Notes of the Week

If circumstantial evidence were ever sufficient to justify a charge, we do not doubt that in the case of Mr. Godfrey Isaacs v. Mr. Cecil Chesterton the latter and not the former would have won. The case of Mr. Chesterton was admittedly based on circumstances and on such reasonable deductions from them as on the face of the facts any average mind would have felt impelled to draw. Unfortunately, however, for him the circumstances themselves proved insusceptible of any further evidence than their own existence. The inductions as to their origin and consequently the valuations of their significance were nothing more than unerviable guess-work. The hypothesis of corrupt practices as suggested by Mr. Chesterton was legitimate, and, if we may say so, plausible; but it was not by any means the only possible or even, in the abstract, the only plausible hypothesis. Doubt, in fact, in any mind of strict fairness is inseparable from any conclusion on the evidence as offered or elicited during the discussion and during the trial at the Old Bailey. In the case of several recent criminal actions when men have lost their lives on circumstantial evidence improperly strained by prosecuting lawyers and judges, we have strongly protested against the whole doctrine. We do so now none the less because in the present instance our predilections would favour its use.

* * *

Without dwelling on the fact that in this instance the judge, the lawyers and the jury repudiated circumstantial evidence as insufficient by itself to establish a case, whereas, in other instances, where the governing classes generally desire to convict, the same evidence would be thought sufficient and proper, we may point out several considerations of interest. Our former dictum that no private person can successfully sustain a political charge of corruption without the aid of the opposing political party appears to be justified. At the very best he can make his case highly plausible; so plausible, indeed, as honestly to convince himself and those who desire or are even willing to take the trouble to be convinced; but unless the other half of the governing oligarchy come to his support with the testimonies and documents which between them the two halves control, he cannot

convince either those who are indisposed to his conclusion or the great mass of indifferent minds. The last-named section are the people or public opinion in general, and since it is to this element that presumably a publicist like Mr. Chesterton appeals, he must fail to convince them unless, as we say, he is supported by one or other of the sections that can produce the conclusive evidence and force attention to it. But the effect of his failure upon them—upon public opinion, that is—is more often to determine the public against him than for him even in the matter of predilection. A definite charge of political corruption is always hazardous owing to the absence of the conclusive evidence actually, we believe, in the majority of cases, disposes the public to acquit much more than the individual charged—namely, the whole class to which he belongs. It follows that the risk in formulating definite charges in these matters without the collusion or support of part, at least, of the oligarchy, is far greater than that of the mere personal reputation or convenience of the prosecutor. He runs the risk, it is true, of discredit and ruin; and to the extent of his disinterestedness his public spirit in taking this risk is admirable. Mr. Cecil Chesterton will always stand as something of a public hero. But he also runs the risk of alienating the public not only from his particular case, but from his general view of which the particular case may be only a small illustration. We conclude, as we have concluded before, that with such evidence as journalists usually possess, the wise course to take in public affairs is to make the charge exactly equal to the evidence. Where the evidence is circumstantial only, the charge should be hypothetical only. Where the evidence merely suggests a conclusion, that conclusion should be offered as no more than a suggestion. It may be, no doubt, that this procedure results in nothing dramatic; but also, we believe, it results in nothing melodramatic. The procedure promises, at any rate, to force ultimately into public light the real evidence from those who possess it; and even if it fails in this respect no other method would succeed.

* * *

Of the conclusions to which, it is reported, the several sections of opinion constituting the Marconi Committee incline, the most sensible, to our mind, is that of the group whose spokesman is Lord Robert Cecil. It is that a sufficient explanation of the origin of the rumours of corruption is to be found in the admitted Ministerial dealings in American Marconis, and that the Ministers concerned in these were guilty of gross impropriety. No more than this, we are sure, is now likely to be
established beyond cavil; but also, we are equally cer-
tain, no less than this will satisfy public opinion or the
jury of the nation. Concerning the first clause of Lord
Robert Cecil's provisional conclusion, we may say at
once that we still have our doubts. But they are almost
wholly theoretical. For instance, we do not know and
do not now ever expect to know if the dealings in American
Marconis were the sole fire of which we have seen the smoke. What, however, we do
know is that the smoke appears to be amply explained
by that fire and by that alone. In short, without pedantically or curiously inquiring into subsidiary or
residual causes, we are content to take the American
dealings as the efficient cause of the subsequent
rumours of corruption. When, however, we pass from
the first to the second clause of Lord Robert Cecil's
summing up, we pass from workaday certainty to ideal
certainty. There is no sort of doubt possible, even of
the most casuistic description, that both in their original
dealings and in their subsequent conduct, the Ministers
concerned have been guilty of gross impropiety. The
transaction with a company allied to a government com-
pany was itself improper enough, under the contem-
porary circumstances (which nobody should forget) to
sustain the charge of grossness: but that charge has
been corroborated, strengthened and reduplicated by
almost every action of the three Ministers since. Even
impossible to maintain that the Ministers them-
sewves were not aware from the outset that their con-
duct was improper; for otherwise it is inconceivable
that they should have attempted to conceal it. Each of
their subterfuges is doubtless, explain or conceal
the original facts has been tantamount, indeed, to an
admission of the charge of impropiety. Whether the
Marconi Committee is a Court of Law there is, of
course, no doubt. It is not a Court of Law. But we
cannot accept the contention that it is not a Court of Honour either. On his supposition that
the Committee was appointed to inquire into the merits
of the contract and into that alone, the Committee was
not only incompetent—being inexpert—but it has de-
liberately introduced much more irrelevant than relevant
matter into its discussions. At least nine out of ten of
the witnesses were superfluous if the Committee were
not in fact attempting to discharge, however uncon-
sciously, the duties of a Court of Honour. The conclu-
sion to which the Committee has come, to which the public has come, and the conclusion to which the Com-
mittee itself has been mainly responsible for bringing us,
is that, as well as their action sufficiently accounting for
the rumours, the three Ministers' conduct both in that
matter and subsequently has been grossly improper and
so should be reported by the Marconi Committee.

There are, however, political reasons for doubting
whether this plain and unescapable conclusion will
actually be reported. There are still more for doubting
whether the practical step of acting upon it, even if this
report were made, would be taken. The resignation
of Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Rufus Isaacs would appear at first to be the necessary and only immediate
sequel to a finding of the Committee of gross im-
propriety in their public conduct. But, on consideration, they cannot be seen, Mr. Lloyd George being
honourable, if not in dishonourable, collusion with the three
Ministers. So indeed have the rest of the Cabinet.
It is certain, therefore, that a report necessitating the
retirement from public life of Mr. Lloyd George and
Sir Rufus Isaacs would be the necessary and only immediate
conversion of the Cabinet as a whole. Such is the price we
pay for maintaining the doctrine of the omnipresence of the Cabinet in each of its members. On the other
hand, to resign until the Opposition is prepared to
form a Government is practically impossible, for
neither party is its own master. Again, there are
obligations on the Liberal Party and on the present
Cabinet to see the Parliament Act through as regards
the two considerable Bills brought under it, the Irish
Home Rule and the Welsh Disestablishment Bills.

Whether these Bills are of intrinsic importance in
their respective countries is nothing by long comparison
with the fact that they have immense extrinsic impor-
tance for the Liberal Party. To wreck these measures
just as they are coming into port would be to incense
their proprietors, politically if not personally, and to forfeit their votes in the future. In fact, all the
Liberal caucus face this threatening contingency? The
third consideration is that the Unionists are not ready
to take office either in personal or in political agree-
ment. Of the personal disagreements we need say
nothing; but of the chaos of the programme of the party
one instance may be given.

At the present moment, as our readers know, the
most unpopular political event in the country is the In-
surance Act. On the Insurance Act alone the Unionists,
even the most underserving, might be returned to-
morrow. On the Insurance Act and the Marconi affair
together they could be returned with a good majority.
Unfortunately, however, the party as a whole is as yet
incapable of making up its mind on either subject. Yet
before it can possibly decide, face it any Election it must
make up its mind on both subjects, and not one more.
One to come to a conclusion about the Marconi affair
without coming to a conclusion about the Insurance Act
would be to risk fighting the Election on scandal and
misplaced political politics, and afterwards earn unpopu-
larlity for shirking the Insurance Act. To come, on
the other hand, to a conclusion about the Insurance Act only
would be to will the end of victory, but not the means.
But do you think that any of the Unionist journals
see it? or that counsellors, Mr. J. L. Garvin, whose
counsel used to be as that of God? or that wonderful
leader of theirs, the pathetic Mr. Bonar Law? While
they are talking of tactics and courage, sense of the
possible and touch with the actual, not only is the
opportunity of a generation under their eyes, but they
are dividing themselves so as to be as incapable of
taking it, should they see it, as of seeing it without
assistance. One member of their party only appears to us
to have the political instinct for the moment; and, we
might add, though only for the moment, one journal—
the "Daily Mail." Lord Robert Cecil's manly as well
as politic conclusion on the Marconi affair has already
been mentioned. He is, at the same time, the first
Unionist to be clearly prepared for the Election that
must follow the censure and resignation of the Cabinet.
In short, he has come to a conclusion about the Insurance
Act.

The following is an extract from Lord Robert Cecil's
speech at Yeovil on Wednesday last: "I declare boldly
that in my view compulsion is out of place in the Bill.
The moment you introduce compulsion you cut at the
root of the principle from which friendly societies
sprang. You cannot have compulsion and freedom and
self-reliance combined. I regard this principle of
compulsion with profound misgivings and I must say
quite frankly that for myself I dislike what is called
compulsory thrift more almost than any of the other
shams that exist. Compulsory thrift is not thrift at all.
It is merely taxation by another name. I am allowed
to do exactly what I have been doing all my life without why the rule which is applied to me should not be ap-
p lied to my poorer brethren. There is only one suffi-
cient remedy, and that is to make the Act voluntary, to
allow those who think they have something to gain by
holding on to government savings and afterwards must
do exactly what I like with my money, and I do not see
why the rule which is applied to me should not be ap-
l lied to my poorer brethren. There is only one suffi-
cien t remedy, and that is to make the Act voluntary, to
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The result of the Australian Elections, as everybody knows by this time, is the defeat by a small majority of the Labour Ministry. The event is of more importance economically than politically, since it was determined by a circumstance which sooner or later must have confronted every more social reforming party. That circumstance is the existence of the propertyless wage-earner or proletariat. This poor creature, the rejected stone of the social reform builders, is first their pedes-
tal, afterwards their stumbling block, their toppled mascara and finally their tombstone. It is on his existence that social reformers base their appeals to the sentiment and capacity of the middle and upper classes. But so soon as they definitely attempt by legislation to transform him not merely to satisfy sentiment or pique, but to make an economically independent man of him, so soon do all employers of labour—that is, profiteers—small and great, combine to oppose it and to throw out the party that attempts it. In Australia, as in Germany, in America as in Ireland, it is the proletariat who figure most in the promissory Gospels of Social Reform and least in the Acts of the Apostles. The latter, in-
deed, usually manage to miss him out altogether. In Australia, however, during the recent electoral campaign an Association of Rural Workers raised the pro-
pounda of a high minimum wage for the agricultural proletariat. After considerable hesitation the Labour Party in the rural districts took up their cause and em-

ded the demands on their programme: with this consequence, that all the small owners who had hitherto supported the Labour Party against the trusts and large capitalists, swung over to the latter as their more natural allies against the proletariat. Hence in a large measure the Labour defeat—a thoroughly deserved defeat, in our opinion, since no Labour Party ought to enter politics and accept the precedence of progress when in fact they can as yet by political means do nothing for the proletariat whatever.

The same criticism, we are afraid, must be made of the otherwise admirable Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, and will prove to be applicable to the at-
tempt to set up small holdings in England and to the doctrine of Distributism in general. It is that all these schemes are reckoning without their proletariat. In Ireland, for example, under the stimulating influence of Sir Horace Plunkett and Mr. G. E. Russell, the number of successful small-holders has increased out of hand. In last week’s “Irish Homestead,” for the first time in our recollection, the voice of the proletariat—of the agricultural labourer with no holding or capital—was heard in its columns; and the question was raised how the wages of this class of workmen could be increased. Mr. Russell’s reply is that small farming ought to be able to provide a margin for saving. Consequently, the class of proletariat is doomed to continue whether the owners of capital are many or small and few or large. But the amelioration of the class is the object presumably of Social Reform. If therefore Social Reform cannot ameliorate the conditions of this class, its whole weight is not only a failure but, to the extent of its success in distributing private property among many instead of few profiteers, a hindrance to the further work of Social Revolution. We repeat that Social Reform everywhere is confined by the single test of its effect on the proletariat. We repeat that Social Reform is everywhere the real enemy of Social Revolution.

The present issue consists of 32 pages.
Current Cant.

"When Woman and Labour join hands, servility will end."—PROFESSOR BICKERTON.

"How are the men to be got back into the churches? . . . Where are the men?"—Glasgow News.

"Should Army nurses be forbidden to dance?"—DAILY EXPRESS.

"Daily Mirror."

"Now a human creature inherits from the father all the qualities of the father, and from the mother all the qualities of the mother."—MRS. PERKINS GILMAN.

"The administration of the Insurance Act is getting more efficient every week."—MR. MASTERMAN.

"Let the Poet Laureate be Mr. Owen Seaman, that fine master of scholarly prose."—DAILY EXPRESS.

"The man in the well-paid districts has got the survey of life in every movement. He is full of vitality. If you go to the underpaid districts, the men look disheartened and discouraged, with no strength. You cannot get any profit out of people under these conditions."—LLOYD GEORGE.

"The Liberal worker and voter, with his conscience sensitive to social evils . . . He is confident that there will be an end to them; that a comprehensive policy is being thought out; that on these further fields the Ministry will again make the flag of reform their own."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

"Burlesque 'Lucia Sextette,' one of the biggest successes of the London Opera House. . . . Get this great rage-tune: . . . Verdi's masterpiece in rag-time."—Gramophone Company's Advertisement.

"The Bishop of London knows how to hit off what so many others are thinking."—Church Family Newspaper.

"Why do you want the vote? people are asking the Suffragettes. What an extraordinary question! One might just as well ask, 'Why do men want the vote?' Women want the vote for the same reasons."—CHRISTABEL PANKHURST.

"If we consider all the notable events and persons which have appeared in the 'Daily Mirror,' and the millions of minds which have been impressed, the total educational force must be enormous. The character of the 'Daily Mirror' for moderation, candour, truthfulness, and absence alike of sensationalism and bitter party spirit make it welcome."—ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR.

"All through the poems of Tagore there is the sense of the Divine Presence . . . and then one asks, 'What is the secret of it all? How did this man atttach to this blissful realisation of the Presence?' And the answer is that he has trodden the way of all saints."—CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH.

"The 'Daily Mirror' strikes a human chord, and the public responds. Palace and cottage, high and low, rich and poor. . . . The ties that bind us to you are ties of friendship; we belong to your household gods . . . even a newspaper can have a heart."—Daily Mirror.

"Statesmanship is quite as discerning as ever it was, and that is a blessing."—D. T. JONES, in "Everyman."

"Men Eke all kinds of women . . . all kinds of women are liked—nay, more, are loved by men."—ROBERT HICHERS.

"The kinematograph is steadily bettering the tone of its pictures, and consequently the taste of its audience."—S. L. JACOBS.


CURRENT CONVENT.

"Miss Muriel Ridley, the nun of 'The Miracle,' has opened charming tea-rooms at 9, Cork Street, W."—The Referee.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

The normal tasks of European culture, trade, and diplomacy cannot be carried on while there are rumors of war among the Balkan allies. We know that the Great Powers are sincerely anxious to prevent such a war—in fact, we know that they are "determined" to prevent it. But then we also know that these same Great Powers were "determined" to prevent any Turkish territory from being annexed by the Allies, and we know what precisely that determination amounted to. An atmosphere of unrest is hanging over most of Europe at the present moment, and all those concerned, from monarchs downward, are trying to clear it away as quickly as possible. Unfortunately, monarchs alone can do little at this moment; for victorious armies cannot be reasoned with.

In Bulgaria and Servia above all there are war parties which have been proclaiming their designs at the top of their voices for the last three weeks. There is an influential group of politicians in Sofia who wish to fall in with Russia's desires and settle the outstanding diplomatic questions with Servia and Greece, just as the supporters of the Servian Premier, Dr. Pasitch, are adverse to a war with Bulgaria. But, opposed to these moderate groups, we have to reckon with the military elements in both countries; and it is these crude, unstatesmanlike forces which have been giving so much trouble ever since the fighting came to an end.

As I write, it is announced that M. Gueshoff, the Bulgarian Prime Minister, has resigned, and that attempts are being made to form a Coalition Cabinet, with Dr. Daneff at its head. This is generally understood to mean that the chances of peace between Bulgaria and her neighbours are becoming more uncertain: for, as I have already had occasion to say in these columns, Dr. Daneff's personality is not an attractive one, and his unfortunate manner exasperates everybody with whom he comes in contact. The appointment of Dr. Daneff, however, which has not yet been confirmed, is really an attempt on the part of King Ferdinand to bring about peace. It is thought that the knowledge that Dr. Daneff is in power may restrain the fiery officers who wish to see the Balkan war carried into Servian, Greek, and Roumanian territory, while Dr. Daneff will, in the breathing-space thus afforded, try to render further military action unnecessary. It is not yet certain, however, that Dr. Daneff will be asked to form a Government.

At almost exactly the same time as this information arrived from Sofia a report reached the Roumanian Ministry in London that M. Maiorescu's Cabinet had resigned and that a new Ministry would be formed by M. Philipezcu. This statement was afterwards denied; but it was strange that it should have been made, in view of the fact that rumours had been circulating about an alleged agreement between Roumania and Bulgaria with reference to joint action against Greece and Servia. For M. Maiorescu is favourably disposed towards Bulgaria, and would like to come to terms, even to the extent of entering into a military convention, with Roumania's powerful neighbour on the south. M. Philipezcu, on the other hand, is a bitter enemy of everything Bulgarian, and just before the war broke out he paid a special visit to Constantinople to urge the Turkish Government to work with Roumania and thus arrange for a counter-attack from the north. The offer was declined, because the Young Turks felt too sure of themselves, and this aspect of M. Philipezcu's visit no longer concerns us. The strange thing is that the man who made the offer should be seriously spoken of as the next Roumanian Premier.

While tedious but significant trite of this sort are worrying the Powers in the Near East a still more
awkward situation awaits their attention in Paris. The more the financial problem of Turkey and the Balkan States is studied the more complex it appears. The "Vakeufs" or "Pious Foundations" have to be considered, and Turkey has put forward claims for compensation in connection with her mosques in the territory conquered by the Balkan League. Further, she has demanded, through her delegates in London, what amounts to a series of capitulations in Bulgaria, Servia, and Greece; and to such an extent were these latter claims pressed that the Allies' delegates finally agreed in principle to a three years' grace, during which time Turkish subjects in Thrace and Macedonia might consider themselves as still under Turkish sovereignty and would be free to make arrangements for realising such property as they possessed and then emigrating to Asia Minor.

At Paris, although only one formal meeting of the Financial Conference has been held, the question of a war indemnity has been informally discussed. As I said some weeks ago, the Powers are "determined" that Turkey shall not be called upon to pay any indemnity since it would have to come eventually out of the pockets of the Powers themselves. The difficulty will be met by the granting of a nominal money compensation, the Allies taking over a proportion of the Ottoman National Debt more than sufficient to balance the indemnity. This, of course, is merely the preliminary stage for a long discussion, which will have to embrace a detailed consideration of all the concessions granted by Turkish Governments from the early years of the reign of Abdul Hamid.

A Colonial Minister, Mr. J. Allen, has managed to alter the course of British naval development in a most surprising fashion. When it was announced that the Borden Government of Canada proposed to supply the Dreadnoughts for the main body of the British Fleet, and that Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Opposition leader, was inclined to favour this plan, Mr. Allen, who acts as New Zealand Minister of Defence, Finance, and Education, at once communicated with Sir Wilfrid and succeeded in scaring him by the Japanese bogey. The Liberal Senate in Ottawa threw out the Naval Aid Bill in consequence of Sir W. Laurier's representations, so that Mr. Churchill finds it necessary to "speed up" the construction of the Dreadnoughts now on order in British shipyards.

The position is serious enough, even if only as demonstrating the provincial attitude of our Colonies towards questions of naval defence. A Colonial Fleet—Mr. Allen aims at the establishment of a fleet owned by the Colonies jointly—would stand no chance if confronted with an enemy of the Empire. Furthermore, the establishment of such a fleet is unnecessary. Naval experts have pointed out often enough that the British Fleet is always stationed where the potential enemy is likely to appear. A few years ago, for example, the potential enemy was in the Mediterranean, and the main body of the British Fleet was in the Mediterranean also. The Fleet is now in the North Sea because the potential enemy is there; and, as Mr. Hurd reminds us in the current "Fortnightly," our fleet would be in the Pacific to-morrow if the potential enemy were thought to be Japan. It does not follow that Australia is safe from invasion merely because a few battleships and cruisers are seen off the coast occasionally. On the other hand, it means a good deal to this country if Colonial money can be usefully spent in aiding the Home Fleet, is squandered on ships for the Colonies which will be ineffective in time of war. No fleet that all the Colonies could get together could for a moment compare with the trained sailors of Japan, leaving the number of vessels out of the reckoning. But Colonials are Colonials, and have never yet been able to appreciate subtle questions of strategy and diplomacy. And now, I suppose, somebody will accuse me of trying to break up the Empire.

Miscellaneous Notes on Guild Socialism.

A trade union is not exactly as strong as the number of its members: it is exactly as weak as the number of its non-members.

Motto of Capitalism: Every blackleg is worth ten unionists during a strike. Every unionist is worth ten blacklegs during employment.

At the old Trade Union Congresses all the decisions were determined by Coal, Cotton, Railways, and Engineering. In the Employers' Congress, called Parliament, they are still.

We don't want democratic government, but democratic industry.

At a Trade Union Congress we want to hear a boilermaker not a politician in Parliament we want to hear a politician not a boilermaker.

The economic objection to bureaucracy is that bureaucracy is not really efficient. Why? Because the directors of industry under bureaucracy are not themselves trained workmen; they have never been through the mill.

It is a curious and significant phenomenon that competition in qualitative production grows less keen as competition in quantitative production grows more severe. The reason lies in the opening of popular markets all over the world and in the ease with which machinery can be manipulated. Quality demands character in its producers, whether workmen or employers; and character in its turn demands freedom. As workmen sink from independent craftsmen to proletariat their character suffers, the character of their employers suffers, and in consequence the quality of their work suffers. It follows that a virtual monopoly in the world-market of quality awaits the nation that first frees its proletariat.

The first business of trade unions is to create a monopoly of labour. Labour being the only possession of the proletariat, they can control that or nothing.

A penny saved is a penny gained. If instead of consuming the whole result of my labour I save part of it, I have added to the community's store of wealth or capital. (As a bee that gathers more honey than it eats adds to the capital of the hive.) With this capital so created by saving I can do one of many things, e.g., (a) take a holiday; (b) feed workmen while they are performing some service for me; (c) feed people who cannot feed themselves trained workmen; they have never been through the mill. (d) invest it, that is, lend it to somebody who will exchange it for men's labour and share his profits with me. Capital is thus liberty, since it gives me freedom of choice. Without capital there is no liberty.

Capitalists "save" by appropriating from their workmen the difference between the latter's keep and output. Workmen can save only by economising on their keep, that is, by forgoing necessities.

Rent, Interest and Profit are the true savings of the proletariat—they represent the amount of commodities produced in excess of the amount consumed by the workers. Capital is thus the result of saving. But whose?

The prevailing system of industry in capitalist countries, civilised and "protected," is forced labour.
The proletariat of England must work or starve—exactly as the natives of Oceana, when deprived of their coconut trees. Wages are outdoor poor relief paid to able-bodied paupers in return for forced labour.

The "classic" economists are those who desire to keep things very much as they are.

It is complained that popular education takes the spirit out of the poor, tames them, and stifles in them the desire for further education. Who makes this complaint? Not the employing classes!

As the object of the Spirit of the Hive is to accumulate a maximum amount of honey, the spirit of the State has for its object accumulation in its midst of a maximum amount of capital or property. Theoretically, it is a matter of indifference to the State where or in whose hands the capital is stored. So it be there and increasing—the State is satisfied. What Labour has, therefore, to prove is that property will be increased by Socialism or Labour legislation. Otherwise, the State must look upon Labour's demands as the demands of robber-bees.

When the last non-unionist has joined his union, and the unions are all linked up in a Federation of Federations, what will they do?

The State is always an exemplary Conservative, since it is the nation's organ of self-preservation. Not for fancy nor for the purpose of improving itself will the State act, for that would be taking risks; and the State is satisfied. What Labour has, therefore, to prove is that property will be increased by Socialism or Labour legislation. Otherwise, the State must look upon Labour's demands as the demands of robber-bees.

The State is the National safe-deposit.

Property is power.

It is "bad" men who assist the "evolution" of the world. Good men are content with simple things and would not exploit beauty, innocence, quiet or their fellow men. Good men would benefit content in Eden; but the "bad" must attempt to conquer the world, even at the cost of Paradise. All good men are reactionary and conservative. All bad men are progressive and Liberal. Lucifer was a captain of industry, and the Devil is a Whig.

Loyalty in the Labour movement: The proletariat army must be disciplined both to give and to receive orders. There must be, in fact, military loyalty. But the first condition of military loyalty during action is that the officers must inspire confidence. Motto for the rank and file: Shoot or obey your officers.

If the employing classes are to remain for ever in possession of all capital and the proletariat are to remain for ever mere wage-slaves, the best advice we can give to the latter is: Educate your masters.

The fallacy in the assumption that Labour is one of the instruments of production can be seen by comparing Labour with Land and Capital. Land can be separated from the landlord; Capital can be separated from the capitalist. In employing land or capital we are not bound to employ a landlord or a capitalist. But Labour is inseparable from the labourer. In employing Labour we are therefore bound to employ the Labourer. In fact, the Labourer is Labour. Thus there are only two real instruments of Production, namely, Land and Capital. The Labourer is the sole user of them, though the proceeds go to their owners and not to himself.

It is, of course, socially profitable to have a healthy, contented and trained population; but so long as it was not privately profitable, employers made no effort to ensure a sound nation. As employers become united in trusts, etc., their interest in universal efficiency becomes common. Hence they are being led to take an interest in public health and such like. Not, therefore, to Christianity or to Brotherhood do we owe the modern movement of Social Reform—but to Business.

The Guild System in West Africa.

By R. E. Dennett.

The suggestion has been frequently made in The New Age that the Guild organisation of industry is natural wherever men are economically free. It is by no means the case that this holds true of so-called civilised countries only. From a long experience of native West Africa I have formed the conclusion that the Guild System prevails there and has prevailed from immemorial antiquity. It is, of course, difficult to separate the Guild organisation from the whole polity of the people, since it is an organic and integral part of native society, and bound up with every phase of the people's life. In the following notes, however, I shall attempt to show the framework of the native guild system, in so far, at any rate, as this can be made clear in a single article. For a larger treatment of the whole subject I venture to refer my readers to my published Studies in West Africa.

Before considering the political aspect of the Guilds in West Africa it is necessary to say a few words about their form. The Government of the Guild may be expressed as being composed of i 3 or 4 persons four times repeated, thus making 16 persons in all. These 16 persons have their spirits, so that you have the number 32 as the completed formula of direction of the Guild, which may have many members.

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16 Spirits.

16 Persons.

The head of a guild is not taken into account as one of its members, but he is of course the president. Taking him and his spirit away for the time being we have 15 or 16 persons. There are six of these guilds and their Ogbonis in nearly every district, i.e., the spiritual Ogboni, the hunters or ruling Ogboni, and the Ogbonis of the medicine men, planters, traders, and blacksmiths. You will notice that there is no fisherman's Ogboni. The reason for this, I think, that theoretically the fisherman, as the ancestor from whom the others are descended, is the spiritual ruler, and the fisherman's Ogboni becomes the Ogboni of the priest, which is the spiritual equivalent of the Ruling or hunter's Ogboni.

It is now necessary to say a few words about the probable origin and building up of this "Ogboni."

The fisherman, as the most primitive type of individual, lived a more or less solitary life. Even to-day

* Note.—I give the names of some of these directors in "Nigerian Studies," page 227.
he and his family are living in the "family stage" of development almost independently of his clan. Often he is a stranger squatting on the banks of a river in a country belonging to some other clan or tribe. The question now arises: What is meant in Africa by family? The African family is composed of—

1. The dead father...and spiritual inspiring ruler.
2. The Widow ...the inspired one.
3. The Son ...the propagator and living head of the family.
4. The Husband ...the ruler of the members of the family and duster of fetishes.
5. The Wife ...the nourisher.
6. The Children ...the carriers and labourers.
7. The Grandchildren: the offspring to be fostered.
8. The Family ...the great grandchild of the husband and wife begins to worship another ancestor, and is not considered as belonging to this family.

This family worshipping one ancestor is directed by a council of four, which settles all family questions (in the olden days) both civil and criminal. This council is composed of—

1. The Widow.
2. The Son (the head of the family).
3. The (son) husband (the judge).
4. The Wife (the nourisher).

Two males and two females.

This original council became uplifted until at last we find it as the king of the nation's executive council. This council is then reflected in the heavens, and there appears as the creator's council. In Nigeria the deities forming it are those after which the four days of the African's week are called, i.e.—

Odudua—the Widow, the chaos and darkness.
Jakata—the ruling father, lightning.
Obatala—the Wife, the dawn, white mist, the ruler of the members of the family.
Ifa—the Speaking Son, revelation, light and prime minister.

Ifa as the prime minister becomes the head of the Ogboni and takes the name of the prince of darkness, Eshu. One of the 4 chiefs of this council is called Yemoja, and she is said to have had 13 offspring, i.e.—

2 Water Spirits — Fishermen's Deities.
2 Earth Spirits — Hunter's Deities.
2 Heat Spirits } — Diviner's Deities.
2 Rain Spirits. } — Planter's Deities.
2 Harvest Spirits. — Trader's Deities.
2 Storing Spirits — Mechanic's Deities.

1 Birth ... Starting a new family.

Thus in heaven we have an executive family of four plus a judicial family of four plus 12 + 1 or 16 + 1.

It is now left for us to describe the living rulers. It is composed of—

The Queen mother and her three courtiers.
The King and his three courtiers.
The Chancellor and his three courtiers (representing the Queen, the treasurer).
The Prime Minister and his three courtiers (representing the son).

Now, this in a kingdom may be called the executive Ogboni on earth. In Genesis it represents from the beginning to the creation of light (Ifa).

Note.—It must be remembered that just as men are physical and spiritual so words have both a spiritual and physical as well as a personal meaning. The symbol Ifa, the son, is the speaking revealing deity and carries with it its synonym "light."

The Prime Minister as a member of the executive is a companion and adviser to the King. In his relation to the people he is head of the ruling Ogboni which has the power of life and death. When he is not faithful to the king, he is said to be the "devil," or the rebellious son who would reign in his father's place.

This ruling "Ogboni" was in the first place composed (like its heavenly counterpart) of three officers, i.e., treasurer, convener of meetings, and the arbitrator, and these were then followed by a council of 6 pairs of ancestors, plus 1, i.e., 2 fishermen, 2 hunters, 2 medicine men or lawyers, 2 planters, 2 traders or market folk, and two blacksmiths, plus their spirits.

The ruling Ogboni became a secret despotic society or guild of the ruling classes and was greatly feared by the people. No one quite knew who would be its next victim. At the sound of the drum or bell people who were not members of this Ogboni were obliged to rush to the shelter of their houses and to remain there until the drum again drew their attention to the fact that judgment had been given and the victim executed.

I have traced the formation of the Ogboni of the ruling executive and legislative councils from the simple family councils of the fishermen and hunter families. Going back to this family life we note that the names of the four days of the African's week were those of their ancestor. We may, therefore, say that the African's calendar is nearly related to his gods and his occupations. In very early times we may conclude that it was the living widow's duty to feed the widow spirit, that of the father to feed the father spirit, and so on. In this way the habi became the origin of the custom of dividing the week into four days on the family developed into a clan, and then each of these four was looked upon as the head of a separate but related family, and so we find that each of the four great deities had three minor deities or courtiers after them, and it became the custom to worship the greater deities on the first day of their month of four weeks of four days, i.e., on the 1st and 17th days, the minor deities filling in the interval. This division of time had nothing to do with either the lunar or solar month, but two of these periods of sixteen days may be looked upon as about a month.

In the beginning when there was only one clan and all its members were fishermen, the worship of the male and female fisherman's deities and their families would occupy one of these months. But later, as the tribe developed into a clan, and then each of these four were looked upon as a separate but related family, and so we find that each of the four great deities had three minor deities or courtiers after them, and it became the custom to worship the greater deities on the first day of their month of four weeks of four days, i.e., on the 1st and 17th days, the minor deities filling in the interval. This division of time had nothing to do with either the lunar or solar month, but two of these periods of sixteen days may be looked upon as about a month.

There are always the mysterious one to be added to each of these six so that the complete cycle of activities is of seven parts.

There were then six general festivals ushering in the six seasons, i.e., those of moisture, earth, heat, plant- harvesting, and storage.

Then the beginning of the rainy season and the beginning of the dry season were times of rejoicing as the marriage or birth seasons. Finally, when the drizzling rain whitened the heads of the fishermen they cried out: "As it was in the beginning so it is now and so it ever shall be," and so in this way realised that the whole cycles of seasons had terminated. These 201 parts of the year number the worshipping days of the tribe composed of six clans.

Let me give you these prayer days in the form of six divine or tally boards.

The complete cycle.
The rainy and dry seasons.

The six occupations and seasons.
There was no worship during the dry season.

The spirits (dots) are symbolised by sacred things, i.e.:

- Government and Hunters and Soldiers.
- Order and Medicine men and Law.
- Pro-creation and Production and Planters and Wives.
- Harvest and Exchange and Market folk and Traders and children as carriers.
- Storage and Mechanics and sheltering Building of children.

It is hard to sum up these ideas in 6 or 7 words, because each word should carry with it a physical, spiritual, and personal meaning. But if you will hear a trinity of meaning in mind I think the ideas may be expressed in the following manner:

2. Fishermen or Priests.
3. Hunters.
5. Planters.
6. Traders.

From this it will be noted (taking the numbers as our guide) that while each guild has all the virtues, it is dominated by only one of them, thus Fishermen have been dominated by Reverence and have as a guild become Priests. Authority has made hunters into soldiers. Hunters from all these clans may leave their towns in the hunting season, proving themselves under a head hunter and so become a member of his Ogboni; while they are following him they are subject to the rules of this chief hunter and his Ogboni.

This chief hunter thus gathers many hunters around him and some of them must be left behind so that he gradually has a larger following of hunters and his clan becomes synonymous with the hunting guild. These men are fond of fighting, and in time become a kind of army.

Thus in Yoruba land the Ibidans were the hunters and became the soldiers or army of the Alafin of Oyo. The Bale of Ibadan will admit that he is under the Alafin of Oyo, but he would resent any interference in his internal affairs of his country. The priestly caste is associated in Yoruba land with the place called Ifa. The Oui of Ife is the archbishop, at it were, of Oyo. All the chiefs and rulers from the Alafin downwards look to Ife as their place of origin. The Oui of Ife, like the archbishop, recognises that he is subject to the Alafin, but he would resent the latter's interference in the internal affairs of his country.

The Egbas under the Alake of Abeokuta are great farmers, and many of them are found in Oyo, Ibadan and Ife territory farming the land belonging to these people and gathering the fruit of their palm trees under certain agreements. The Alake would, however, resent the interference of the Alafin in the government of his country. As it is in the case of these great divisions of the Yoruba people representing these great classes, i.e., fishermen or priests, hunters, and agriculturists, so it is with the villages belonging to priests or fishermen, hunters, planters, etc.; they all acknowledge their king and great Ogboni, but they resent his interference in their internal affairs, and prefer to be ruled directly by their chief and his Ogboni.

Most of these villages have their paramount chiefs in the capital of the county when they act as the "eyes" of the people. When they have been conquered a representative of the conqueror resides in the conquered town or village.

Brutality and despotism on the part of the great ruling Ogboni at the capital is resented by the Ogbon of the different clans and occupations, and thus the seed of discord between the king's Ogboni and one or all of the other Ogbonis is sown, and all their energies instead of being used openly for the good of all, are wrapped up in anarchy and despotism. The guilds become secret societies fighting against the King. The dethroned King of Benin was head of a secret society. When he first became king he used his society to murder the officers and councillors of the late King's Ogboni. If secrecy, bribery, and corruption, despotism and anarchy could be got rid of, I know of no theoretically finer form of government than this government of the people by themselves through their own guilds, supervised by a ruling guild which must represent the interests of every guild, but they resent his interference in their internal affairs, and prefer to be ruled directly by their chief and his Ogboni.

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Sir Max Waechter's Federation of Europe.

By Joseph Finn.

Sir Max Waechter's article in the May number of the "Fortnightly Review" is undoubtedly one of the most important contributions to the peace literature.

Whereas other writers have been indulging in mere sentimentism, in bewailing the warlike state of Europe and in crying "Shame! Shame!" on the warmongers, the chief merit of the article is the proposition of a definite plan. It is, therefore, all the more regrettable to have to point out a very serious defect in the very conception of Sir Max Waechter's theory. Its main proposition was that any details defective, criticism might be withheld out of regard for the main principle. But, unfortunately, the edifice itself is built on sand, as will be shown. It is because of the present writer's profound sympathy with Sir Max Waechter's ideal of a United States of Europe that I am reluctantly obliged to point out the serious defect in his plan.

In building a house the builder begins with the foundation, and ends with the roof; but Sir Max Waechter begins with the roof. Industry and commerce are the foundations of modern states, and the government is the roof. The political structure of society is the outcome of the economic structure; they must harmonise or the edifice will not stand. A government can do nothing which is inimical to the economic interests of the country, for the chief function of a modern government is to obey the behest of industry and commerce.

It is now generally admitted that the chief cause of what in modern times is economic—i.e., industrial—war, the commercial rivalry between England and Germany has no other cause, and Sir Max Waechter himself inadvertently admits it when he gives reasons why the two Governments should be friendly. The fact that there are no religious, racial, and dynastic reasons why those two countries should be unfriendly, and still the prejudice exists, is conclusive proof that the cause is economic. The proof is strengthened by the additional fact that between those two countries there is no traditional quarrel as there is between other countries, and that the present prejudice grew with the growth of German trade.

This substantial cause cannot be talked out of existence, as Sir Max Waechter seems to believe, "by a full and frank discussion." He thinks that he can make it "by surrounding his friends by pointing out that "competition is the soul of business," and good for both. Such arguments are deceptive. Competition is as little relished by nations as by individuals. The business which desires competition does not exist. Every trader would rather see his competitor in heaven or elsewhere than in close proximity to his own place of business. If competition were really desired there would not be an ever-growing movement towards "monopoly." What is true of individuals is true of nations. If nations were not afraid of competition they would not surround themselves with tariff walls. England is no exception, though she is a Free Trade country. English free trade originated at a period when England was the workshop of the world. On the one hand, she had no rivals; on the other hand, she stood in need of cheap raw materials for her factory hands. Such economic conditions were the natural mother of the political institution of Free Trade. Now, England having lost her monopoly in manufacture, and shutting out her compelled rivals, we see gradually growing up a political tendency to wards Protection. Thus we see clearly the truth of the sociological law, that the political structure of society is the outcome of the economic structure.

Our alliance with Russia is another example of the working of that law. Politically, a more unnatural alliance than between democratic England and autocratic Russia cannot be imagined. From the standpoint of politics, culture, and religion we are much more suited for an alliance with Germany; yet, with the latter we talk about the possibility of war, while the former is our ally. The phenomenon can only be explained on economic grounds; England is principally manufacturing country, whilst Russia is principally agrarian. On the one hand we have no fear of competition from Russia in our line—to use a mercantile expression; but, on the contrary, we expect Russia to become a wide market for our goods. On the other hand, we need Russia's products, and hence our alliance with her becomes, from an economic standpoint, quite natural, although otherwise unnatural and even repugnant.

The United States must be the nations in Persia were the main cause of our alliance are but shallow politicians.

In considering the possibility of Sir Max Waechter's suggestion of a "Federation of Europe," we must lay aside sentiment. We must much more pay importance to the fact mentioned by the author, that certain monarchs and statesmen are in sympathy with the idea. We must ask ourselves whether or not the present economic condition of Europe would make such a political change possible. Federation might be strong enough to answer Sir Max Waechter's object, i.e., to be so strongly united that armies and navies would become unnecessary, such a federation must be more than a mere "Concert" or even "Alliance;" since neither the one nor the other during all the years of their existence had the slightest influence on the so much desired reduction of armaments. The federation must, therefore, be real, like that of Switzerland, or like the United States of America. But exactly such a federation of European States is impossible under present economic conditions.

To establish peace in Europe, the material interests of the various countries must become mutual instead of hostile. Every country must be made materially interested in every other country. The prosperity of one must become the prosperity of all, not merely in theory, but in practice. To prove the truth of these assertions by logical arguments is one object of this article, and the second object is to show how the commercial basis of Europe, so that a real "United States of Europe" may become the natural result of the economic change.

But before discussing the economic analysis, a serious difficulty may be pointed out in the execution of Sir Max Waechter's plan from the tariff standpoint. If every Swiss Canton, or every State in the North American Union had a separate tariff wall to keep out the goods from the other States, as is the case on the Continent, it is certain that the political institution of Free Trade in Switzerland and of the United States of America would not be what they are now. How, then, is it possible to unite all the European nations into one Federation when each nation is so afraid of the competition of the other that they surround themselves with impenetrable tariff walls? That this fear of competition is not a mere foolish prejudice can easily be proved.

We live now under an economic system in which the disposal of goods (selling) is of much greater importance than the production of goods. The fact in proof is that a good producer (mechanic) can earn about £3 per week at the utmost, whilst a good disposer of goods (commercial traveller) can earn £10 per week and more. When people complain that "trade is bad," they do not care that something been gone wrong with our productive forces; or that the workers cannot turn out goods as fast as they are used to do, or that the machines do not work well; what they mean is that they find much difficulty in selling the goods. We become afflicted with the malady known...
as "bad times," when the production of goods exceeds the sale of goods. This is a peculiar feature of our present economic system, and one about which most of our political economists say little, perhaps because it leads to unorthodox conclusions. Under our present system, every manufacturing country is bound to produce more goods than can be sold within its own boundaries, because the majority of people are engaged in the manufacture of goods other than foodstuffs, and only a minority on the production of food. According to natural requirements it should be the reverse, because the quantity of food which an average human being needs requires more labour to produce than all other necessaries of life. But as production is carried on by individuals, or groups, without any social plan, and with the sole object of personal gain; and whereas riches are more quickly accumulated by their profligates than by the industrious, men have gradually forsaken the latter for the former. (This, by the way, will explain why we hear so much about the higher cost of food. It is bound to become higher and higher, because the agricultural countries are fast up. The world market is

Let us now examine another feature of modern industry. Most of the articles produced in a manufacturing country have no direct use value for the manufacturers and the workers. Although they are all articles of use, yet do they possess only an exchange value. For instance, those engaged in the manufacture of bricks, steel plates, bottles and cotton, cannot pay their workers with quantities of those articles, nor barter them for their own necessaries and luxuries of life. The manufactured articles must first be exchanged for money, i.e. (sold), and the money afterwards exchanged for the required article. The majority of manufacturers are engaged on such qualities of goods as are intended for the use of the working classes, or in the manufacture of tools and machinery for the production of that class of goods. The working classes of a given country receive such wages as to enable them to buy only a part of the above-mentioned goods. The manufacturers receive as their profit the surplus of commodities which the workers cannot buy. They are useless to them as use-values; they represent only exchange value. To exchange the surplus for money requires extra markets, if the wheels of industry are to be kept revolving. If there were only one or two manufacturing countries in Europe and the rest agricultural, then of course the surpluses of the manufacturing countries could find a market in the agricultural countries in exchange for their products. (It may be observed by the way, that if every country had a definite social purpose, e.g., so many of the population devoted to agriculture, so many to manufacture, and so many to distribution, we should not have the social problem in so acute a form as we have it to-day. But, such a social plan is incompatible with the present social system. Individualism is to consume the smaller part of what they would create, and as those commodities would only have an exchange value, the surplus would help to clog the world-market.

For in-
that the conqueror is as much the loser as the vanquished. Time enough, however, to show that nations are driven to a certain climax by economic forces, they do not go to war with deliberation and calculation of gains and losses; they are simply hurled against each other. What then is to be done to prevent the coming catastrophe, and to make it possible for the nations in the near future to live in peace?

The plan which the writer offers is simple and effective, inasmuch as it touches the root of the evil. All the commercial European nations must become partners. The industries of England, Germany, Belgium, Holland, and France must become amalgamated in one International concern, and the same with the other countries: then Europe will in reality become one country. Commerce in the modern sense will cease. The various countries will have no need to sell goods to each other, no need of rivalry on the part of one country in doing more trade than any other country. Commerce will simply mean an exchange of goods between one country and another country, which the other country requires and has not got. The world market as we know it will disappear. Why should any one country strive to push her goods when the profits will not be exclusively her own, but will be shared by all? If the shipping trade of England, Germany, Holland, France and Belgium were to be amalgamated in one International concern, and the same thing were to take place with several other principal industries; then war between those countries would become an impossibility, because their economic interest would become not only interdependent but practically one and the same. This is the only real foundation for a United States of Europe. The political roof will follow as a natural and logical consequence. The elimination of competition, and the substitution of partnership in the shipping trade of England, Germany, Holland, France and Belgium, etc., would be the beginning of amalgamation in one International concern, and the same process would apply itself to all other trade. The industries of England, Germany, Belgium, Holland, and France must become amalgamated in one International concern, and the same thing would be the lot of all. Such is the foundation which the writer proposes to be laid down for the structure which Sir Max Waechter desires to erect. There is nothing chimerical in it. Society is really drifting towards it by the current of economic evolution. Trustification and amalgamation are moving by leaps and bounds. My purpose is to forewarn my readers against counter currents which would take the ship out of her right course. Legislation which tries to save competition and individual enterprise against the onslaught of monopoly and amalgamation is one counter current. Socialism which can only be carried out by the nationalisation of Capital will be another counter current. By enlightening the captains of industry, the principal statesmen, and the responsible leaders of labour about the possibilities of International Partnership, the ship of State can be navigated so as to avoid the counter currents, and be brought safe to the harbour of International Peace.

If its work be confined to the program set forth in his article, the League which Sir Max Waechter has organised, will make money, and be able to support Peace Societies. Make International Partnership the object of the League, and he will be laying the foundation stone for a United States of Europe.

Hygienic Jinks.

By Charles Brookämmer

SCENE: “The Empire Day Demonstration” at the Queen’s Hall.

TIME: 8 p.m. Saturday, May 24.

To judge from the poor attendance, the prospect of listening even to Lord Charles Beresford and his array of “trusty henchmen” (vide Press) only appeals to those directly interested, either by family or financial ties, in the speakers and platform supporters. At a generous estimate the stalls and circle are half full, while the spectators who are relegated to the b Alycey amount to very much less than fifty. Not even a Fabian meeting can hope to vie, in imparity of facial expression and grotesqueness of costume, with this truly extraordinary collection, whose only purpose must be that of acting as a foil to those on the platform. F. R. Kingee, Esq., has been harassed into maltreating an excellent organ, and Messrs. Benjamin Edgington, Ltd., have been persuaded into superintending the decorations for a cash consideration, which, judging from the results obtained, cannot be worthy of the great names on the programme. Lord Charles Beresford, followed by the Hon. W. A. Watt, Prime Minister of Victoria, the Hon. T. Mackenzie, High Commissioner for New Zealand, Mr. Henry Page Croft, M.P. (Chairman of the Imperial Union), the Hon. Sir Richard Solomon (High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa), and many others, both male and female, step on to the platform, and, being received with cheers, smilingly unfurls a small and insignificant Union Jack. After Miss Eliza-
beth D'Esmond, attired in a bouquet of roses, and the usual accessories, has rendered, "Land of Hope and Glory" and "God Save the King," Lord Charles Beresford rises amidst further cheers and begins:

**LORD C. B.:** I am very pleased to be asked to act as chairman to a meeting such as this, representative of all that is best in this great and glorious British Nation. (Mr. R. Blumenfeld, who is seated on the platform, "Hear, hear.") Our object is to consolidate the component parts of this illustrious Empire. We may have taken countries by force, but they have been made more comfortable and civilised than they were before. Look at the men we have produced. Modesty forbids me to mention one name... The Colonies realise more than we do what the Empire means.

There is a lot of flabby sentimentalism in this country that had better be buried... Not only have we taken over countries by force, but there are a great many more that we have been asked to take over, but we have refused, as we did not think it would be to our advantage. Now if British rule were really so much more beneficial than any other, as I, blithering jackass that I am, maintain it is, our duty is to take them over; but although I am always talking about duty, like an empty-headed and bung-helled old hypocrite, I quite agree that we ought not to take over any country unless it is profitable to us... The cardinal object of us all is peace. The preservation of the Empire means the preservation of peace... Council of Imperial Defence. Let us keep what we have got and hold what we have... In conclusion I would say that the British Empire has done more for civilisation, progress, liberty and the capitalist, than the rest of the world put together. (Loud cheers.)

**HON. W. A. W.:** Thanks for those inspiring cheers. I must congratulate the Imperial Mission on the fact that it is present here. (Renewed cheers.)

**HON. L.:** I call upon Mr. Page Croft to second the resolution. (A well-led smile wrinkles the sleek and flabby face of Beresford.) If the whole country were searched for a patriotic Imperialist, none could be found better... Let us amalgamate the Empire into one homogeneous whole... (Cheers.) The ships that plough Sun never sets... The people who inhabit the Empire are prosperous, contented, and ambitious to be still more stable... The British Empire is not an accidental development... The Empires of Greece, Rome, Carthage, of Charlemagne, Carl and Napoleon were mere pigmy and mushroom growths in extent and duration... Mightiest and most beneficient power... late Queen Victoria... tender affection... The Union Jack that has braved a thousand years (sic)... Garden of Egypt rescued from bondage by English rule... Sitting solitary in her island citadel in the Northern Seas... Meridian of longitude... Antarctic Ocean... Great thing to be a Britisher... Native land... Pride of blood... We have taught the world what true civilised government will do for the people... The great character which distinguishes the British people... There is much for hard and clear thinking (cheers)... John Bull and Co., Ltd., can do all its business over its own... The organism must be built... Virility of intention, and capability of holding their own, are outstanding characteristics of the British... God has had a hand in designing the British Empire. (This un warrantable applause on the character of the Deity is received with tumultous cheers.)

**LORD C. B.:** The Hon. T. Mackenzie will now propose the first resolution.

**HON. T. M.:** The resolution is as follows: That this meeting assembled on Empire Day sends greeting to all British citizens throughout the world, and unanimously is of opinion that the time has come when the countries of the British race should be drawn still more closely together, when defence and commerce should be organised to their mutual benefit and when the consultation between the Mother country and the Dominions should be placed upon a more effective basis, in order that the various governments of the Empire may work together still more effectively in the cause of Empire Unity. (Cheers.) I am proud to belong to the British race... Let us be one... The peace of the world rests in the hands of the Anglo-Saxon race... We who are now under the beneficient rule of King Edward—a shudder passes through the crowd, but the idiot repeats the name in his next sentence)... Fifty-five years ago my father arrived in New Zealand... Lord Rosebery said, "Welcome Home!" (Loud cheers.) We are going to build ships... Here you have a magnificent navy. (Cheers. Beresford, who has been doing mildly, suddenly wakes up and yawns a loud, "Hear! hear!"). And in army is the best in the world for its numbers. (Loud cheers.) Europe armed to the teeth... Grand old Mother Country at enormous expense trying to uphold the standard of two keels to one... If Russia and Germany were ever to unite it would not be possible for the British Empire to long continue. Let us stand unitedly together... Kipling... mumble... mumble... "pillars shall not fall." (Cheers.)

**LORD C. B.:** I call upon Mr. Page Croft to second the resolution.

**P. C.:** Lord Strathcona, who was to have spoken tonight, is absent. As he is marrying his grand daughter, I am sure you can understand that at his age his exertions have proved too much for him. (The speaker is allowed to proceed without an interruption.) You, we, and all of us to-day are just the same as any of us were all together as we ever were before. We pride ourselves on our esprit de patrie (pronounced pattey). The British race is not often turned aside by difficulties... We should like an Imperial Council so that all the best brains, such as ours, may come together... Let us reciprocate the great trade advantages... The Empire is the biggest market the world has ever seen... To-morrow will see a great day for the British Empire if we only organise and come together... The Cause is too great and too noble to ignore... Everyone here loves the flag. There is gold in the heart of the British working man (and by implication in his hands and sinews too)... To raise this up out of the gutter of Party Politics is the message of Nationalism. (Loud applause. The resolution is then carried—unanimously, of course.)

**LORD C. B.:** I call on Sir Richard Solomon.

**SIR R. S.:** We all want to see the Empire united and strong, upholding the traditional principles of freedom and justice. (Cheers.) The uncivilised and barbarous races of the world are more contented and better cared for than under any other rule. (Applause.)

**LORD C. B.:** I call upon Mr. J. J. Carrick, Member of the Canadian Parliament.

**J. J. C.:** (speaking with a pleasant and soft accent): We want One King—One Navy—One Empire... In moments of adversity we want to stand by the Mother Country... British cruiser chased by foe... Canadian harbour... "Get outside!"... Sunk in the view of British subjects... If they force us to the Country, Mr. Borden will clear the board... (Cheers.) The: "For he's a jolly good fellow." The audience and platform join in, Lord Charles Beresford included, to the great delight of the Press.)
In South Africa.

How is it possible to arrive at an agreement on the policy to be adopted in respect to native affairs and the general treatment of natives? The result of a study of native life and customs so far as it finds expression in formulating a policy appears to depend entirely upon the temperament of the student, and is consequently to be suspect. You will probably reply that this is the case with any other important question outside of cold science; to which I can only revert it seems to be peculiarly the case here; so much so, in fact, that where in other matters argument and discussion may tend to a modification of views all round, on this native question disputants always find their own opinions confirmed and strengthened.

Naturally, said Biddulph, it is useless to bring forward any but a practicable policy, but it is surely possible both for the brute and the idealist to be convinced by argument and demonstration of what is practicable; that is, of course, allowing them to be men of serious and practical temperaments.

You mean, said Blount, that a round table meeting of all the temperaments, we'll say the Governor appoints two eminent authorities from each of the four provinces to formulate a policy—should result in a workable compromise? But, my dear fellow, I believe this to be a fact: the compromise so arrived at would be found to be acceptable to the country for the simple reason that, apart from a few matters of legal detail here and there, it would leave things exactly where they are. This would be an agreement, perhaps, on the matter of education. A recommendation might be made that this be brought under Government control, and assistance provided up to standards three or four. The suggestion, however, that the Government should give this and provide colleges for the higher education of the natives would meet with determined opposition; in spite of the fact that if they were unable to obtain such education here, young natives would be sent in numbers to America, where they would form views which, when they returned to South Africa, would not lead to more amicable relations between black and white.

Would the opposition to this higher education arise from mere colour prejudice?

Certainly not. Taking the relative numbers of black and white into consideration it is held to be highly undesirable to offer any encouragement to the native to educate his children. If the numbers were approximately equal there would be little serious opposition to any educational proposal. Should, even now, any school of missionaries, or association of natives, undertake the establishment of higher schools or colleges, no objection would be raised, for when it is suggested that natives will be sent to America to study and will return to propagate anti-white ideas, the reply will be that not many will go to America, and further that when the natives want trouble they will find it. The argument that it would be surely better that the Government obviate possible future trouble and discomfort by directing and supervising native education from the lowest to the highest is strong, but, I think, will not appeal to the country as it would be held to be creating a greater danger than that it is intended to guard against. Man for man the white fears nothing, and in a fight he would not mind meeting five to one; but with the position as it is he has to preserve what he has or can obtain to prevent himself being gradually, peacefully, but very painfully squeezed out. From the point of view of justice and humanity the case from the native side cannot be argued against that, although active repression will not be resorted to, considering that we stand to the native in the loco parentis, it is for us to decide whether we as a nation can expect to progress happily when actuated in our policy by positive and confessedly selfish motives.

Self preservation is the first law of Nature, growled Grainger.

Then civilisation counts for nought?

No, not quite, for the compromise you think might be arrived at is surely a distinct gain which would never have been obtained in a state of lower civilisation.

Yes. I suppose we are semi-civilised.

The question of segregation would arise, of course. This is a subject which is greatly exercising the mind of the nation at present, and the debate upon it would be lengthy and earnest. In the final result I think you would find those segregating and those opposed to it, and that it would not be made compulsory. This would be the quite satisfactory compromise arrived at; for it would mean that stretches of country would be set aside from which the white man would be barred but upon which the native might settle or not as he pleased. It would leave things rather worse than they are now, and nothing would come of the resolution. Anything like a close knowledge of the conditions prevailing in the Cape provinces will convince anyone of the hopelessness of the segregation idea; and to think of leaving the Cape out of the question is to make confusion worse confounded. Native chiefs would generally be found to favour compulsory segregation. It would gain them territory, draw their wandering people around them, and greatly increase their political power. Missionaries, as a whole, would not oppose such a policy. They must prefer not having “white” influence and example about them in their native work. But, taking the country as a whole, any idea of compulsory segregation can be ruled right off the slate. No Government would dare to table such a bill. The question also of equal rights of citizenship would arise and here it is not easy to see how even as futile a compromise as the segregation can be avoided. The resolution arrived at. The mea from the north—Transvaal and Orange Free State—if they represented the public opinion of those provinces at all, would be adamante against allowing any possibility of the native obtaining equal voting rights with the white; although they would agree either to some form of native Parliament under Government auspices or, say, to the chiefs having the right to nominate a white man as their especial representative in the House. The men from Cape Colony who have nothing like the same solid public opinion from their province, would be unable to entertain any proposal for disfranchising those natives who already have the vote; nor could they well consider any suggestion that it be made more difficult for the native to obtain a vote than for the white. The northern men might put it to them that: allowing those natives who already have it to retain their voting right, which must die out with them, and granting a native electorate council to be provided for in each province, more natives should be admitted to the franchise in respect of the “white” House in any province of the Union. Apart from the difficulty, especially in the Cape, of determining “native” where so much cross-breeding has taken place, and also the fact that the consent of the English Government would be required before the Cape could act, such a way out of the turmoil seems feasible; so far from any injustice being done to the native I believe we could scarcely do him a greater kindness than to place him outside of white politics and in control of his own. But I do not think any such compromise would be accepted for the simple reason that no public men in Cape Colony have shown themselves to possess the courage and audacity required to back it.

You appear to have a pretty poor opinion of the men of Cape Colony!

In a way, yes. The native vote has made hypocrites of them all! When I find one of their public men frankly stating and strongly maintaining from the platform that conditions must be arranged as to ensure the dominant position of the white inhabitants for all time, then I shall give them more credit for backbone and straight dealing.
The Irish in England.

By Peter Fanning

AMONGST those who fled from Ireland during the stricken year of 1847 was my father—then a youth of fifteen, a native of Ballyduff, County Roscommon, and my mother (née O'Grourke), a girl of fourteen, born at Lisduff, County Mayo. They met in Birmingham some thirteen years later and married. I was their second son. When I was a little boy my mother used sometimes to entertain me with stories of her recollections of that time. She related that on the morning she left home, and whilst waiting at the cross roads at the side of the coach which was to carry her to Dublin, she saw the famished pigs devouring the dead bodies of two women, and nobody attempted to drive the brutes away for fear they should turn and rend the living.

Even this shocking case is out-horrored by the case related by Mitchel: "That insane mothers were discovered devouring the bodies of their dead children." It was no unusual thing for a party of generous Englishmen and women who had gone over to Ireland to offer what relief in their power they could discover, on reaching some isolated Connacht village, the appalling fact that the whole of the inhabitants were already skeletons upon their hearts.

Then there were the horrible coffin ships, which carried away those who could afford to pay their passage to America. My mother told me that during the seven weeks it took to cross the Atlantic, at least one half of those who fled from Ireland died either from fever, caused by the famine or under the frightful conditions which prevailed aboard ship. The bodies of the poor outcasts were flung overboard without ceremony or lamentation, for none knew how soon his own turn would occur.

To-day, when Englishmen observe the Irish in America opposing the establishment of closer relations between the two countries, they would reply, it is a matter to inquire whence comes this hostility. They would discover that the matters we relate here are neither forgotten nor forgiven by the descendants of those who succeeded in reaching alive the free shores of the great Republic. They would realize further that the nation no more than the individual can escape the resultant of its own actions.

Whilst these human sacrifices were being consummated, "Government" and "Parliament" were busy transporting to England the Irish raised by the Irish and trying to prevent the Irish from following their food to the industrial market and soon became an invaluable commodity for the exploitation of the English manufacturers. In a short time such work as navvying, hod carrying, blast-furnace, chemical making, grinding, smelting, and mining absorbed what survived of the men.

The women found employment in such trades as pin, pen, umbrella-rib making, brass polishing, hand paper (disguised as washer girl for the purpose), cotton, paper, and rope works, and many other occupations where the qualities in demand were strength and ignorance and low wages.

My own earliest recollection begins with the 23rd of November, 1867. At that time my father was employed as foreman in a brass foundry, and as we lived near the works it was usual for us to have dinner immediately after the works' buzzer had indicated one o'clock. On that day, for some reason, which at that time I did not understand, my father did not come home at his usual time, and although dinner was ready, my mother would not give the children anything to eat. She appeared highly nervous and fidgetted about the house, on tip-toe, as it were, suppressing any talk of ours with an impressive hush.

At last, at about four o'clock my father staggered into the house. Flinging himself into a chair he burst into a passionate flood of tears. "It's all over, Mary," he said. My mother at once broke into that most awful of all human cries—the Irish keen for the dead. She abandoned herself utterly to the grief which had seized her, and then, through sympathy and fear, without knowing why, my brother and I joined in the lamentation, which was maintained till we were spent through physical exhaustion.

The occasion, I afterwards learned, which gave rise to this scene was the hanging of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien in Manchester for the accidental shooting of Police-Sergeant Brett during the attack upon the prison van for the purpose of rescuing the Irish political prisoners, Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasey.

For some weeks before this particular day a strange change had come over our home. Instead of being allowed to roam and frolic in the manner in which we were accustomed, my mother now suppressed all our humours, for no reason that we could see, whilst our time for going to bed became earlier by several hours. The cause of these changes, as I afterwards discovered, was as follows: Of those members of the Irish Republican Brotherhoods who effected their escape after the attack on the prison van in Manchester, five succeeded in reaching our home by means of the canal. At first my father gave them refuge in the cellar, but when the want of light and dampness began to injure their health, he purchased a dozen pigeons and turned our attic into a pigeon cote. Here he fixed a flying trap in the window, where he used to make himself as conspicuous as possible in the handling of the birds, so that if any of the neighbours chanced to observe a man in our attic during the day they would take it to be my father.

These outlaws found a safe asylum in our home for five months, until my father succeeded in getting them away one by one to America. The worry, strain and responsibility of that time, however, shattered his health and he began to decline. He never was the same again, and though he lived for five more years, he died while still a young man of forty-two.

No sooner, however, were his political comrades safe beyond the Atlantic than other work claimed his time and attention. At this period there was let loose in Birmingham an Orange blackguard by the name of Murphy. This infamous scoundrel had come over to England to hound the English mob on to the destruction of the Irish refugees. Such were the lies concerning them and their religious practices circulated by this unscrupulous thing, that the worst passions of the ignorant were aroused, and violent attacks were made on several Irish colonies. On one occasion, in Park Street, they literally tore away the fronts of the houses and partly destroyed a Catholic chapel. For months afterwards the only walls and roofs the Irish had for shelter were made of sheets and blankets.

After this success the Murphy determined to destroy all the Catholic churches in the town. But my father and the other chiefs of the I.R.B. gathered their forces together, and placing so many armed men, either in or about every church (often in direct opposition to the clergy) succeeded in preventing any further destruction.

The friends and admirers of Murphy were so delighted at the results of his campaign that they erected him a tabernacle (in Carrs Lane, I think) with wooden
sides and canvas roof, where he might expound Christianity according to the English Ranter's conception of that doctrine. Some of the Irish thought that this tabernacle offered them an excellent opportunity of getting even with Murphy and his supporters. They procured a quantity of gunpowder and laid it in a train around the car, with the intention of firing the train while Murphy and his mob were engaged in their usual blasphemies inside.

To prevent any Irish from entering the meeting, and so sharing the fate intended for Murphy, sentries were posted at all approaches to the tabernacle. Unfortun-ately for the success of the plot, half a dozen young fellows succeeded in getting in. They then started to create a row before the proceedings began, and were promptly ejected. It was this ejection and the free flight which sprang out of it that caused the plot to miscarry.

Eventually the authorities became so alarmed at the effects produced by the Murphy campaign that they ordered him to quit the town, and it was publicly announced that Murphy would leave on a certain date at a certain hour, by way of New Street Station.

Years afterwards my mother related to me her own actions during that day. They were as follows: My father had been absent from home for the greater part of each day. Thirteen weeks preceding the Irish colonies and Catholic churches. On the day that Murphy was announced to leave Birmingham my mother, therefore, broke open one of my father's boxes, and taking thence a revolver, with me upon her left arm, and the loaded revolver between me and her breast, she took up her post at the corner of Moor Street and the Bull Ring, where it was expected Murphy would pass on his way to the station. Sure enough, a procession of mounted and foot police was soon seen descending Moor Street. Motioning around a carriage, the blinds of which were down. As soon as the Irish mob, massed in the Bull Ring, saw the conveyance approaching they made a wild rush towards it, to inflict summary vengeance upon their enemy. The police, realising that they were going to be borne down by the sheer weight of the mob, drew up the blinds of the carriage and disclosed that it was empty. The whole elaborate procession was a mere ruse to enable Murphy to escape. My mother always felt aggrieved that she had not derived the honour of shooting Murphy. It was not long, however, before some one was more fortunate than she. Two towns claim the honour of having given Murphy his death blow---Wol-vernhampton and Chorlton Moor, which place has the better title I do not know, neither does it matter. Both honour of having given Murphy his death blow---Wol-

The Conservative Van.

Thuret is a piece of waste land round the corner in River Street where Thurston's Royal Swings and Roundabouts come every Easter. It was upon this spot that I first saw the Conservative Van. A dirty-looking individual was boiling a tin of water over a stick fire, and the horse—a decrepit strawberry-roan—was nibbling at the dead grass. The Van was a large one, almost the size of a pantecchinon; and from the stern end of it, which faced River Street, projected a wide tail-board supported on either side by rusty chains. I carefully examined the sides of the vehicle. The words "Conservative Van" were painted in a faded blue across both sides and in letters about three feet long. Its shafts were elevated into the air. I walked round to the front again, gazing intently into the interior of the van, but could see nothing; it appeared to be empty. I then directed my attention to the man who was still busy with his stick fire. He looked up quickly as I approached. "Bin having a look at the van," he inquired. I nodded. "'T'as pitch 'ere," he explained; "you can't beat this 'ere pitch. I oughter know; I tried dozens o' pitches; they allus relies on me fer the pitch." He gave his stick fire a series of little pokes. "Rather early to pitch, isn't it?" I ventured. "Surely if you got here with the van by about seven o'clock, that would be quite early enough?" While I was speaking I felt the man's atti-

"Yew don't appam ter be a Radical, d'yer?" I shook my head violently and moved backwards. He came close up to me and thrust his face into mine. "Becausse if y'er arn I shal ave ter do it on y'r-see? Yew don't care a jot 'eere at all, does yer?" He looked at me earnestly. "I tried on afore-see? Last week a blasted Radical cum pokin' 'is nos arround 'ere arter my pitch." He caught hold of my coat collar and swung me round; the ferocious gleam in his eye cowed me; I made no attempt to resist. "'M wrong, but I sets my principles. I'm no Radical," I protested; "I hate 'em like poison." He gave me a sudden push backwards which sent me reeling against the van. "Nah we nunderstand one annuver," he exclaimed in a relieved tone, "only 's ter be wary careful. It's the quietest pitch in the hole, this d'yer. I fahnd it fer 'em. I stands by this 'ere pitch, see? Nobody shits me or the wan—that's right, aint it, ole gel?" He addressed the horse, and padd it upon the quarters affectionately for some moments. "Why, it's large enough for a moving job." He came closer, and touched the side of the van against which I was leaning. "You fahnd it fer this技术研发?" He returned; "this wan advertises the patriy—see? Thet's why dows the hier—C-O-N-S-E-R-V-A-T-I-O-N P-A-R-T-Y—see? I got the blose the job ter do that two years ago—An', I's twentsy, was—bin dead painter 'e—bin dead eighteen months or more. Fust-rate 'and 'ad fer the lettering, as yer  can  see fer yourself—allus pitch against—both sides hectually the same." I offered him a cigarette, which he broke up and placed in his mouth. "And the van, what's the van come from?" He handed me back my matches and expec-torated. "Allen's," he replied shortly; "poor ole Allen's—ruinarer, 'e was—one o' the best, too—went broke two year ago—nullum won't become o' him, never seen 'im since the day we bought the horse--a decrepit strawberry-roan—was  nibbling at the dead grass. The Van was a large one, almost the size of a pantecchinon; and from the stern end of it, which faced River Street, projected a wide tail-board supported on either side by rusty chains. I carefully examined the sides of the vehicle. The words "Conservative Van" were painted in a faded blue across both sides and in letters about three feet long. Its shafts were elevated into the air. I walked round to the front again, gazing intently into the interior of the van, but could see nothing; it appeared to be empty. I then directed my attention to the man who was still busy with his stick fire. He looked up quickly as I approached. "Bin having a look at the van?" he inquired. I nodded. "'T'allus pitch 'ere," he explained; "you can't beat this
Letters from Italy.

XVIII.—THEOCRITUS ON CAPRI.

There are three ways of damming the memory of Theocritus and betraying the beauty of Greek literature. The first is to treat him as a classic, to talk about him and not read him. So, obviously, thought that critic who, in an article devoted to one’s lyre, coined the name of Theocritus with that of Theognis! Think of it, Theognis, the gnomic poet, who wrote semi-political poems in epic dialect, and lived about the end of the 6th century B.C., linked with the open-air, Sicilian Theocritus, who wrote the court humor of Poetical stories about 860 B.C. It is rather like saying Mr. So-and-So’s style resembles that of Malory and Cardinal Newman. The second way is to read him in translations, and there is only Lang’s translation—and could Ancasini really get at the beauty of a Greek thing? And the third is to read him as a schoolmaster does. It were far better not to read him at all. The garden of the muses used as a playground—a playground—for the gambols of philologists is a grievous spectacle.

One comes rather sadly to the conclusion that hardly anyone does read Theocritus as the work of a poet should be read. I have no doubt that Mr. Mac- kail reads him, and he can talk more pleasantly than I could hope to do; and, if he chose, Mr. Anatole France could give us a delightful little “conte” of Sicilian life in the 3rd century B.C.; and M. Henri de Régnier must know the eclogues by heart—but they are a very few. And if that pleasant notion of Maeterlinck’s be true—that the dead only wake up when some living person thinks affectionately of them—Theocritus’s sleep in the asphodel meadows must be often unnoticed. Still, an artist like this Syracusan would be content with the homage of those choice minds who love delicate beauty for its own sake. For, after all, that is the artist’s most precious reward; and as Bishop Blougram truculently remarks, what shame must Verdi have felt—that fondness for keeping flowers in pots or baskets which is still so noticeable among country-people in South Italy. It is where the singing-girl so beautifully says:

“άναλυος κατασκευάζει τα γαζιές, κατασκευάζει τα γαζιές, αργόριρους”

(soft cresses blooming in silver baskets). It must be remembered that flowers grown in this way were anciently called “λαδοκείς κήποι,” a sort of metaphor for the resurrection of Adonis. I wish I could say that so pleasant an idea still lingered in Italy.

Theocritus was not without humour. There are passages in which the herdsmen and the shepherds call each other thieves and liars in witty Greek, and others like, “Drive up those sheifers, the beggars are eating the shoots of that olive”—τις γὰρ ὀλιβίων τὸν βαλλόμενον σε τὸν κῆπον—“look at me, Corydon, be Gord—a damn thistle has just stuck into my ankle, and the spines are prickly. Devil take that heifer!”

But his many references to flowers make the most beautiful lines of Theocritus. Here are a few. “Black is the violet and the lettered hyacinth (άι γραυτοί λουλούδια) but ever they are chosen the first for garlands.” He speaks of the meadows that are fair with “κίνθιον καὶ ανθίζοντας τοιαύτα σποράς”—endive and asphodel, and thick-woven parsley—or, as in the “Ηγαίας,” “κόπακας ο λεβάντας, έκκαιος ανθίζοντας”—dark celandine and yellow maidenhair. “Swallow-wort” would be nearer than “celanidine,” and makes “κόπακας” even more beautiful, as that word means “swallow-blue,” as well as “dusky,” “dark. Again, in one of the epigrams he is to “be auburn, “dear roses and thick wild thyme”—κατάκεφων ζυγόλοις, and the rejected lover outside the cave of Amarylly, where “α διαβελτόμενα μέλανα”—the buzzing honey-bees—hovers by the κοκκονομήτρων—by the ivy and the fern—spends his time “waving ivy with fragrant buds of selinum” (I parsley). He knows spring, and the happiness of spring; he has noticed “yellow shady trees, weighted with delicate buds”—φυλαί δε σκεφτάς μαλακά βρέθησαι ἀνθίον—and “the shrill locusts who have their labour in the shady boughs,” and he knows how “the larks and finches sang, the turtle-dove moaned (ήστεν τριφών): the tawny bees (καλλιάνες μέλανας) hovered above the springs.”

These are so few of the beautiful things in Theocritus, and I have used up all my space. As a fitting end I put these lines from an epigram sometimes attributed to Theocritus:—“A never-failing river gushed from the rocks, and on all sides bloomed laurels and myrtles and sweet-scented cypress. And there all about grew in tender slopes the child of the grape; and the spring blackbirds, singing their changing notes, mourned with clear-toned songs. And the tawny thrushes re-echoed them, singing a honey-dropping speech from mournful mouths.”

Richard Aldington.
Readers and Writers.

In his "Oscar Wilde: A Critical Study" (Methuen, 1s. net—and very cheap, too), Mr. Ransome remarks that he cannot understand why the Pater-Wilde period (with Mr. Yeats, I may add, as its tail-piece) was ever called decadent. Surely it is either disingenuous or incompetent to fail in such an easy matter. The school which was called decadent because it was decadent; and the decadence consisted in the usual feature of decadence, namely, the elevation of the part above the whole in value. Pater, I verily believe, never had an idea in his life. In consequence he spent the whole of his energy in concealing the fact in his style. On his style he spent enormous pains as if he knew that he would live no longer that or nothing. That, I say—unless we conceived that ideas we entertained. The fact is clear now I come to look back that neither Pater nor Wilde, neither Yeats nor the whole Irish school, had any ideas at all. All Pater you could put into a sentence and pass by. All Wilde is in some-body else. As for Yeats and the Irish school, a substantial prize could not draw a programme of their ideas without exposing the banality and absurdity of them.

* * *

But Mr. Yeats, I really think, is more empty of ideas than any other man of any greatness whatever; and, finally, its traces, where they are to be found—in our popular versifiers—are those of attenuated imagery, shadowy moods, feebly pathetic rhythms and a carefully selected vocabulary. By the way, Flaubert in France was the master of this species of decadence—its founder practically. Well, Flaubert is no longer read in France. He had nothing to say and agonised himself to say it.

* * *

What literary Ireland needs to-day is less of Yeats and more of Swift and Sterne. The best prose style now being written in Ireland is to be found in the "Irish Homestead," and that is a long way from Swift. My idea of an Irish literary society would be a society composed exclusively of non-writing writers to write for a year about affairs and nothing but affairs.

* * *

In the "English Review" Mr. Arnold Bennett has again been defending the novel as an art-form—as high as any, he would have us suppose. His reasons, other than those of the leather-merchant, are curious. The novel is a form under which every aspect of life can be treated. It includes every other form or can, at least, comfortably accommodate them. Here we have the modern fallacy that to represent the whole of life all its parts must or may 'be represented. But that is just what they may not be—in art! There are quite as many aspects of life that either have no significance for art or are significant only by their omission as aspects that have any artistic significance. What a world it would be if every phase of it was susceptible of the emotion of beauty! But it isn't, nor even of truth. The number of lies in the world, visible, tangible, concrete, is legion; and with these no artist, save in satire, has any concern. But Mr. Bennett argues that the emotion of beauty is in the beholder. A nice Christian Science doctrine. The "hero" of the current novel, he says, is the embodiment of all the deeds of the figure chosen than of the understanding sympathy of the artist with the figure."

In other words, the novelist and not the character is the real hero; and it is the novelist whose understanding sympathy we are to admire. That is the novel. The novelist does not the "figure chosen." He should like to hear the creators of the older romantic heroes on this diversion of interest from their characters to themselves—in the name of art! But the doctrine accounts all the same for the singular pettiness of modern heroes of fiction. As a further appeal for sympathy with the novelist's claims Mr. Bennett says: "In the succession that ends this week in the Botanical Gardens, Wilde's name occasionally did break within reach of many criticism. In the "Renaissance" of Pater and in the Nietzscheanism of Wilde, the common-sense mind can check their conclusions by comparing them with facts. But Mr. Yeats, like the rest of his troop, keeps well in the world of his own invention. He relates nothing of the lives of the dead, or ideas are fancies. How can we test whether what he says is true or not? We have never heard it before, but it usually sounds uncommon nonsense. The only means of verifying his veracity lies in his style; and from Mr. Yeats' style I would conclude nothing in favour of his ideas. There is beauty, beauty everywhere, so to speak, but not a drop to drink. A strong page of writing in simple nervous English nobody can produce for me from Mr. Yeats' writings. His poems? In his poems, sung or chanted over the fumes from a hookah they sound well. They would do for a cabin and a peat fire and a mixed company drinking; but in the open air, read to oneself alone, they are too thin to hold the attention from a sparrow dusting itself or a bee on a thistle. For the rest, what has the Irish Literary Society done, what has it produced, what trace has it left on our literature? It has contributed no work even of the second rank of greatness, it has produced no man of any greatness whatever; and, finally, its traces, where they are to be found, are those of attenuated imagery, shadowy moods, feebly pathetic rhythms and a carefully selected vocabulary. By the way, Flaubert in France was the master of this species of decadence—its founder practically. Well, Flaubert is no longer read in France. He had nothing to say and agonised himself to say it.
One remark of Mr. Bennett’s may be compared with the letter by Sir William Richmond on the controversy concerning the Royal Academy that has been blowing popguns in the “Morning Post.” Sir William Richmond voices, once upon a time, the sort of art the painters like himself appreciate. They are of two kinds: first, fellow masters of painting; secondly, “persons who are truthful and sincere and have no axes to grind.” The second category is so exhaustive that I imagine every writer on art would claim to come under it. Where would Sir William Richmond be then? Mr. Bennett is a little more subtle. The sort of critic he appreciates is one who can be ashamed when he catches his artist palming off a bit of fudge for a slice of life. But who is going to observe his shame or to profit by it? Critics, I happen to know, do suffer. I could name several of my contemporaries whose disloyalty to their mere profession as writers, let alone their claim to be creative artists, has caused me quite literally hours of bitterness. To be exemplarily explicit, I am rendered speechless with disgust when I find Mr. Bennett himself at once claiming to be a creative artist and appearing simultaneously in half the rags of London. I am even more offended psychologically when Mr. Wells, the author of “The Wheels of Chance” and “Mr. Polly,” condescends from those real heights of literature to contributing ignorant clap-trap—doing stunts, in fact—for the “Daily Mail,” “Everyman,” etc., etc. This spitting in the area is not characteristic of the fine creative artists, has caused me quite literally hours of bitterness. Where would Sir William Richmond be then? Mr. Austin and Mr. Wells: the one has established himself on the astral plane to find a bad Press on his decease. Not a journal of any courage had a good word to say for him. The infamous “Jameson’s Ride,” that cost us millions of money for our blubbers, ensured that. One more instance of many, a good many passages from “The Garden that I Love,” and I took a pleasure in repeating them to myself when no better Veronica was about. As a poet, of course, Austin has no number of sons than many of his predecessors, Shadwell, Tate, Easden, Whitehead, Pype; or than his successor is likely to count. For we have even fewer poets to-day than when Tennyson died. Salisbury delayed the appointment of the last for four years. It would be as well to delay the next for forty years.

**DEAD MAKERS.**

**AN ADDRESS TO THE ASPIRANT.**

Rank upon rank through the anchored ages,
Hosts with hope as a sign onborne,
These writ large upon crumbling pages,
Bearing fruit as the shooting corn.

Those long withered and brittle worn,
Infused with the diffused oxygen.

The dull wind’s rages,
Frets and shivers the tortured trees.

The sharp waves race in the tide that doubles the sea.
Empty your mind hungrily back on a landward breeze.

We have even fewer poets than these.

Yet in their waxing each might say,
As a poet, of course, Austin is dead at last.
He would pay a doctor who told him his lungs were affected.

So Mr. or Sir Alfred Austin is dead at last. There was no shame in him at any rate, for he not only thought himself poet enough to follow Tennyson, but he applied for the post. Two other versifiers applied also, Lewis Morris of the “Epic of Hades,” and Sir Edwin Arnold of “The Light of Asia.” Sir Edwin Arnold, I am told, was actually promised the office, but he had the politeness to address to telegraph his congratulations to Mr. Austin all the same. Austin will wake up on the astral plane to find a bad Press on his decease. Not a journal of any courage had a good word to say for him. The infamous “Jameson’s Ride,” that cost us millions of money for our blubbers, ensured that. One more instance of many, a good many passages from “The Garden that I Love,” and I took a pleasure in repeating them to myself when no better Veronica was about. As a poet, of course, Austin has no number of sons than many of his predecessors, Shadwell, Tate, Easden, Whitehead, Pype; or than his successor is likely to count. For we have even fewer poets to-day than when Tennyson died. Salisbury delayed the appointment of the last for four years. It would be as well to delay the next for forty years.

A treatise on “Prestige” should have been interesting, but Mr. Lewis Leopold’s work (Unwin, 10s. 6d. net) opens so badly that I have not the heart to continue: “In this book the author’s desire is to call the attention of thinking persons to the fact that prestige is not a logical, or moral, or aesthetic phenomenon, but a psychological, or—to be more precise—a sociopsychological one, which may be connected with the logical, the moral, the aesthetic, and the useful, just as it may with the reverse of the same.” A man who can begin a work on magic with such a ponderous sentence is unfit to continue it.

R. H. C.
An Acquaintance of Hers.

By Anton Tchekov. (Translated by H. S.)

The charming Wanda, or, as she was called upon her official license, the citizeness Nastasia Kanawinka, had just been discharged from the hospital, and now suddenly found herself in a predicament in which she had never been before—namely, without a roof for her head or a single kop of money. What was she to do?—that was the question.

She went straight to a pawnbroker's and there liquefied her turquoise ring, her only valuable. She got a rouble for the ring—but what can one get for a rouble? It was not enough to enable her to buy a loaf of bread and a cup of tea.

But she met no gentleman of her acquaintance. In the evening, of course, it would be an easy matter to find plenty such gentlemen at the Café Renaissance. But she knew that she would not be permitted to enter that café in this ragged condition, and she might refuse me a little money.

"To whom shall I go?" she asked herself. "Michael? No, impossible; he is married. And the old red-head is now at his office."

Then Wanda thought of the dentist Finkel, a converted Jew, who had given her a bracelet three months before. Once, during a supper at the German Club, she had poured a glass of beer over his head. She felt quite overjoyed at the thought of this man Finkel.

"If I catch him at home, he'll certainly give me something," she said to herself on her way thither. "If he doesn't give me something—I'll smash his gas globes.

The time she reached the dentist's door her plan was quite complete. She would run laughing up to the house of one of her acquaintance and ask him for money.

"To whom shall I go?" she asked. "Michail? No, impossible; he is married. And the old red-head is now at his office."

Then Wanda thought of the dentist Finkel, a converted Jew, who had given her a bracelet three months before. Once, during a supper at the German Club, she had poured a glass of beer over his head. She felt quite overjoyed at the thought of this man Finkel.

"If I catch him at home, he'll certainly give me something," she said to herself on her way thither. "If he doesn't give me something—I'll smash his gas globes."

By the time she reached the dentist's door her plan was quite complete. She would run laughing up the steps, burst into his operating room and demand five- and-twenty roubles. But when she put her hand on the knob of the door-bell, her plan evaporated instantly from her mind.

She could have wished that the porter had said some instant riveted her gaze amidst all the splendour and magnificence of the place, that was the question. But she met no gentleman of her acquaintance.

"I—I have toothache," murmured Wanda.

"Ah!—which tooth is it? Where is it located?"

She suddenly remembered that she really did have a toothache. She turned towards the door.

"To the right—here—lower jaw," she answered.

"Ahem! Just open your mouth!"

Finkel put on a serious look, held his breath and searched for the ailing tooth. He was quite complete. He would run laughing up the steps, burst into his operating room and demand five- and-twenty roubles. But when he put his hand to the porter, he held the drawn tooth before her eyes. The lady Instantly riveted her gaze amidst all the splendour and magnificence of the place, that was the question. But she met no gentleman of her acquaintance.

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As she went forth upon the street she felt a sense of shame still stronger than before, but now it was no longer because of her poverty. No longer did she care whether or not she had on a large hat and a stylish coat. Her supper was paid for by a young merchant from the far-lying outer districts — from Kazan.

**Views and Reviews.**

If I could be sure that my readers could interpret my silence better than they interpret my speech, I should say that there was a series of books before which criticism was dumb. I know that the phrase would be translated to mean that the critic was speechless, and, as the cause of aphasia is many and various, I prefer to avoid misunderstanding by writing an article. The difficulty is that the publication of this series only quickens my apprehension of the possibility that criticism may be practicably useless. The cults of the Ideal-Ideal, and of the Real-Ideal, have been riddled through and through; and yet these platitudinous paradoxes can find another publisher. It seems useless to point out that these people are advocating the simple life on enormous dimensions, a coat of the latest fashion, and shoes of bronzed leather. And her supper was paid for by a young merchant from the far-lying outer districts — from Kazan.

"Oh, how horrible it is!" she whispered to herself. "Oh, my God, how terrible!"

Nevertheless, the very next day she was dancing at the Café Renaissance. She wore a new red hat of silk. "Oh, my God, how terrible it is!" she whispered to herself. "Oh, my God, how terrible!"

When she continues to say "the delight that lurks in the inevitable occupations of an average day is the lantern that lights his path," we can only hope that his eyes do not deceive him, for he might stumble over a metaphor. Mrs. Rhys is let off lightly, although the eyes and the feet do not cooperate; for "while her feet touch the ground, her eyes see visions and those clearly." But Mrs. Stratton cannot resist a paragraph and statement, and she says that Mrs. Rhys "does not blink at facts, but conscious of life as it is and people as they are, she yet sees them as they might be and life as it may be and shall be." "I have not made the stream and He that made it will guide," said Tennyson; but Mrs. Rhys (or is it Mrs. Stratton?) knows better. Mr. Tait escapes with nothing worse than "his ability to see things as a whole, results, perhaps, from his being an architect;" but Mr. Edward Thomas has no reason to thank Mrs. Stratton. "To him, the various regions marked on the map of England and Wales are living actualities." Perhaps that is why Mr. Thomas does not write of "The Country," but reviews books about the country. We are told that he writes on men and women he writes of a running stream, of mountains, of a walk by the sea, and manipulates words as a woman handles flowers. A dangerous comparison, for, until we learn to confine such things to ourselves, we cannot be sure that women could do nothing with flowers but bunch them together. Moreover, as Mrs. Stratton probably means cut flowers, the comparison suggests that Mr. Thomas is adept at using words apart from the context that gives them their reality, that which is an infallible way of producing cacophony. Certainly the method requires no editorial ability for its application; that is only employed in the invention of mixed metaphors, or ungrammatical statements like this: "Briefly, the aims of the series are to recall those simple and essential ideas by which we live and move and have our intellectual well-being, in which rests all that is best and most vital in art and letters." I have not tarried too long over the prospectus, for it is typical of the series: besides, Mrs. Stratton is not likely to exclaim: "Ah me, what act that roars so loud and thunders in the index," although the metaphors are mixed enough to be of her own composition. Mrs. Rhys, for example, can write of "how the most responsible falls into the hand of man." She can declare that "the Ideal is by far the realest thing on earth," and certainly, if money is one of the chief weapons of Idealism, as she also declares, she may be right. When she continues to say: "Even if a person is sitting at a high stool doing accounts you can do it in an extraordinary way," no one can doubt the possibility; but it is certain that if a person is making pies, or doing accounts for someone else, that person will not have a second opportunity of doing either of these things in an extraordinary way. It may be true of such people, as Mrs. Rhys declares, that "at odd moments those who come in contact with you will have glimpses of those deep seas of light where your daily
ablations are performed"; but if the use of water be forgotten, the second party is more likely to be conscious of a smell.

Mr. Thomas writes of "The Country," but if we delete all that he says about the town, all that he quotes from books (one of the products of the town), there is very little left. Indeed, he says that the countryman "sinks before the 'Daily Mail' like a savage before pox or whisky. Before it is too late, I hope that the Zoological Society will receive a few pairs at their Gardens." If, as the prospectus declares, "the text of such a scheme lies in its power to express a new Humanism or to re-affirm an old faith," Mr. Thomas obviously does not belong to the scheme. He is simply the Cockney in the country, sneering at the other Cockneys who have not read as many books about the country as he has.

Mr. Guthrie is merely paradoxical: "You cannot make content from the absence of cause for discontent." It is by no means clear that you can make content from the presence of cause for discontent; and I am not certain that you can make content from the absence of cause for discontent. An angel troubled the waters, and the waters healed the sick; but Mr. Guthrie's preference for the wisdom of experience rather than the wisdom of innocence, reveals him as an angel of another order.

Exactly that Mr. Clifford Bax means I do not pretend to know. He writes a letter to a friend, who is supposed to be in rapport with himself; certainly some mystical sympathy is probably necessary to the understanding of this sentence. "For my part, as you know, I believe it occurs to Mr. Tait, and the word "Spring" is sometimes mentioned.

Mr. Cannan does, at least, write about the theatre, and if it is difficult to understand exactly what he means (for we know that his own plays do not agree with his formulae), that is because Mr. Cannan prefers to use phrases without definition. "The essential in the theatre is that dramatic unity which can only be achieved by dignity and sincerity resulting in the simplicity which is the stamp of art," is an example. It may be very true, but what does it mean in an age when everyone claims that his work has these qualities, or has them attributed to him by his friends? Is "Nan" before which a dramatic critic recently sat dum with wonder, an example? Give us examples, Mr. Cannan, and we shall know what you mean.

I conclude that if, as the prospectus states, "a new wisdom is practically being built up, drawn in large part, it may be, out of the old, but the time has come to formulate this, or at any rate to gather up such a body of thought as may serve to give it an atmosphere in which to develop along its true lines," this series has not begun to do so. Formulation is the last thing of which these writers will be capable, and the new wisdom is so very like the old folly that it does not need formulation. Each of these writers has taken not an idea but a word, and written everything, relevant or irrelevant, that came to his mind; with the consequence that the titles of the books might easily be transposed, and nobody be any the wiser.

A. E. R.

Notes on the Classics.

We all know Plutarch's lives of others so well, and so little about his own life—for the materials are few—that there is a tendency among us to look upon him as a mere biographer with a happy turn of phrase in describing what we think are truly enough are Plutarch's greatest work; the greatest work of his at all events that we have had left to us; but they are much more than the journalistic fusion that passes for character-sketch writing at the present day. They differ in kind from such modern work.

But Plutarch's "Moralia" is not a book to be disregarded; and all of us who value classical literature will be glad to find a selection of the "Moral Essays" published in the "Everyman Library." Plutarch never professed to be a philosopher in the sense that he thought out new rules of life and conduct and wrote them down for the benefit of his fellow-men. His admirers give us a false impression of the man when they apologise for the alleged inconsistencies in his alleged philosophical system. Nothing could ever have been further from Plutarch's mind than the idea of constructing a system of philosophy. It would be much more correct to say that we have in him a very cultured Greek, naturally, therefore, a man of philosophical temperament, a man in whom every philosophic principle applicable to the eternal conditions of humanity found instant understanding and a ready response. In this Plutarch resembles Cicero, in whom all that was valuable and permanent in Greek thought found an echo and was transformed straightway into Latin.

In the "Morals," as in the "Lives," Plutarch charms the reader by his taste, his penetration into genius and sympathy with it, his picturesque style—he charms, in short, because he is, as Professor Mahaffy described him, the spokesman of the better life that still survived in the Greek world in the "Martinmas summer" of its history. Such a rare combination of the scholarship, grace, and delicacy of Addison and the strong sense and dignity (even if sometimes pompous dignity) of Dr. Johnson never again appeared in literature. The nearest approach to it must be sought in Matthew Arnold.

In this volume, however, even the merits of Plutarch are hard put to it to rise superior to the merits of his translator; or rather both writer and translator merge so much into one that we might almost be reading an Elizabethan classic in an versions of a Greek classic. Philemon Holland thoroughly deserved Fuller's description of him as the "translator-general of his age." This provincial doctor and schoolmaster, who had settled down in Coventry after passing through Chelmsford Grammar School and Trinity College, Cambridge, devoted his ample leisure time to translating Latin and Greek classics; and the heavy folios containing his versions of Pliny, Livy, Suetonius, and Plutarch's "Morals" have long been the delight of collectors. Would Mr. Tait ask boldly: "Have I not Englished every word aptly?" In an age of famous translators, as Mr. Blakeney reminds us in his short introduction to the volume, Holland was more famous than all the rest. As examples of rich Elizabethan English his translations simply must be read; for they are not so much translations as new books, transmuted rather than translated from the Latin and the Greek.

To those who are familiar with the classics every line of the "Moralia" is full of reminiscence. It is only natural that the scholar should look eagerly for the essay on Isis and Osiris or than the Nature of the Unseen World. They are not in this selection, but one would hesitate to suggest that any of those here should be taken away to make room for one of the others. Certainly Mr. Blakeney has benefited us by including the famous essay on Superstition. Who could help being
carried away by the rolling opening sentences in which Plutarch-Holland begins:

The ignorance and want of true knowledge as touching the gods divided even from the beginning into two branches, meeting on the one side with stubborn and obstinate natures, as it were with a churlish piece of ground, shelterless and untended; and on the other side, lighting upon gentle and tender spirits like a moist and soft soil, hath bred and imprinted therein superstition; now as all error in opinion and judgment, and namely in these matters, is hurtful and dangerous enough; so if it be accompanied with some passion of the mind it is most pernicious. For this we must think, that every one of these passions resembleth a deception that is feverous and inflamed; and like as the dislocations of any joints in a man's body out of place could be worse than others to be cured; even so the distortions and errors of the mind meeting with some passion are more difficult to be corrected.

There is another reference to the passions in the first essay in this book, "Of Moral Virtue," which is equally favourable to Holland's style:

For neither do they shed and spill their wine upon the floor whereat a horse tramples, but delay the same with water: nor those who fear the violence of a passion do it quite away, but rather temper and qualify the same: like as foxes use to break their hounds and horses and oxen out of their flinging with their heels, their stiffness and curtness of the head and stubbornness in receiving the bridle or they restrain them of their motions in going about their work and doing their deed. And even so verily, reason maketh good use of these passions, when they be so well tamed and brought (as it were) over without or rather without clear that part of the soul which is made for to second reason, and do it good service: for as Pindarus saith:

"The horse doth serve in chariot at the thill,

The hardy hound he must provide with skill (p. 25).

The horse doth serve in chariot at the thill, The hardy hound he must provide with skill, but delay the same with water: nor those who fear the violence of a passion do it quite away, but rather temper and qualify the same: like as foxes use to break their hounds and horses and oxen out of their flinging with their heels, their stiffness and curtness of the head and stubbornness in receiving the bridle or they restrain them of their motions in going about their work and doing their deed. And even so verily, reason maketh good use of these passions, when they be so well tamed and brought (as it were) over without or rather without clear that part of the soul which is made for to second reason, and do it good service: for as Pindarus saith:

"The horse doth serve in chariot at the thill,
The ox at plough doth labour hard in field. Who list in chase the wild boar for to kill, The horse doth serve in chariot at the thill, The hardy hound he must provide with skill (p. 25).

There is one more quotation which really ought to be given. It might have been thought that by the time Aristides made choice to be a public person he was a man of some kind; and that it was impossible to separate the mere accidental character of a man from the transactions of the world. But Plutarch, in a delightful little essay which begins with a charming touch of irritation because he could not verify a quotation; a trace of spleen which Holland has "Englished" exactly as Plutarch would have written had he been writing in Holland's language:

"Blind fortune rules man's life alway,"

Sage counsel therein bears no sway,

said one (whoever it was) that thought all human actions depended upon mere casualty, and were not guided by wisdom. What! and hath justice and equity no place at all in this world? Can temperance and modesty do nothing in the direction of our actions? Come it from fortune, and was it indeed by mere chance that Aristides made choice to continue in poverty, when it was in his power to make himself a lord of much wealth and many goods, or that Scipio, when he had forced Carthage, took not to himself, nor as much as saw any part of that pillage? And was it long of fortune or by casualty that Philocrates, having received of the Duchesse d'Angouleme, and in limiting himself to the first period of her life, and publishing the comparatively formal letters that passed between her and Louis XVIII as proof of her admirable character, has laid the guilt of the novelist's device. For the marriage, which bulks so largely in this volume, and is the consummation of it, was a disappointment. M. Turquan has given good reason to suppose that the Duchesse d'Angouleme died a virgin; and the hardness of heart revealed in her later years, which M. Daudet attributes entirely to her political vicissitudes, M. Turquan ascribes to the disappointment following the marriage into which she was tricked.

**Reviews**

**Nogi: A Great Man Against a Background of War.** By Stanley Washburn. (Melrose. 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Washburn loquitur: "It is not my aim to attempt, even in the briefest way, a biography of Nogi. Much less is it my intention to write what might pass as a tentative contribution to military history. What I wish to do is to paint, as best I may, the picture of a man against the background of war." It would have taken a Plutarch to do this properly. Mr. Washburn, who was the war correspondent of an American paper, gives us several details, many of which are irrelevant, many tantalising, and a few interesting. He does not tell us much of Nogi, for instance, when he says that:

"He is never brilliant in his attire, but now he is always clad with absolute perfection as a Japanese sweetmeat. The man who spent 100,000 lives at Port Arthur.

That is somewhat better; but there is a journalistic touch about the end of it. All things considered, we hope Mr. Washburn won't do it again.

**Madame Royale.** By Ernest Daudet. Translated by Mrs. Rodolph Stawell. (Heinemann. 10s. net.)

It is little more than two years since M. Joseph Turquan's "Mae de la Duchesse d'Angouleme" was translated into English, and the publication of that book has made this one superfluous. For M. Turquan dealt with the whole life of Marie-Therese Charlotte; M. Daudet deals only with the period up to her marriage. It is impossible to sentimentalise over Madame Royale when we know the history of the Duchesse d'Angouleme, and in limiting himself to the first period of her life, and publishing the comparatively formal letters that passed between her and Louis XVIII as proof of her admirable character, has laid the guilt of the novelist's device. For the marriage, which bulks so largely in this volume, and is the consummation of it, was a disappointment. M. Turquan has given good reason to suppose that the Duchesse d'Angouleme died a virgin; and the hardness of heart revealed in her later years, which M. Daudet attributes entirely to her political vicissitudes, M. Turquan ascribes to the disappointment following the marriage into which she was tricked.

**Memoirs of the Court of England in 1675.** By Marie Catherine Baronne D'Albany. Translated by Mrs. W. H. Arthur. Edited, revised, and annotated by George David Gilbert. (Lane. 16s. 6d. net.)

Labour enough has been wasted in the preparation of this book. The translator and editor have drawn through the memoirs of the Restoration to discover the identity of the personages mentioned in this volume, to correct the chronology of events, and to add the authenticity of history to what would otherwise be regarded as a romance. For the memoirs were written in the form of a story; scenes are constructed, conversations are invented, wherein the incidents are enacted, and whereby the motives of the characters are revealed. Judged as fiction, the book is disfigured by interpolation. Could artifice be more artificial than in the reading of the letters of the Duke of Buckingham and his women, and the Duke's recital of his love affairs? In the course of this recital we have to read not only a novel, supposed to have been written by the Portuguese...
lover, but "some counsels for good writing," also attributed to her. The whole incident occupies that it preceded the memoirs of Count de Grammont by certainly is to readers who have sufficient imagination lover, but ((some counsels for good writing," also attri-

Home Life in Russia. By Angelo S. Rappoport. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)
The psychologist who reads Dr. Rappoport's book will find many facts from which he will be able to con-

Moth Wings. By F. W. Bourdillon. (Elkin Mathews. 4s. 6d.)
Mr. Bourdillon seems likely to die a poet of one poem, or rather of one verse, "Night has a thousand eyes." The great part of the work in this volume might have been penned by seventy of any ready ob-

Agnus Dei. By Nancy Campbell. Illustrated by Joseph Campbell and dedicated to Gilliechrist C. (Maunsel. 6d. net.)

The Adventurous Year. By Martin Kinder. (Maunsel. 2s. 6d. net.)
You were a princess long ago, Dearest, and often think in play.
He dedicates it to "Margaret" and wallows at the lady's feet. Most abjectly servile stuff. Only a cliché may describe it. He implores her to accept his verses "smiling a little sadly." Quite a superfluous prayer one would suppose.

A Boy's Will. By Robert Frost. (Nutt. 1s. 6d.)
He declares of his friends meeting with him after some years:
They would not find me changed from him when—Only more sure of all I thought was true (trew).
Evidently he dreamed no great dreams, believed in nothing beyond the will of a mortal boy to accomplish. Let him trot along "in the gloaming," as he says, with his Mary, and rhyme "those is" with "roses." As idle rubbish is published every day.

Appassionata. By Fritz Hart. (Lothian. 3s. 6d.)
Passion's all very well as an excuse, but it will not pass as verses even from the hand of a polyglot. But the poet's mind is too dear to be wasted with "effect his cure!" "The light has come! Our way

folk where they are at present. If mats can be made by peasants in Kostroma and catskin caps by peasants in Vladimir, there is no reason, one would think, why peasants in Sussex should not contrive to include a cliché in every line save, doubt-

the Gospel and freely comments on it," and that "Rationalist Protestantism would appeal to him." We think that Dr. Rappoport exaggerates slightly here. Russia is not yet ready for her Luther and her indus-

Green Days and Blue Days. By P. R. Chalmers. (Maunsel. 3s. 6d.)
Easy verse, musical, and remarkably varied; most remark-

New Poems. By Dora S. Shorter. (Maunsel. 2s. net.)
Here is nothing but pretentiousness, forced fancy, had rhyme and no rhythm at all.
THE NEW AGE

JUNE 12, 1913

was dark before, with doubt and fear." The cover is coloured a deep purple with a phrase from the sonata faithfully done in gold.

The Venturers. By V. L. Ellis. (Ellis. 18s.)

The title subject is a whimsical thing, not good enough for its metre, which might carry a fine idea. A vessel "fetches haven":—

No one hath seen her come,
Or heard her dripping sail or speaking pilot
Or noise of muffled drum.

Her grapple loaded on the midnight water.

What rig hath she so strange,
An unpainted prow or distant sailing.

Except the fancy range.

To sculptured sails and hulls of old adventure.

But the difference between vagueness and mystery proves too subtle for Mr. Ellis. The "venturers" seem in little poems about Man with that of Death—which is other verses the versifier compares his interest in writing for its metre, which might carry a fine idea. A brain. Paying two guineas for this information, he dies. But he disappoints his doctors and recovers, coming back to find his wife a famous actress, with a seemly fatal attraction which has earned for her the sobriquet of "The Destroying Angel." It seems hopeful for once, and improved on this. Ten years, Philistia couldn't teach us how to do it. Even the author can scarcely improve on his publisher's advertisement. Perhaps, at the end, Mr. Vance achieves something like the ineffable note. "Mary turned her face, shadowy and mystical, touched with her faint and inscrutable smile, up to her husband's. . . . Whittaker slipped an arm round his wife. . . . 'Now for the play, dear heart. . . . the real play. . . . life. . . . love. . . .'

The Destroying Angel. By Louis Vance. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

"A business man, sentenced to death by his doctors, gives the disapproval of his name on the impulse of a moment to a lady in distress, and then goes away to die. But he disappoints his doctors and recovers, coming back to find his wife a famous actress, with a seeming-ly fatal attraction which has earned for her the sobriquet of "The Destroying Angel." It seems hopeful for once, and improved on this. Ten years, Philistia couldn't teach us how to do it. Even the author can scarcely improve on his publisher's advertisement. Perhaps, at the end, Mr. Vance achieves something like the ineffable note. "Mary turned her face, shadowy and mystical, touched with her faint and inscrutable smile, up to her husband's. . . . Whittaker slipped an arm round his wife. . . . 'Now for the play, dear heart . . . the real play . . . life . . . love. . . ."

The Curse of the Nile. By Douglas Sladen. (Stanley Paul. 5s.)

Lambert, handsome, adorable, cannot make ends meet and transfers to an Egyptian regiment in time to revenge Gordon and marry Francesca, alleged poisoner of the Mahdi. The bad, polygamous man had tried to make her his wife! "And now she knew that she was going to lose a husband to herself," the end. Discovery. By Harold Williams. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.)

Another man sentenced to death by his doctor—at least, Harley Street declares his left lung to be affected and then goes away to die. But he disappoints his doctors and recovers, coming back to find his wife a famous actress, with a seeming-ly fatal attraction which has earned for her the sobriquet of "The Destroying Angel." It seems hopeful for once, and improved on this. Ten years, Philistia couldn't teach us how to do it. Even the author can scarcely improve on his publisher's advertisement. Perhaps, at the end, Mr. Vance achieves something like the ineffable note. "Mary turned her face, shadowy and mystical, touched with her faint and inscrutable smile, up to her husband's. . . . Whittaker slipped an arm round his wife. . . . 'Now for the play, dear heart . . . the real play . . . life . . . love. . . ."

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Srinagar.

By C. E. Bechhofer

1st Jumma Masjid, the chief mosque of Srinagar, near the fourth bridge, was at first to be constructed entirely of wood, but it is only partly so. A square tree-shaded courtyard, a tangle of tall weeds and grass with a stone fountain in the centre, is surrounded by lofty cloisters supported by enormous pillars of the sweet-smelling cedar, the mountain cedar. Above the centre of each side is a latticed tower, shaped like the two upper stories of a Chinese pagoda. Over each is a little laine of gold. All the ziarats, or mosques, of Kashmir are built after the style of the sides of the Jumma Masjid, which thus, to the Kashmiri, resembles a quartette of holy buildings. Clambering up a crumbling, wind-blown staircase and through a small gap in the wall on hands and knees, I reached the roof of the cloisters and saw all Surynagar's tumbling houses with their grassy roofs and latticed bow-windows and balconies clustering round the highway of the town, the thronging peals of the numberless bells, the birds swept noisily through the leafy courtyard.

I jumped into the smaller shikara and paid out line from the stern of the houseboat until I ran ashore. I got out and found myself a dozen yards below the tow-path. A few clutches, some slips, a final pull and I landed on the top, just in time to see, a hundred yards in front, the boat of the houseboat being jerked three of the struggling coolies into the water. We all laughed, I, the cook, the coolies, the victims themselves, the other servants, and a dozen old men gossiping on the bank.

I do not suppose there was ever a trip so cheerily undertaken as this. Everything amuses us: a boatman's bewilderment as his turban is jerked into the water or is hung up upon a twig, my puppy, all forlorn, howling piteously in a self-induced marooning, the horror of a boatman supposed to be steering when I prodded him awake, the cookboat breaking from its moorings and sailing away down stream with a paddleless cargo of servants and provisions, the boatman's chase after it, the lassooing from the bank and the triumphant release of its excited crew and my puppy. Any little misadventure moves us to tremendous prostrating peals of laughter. I am probably lacking in the dignity of a sahib (but I cannot consider jolly good fellows as animale muckhees). I certainly do not receive all the deferential attention which the Anglo-Indian loves, if they be cheap, but I and my servants make fun of each other and get on well together. The head boatman, with a thousand ghastly threats ringing in his ears, persists in palm off his coolie friends as "pukka" boatmen, and in despair of this, laughs gaily, sweats he is my servant, cares for nothing but what is in my interest, and will do whatever I command, be it hard or easy, a boat or a road.

I remount and start off again for Latipur. The path comes out soon on the river bank, and, from a doonga near, I learnt that my large, clumsy houseboat is still in the big bend downstream. I galloped back to the village, but there is still no sign. The pony stumbles down a bank with a long, low thud beside the river; we canter for a mile along it and at last I see five of my coolies leaning genly on the tow-line; three more sitting, steering-paddle in hand, on the side-planks; and upstairs on the verandah, beneath the flapping canvas of the "shamiana," Abdulla, my laughter-loving young bearer, white-clad and blue-belted, is arranging bunches of lilac and iris in vases. My syce is quickly landed in a shikara with the others and we are on the path driving a calf or a goat.

On the banks of the river near Latipur I found a low hillock, and a large plastered and ornamented ziarat, with the birds peeping round from the glistening white band of the domes or the glistening red flame of the minarets, and the glistening white and glistening red reflections of the sun on the domes and minarets. The sky was a pale blue, and the sun lay in the pale light of the full moon, which, of a size and brightness unknown without the tropics, casts its green rays from behind a cloud. The ghastly meandering silhouette of a high hill and some round chenars, thin poplars, and stumpy willows on the bank is reflected with an indistinguishable meeting in the stream.

I am sitting with my back against a willow beside a narrow bridge-path in an expanse of ploughed land, shooting down from the hill to another; a willow is my little grey Kashmiri pony, whose usual gait is a canter, with an occasional bolt or a relapse into a ghastly meandering trot. It has never learned to walk.

I rode in to Pampur late this morning from the boat, and in a shady common outside the village I found a large assembly of villagers round a small shady strip of common enclosed by ropes. Within were two Englishmen sitting at tables with large heaps of envelopes beside them. At first I supposed I had come upon a burly attractive missionary meeting, but I was quickly informed that silkworm eggs were to be distributed for six weeks' rearing to the villagers. The headman had just been admitted into the ring when my little pony sprang forward, scattering a portion of the pressing crowd, and bolted off to the road. When I had reined him in, we were a quarter of a mile away, and I started off along the river bank, cutting across a great bend in the river. Little groups from the neighbouring villages, hungry after silkworm eggs, passed me on the way, greeting me with a "Saaham, Huzzoor." Some old men cried out as I sped past that God had sent them the mulberry tree, the mulberry tree, and they wanted me to give them the eggs. I turned in my saddle and shouted to them to hurry to Pampur. We left the avenue for a little village path, along which, though it was raised on a high mound hardly a couple of feet broad, my surefooted pony galloped securely. Some of the villagers on the river bank had seen my house-boat pass an hour, two hours, five minutes before, others declared that no boat at all had passed this morning. I decided to ride two miles up-stream to Latipur for precise information. A mile along the willow avenue, the beauty of the scene has induced me to dismount. Lazily fanned by the cool snow-breeze, I watch the ploughmen steering their rude ploughs behind the pairs of black bullocks, and little boys run past me on the path driving a calf or a goat.

On the banks of the valley amid the myriad clumps of wild iris, purple, mauve, and white, the sheep and goats pluck the juicy blades of grass. The handsome, loose-clawed straw-sandalled shepherds, with a large coarse shawl flung about them, are sorting their flocks and urging them along by the ploughman returning from the fields, each with his invariable earthenware-lined fire-basket slung over his shoulder. In the golden sunshine the grassy roofs of rambling villages peep through the glorious leafy groves, so mighty to the eye, where the trees are not dwarfed, as is every thing in Kashmir, by the majestic background of cloud-burdened snowfields. Some little shepherd-boys and a tiny maid approach me shyly with bunches of iris, followed by the anxious mothers of the lambs and kids they are carrying home.
Pastiche.

A COMMON STORY. BEING FRAGMENTS FROM A MIDDLE CLASS LIFE.

His parents were exceedingly genteel,—
His uncle had been Something at the Bar,
And in his childhood he was taught to feel
That he was not as common people are.
He learned how base it is to pick and steal,
How glorious to keep a motor-car.
He learned that foreigners are scurvy knaves,
That Britons never, never shall be slaves.
He played at dominoes from two till three,
And from his childhood he was taught to feel
He learned that foreigners are scurvy knaves,
That Britons never, never shall be slaves.

He was a clerk by day, a blade by night,
And at Herne Bay he spent his honeymoon.

A time to go to bed,
A time to discontinue making eyes.
Happy are they who by their deeds of grace
Have met with favour in the sight of God.

He settled down to live at Walham Green.
His offspring left him in obscure repose,
When he was wont to blink and gape and doze,
And through the paroxysms of their grief
Thanked heaven for a long-desired relief.

When he was wont to blink and pace and doze,
And dodder of the glories of his past.
His offspring left him in obscure repose,
Muttering only as he breathed his last,
And through the paroxysms of their grief
Thanked heaven for a long-desired relief.

1. The theme should be as sorrowful and revolting as can be conjured up in the imagination of the writer.

Poetic expression need not be sought. Lines of poetry here and there may be lashed together by masses of commonplace language, vulgar and slangy expressions. Realism will thus be "attained."

2. The writer should never miss an opportunity of inserting an oath or profanity, thereby avoiding a falsified simplicity; especially for the sake of rhyme or of hoisting up a walking meter. It is well to bear in mind that the writer need not hold himself responsible for the utterances of his creations.

3. The rules of metrical composition need not be observed. Whatever the metrical scheme, the verses may lack or be in excess of the prescribed number of feet for such metre, according to the pleasure of the author. Any tag will do for a rhyme. Proper Conjunctions and Prepositions to be included in rhythm are now allowed to be quite perfect rhymes, and, for the sake of rhythm, the back of a sentence may be broken in whatever place the poet chooses.

4. In the old term "poetic licence," the significance of the latter word may be extended to include all phases of its meaning.

NEMESIS.

Beside a stream, below the mill-wheel's hum,
Where pitch the seething waters, making scum,
A town-bred gentleman with lots of dammin'—
Was fishing with a line and hook for salmon.
His face was red, and streaked with purple blotches,
With huge embozesments, warts, and pimply spots;—
His nose was round, blue (not the ethereal kind)
Was fishing with a line and hook for salmon.

He settled down to live at Walham Green.
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**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.**

**THE RETAILER’S SERVITUDE.**

SIR,—In your issue of June 5 you reproduce some startling figures demonstrating the great increase in the cost of living since the advent of the Labour Party. I think, however, that the impression is given to the influence of this price advance upon the position of the retailer. The point is important, if not actually urgent, in regard to the class struggle.

Briedly stated, the greater advance in wholesale as compared with retail prices means that the retailer is not strong enough to withstand the pressure of the wholesale interests. A few years ago, for example, if one wholesale house would not supply at a price enabling the retailer to make his profit, another wholesale house was ready to step into the breach. Today, however, the conspiracy between all the wholesale interests is so complete as to amount to actual trust. They compel the retailer to sell at a rate of profit considerably less than ten years ago. It is hardly an exaggeration to assert that in the staple grocery lines to-day the retailer’s profit is found only in his cash discount. Other goods are advertised by the wholesalers, exaggeration to assert that in the staple grocery lines.

The retail price being quoted in the advertisements. The result is that the retailer is compelled to sell at the price advertised by the wholesaler, or by the retailer himself. In some cases the wholesale invoice form prescribes the price at which the goods may be sold, and the retailer himself decided that any variation in price is a breach of contract. The usual form of the contract is that the particular article must be sold at a less price than that stipulated. The outcome of all this is to avoid price-cutting. But as these goods are almost universally advertised at the retail price, the result is that the retailer cannot obtain a higher price unless he is, in short, completely under the control of the wholesale interests. And as it is the wholesaler who spends huge sums on advertising, he naturally has the ear of our pure and unbiased Press.

What interests you is not the technique of trade, but its general bearing upon the industrial struggle. The retailer is in a way the working man’s banker in times of stress or strike. He knows his customers; he knows those who are “good pay,” and is willing to trust them, always in reason, and (during a strike, for example) often at great risk to his own stability. But the retailer’s capacity in this respect is now measured by his ability to pay cash and take his discount. If he cannot do this, he cannot keep going. Thus it happens that, when a strike looms up, the retailers in the affected area are faced with the alternative of either of withdrawing credit from their striking customers or failing to pay cash (weekly or monthly, as the case may be), and so secure that discount which is such an important factor in their profits. The wholesalers understand the predicament, and accordingly can practically terminate a strike by putting the screw upon the retailers.

If the working classes are going to win through to the guilds, they must rectify this hole in their armour by devoting immense care and thought to their com-misariat department.

W. SPENCER ROBINSON.

* * *

**“INTERNATIONAL PEACE.”**

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Immo Allen, wrongs me. I am far from believing that the status quo is stable; on the contrary, I anticipate that Germany will, sooner or later, make a determined bid for colonies. And precisely in this connection appears the value of federation. If Germany can show to the federative tribunal that she needs a colony and that we can do without one of ours, we must be prepared to submit to her desire. Probably such submission will not be regarded as “glorious,” in the primitive militarist sense, as a successful war to protect our property; but the result will be more stable and—certainly more dignified than the ignominious defeat of our forces which might probably result from a war with Germany.

Of course, the scheme is a dream; but your correspondent will show a more admirable adherence if he refrains from terming it a dream impossible of realisation.

Consider again the growth of national justice. The time was when plundering barons secured land at the point of the sword, and held it by the same forcible and pointed argument against all claimants. How chimerical then appeared the idea of a peaceful redistribution contrary to human nature! Yet, once the central national power was established and the good of the people set up as the ideal of statecraft in place of the arbitrary will of the
sovereign, and the descendants of these same barons found themselves obliged to relinquish their possessions for the sake of the common good. Some of them—may their names never perish—yielded with good grace and a praise-worthy accord; theirs is the dignified, unassuming part; others kick, and are ignominiously fined for contempt of court.

The state finds safety for his liberties in his fellows' unwillingness to be a party to oppression which may one day be used against themselves: it is surely no very unanswerable assumption that the nations comprising the future federation will be equally sagacious. Voters have, of course, shown themselves somewhat regardless of our liberties lately, but, on the whole, we still preserve register, and are in elections to fooled about with revolvers behind our doors when the tax-gatherers come.

**Henry Meulen.**

**TRADE AND WAGES.**

Sirs,—The letter of F. Whedale reminds me of my association with a large village in the 'eighties, where there were plenty of spinners. They were the worst-paid and consequently the poorest class of workpeople, and as all other workers somehow looking down on the "big-benner," as they were called, from the machines—big beans—"the price of the world," hence the generally called the "big ben hole," was the last resourse of the unskilled, the unfortunate, and the incompetent. The highest wages for the experienced man combined were then 18s. weekly; for a woman 11s., the average, of course, being less for both. Yet even in this class, want and destitution were by no means unknown; while, in that village generally, prosperity and contentment were the rule. Labour troubles and strikes were absent for forty years; the only blight that ever fell, or was feared, was the household's being "cleaned out," and the means ignorance of the country hamlet; distribution of population being a factor, I think, not enough taken into account by social reformers.

C. E. V.

**INSURANCE TAX RESISTERS' DEFENCE ASSOCIATION.**

Sirs,—I am sorry that Mr. West will not join the Insurance Tax Resisters, and sorry, too, that his reason for not doing so is such a trivial one.

I in the first place, I have no wish to be the leader of what Mr. West politely calls "a horde." If any man will take over the organisation of the Insurance Tax Resisters on his days I have thirty or forty in the village, both winter and summer, for all tastes; and no "aping of gentility," for there was only one rich family—alas!—among them who equally missed the congostion of a town (cause of filth and crime) and the mean ignorance of the country hamlet; distribution of population being a factor, I think, not enough taken into account by social reformers.

I shall gladly surrender the hon. secretaryship to his care.

HENRY MEULEN.

**DEPUTIES OF PROTESTANT DISSENTERS.**

Sirs,—By the direction of the Committee of the above body, I forward you a copy of a resolution which was passed in reference to the Elementary Education Bill, and particularly referring to Mr. Winfrey's Bill. The Committee would be glad if you could find space to insert the resolution, which generally its effect.

ALFRED J. SHEPHERD, Secretary.

Deputies of Protestant Dissenters of the three denominations, Presbyterian, Independent, and Baptist, appointed to protect their Civil Rights.

June 2, 1913.

**ELECTORAL EDUCATION.**

Resolution passed at a meeting of the General Committee of the Protestant Dissenting Deputies held on May 22, 1913:

That the Deputies, having considered the Elementary Education Bill presented by Mr. Winfrey in the House of Commons, find it contains proposals for providing the total cost of new Council Schools in Single-School areas by grants from the Treasury, and gives a right to every child to claim a place in such a school. The Deputies are of opinion that legislation upon these lines will be useful, and which provision for the superintendence of a single School System; they are, therefore, willing to offer special support to such legislation. But the Deputies express their strong conviction that a measure of this kind will not completely remove the religious difficulties inherent in the present system, and that it cannot satisfy the demands of those who are determined that no public money shall be devoted to denominational religious teaching.

"Whilst, therefore, supporting this Bill, the Deputies reiterate their opinion that there is pressing necessity for a measure which will effectively deal with the whole question."

*T*he both publish the resolution and state generally its effect, which is to divert some millions of public money from the education of children and fee teachres, and children to bricks and mortar for the satisfaction of a form of Methodism, or other persons, etc., who mistake their hatred of the Church for the love of education.

ED. N.A.]

**PACIFISM.**

Sirs,—As it was not to be expected that this would be willing to treat pacifists with ordinary justice, you remarks go Mr. West made no surprise or disappointment. They call for comment, however. Who are the pacifists? Are they a specially ignorant and degenerate breed lately arrived in the world? Do they belong alone to the world, given a right to every (or, rather, do not actively desire war). I am not certain whether this large proportion may be regarded as pacifists, but if not, it is from them that a certain

left for me to do? It was none of my seeking. Lady December, 1911, for domestic servants and their employers alone. We were repeatedly asked to extend our borders to include skilled and working men, and repeatedly we refused to do so, as we both knew that the men should do this for themselves. It was not until June, 1912, that we decided to extend our membership to all persons, irrespective of their employment, and we only because no one else had come forward. Why did not Mr. West and his friends form a league?

I hate making generalisations between men and women, being a firm believer in the common frailty and humanity of both, but the fact remains that quite a large number of women of all classes have made serious sacrifices in order to resist and organise resistance to the Insurance Act on the ground that it is fundamentally unjust to compel the poor to be thirsty and let the rich do what they like. Some men have had difficulties, who are not.
smaller number of articulate persons emerge, who, in one way or another, besides desiring peace, advocate it. It is they who earn the scorn of The New Age.

If it be permitted to speak from personal experience, I venture to say that of all the societies, or rather foundations, of which knowledge has been carried on by a body of people of great variety of temperament, conception, and ideal, including Socialists, Anarchists, and others, who have affirmed that the occasions for modern war are supplied almost wholly by capitalism. To write, therefore, that "the cause of war is capitalism," is either to confess a very narrow study of the subject, or else—as I think likely—the blufT preliminary to the claim of another original document of The New Age, that, in a week or two, any writer who ventures to repeat the notion without a bowkow to Curstior Street will be caught in the claws of "Press-Cutter." I declare I heard the thing said when I was in my cradle.

The several causes of war may be grouped into two; first, the ancient and deep-seated motives in man's nature, especially in the natural man, of which I spoke, if not so equally potent, but a worthy competitor with egoism. In other words, the strife of the feeling which unites men against the feeling which separates them is the basis not only of all pacifism but of civilisation itself.

It is not to be expected, however, that any body of persons or society can undertake to forward such a spiritual propaganda; it is rather the office of religion. Nor need we regard the absence of such declarations in a pacifist manifesto as invalidating its usefulness. It suffices if the remedies suggested by the pacifists, to which The New Age makes no reference, there has always been—especially noticeable in ancient times among Buddhists and Christians—an effort to operate directly upon egoism, with marked success.

This effort would, of course, have been futile if there were not in the nature of things, especially in the natural man, any force, however small, that makes for life unaccompanied by wholesale and organised murder.
This man of "clemency" a few days ago sprang a Criminal Law Amendment Bill upon the country with a flogging clause copied from England, which is being rushed through the House.

As regards quoting authorities for statements, I agree with Mr. Stafford that this is best when it can be done briefly; but I omitted only for brevity the details I have now given. Yet the correspondence columns of The New Age are evidently conducted on no principle that writers quote facts with conscientious care; and when Mr. Stafford, November 18th, described the effects of flogging on a victim, without mentioning his basis of observation, I relied upon his facts so much as to refer to them in several of the many letters I have written to the Press and to officers of societies, protesting against vindictive punishment.

In fighting upholds flogging, one has to remember that less than a century ago all alike believed in "a rod for the fool's back," as their churches taught them, and that probably the great majority, though silent, are still in this stage. Continual protest, presented with as little English snarling as possible, will in time guide even Angle-Saxon peoples to modern methods. I see hopeful signs in Mr. F. J. Billiard's Juvenile Court at Winnipeg, and in the idea of prison farms catching on even in the younger Western Provinces.

QUEENS AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Sir,—All "arguments"—heaven save the mark!—in favour of Woman Suffrage are idiotic, but the most favourable of them comes from the reigning queens. A correspondent who advances this "argument" in your latest issue is fain to admit that all but two of the queens he mentions can only be said to have been no worse than certain kings. The two exceptions are Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria.

Of the firstnamed, the late Professor Goldwin Smith wrote as follows:—"Elizabeth's reputation for anything except the arts of popularity, in which she was supreme, has suffered terribly from the researches of Motley and other recent writers. Her deceitfulness, perfidy, and ingratitude to those who had served her and the country best were pretty well known, as were her haughtiness and cruelty. But her reputation for statesmanship is now greatly reduced, and it is clear that the country was saved, not by her, but by itself; from the Armada it was saved in her despite Mr. Froude, who set out as her fervent admirer, has in the end to say that her conduct in the transactions which preceded the sailing of the Armada would have made Elizabeth from her bishops as an example of the capacity of female sovereigns. Her ungrateful persecution of the Puritans in the latter part of her reign was a wind against which her unhappy assassins reaped the whirlwind."

And thus Lord Macaulay speaks of the amount of liberty enjoyed under her auspices:—"Elizabeth often spoke to her Parliaments in language as harsh and as true as the which the great Turk would use to his divan. She punished with great severity members of the House of Commons who, in her opinion, carried the freedom of debate too far. She assumed the power of legislating by means of proclamations. She imprisoned her subjects without bringing them to a legal trial. Torture was often employed, in defiance of the laws of England, for the purpose of extorting confessions from those who were shut up in her dungeons. The authority of the Star Chamber and of the Ecclesiastical Commission was at its highest point. Severe restraints were imposed upon political and religious discussion. The number of presses was at one time limited. No man could print without a licence, and every work had to undergo the scrutiny of the Primate or the Bishop of London. Persons whose writings were severely punished. The Queen prescribed the exact rule every work had to undergo the scrutiny of the Primate limited. No man could print without a licence, and of the Ecclesiastical Commission was at its highest point.

She treacherously beheaded her cousin and guest, Mary Queen of Scots, and as equally treacherously beheaded the Earl of Essex, despite its services to her. She left her havens and the fanaticism which would she would have made a good Suffragette, for she counselled, if she did not commit, secret poisoning.

With Queen Victoria the arguments are different. She was an excellent woman and a strong Anti-Suffragist, hoping that women are not made for mankind, that, if they are good women, must dislike "these masculine occupations." Before her marriage she owed much to Lord Melbourne, who, as she says, steered her into a safe haven. After her husband's death she was rarely seen, and without any disrespect for her memory it may be said that it would have been better for the country if she had abdicated in favour of her eldest son.

AZCH. GIBBS.

FEMINISM.

Sir,—I did not reply to your "case" against Women's Suffrage for the same reason that prevents an elephant from fighting a whale—there was no common ground to meet upon. If we could prove that suffragettes, who believe that women are human beings, and that sex has no bearing on human rights and characters; that, in short, the fact that human beings are divided into two sections, the function of one of which is to generate, and the other to fertilise, but that sex difference has no more to do with the humanness of either than a bitch's ability to suckle its young affects its caninity, there would still have been room to argue for and against women's participation in politics, just as one could, for instance make out a good case why red-haired men should have the vote while others should be disqualified, despite their equal humanity. But your article assumed all through that woman is not a human being, but is sometimes sub-human, at others super-human, as best suited your "case." Besides, you will kindly pardon my saying so, but I could not find any argument—only assertion, denial, and proliferation, for which the eminiscence. There was much declamation against the vote as useless either to men or women, constant unexplained reference to the fact that women as workers could ever be anything else; and frequent taking for granted that an elusive "status" of sham chivalry (which I see you again pressed into service last week) is a preferable thing to definite political equality. Obviouly on two such divergent planes it would be futile to discuss the matter as for a ship's captain to expatiate on the merits of Great Circus. I do not, at least, think there is a preferable thing to definite political equality. If you were to attempt to confute your assumptions, but to traverse all your fallacies and misconceptions would have required as much time as they took themselves, so I gave it up. But if you will state in a couple of hundred words one good reason why women should not have the vote and men should, I shall be happy to demolish it in the same number.

Meanwhile, you have not met my challenge. To prove that the net result of the propaganda of the W.S.P.U. will be the enfranchisement of a section of women only, and that (in your opinion) properly women, is not the same thing as to prove your statement that their aim is the enfranchisement of a section of women, which is what I challenged you to do. The former is an expression of opinion to which few thinking minds would demur. It is the work of all reformers in all ages has fallen short of the mark they aimed at. But the other thing is to state as a fact what is only a surmise, which, in plain English, is "tactics of the gutter"—I mean that policy which, being unable to fight fair, leads a man to adopt the course which a "Punch" cartoon satirised a good many years ago—"Throw enough mud, lula; some of it will stick!" I am sorry to have had to use the phrase, but it is the only one I know of that meets the case.

J. BEASLAND.

Joint Hon. Secretary, Manchester Men's League.

Joint Hon. Secretary, Manchester Men's League.

[Our correspondent has never asked us for space in which to reply to us at length; but his use of his present space does not convince us that the fear of trespassing is his main concern.—Ed. N.A.]

A SENSE OF PROPORTION.

Sir,—Your correspondent Mr. J. Beasland protests against a casual description in one of your editorials of The Suffragette as a paper seeking the enfranchisement of women only. The Secretary of the W.S.P.U. has explained reference to the formula, "Votes for women on the same terms as they are or may be granted to men." By that very formula he has got his whole case away. To give women the vote on the same terms as they are now granted to men is undoubtedly to give votes to proper women to the exclusion of all unpropertied wives and daughters, who are theoretically eligible. And if women are to have the vote, it is just these excluded women who ought to have it first. Has the W.S.P.U. ever declared for adult suffrage?

THE NEW AGE.

JUNE 12, 1913.
But I do not write to discuss the female franchise—it is really too fatiguing. (I wish you would forget feminism for a while; all the letters now appearing on the subject bore me to tears.) The really significant point about Mr. Beanland's letter is that he snatches a stray phrase from THE NEW AGE, but my memory serves. You remarked that, whatever might be our views on women's enfranchisement, it was vastly more important that we should concentrate on economic enfranchisement. It is extremely an efficient exposure of the pretensions of Miss Horniman and her ridiculous Repertory Theatre. Well, perhaps, to encourage the others, they have now turned on their musical critic to criticise plays. But I do not write to discuss the female franchise—it is only an exceptionally feverish case of cacoethes. Mrs. Flood merely repeats the usual stock of violence of language by these orthodox reviewers of the Press, THE NEW AGE is accused of prejudice. The writers of your paper. THE NEW AGE is accused of accused of violence of language by these orthodox reviewers of the Press, but the influence of the New Age's critics must have reached to "L. A." or perhaps he is trying "to get his own back." Here are a few samples:—"Mr. Grierson merely repeats the usual stock remarks on the same subject, his 'Hannele' being a 'Hannele' lost money. (They made money with the name of Richard Aldington in THE NEW AGE of April 10? but Milton's), published last week in THE NEW AGE, the word "not" should have been printed "but."

I fear that some of your readers must have been puzzled at my argument and horrified by my moral criterion. Hence this note to reassure them that I most emphatically do rail at the types of persons detailed in my lines.

F. Silver.

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