. An enormous quantity of labour-saving machinery has been invented and put into use within the last hundred and fifty years; yet the working class do not demand a day as good as it has been at any time in recorded history. The unemployed problem was more serious a hundred years ago than it is today.

Your position is essentially the same as that of Mr. Joseph Penn, who has lately revived a famous doctrine of Sismondi and Rodbertus in your columns. He maintains that the working class spends every penny of its income with an extravagance unknown in the past. The middle class, on the other hand, are so surfeited with commodities that they can buy no more; and, therefore, unable to spend their constantly increasing income which, consequently, the commodities which are produced cannot be bought; and increasing stagnation results. This theory has often been erroneously attributed to Karl Marx, although, in fact, he did not believe in it. Bernstein points out in his "Voraussetzungen des Sozialismus" that there is one passage in the third volume of "Capital" in which Marx seems to hold the doctrine of Mr. Finn but he scented it on all other occasions before and after.

The simple answer to Mr. Finn's theory is that it is opposed to all recent economic facts. As a matter of fact, there has been a diminishing percentage of the total national income, and are, therefore, able to purchase only a diminishing proportion of the national income; statisticians of all creeds agree that the working class has increased during the last century; not a single reliable observer has maintained that it has. The working class are the middle class proportionately of the national income; statisticians of all creeds like Giffen, Teodor, Bernstein, and May have shown that decrease into atomically difficult. The rich on the other hand, are so surfeited with commodities that they can buy no more; and, therefore, unable to spend their constantly increasing income which, consequently, the commodities which are produced cannot be bought; and increasing stagnation results. This theory has often been erroneously attributed to Karl Marx, although, in fact, he did not believe in it. Bernstein points out in his "Voraussetzungen des Sozialismus" that there is one passage in the third volume of "Capital" in which Marx seems to hold the doctrine of Mr. Finn but he scented it on all other occasions before and after.

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tions will likely pass before there is any stoppage in the ever-increasing demand for capital. One thing is cer-
tain; that since Sismondi set forth his theory in 1819, the world has not advanced one inch nearer to the "great unemploy-
ment" of 1819. Willshire, one of the followers of Sismondi and Rodbertus, is fond of calling it.
We may, therefore, safely say that there is not the slightest chance of its being abolished, except as a tem-
porary phenomenon, for many generations to come. The labour market can easily absorb any number of persons who are likely to be thrown into it. A sudden rush of women into industry would certainly be serious, just as the sudden introduction of the power loom and the spinning jenny unquestionably caused enormous misery for a time. A sudden rush into industrial life, however, as they will likely do, is not the slightest danger of their brothers having to go to the workhouse. The only result would be that money would be earned, that the standard of life of the working class would rise, and that child labour and aged labour would be largely abolished.

As for the pleasantness or unpleasantness of becoming wage-slaves, that entirely depends on the temperament of the individual. To many women work is the most loathsome thing in the world. Such women fly eagerly into prostitution, or into the most repulsive marriage. To many others, work is not an evil; while the greatest of miseries is to depend on another and have no money of one's own. Difference of temperament is a far deeper thing than difference of sex. Difference of temperament is caused by different organs in the fundamental of the human body—the heart, the liver, the digestive organs, and so on. Compared with these organs, the importance of the organs of sex is slight. They are far less in common between a man with a strong heart and a man with a weak heart, than between a man and woman who have both strong hearts. Consequently, it is futile to generalise about women, and say that they cannot work, that their place is in the home, and so on. These are the qualities of a temperament, not of a sex. Many women are like men and can do it with the greatest ease, and after home life, and are totally incapable of living in dependence on any man. It is very desirable that all such women should get into industry or business as quickly as possible, and their doing so would be a national benefit, and would not do the smallest harm to anybody.

British Columbia.

R. B. KERR.

[By confusing and confounding our economic analysis with that of our contributor, Mr. Finn, our present corre-
respondent has made it impossible for either of us to reply to his arguments in detail. On the general subject, therefore, we will content ourselves with the comment that our correspondent appears to head toward the X Y Z of capitalist economics without mastering its A B C. On the subject of the entrance of women into wage-industry, the parallel of a child or an animal, out of women's work with machinery is typical of the epicene in humanity of many professed feminists. That their entrance is against their will and against their nature we should have thought, no matter whether we were males or females. It is well content with the knowledge—a something which is well known to all men, but which the former is obvious, but the latter, even in one "intellectually unemployed" is incomprehensible, because every true artist, be he poet or painter, musician or writer, must work with the possession—and is well content with the knowledge—a something which is of infinitely greater value, and confers infinitely nobler compensations than all "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind."--Ed, N.A.]

PROLAPSUS CALAMI.

Sir,—As one who, for a long time, has taken an inter-
est in THE NEW AGE, among other reasons because of the high ideal it maintains of style, I cannot but regret the inclusion in last week's issue of "Prolapsus Calami", by "I. A. R."

I protest, because, in the first place, there is still many of your readers who have a reverence, intellectual or religious, for Christianity and its Founder, and who consider such "disjointed musings" the blasphemy of a juvenile who has not yet realised the meaning of good taste. Would such delicate expression as "hell, rot you" be addressed to Zeus, or Socrates, or Gotama, or Sweden-
borg? I protest because expletives—the language of the coster and the navvy—have not hitherto been included in the artist's vocabulary. Mediocrities of the Masefield type adopt them in juxtaposition to the name of Christ in order to create a shiver. Is this not vulgarity, evinc-
ing the lack of that delicate refinement and taste which recoil with a shudder from such hideous verbal garbage. I. A. R. laments he is not a gentleman, and resents his poverty. The former is obvious, but the latter, even in one "intellectually unemployed" is incomprehensible, because every true artist, be he poet or painter, musician or writer, must work with the possession—and is well content with the knowledge—a something which is of infinitely greater value, and confers infinitely nobler compensations than all "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind."--Ed, N.A.]

One other word. I notice "I. A. R." implores the Deity to make him a fool. Evidently, Mr. Editor, some prayers are miraculously answered.

A. E. ADDINGTON.

[Our correspondent should contrast the effect of the deeply felt lines we published last week with the effect produced on sincerely religious people by the easy epicopal endorsement of "Christ on the Bioscope."—Ed, N.A.]

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