Concerning the form of withdrawal and the expressions of regret as adopted, presumably after long meditation, by the two Ministers, we accept them as doing the minimum of good to the public, but the maximum of harm to their authors. We mean that if we can be satisfied by the grudging admissions, since they really were admissions, we cannot conceive that in the long run the two Ministers will profit, either in reputation or in self-esteem, by the penury of their expressed contrition. On the contrary, their thrifty regrets at this moment confirm the character the public had recently begun to attribute to them: that of men who are so deeply imbued with the ethics of the mere market-place that they are positively unaware that in their recent public actions there was anything to apologise for. Throughout Sir Rufus Isaacs’ speech in particular there ran the note of incredulity of the bona fides of his accusers. He could, it is true, express his regrets for what had taken place, and wish he had been more prudently advised; but that there was anything more in his action than a trivial oversight, magnified by malice and party and circumstance, he did not once give the air of conceiving. And of Mr. Lloyd George the same, in a lesser degree, may be said. He too spoke of calumny, of malice, and of slander as if these were almost, if not quite, the only causes of the regret the public or himself should feel on reviewing the whole matter. That the public had been shocked in its national pride in the purity of its public men, had been as much wounded as a lover by a false mistress whom he had idolised, when the facts were admitted one by one; and more by any one of the facts than by all the malicious, calumnious and slanderous rumours put together—these things appear never to have entered into Mr. Lloyd George’s consciousness, and now, we believe, never will. For we have formed the conclusion, and so, we think, have the public, that as well as having proved himself alien in legislation to the people of England, he has now proved himself alien in his standards of honour and alien in his ideals. To return to Sir Rufus Isaacs, what, we ask, would have been his forensic attitude to a prisoner in the dock protesting his innocence but expressing only such regrets for lies to the police as Sir Rufus Isaacs expressed for the parsimony of his and his colleagues’ series of admissions and confessions? And if the wretched man had been on trial for his life, the severity of Sir Rufus Isaacs would have been all the more triumphantly intense. We shall never forget as long as we live the exquisitely callous cruelty of his cross-examination of Seddon. But Seddon had not been proved guilty at that moment of any crime, but was only charged with it. Suppose Seddon had appealed, as he did appeal, to his past, to
the absurdity, the improbability, the impossibility of the charge, to the facts that he had concealed nothing, had acted throughout in good faith and was in the dock only as the victim of some coincidence of trivial errors which the malice of interested persons had magnified for their advantage and his disadvantage—such was the case. Seddon had thus appealed, as he did appeal, what would have been, what was, Sir Rufus Isaacs' reply? Yet the circumstances in which Sir Rufus Isaacs found himself last week were almost exactly similar to the circumstances in which Seddon found himself a year or so ago. And his explanation of himself and of how he came to be there was similar to that of Seddon. Suppose, we once more ask, that Sir Rufus Isaacs of the Cabinet had had to meet Sir Rufus Isaacs of the Bar? But if the law is not responsible and not helpless—suppose it is, say, some man's own self as against the person of another. Sir Rufus Isaacs, however, has been proved capable of straining the law against another and yet of appealing to have evidence strained in favour of himself. We report that the grudging admissions, the special pleadings, the absence of any appreciation of the real feelings of the public manifested by the two Ministers, have defined their public character for the present generation. We acquit them, it is true, of corruption, but we convict them nevertheless of being corrupt.

A word should be said (and shall be if only by one of the number) for that section of the Press that took the risk of publishing the rumour which is so swiftly and so normally spread among the public. Let a truth or to public interests, is as popular today as when Isocrates (Milton's "old man eloquent") and Demosthenes denounced their audiences for positively preferring the paid liar to the unpaid and sincere friend. More often than not, the critic who charges public men with anything more serious than zeal for their party incurs the hatred of his readers as well as of his victims. So dangerous is it to disturb the complacency with which the public drifts to its own destruction, to think of it not only as a social disease, as a practice, of exposure; we are explaining, excusing, and sympathising with it. For reasons that we have recited before, it is not our practice, and we set only a small value upon it. But to read Sir Rufus Isaacs' and Mr. Lloyd George's comments on the motives of the journals that first accused them, you would conclude that by formulating and publishing such charges the journals had everything to gain and nothing to lose. On the contrary, they have nothing whatever to gain—we blame ourselves to the non-party papers—and they usually lose everything.

Out of the whole discussion have grown a number of demands which are scarcely likely to be satisfied. One is for the complete disentanglement of Ministers from investments in any company likely to be contracting with the Government. Another is for the publication of the balance-sheet of the party funds. But the first of these demands is impossible to satisfy, and the second can only be satisfied when the interests maintaining party are national and not private. We have only to think of the ramifications of the State in these days and the identity of interest as between politicians and profiteers to see that a separation of the two is impossible. All we can ask for, while the State maintains the profiteering system, is that the Ministers of the State shall accept our brief while in office and speak to it as before a court of real equity. And this, on the whole, they do with a fair, in fact a surprising, amount of loyalty. Of corruption in the technical sense there is certainly less now than there has been since the industrial system was set up. And we do not agree with Lord Robert Cecil that there is likely to be more as poor men enter the House or the State plunges further into the conspiracy of industry. The real corruption to be feared, in our opinion, is not petty corruption which benefits an individual, but the corruption which benefits a class as a whole or a nation by honest business means. And in proportion as the system of profiteering is maintained in the teeth of all economic and humane criticism, its honest administration will continue while its fundamental injustice remains the same. For the party bureaus and party funds, and even for its secrecy, there is a good deal to be said. It is, of course, the main means by which plutocrats exercise control over their political wire-pullers; and it is, in consequence, the very heart of the interlocked system of economic and political power. But it is also the price the public must pay for maintaining the profiteering system at all. Wherever there is profiteering there is of necessity a secret party fund by means of which profiteers control political the party. To abolish the secrecy of party funds while profiteering remains would simply be to compel the profiteers to create a subtler form of secrecy. Our only hope of abolishing the party fund lies, therefore, in abolishing that which makes it necessary, namely, the system of profiteering.

A case of some importance to advocates of National Guilds arose during the discussion of the action of Sir Edward Carson and Mr. F. E. Smith in accepting the brief of Mr. Goddard Isaacs. It was the case of a barrister holding his political duties. The position taken up by these barristers was in the strict sense incumbent upon them as members of a chartered profession employed, though at their own risk, in the public service. At the same time, the reasons given, by Mr. F. E. Smith at any rate, were not the adequate reasons. His plea was that as a barrister he knew no political party and that it would be a bad day for the country if the issues of his party were to be said to be in opposition to his own cause and case. Lastly, it is a complete mistake to suppose that the office of critic on behalf of the public is popular. Partisan criticism, with its indifference to truth or to public interests, is as popular today as when Isocrates (Milton's "old man eloquent") and Demosthenes denounced their audiences for positively preferring the paid liar to the unpaid and sincere friend. More often than not, the critic who charges public men with anything more serious than zeal for their party incurs the hatred of his readers as well as of his victims. So dangerous is it to disturb the complacency with which the public drifts to its own destruction, to think of it not only as a social disease, as a practice, of exposure; we are explaining, excusing, and sympathising with it. For reasons that we have recited before, it is not our practice, and we set only a small value upon it. But to read Sir Rufus Isaacs' and Mr. Lloyd George's comments on the motives of the journals that first accused them, you would conclude that by formulating and publishing such charges the journals had everything to gain and nothing to lose. On the contrary, they have nothing whatever to gain—we blame ourselves to the non-party papers—and they usually lose everything.

Out of the whole discussion have grown a number of demands which are scarcely likely to be satisfied. One is for the complete disentanglement of Ministers from investments in any company likely to be contracting with the Government. Another is for the publication of the balance-sheet of the party funds. But the first of these demands is impossible to satisfy, and the second can only be satisfied when the interests maintaining party are national and not private. We have only to think of the ramifications of the State in these days and the identity of interest as between politicians and profiteers to see that a separation of the two is impossible. All we can ask for, while the State maintains the profiteering system, is that the Ministers of the State shall accept our brief while in office and speak to it as before a court of real equity. And this, on the whole, they do with a fair, in fact a surprising, amount of loyalty. Of corruption in the technical sense there is certainly less now than there has been since the industrial system was set up. And we do not agree with Lord Robert Cecil that there is likely to be more as poor men enter the House or the State plunges further into the conspiracy of industry. The real corruption to be feared, in our opinion, is not petty corruption which benefits an individual, but the corruption which benefits a class as a whole or a nation by honest business means. And in proportion as the system of profiteering is maintained in the teeth of all economic and humane criticism, its honest administration will continue while its fundamental injustice remains the same. For the party bureaus and party funds, and even for its secrecy, there is a good deal to be said. It is, of course, the main means by which plutocrats exercise control over their political wire-pullers; and it is, in consequence, the very heart of the interlocked system of economic and political power. But it is also the price the public must pay for maintaining the profiteering system at all. Wherever there is profiteering there is of necessity a secret party fund by means of which profiteers control political the party. To abolish the secrecy of party funds while profiteering remains would simply be to compel the profiteers to create a subtler form of secrecy. Our only hope of abolishing the party fund lies, therefore, in abolishing that which makes it necessary, namely, the system of profiteering.

A case of some importance to advocates of National Guilds arose during the discussion of the action of Sir Edward Carson and Mr. F. E. Smith in accepting the brief of Mr. Goddard Isaacs. It was the case of a barrister holding his political duties. The position taken up by these barristers was in the strict sense incumbent upon them as members of a chartered profession employed, though at their own risk, in the public service. At the same time, the reasons given, by Mr. F. E. Smith at any rate, were not the adequate reasons. His plea was that as a barrister he knew no political party and that it would be a bad day for the country if the issues of his party were to be said to be in opposition to his own cause and case. Lastly, it is a complete mistake to suppose that the office of critic on behalf of the public is popular. Partisan criticism, with its indifference to truth or to public interests, is as popular today as when Isocrates (Milton's "old man eloquent") and Demosthenes denounced their audiences for positively preferring the paid liar to the unpaid and sincere friend. More often than not, the critic who charges public men with anything more serious than zeal for their party incurs the hatred of his readers as well as of his victims. So dangerous is it to disturb the complacency with which the public drifts to its own destruction, to think of it not only as a social disease, as a practice, of exposure; we are explaining, excusing, and sympathising with it. For reasons that we have recited before, it is not our practice, and we set only a small value upon it. But to read Sir Rufus Isaacs' and Mr. Lloyd George's comments on the motives of the journals that first accused them, you would conclude that by formulating and publishing such charges the journals had everything to gain and nothing to lose. On the contrary, they have nothing whatever to gain—we blame ourselves to the non-party papers—and they usually lose everything.
duct. Nevertheless, such cases may arise, and we are not sure that the case of Sir Edward Carson is not one of them. The reference, by the way, of the Exchequer to the legal profession as a true Guild is misleading. A Guild must not only be responsible for the professional conduct of its members but for their professional pay. To become a Guild in our sense of the word, the legal profession would have to pool its income and distribute it afterwards in the form of pay according to the hierarchy of the skill and service of its members.

In the "Christian Commonwealth" of last week Mr. Philip Snowden, the accepted Chancellor of the Exchequer of the Labour Party, discussed the economics of taxation from what he believes to be the Socialist standpoint. We really do not see in the distinction he draws between Liberal and Socialist principles any essential difference whatever. The crux of the problem, he says, is whether the rich or the poor are to pay for social reforms; and his solution of the matter is that it is only fair that the rich should pay since they will profit most by the increased efficiency of the proletariat. Of a truth, one of the objections to it, seems, but there are several considerations to be taken into account. In the first place, Mr. Snowden assumes the continuance of the capitalist system and the division of the proceeds of industry into wages for workmen and profits for capital owners. On such an assumption no vital difference in the principles of taxation from what he believes to be the wealth of the nation; a proposition with which we do not agree, since the only propositions that support the thesis that controls political power is to maintain its economic power. But suppose we could agree with it! What would then become of Labour's claim that it aspires to political power less in the interests of its own class than in the interests of the whole nation? Mr. Snowden has done nothing with his solution of the problem, he says, of the proletariat's acquirement of political power. Nothing, on the face of it, seems suddenly presented a demand to mankind for more production; and his solution of the problem, he says, of the proletariat's acquirement of political power is to maintain its economic power. But suppose we could agree with it! What would then become of Labour's claim that it aspires to political power less in the interests of its own class than in the interests of the whole nation? Mr. Snowden has done nothing with his solution of the problem, he says, of the proletariat's acquirement of political power.

To our second question, however, Mr. Snowden makes a kind of reply in last week's issue of the "Labour Leader." It is the old familiar fallacy that if only the proletariat can acquire political power they will be able, by its means, to acquire economic power (that is, property). To support the thesis that political power precedes economic power, Mr. Snowden has been led to assert that if the former class had had no property, no social reform would have been possible. To read all history backwards and contemporary events not at all. His opening proposition is "that the class that controls political power uses its power to take to itself the wealth of the nation"; a proposition with which we do not agree, since the only propositions that supports the thesis that controls political power is to maintain its economic power. But suppose we could agree with it! What would then become of Labour's claim that it aspires to political power less in the interests of its own class than in the interests of the whole nation? Mr. Snowden has done nothing with his solution of the problem, he says, of the proletariat's acquirement of political power. Nothing, on the face of it, seems suddenly presented a demand to mankind for more production; and his solution of the problem, he says, of the proletariat's acquirement of political power is to maintain its economic power. But suppose we could agree with it! What would then become of Labour's claim that it aspires to political power less in the interests of its own class than in the interests of the whole nation? Mr. Snowden has done nothing with his solution of the problem, he says, of the proletariat's acquirement of political power.

The capitalist theory of Social Reform is well-known and stands, we must say, quite securely within the area of capitalist economics in general. It is that Social Reform must pay as an investment exactly like any other policy of investment. The results in mere commodity, culture, and well-being of the proletariat which might follow from capitalizing their class are only economic concern to the investing classes except as measurable in the increased yield of labour. The question, therefore, asked by the captains of industry who control large masses of capital and who say that Social Reform will have the effect of increasing production by as much as the investment of a similar sum in machinery. If it cannot promise this with practical certainty, the measure from the capitalist standpoint is economically bad, and must either be opposed outright or its cost thrown on the narrow margin of the wage-incomes of the proletariat. Now, what is there in this that is contrary to the highest principles of business as necessarily conducted under a capitalist system? Nothing that we can see. If boycott suddenly presented a demand to mankind for more oats for gilded harness, and for a field apiece in which to spend a weekly holiday, should we not be entitled to our position, as well as compelled in our own interest, either to refuse the demand or to have proofs that the horses would really become more profitable in strict proportion to our increased expenditure upon them? We should, and nobody, at least of human rank, would blame us for it. But the parallel, as we have often pointed out, of the capitalist system with man's relation to horses, is as exact as analogous cases can be. The capitalists are kindred, and the proletariat are the cattle thereof. Now why, apart from sentiment, should the former have more claim to the latter than the latter can prove themselves to be worth to the former? We see no reason, and business men in general see no reason.
obtain property or economic power their pursuit of political power is likely to be fruitless. What economic power have the blacks of America obtained as a result of their political power? Is it because they wield political power that a dozen or so financial houses control the economic destinies of the world? Were the Jews of the Middle Ages or the Catholics of modern times destined to become great political power? Have the blacks of America obtained as a result of their political power? Cannot women of property to-day exercise economic power in spite of the fact that they have no vote? Political power, we repeat, is the means of maintaining economic power, of extending it if you will, but it is not a means of acquiring economic power. The way to the proletariat to power is not via the ballot-box and the eloquence of Mr. Snowden, but by the creation within their own control of a complete monopoly of the only property they possess—their labour. When they have established this amongst themselves they can then demand and obtain political power for its preservation.

Without that monopoly, however, and while the capitalists could continue to count on twice as many blacklegs as unionists, the political power of the proletariat, though it should return four hundred instead of fifty Members to Parliament (an impossibility, of course) would still be an affection and a simulacrum. Construct in imagination the events that would follow if a genuine Labour majority were returned while the proletariat was still half in and half out of their unions. At the first attempt to enforce the "spoliative" legislation which Mr. Snowden says would certainly be made, the employers could dismiss their unionists and live on the labour and be under the protection of the blacklegs. How far could the former hold out if they had no property on which to fall back and half the property of the proletariat, namely, labour, were in the hands of the enemy? But that is really the extreme case that even imagination may picture. Long before events came to this, the economic power which now controls politics would have cut the claws of the political labour party by one or other of a thousand instruments still in pickle against the coming times. Elections are certainly becoming more expensive. The range of problems, each an opportunity for political dissension, is becoming wider to the confusion of the plain man and the scattering of his political energies. Capital is becoming international while labour has not yet become national. The old methods of bribing dangerous leaders to divert economic development are still in vogue. Work is harder and accumulation of wealth improvement. We do not say that the Labour Party has been bribed to delay industrial organisation. Perish the thought that Mr. Snowden needs any more material bribe to lead the workers on a goose-chase by that same degree worsened. Nay, such is the nature of its audience for his "golden tongue." Yet there it is. His own admission, Labour is growing worse and not better in relative position despite the success of the political endeavours of the Labour Party. These latter have done wonders, they have forty Members to-day where twenty years ago there was but one. But every year those twenty have seen wages fall one per cent. and the relative economic position of the wage-earners by that same degree worsened. Nay, such is the pitiable condition of things that the Labour Party has now openly to abandon the revolutionary demands with which it started and to join in the chorus simply of the common capitalist social reformer.

The Committee appointed by the Labour Party to investigate the rural problem and to suggest a solution, has now reported. Strangely enough, its recommendations, save in one single and trivial respect, are identical with those of the Liberal and Unionist Governments. They are as follows: Wage for agricultural labourers, to be determined by district boards under the Trade Boards Act of 1907; a nine-hour day or a fifty-hour week; more smallholdings; State credit banks; the encouragement of rural co-operative societies; State-aid for housing to be confined to public authorities; fair rents of the Government. The Committee, in a note which they regard as safeguarding their principle, but which we cannot accept even as an apology for breaking them, declare thus: "These recommendations do not affect to afford a complete solution of the rural problem, but they do get to the roots of the practical proposals capable of immediate application." You see that the urgency of the matter, after twenty years, is so great that there is no time, even for a party that has no responsibility for immediate applications of incomplete solutions, to get to the fundamental problem as by profession it should, and to plunk down the complete solution, take it or leave it. The bustle of unreal politics is so contagious that the Labour Party must now be made ready if these groups are so engaged, even though the tub be not their own, but the property of quite a different party. For it should be evident that what capitalists devise for the maintenance of their economic power, namely, such reforms as the foregoing, cannot at the same time be Labour's devices for overturning their power. We say again that the only effect of all the practicable items on this rural programme, whether they are adopted by the Liberals, the Unionists, or the Labour Party, will be the assured ruin of the proletarian agricultural labourer, the further ruin of the urban wage-earner, and the further delay of the economic revolution.

On Monday in the House of Commons Mr. Masterman announced that the Government had no intention of repealing the compulsory clauses of the Insurance Act. From this we may conclude several deductions of some interest. First, it is clear that in the opinion of the Government's statisticians Labour has now got out of the Exchequer as much as it has put out of the Exchequer as much as it has put in. In fact, by comparing Mr. Asquith's estimate of receipts from the taxation of the working-classes with Mr. Burns' estimate (given last week to Mr. Pretyman) of the State's expenditure on the same class, we find that the two sides now just about balance. The contributions of the proletariat are between fifty and sixty millions a year; and the expenditure on poor law, education, insurance, and pensions, is, according to Mr. Burns, over fifty millions a year. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if a halt is now called to free social reform, and the contributory principle is insisted upon in all subsequent legislation. Secondly, we may be quite certain that it is with the collusion of the other party that the Liberals have been engaged under the Act. Lastly, it is evident that the employers are out of the question. While the Act was still in suspense and before it had become a habit, there was always the danger of a spark arising to set the prairie on fire. But the substance of the proletariat is now no longer inflammable. The class may shudder with resentment, but they will save up their wrath until it idly on the ballot-papers. Shudder, however, it will; for the Act is perpetually adding cause for heat. Is it realised by anybody that the Act is not only not working as regards at least one in four of the insured persons, but that even its minimum benefits are constantly for one bad reason or another withheld from the insured by the arbitrary and, we should say, the impecunious conduct of the Commissioners? Of the 1½ million persons actually paying for medical attendance, ¾ millions are as yet not even on any panel. A Minister of Scotland and there are not even enough doctors to attend the insured who have enrolled themselves. In scores of instances, doctors are refusing medical attention, with the approval of the Commis-
sioners, on the ground that the treatment involved is not included in the rude and cheap treatment bargained for. Malingerer is growing so fast that medical referees have had to be appointed to certify the easier doctors. Soon, as in the case of the women, the benefits will be reduced or the contributions must be raised. All this may be read in the "New Statesman" of last week! It is not, we mean, our invention, to confirm our forecasts of two years ago.

The imitation by a weak-minded man of the crime of the late Miss Davison in attempting to stop a racehorse as a means of self-advertisement, ought to convince our criminal judges of the fact that criminal examples are hypnotic in their effect, and sometimes have as victims poor souls who may be charged with murder. If Miss Davison had been guilty of actual murder, and the man at Ascot had imitated her in that, assuredly he would have been hung, as it is, nobody thinks of holding him responsible. The complaint, by the way, of Mr. Bernard Shaw and others, that the conduct of the Government in arresting Mrs. Pankhurst before, instead of after, the ridiculous funeral of Miss Davison, is of the same kind as the action on the Krupp affair. Why, we ask, were the Government to defer the arrest of Mrs. Pankhurst to suit the convenience of a time-table which had nothing to do with public affairs? On the assumption that Mrs. Pankhurst was a prisoner on leave it would have been playing cat and mouse with her, indeed, to have relaxed the rules to alter, re-arranging—suggesting.

"Someone has sent me a beautiful book, and it is all about Napoleon's Brandy, which was 'Convoyris.' This is the most interesting and most artistic trade brochure that modern advertising has aspired to—and it is Literature."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

The next few years will witness a continual development of democracy.—"The Nation."

"Who does not remember Convent 90? . . . in many respects a work of art. Lord Northcliffe has personally himself largely in the production of the story, altering, re-arranging—suggesting. . . ."—LADBROKE BLACK in "T. P.'s Weekly."

Mr. Bernard Shaw and others, that the man who aspires to be correctly dressed in London can no longer wear a buttonhole—"Pulson Young."

Some idiot, at the length of a column and a quarter of the "Times," has been recommending the encouragement by public authorities of the keeping of "small livestock" in the backyards of the workmen in cities and suburbs. The bait for this filthy purpose is the income from eggs chiefly and, we suppose, the sale of rabbit-skins. But the subtler purpose—if we can look for one—of the man sat Ascot had imitated her in that, grim as granite, and as soft as a wheedling furnace within an iceberg. Who does not remember Mr. Bernard Shaw has been playing cat and mouse with her, indeed, to have relaxed the rules to alter, re-arranging—suggesting.

The toilets were dis-

"I am making an opera now—a grand opera in Rag-time—a real opera on a tragic theme.—"IRVING BERLIN.

--JOHN DUNN, in the "Westminster Gazette."

--H. G. WELLS

--IRVING BERLIN.

"Fear.

The toilets were dis-

"I declare myself a Liberal by nature and necessity; it is a far deeper, more essential thing in me than the Socialism of my dreams or the collectivism of my economics . . . What are we Liberals to do? . . ."

H. G. WELLS.

"The toilets were dis-

"I cannot help regretting that the man who aspires to be correctly dressed in London can no longer wear a buttonhole—"Pulson Young."

The working classes— their standard of comfort rises. . . ."—"Westminster Gazette."

"The atmosphere of Public Life must be cleansed once and for all.—"Pall Mall Gazette."

"Mr. Burns is speeding up. . . ."—"The Times."

"If, a few hours before the pigeon dies, a tiny dose of Vitamine be given to it then the pigeon quickly recovers."—The Referee.

"There is, we say, a large public hungry for poetry, only give us more John Masefields . . . and these shall break the light of a new day upon the slopes of Parnassus.—"The Book Monthly."

"Sir Edward Carson has a tongue of silver and a head of ice. He has the brains to reason and the voice to compel. He is a statesman and an actor, a patriot and a poet; he is as grim as granite, and as soft as a wheedling woman. . . . He is a furnace within an iceberg. . . ."—JOHN DUNN, in the "Daily Mail."

CURRENT BLASPHEMY.

The following letter has been addressed to Herbert Jones, the King's jockey, who was injured in the Derby accident:—"My dear Sir, I have just been taking part in the funeral service of the late Miss Davison . . . I am profoundly thankful that you escaped serious injury; and trust that you will soon be restored to health, and that you may one day be in the proud position of being the jockey of the Derby winner. . . ."—Rev. C. BAUMGARTEN.
During the last ten days the reports about the relations between Bulgaria and Servia have been unusually pessimistic. It is suggested that the two nations are conducting their bargaining like Oriental bazaars—pessimistic. It is suggested that the two nations are having a long suspected and now undenied fact that not merely skirmishes but actual pitched battles have been fought between the Bulgarians and the Servians and the Bulgarians and the Greeks. The casualties have run into several hundreds; and although the fighting has so far been proceeding unofficially, it is likely enough that a sudden excess of zeal on the part of Dr. Danieff, or military pressure upon M. Pasitch, may lead to official cognisance being taken of it, with results which we cannot look forward to without much anxiety.

I was able to state last week, just as The New Age was about to go to press, that Servia had not accepted that Tsar's arbitration proposal unconditionally, and that a conditional acceptance was equivalent to a rejection.

It is now confirmed that this is the case; and that Bulgaria also is hesitating whether to accept the Tsar's offer or not. But the general view is that she will do so, even though she may afterwards plead an "international unrest" as an excuse for not abiding by the decision given. There are two other factors, however, which will certainly have an influence in minimising the risks of a widespread conflict in and around the Balkans. In the first place, Roumania is not in a mood to object to the settlement being taken care of, because, as she alleges, the main heights dominating Silistria have been left to Bulgaria; and if a definite war, and not mere skirmishing, breaks out between Bulgaria and Servia, or even Bulgaria and Greece, Roumania will on this occasion join in and refuse to be the only neutral. In this way it may be that the two armies will not come to blows.

The Bucharest Government has said as much, both publicly and privately; and only a very foolish or very hot-headed Bulgarian Premier would venture on a new campaign with this threat hanging over him. And Greece will also be kept in order.

In the second place, Austria and Russia have, through their Ambassadors, reached an informal agreement regarding the status of the Balkan nations. The Great Powers—not merely Russia and Austria alone—have decided that it would be too risky at present to allow anyone to make a preponderant move and to play off one nation against the other. The Peninsula. It may, therefore, be taken as almost certain that Austria will interfere with Servia if Bulgaria is hard pressed, just as Russia will interfere with Bulgaria if Servia is hard pressed. It would admirably suit the Bulgarian Premier to borrow a cheque for an indefinite period; but Russia is not likely to allow this.

And Greece will also be kept in order.

I speak of these things as "almost" certain; because the Balkan Peninsula is at the present moment in such a state of flux that no one, not even prominent Ambassadors and Foreign Ministers, can foretell from day to day what is likely to happen next. Never in recent diplomatic history were well-laid plans so likely to be upset by an unexpected move; and in the circumstances even the most definite and solemn agreements must be regarded as purely tentative. We can speak only of the probable outlook, and the probable outlook is peace; but peace only after a great deal of irritating disputes, wrangling, and bickering.

The news from Turkey is also not very reassuring. Weeks ago I hinted at the danger of concentrating a large army at Chatalja, and then allowing the war to come to an end without giving the men an opportunity of firing a shot. This Chatalja army, now thinned to 150,000 officers and men, has become resting. It was startled first by the assassination of Nazim Pasha, the War Minister, and subsequently by the assassination of Mahmud Shefket Pasha, who was identified with the army all his life and became Grand Vizier only recently. It does not matter if the soldiers when they are told that Mahmud Shefket's friends killed Nazim and that Nazim's friends killed Mahmud Shefket in turn. All that the soldiers know is that two well-known and exceedingly popular officers have been murdered, and they are inclined to blame the politicians without distinction of party—an inclination which is not altogether unsound.

In addition to this, Armenia and Arabia are demanding some form of what we should call home rule. Arabia, as she supplies the best human material for the army, can take what she wants, and she seems at present in no intention of doing so. Armenia, formerly so easily cowed, can now rely upon the protection of Russia; for what better excuse could Russia have for intervention than a massacre of Armenian Christians? Only one thing is likely to prevent the realisation of these aspirations, and that is the financial element in European politics.

Now that the prestige of the Turk as a Turk has disappeared, it is natural that Arabia should wish to break away. But money has been lent to "Turkey," which, when the moment came, was a compulsion. The Turks have been buying large tracts of territory now under other rulers. It is not, relatively, so difficult a task to make financial arrangements with States like Servia and Bulgaria; for they are at least European and understand the importance of the financier and the Lyceum. It would be difficult to make similar financial arrangements with Arabia; for there, at this moment, there is not so much as the nucleus of a central authority, such as there is even in Albania.

From all this it will be understood that the financial situation throughout Europe is still very unsettled; and under our present social régime unsettled finance means a serious dislocation of trade and the suffering of thousands who are not interested in the war at all. It may be a long time before Servia and Bulgaria make up for their lost time—Greece has not suffered so badly. But it will be long before the Armenians recover—Austria, who has never called upon her hurriedly summoned reservists to fire a single shot.

While the Balkan States are beginning to find out the difficulties attaching to conquered territories, both Italy and France have found out the difficulties connected with conquered colonies. There has been heavy fighting during the last couple of weeks between the Tripolitan Moslems and the Italian soldiers; and the Italian penetration into the interior, which was proceeding at a very slow pace indeed, has been checked. In Morocco one of the Lyceums has been put off, and the French troops suffered severely before the main column came along and rescued them. But the feeling against the French in Morocco is not so strong as the feeling against the Spaniards; and fierce attacks have been made on the Spanish forces in the neighbourhood of Tetuan.

Some difficulty was caused in the early stages of this outbreak by lack of cohesion between the French and Spanish forces. Each force was supposed to be restricted to its own particular zone; though obviously the interests of both countries would have been best served by joint action by their representatives in Morocco. On Friday last, however, the French Ambassador in Madrid had an interview with Count Romanones, with the result that fresh instructions are to be sent to the respective generals in command. Here again the financiers are grumbling, because, in spite of expert military advice to the contrary, they persisted in believing that the complete pacification of Morocco was a matter of a few weeks at the outside.

I am indebted to a correspondent for drawing my attention to the fact that "The Near East" objects to what I said in this column a week or two ago about the Egyptian Capitulations. I shall return to this subject next week, and in the meantime I have no reason for modifying any of my statements. There may perhaps be a difference of opinion as to the proper interpretation of the expression "English Courts," but this is a matter for the Foreign Office.
Towards National Guilds.

It is significant that the trend of trade unionism to-day is towards the universal organisation of the crafts. The latest—and, incidentally, the longest in the world—is the National Union of Railwaymen. Substitute Guild for Union and along with this change the idea of partnership for the idea of subordination, and the Guild system will be begun.

Already, in common language, the ideas associated with Guild Industry are familiar. We speak of the "veterans" of industry as if, indeed, they had been employed in the national "army" of men. The tie between the employer and employee is a matter of sentiment and personal respect. They "retire" on a "pension" if possible and are henceforth "superannuated." This natural vocabulary suggests the natural-ness of the system from the thought of which it springs. Every man, even when working actually for a profiteer, prefers to think of himself as working under a national service.

Formerly it was the king's service that inspired loyalty and high effort. We have to learn to transfer the nobility and associations of the Crown to the Nation. "By National Warrant" is a higher title than "By Royal Warrant."

For the work they were selected to do, the Trade Unionists Members of Parliament have been well chosen. The blame of their failure lies neither upon them nor upon the Unions that elected them; it lies upon the impossible task they undertook and were given to perform. Once the will of the trade unions is turned towards making Guilds of themselves, they will find suitable leaders as they have in the past. The present generation of leaders will never be repeated, but it will be renewed.

The first union that establishes a complete monopoly of its own labour will find the employers in the industry paying court to its leaders and offering partnerships—including co-management. Then will come the opportunity of the State and of Labour statesmen to decide between National Guilds and National Trusts—the former consisting of the State and the Unions, the latter of Capital and Labour in partnership.

Wages is the price accepted for forced labour in lieu of starvation.

Wanted: Two works on Economics never hitherto written: the "Economics of Qualitative Production," and "Realistic Economics: or the Economics of Labour as a Raw Material."

Social Reform has almost come to the end of its tether. It will continue until (a) all the taxation of the wage-earners is repaid to them in State doles; or (b) the investment of capital in labour ceases to be more profitable than its investment in machinery. The bank-rate is the minimum which Social Reform, as an investment by the State, must produce. Unless a measure of Social Reform can produce that, it cannot be passed by a capitalist Parliament.

Even if the State could double wages to-morrow it would not: since it does not believe that higher wages, spent by the workmen themselves, would yield an equivalent increase in efficiency, or the ability to produce profits. The busybodies of the State are certain that increased wages would best be spent by themselves—hence, bureaucracy.

The Labour movement should resist every attempt on the part of the public authorities to establish trade schools. The creation of trade schools will be one of the duties of the Guild. From the State we demand the means of educating the citizen; to the Guilds we must leave the responsibility of training the craftsman.

There is a village policeman, a village schoolmaster, a village vicar and parson, a village postman, etc., each of which officers receives pay, not wages. Why should there not be a village carpenter, a village blacksmith, a village mason, a village plumber, each receiving pay but not wages from his Guild?

The creation of the Teachers' Register now in process of completion is certain, according to the "Times," to bring about a beneficial change in the status of the teaching profession. From the moment that the profession is enrolled and becomes, for the first time, a defined and corporate and exclusive body, its power will be sufficient to command partnership at least with any local authority. How will the new profession, thus formally created, exercise its new authority?

"No occupation or calling can be regarded as worthy of the name 'profession' until those who pursue it are constituted in some corporate bond which enables them to speak with the authority of a united voice, not merely as servants of the community, but as honoured and trusted servants, discharging their office, whether public or private, with a fair measure of freedom and independence." "The Times," June 5.

Union is strength even when the union is static. A monopolv trade-union organise who attempts to get into Parliament before his union is complete to the last man should be told to mind his own business.

The only hope of the workers lies in the solidarity of the unions. Diversion of energy from this object is waste when it is not treachery.

The forty Labour M.P.'s are the best friends the capitalist and wage system now possess. It follows that they are the worst enemies of the proletariat. You say they mean well? To mean well is not enough unless at the same time the well-meaning do well or show signs of being willing to learn by their mistakes. The Labour M.P.'s are not doing well, since wages relatively to production are falling—that is admitted by everybody. But neither do they show signs of being willing to learn by their demonstrated mistakes. They have not changed their policy in a single respect for all its failure and for all the criticism of their friends during twenty years. When the I.L.P. comes of age next year it will still be in the cradle-state in which it was born.

The price we all have to pay for ideas is the labour of spreading them. No man possesses an idea for very long who does not propagate it. Kept silent in the mind it will grow, or over expression in word it will die. Beware, said the ancient Hindus, of study without teaching. A new idea is a new duty and a new obligation. Hence the dislike of the lazy and the selfish to the new ideas.

Compared with the proletariat of pre-machinery days the modern wage-earners are supermen of technical skill and productiveness. The milk of labour grows richer in cream with every advance of invention. Yet the cream is always skimmed by the profiteers, however fast it is produced; and the same residue is left to the wage-earner to-day as to his predecessor of yesterday. Wages on an average have not risen by a penny during the last five hundred years. In the same period, Rent, Interest and Profit have increased hundreds of times. Wages will never rise under the wage-system. As industry becomes more productive the parent milk-separator known as Capitalism will skim its cream more and more scientifically; and always completely.
White Pre-eminence in South Africa.

But then, Blount, if no satisfactory solution of this problem of native affairs should be forthcoming as the result of the pains and endeavours of a specially appointed commission of our most eminent men, the matter must be beyond us. Do you think it is hopeless and that things must be allowed to shape themselves as we go along?

No, I do not consider the case hopeless, although I am afraid that it will end in things shaping themselves as you put it—and some of the shapes will be ugly ones; veritable nightmares. I daresay some such commission as we have suggested will be appointed in the near future, although the solution as a whole will be unsatisfactory; that is, no solution, at all, certain minor suggestions will be accepted and acted upon and to that extent an improvement should take place. But this improvement, while a desirable and necessary one, will be an improvement from the point of view of native welfare only; actually, in its result, it will tend only to intensify the dissatisfaction with the position as a whole. For the native, as the way is smoothed for him, will be better able and will have the greater desire to push his way in against the white, while the white will have the more difficulty in holding his own and maintaining what is considered to be the necessary standard of comfort and decency for present-day civilisation.

You simply bewilder me. Of course, I see what you mean. The native, as he is assisted along, will, in a little time, become qualified to do certain classes of work which are now being done by white men. As he will offer to do this work much cheaper than the white man, either the latter will have to sacrifice decency and comfort and compete on equal terms with the black, or he must get out of the country altogether. As a matter of fact, we know that this black pressure is even now being felt in certain parts of the country. But if the Government is afraid to tackle the question, and it is not likely to be settled by a commission, what is to be done? Do you see any way out?

Well, as I have said, I am not hopeless, and the hope I have lies in the possibility that, however appearances may be against it, the statesman I have spoken of may be in our midst. We want an individual, not a,wmnris-}

sion

and by their joint deliberation arrive at a better and more acceptable means of securing white pre-eminence than any one man could hope to do?

I do not say that they could not, but I feel only too sure that they would not. The man to undertake this business must be a South African: not a Cape man nor a Transvaaler, not a Natalian nor a Free Stater. How many men are there in our House of Assembly who on any question which incidentally affects their own particular province place that province firmly in the back-ground to allow of their considering the interests of the country as a whole? The Governor would feel bound to make a selection from each one of the provinces and these men would equally feel bound to act as delegates, not representatives of the provinces they came from. A wise king can rule better than any Parliament. In this case the king would need to be wise or he would be quickly rejected. Each one of the eight excellent gentlemen would be able to give the others very fine advice as to how to deal with the difficulties in their provinces and bring them into line with his own, but, excepting on points of detail as I have said, I am afraid the agreement would be to leave matters as they are.
The Comparative Humanity of the French Revolution.

By Arthur Hood.

It is not in any spirit of paradox that the title, "The Comparative Humanity of the French Revolution," heads this paper. The truth is that the high noble pulses of that period have been, to a great extent, lost to the touch of succeeding generations in the stream of blood that flowed.

Romantic figures of gallant aristocrats have been the favourite theme of fiction writers, and even the more serious have allowed the sufferings of the brave and unhappy, but most unwise, Martin Aumont to throw a false shadow over those men whose life and death struggle, were opposed to all that her position and her resolutions represented. In a similar manner the attractive and pictorial figure of Charles I, significant at it was of refinement, courtesy and culture, so long came between us and the true vision of our own Revolution.

To many intelligent and educated persons the great French Revolution presents merely the horrific picture of an unremitting guillotine, of gutters ranng with blood, of sudden, awful draggings "à la lanterne," of pallid heads borne aloft on pikes among the September massacres. The names of Danton, Marat, Robespierre, Desmoulins, St. Just, Carrière, Condorcet, Fouquier Tinville, and Vergniaud, and many others are chiseled on one lump as wretches, who, under the cloak of liberty, sought only to overturn all law and order that they might win to a life of detestable debauchery, and glut their bloodthirsty instincts in the wholesale murder of all who might be in a position above them, or who represented religion or virtue.

This is how a writer in a high class periodical animadverts on the Revolution. "The power," he says, "had come into the hands of men who were everything that is lowest and basest in humanity—tyrants, murderers, slaughterers of the innocent, liars, thieves, drunkards, uneducated, ignorant and degraded wretches: men utterly devoid of any sense of right, or justice, or humanity; men who, mouthing about 'liberty,' 'equality,' and 'fraternity' were the incarnation of the opposite ideas, tyranny, inequality and fratricide, and the accentuated embodiment of all the vices that man has ever been guilty of. That picture is utterly absurd. Condorcet, Danton, Carville Desmoulins, Héraut de Séchelles, Roland, Sieyès, Madame Roland, to mention no more, were all highly educated, clever persons, far more cultivated than our own George IV, and not perhaps more refined than our Louis XV; yet there was a profound difference between them. Their heads, their bodies, were respectably planned scenes of torture. Of course the cruelty was still alive and found expression in the trial of Damiens, for an attempt on the life of Louis XV, to tortured for six whole hours in Place de la Ville, his body was torn with pincers made red-hot, the smell of the burning flesh mounting to the nostrils of the huge crowd around: boiling oil was then poured into the gristy wounds, and the sight was so sickening and the cries of the wretched victim so appalling that even the heart of the liberals Casanova says he was obliged to withdraw for a time from the window he had hired for the "performance," and from the female friends, who remained. At the end of these awful hours the mangled body was thrown up to four horses. This was one of the many similar scenes ordered by Law, and sanctioned by the most Christian King.

In 1772, at Copenhagen, a crowd of 39,000 persons gathered together to watch Brandt mount a scaffold—made twenty-seven feet high in order that all might have a view—there he had his right hand cut off, and then his head, his dead body was stripped, dismembered and quartered. The man was dead, but bound on the scaffold and set to see all the disgusting operations, which occupied half an hour to perform, was Brandt's great friend, Struense, who in his turn had to stand up and suffer the same penalties after the axe and the knives had been hurriedly wiped. The crimes of these men were political. Brandt had served as minister under a king whom bestial excess had brought to idiocy, and Brandt had been libelled in other offices. This Danton, unspeakable; Dantons had, down to the minutest details, done it that was conceivably possible to educate and encourage their peoples in devilish extremes of cruelty by public executions.

In 1759, still vividly within the recollection of many men in 1789, Damiens, for an attempt on the life of Louis XV, was tortured for six whole hours in Place de la Ville, his body was torn with pincers made red-hot, the smell of the burning flesh mounting to the nostrils of the huge crowd around: boiling oil was then poured into the gristy wounds, and the sight was so sickening and the cries of the wretched victim so appalling that even the heart of the liberals Casanova says he was obliged to withdraw for a time from the window he had hired for the "performance," and from the female friends, who remained. At the end of these awful hours the mangled body was thrown upon and suffered the same penalties after the axe and the knives had been hurriedly wiped. The crimes of these men were political. Brandt had served as minister under a king whom bestial excess had brought to idiocy, and Brandt had been libelled in other offices. This Danton, unspeakable; Dantons had, down to the minutest details, done it that was conceivably possible to educate and encourage their peoples in devilish extremes of cruelty by public executions.

Now these were a few of the many sights, prepared for men, women and little children by Government, sights which must inevitably rouse the bestial appetites latent in all natures, and doubly so in uneducated minds. It might reasonably be supposed that men glutted with such agonies as these would commit far worse horrors when sudden power came into their hands, instead of setting up a gristick of their own, as the leaders did at times and in places keep more merciful than we could have expected.

Now in Paris, which is the only phase of the Revolution we shall bring to this question—because in Paris the true republican and the sincere revolutionist first put into form what it was they meant by a Republic—in Paris there were no scenes of deliberately and hideously planned torture (the September massacres we will come to later on).

Now to many this will seem an absolutely perverse statement, that, excepting for a moment—the massacres of those three September days—there were in Paris no planned scenes of torture. Of course the victims (like brave De Launay) or the criminals (like old Foulon) suffered well what may be termed torture at the hands of the mob, but it was unpremeditated, sudden, the fury of the moment. On the other hand, it cannot be too forcibly pointed out, or too strongly dwelt on, that the Christian Governments of all countries had, down to the minutest details, done all that was conceivably possible to educate and encourage their peoples in devilish extremes of cruelty by public executions.

In 1759, still vividly within the recollection of many men in 1789, Damiens, for an attempt on the life of Louis XV, was tortured for six whole hours in Place de la Ville, his body was torn with pincers made red-hot, the smell of the burning flesh mounting to the nostrils of the huge crowd around: boiling oil was then poured into the gristy wounds, and the sight was so sickening and the cries of the wretched victim so appalling that even the heart of the liberals Casanova says he was obliged to withdraw for a time from the window he had hired for the "performance," and from the female friends, who remained. At the end of these awful hours the mangled body was thrown upon and suffered the same penalties after the axe and the knives had been hurriedly wiped. The crimes of these men were political. Brandt had served as minister under a king whom bestial excess had brought to idiocy, and Brandt had been libelled in other offices. This Danton, unspeakable; Dantons had, down to the minutest details, done it that was conceivably possible to educate and encourage their peoples in devilish extremes of cruelty by public executions.

In 1772, at Copenhagen, a crowd of 39,000 persons gathered together to watch Brandt mount a scaffold—made twenty-seven feet high in order that all might have a view—there he had his right hand cut off, and then his head, his dead body was stripped, dismembered and quartered. The man was dead, but bound on the scaffold and set to see all the disgusting operations, which occupied half an hour to perform, was Brandt's great friend, Struense, who in his turn had to stand up and suffer the same penalties after the axe and the knives had been hurriedly wiped. The crimes of these men were political. Brandt had served as minister under a king whom bestial excess had brought to idiocy, and Brandt had been libelled in other offices. This Danton, unspeakable; Dantons had, down to the minutest details, done it that was conceivably possible to educate and encourage their peoples in devilish extremes of cruelty by public executions.

Now these were a few of the many sights, prepared for men, women and little children by Government, sights which must inevitably rouse the bestial appetites latent in all natures, and doubly so in uneducated minds. It might reasonably be supposed that men glutted with such agonies as these would commit far worse horrors when sudden power came into their hands, instead of setting up a gristick of their own, as the leaders did at times and in places keep more merciful than we could have expected.

Now in Paris, which is the only phase of the Revolution we shall bring to this question—because in Paris the true republican and the sincere revolutionist first
murdered; two Jacobins were burned alive and their roasted flesh handed round and eaten, this was the usual practice; names signify, after all, nothing, cruelty and bestiality can be stirred in all uneducated petrified many utterly revolting cruelties on their work of royalists; names signify, after all, nothing, In La Vendée the royalists perpetrated many utterly revolting cruelties on their adversaries. In 1792 the policy of a Queen and the intolerance of the Church caused over 5,000 persons to be murdered in Paris within the time of three days and nights. In the same Paris in 1792 the fears of a mob caused 1,089 persons to be murdered in about the same space of time. In Paris the Revolutionists set up the guillotine and brought to it those they feared and hated. It is urged that the trials were a mockery of justice, and it is true that in many cases they were; it is forgotten that those hated or feared by kings or governments too often went down to death without even the semblance of a trial.

In the tragedies of innocent and upright persons perishing under the fury of an ignorant mob how many a thoughtful man must have echoed with despairing regret those noble words of Danton, “Après le pain le hunger le premier besoin du peuple est l’education. But the ‘canaille’ had never known the beneficent effects of education; treated as pariahs they in some cases behaved as pariahs, in many more, to the eternal glory of humanity, they behaved with a splendid forbearance and kindliness. But unforeseen and worse late did a fate entailed by even their mis-carrying forms of justice. The enemy of a royal personage, or one who chanced to offend the reigning harlot of the palace, such an one disappeared behind the walls of a prison and his world knew him no more; and a king’s arm was very long and very difficult to escape from. Now of Danton it is written that not one personal enemy of his perished during the Revolution and his lifetime. What a key is this to his character, and what a note of the pure and splendid forbearance of the Republic was originally known.

Whatever grievous mistakes the Revolutionists were finally betrayed into, by reason of the awful stress of the time and the unrestrained frenzy of their followers, let this, at least, never be forgotten, that the man on whose broad shoulders so much blame has been laid, that he pursued no personal wrongs, avenged no personal spite. Of the prison massacres of September it is very hard to judge. Our horror of the wholesale slaughter overtakes us, we need not to be surprised; but perhaps we cannot help being amused. The bloodshed, reports of the daily advance of Brunswick, his unwaise threat of death to every republican when he should reach Paris sounded in their ears, he had boastfully engaged to dine in Paris very shortly, Longhi had fallen, Vergniaud in his height, he and his sixty-thousand. From every side came menaces; even the prisoners yelled threats of what would happen when their deliverers appeared, sang or shouted them through the prison bars. With Brunswick were the émigrés, those Frenchmen who so bitterly aggravated the errors of the time, dispossessed men who would have no mercy on the people when once they had won to their own again. The poor had again and again tasted of the loving-kindness of the rich, the flavour of it was still in their mouths. Many of them might recall to their neighbours, with all the excitement and gesture of their nationality, how seventeen years before they had in their grievous starvation sent a petition to Versailles, how they had mentioned, humbly enough God knows, some of their cruel grievances, and the only answer that they received was a gallows forty feet high and two petitioners hanged thereon in the sight of all men. And here were the rich, dispossessed, it is true, and poor as themselves, but still the rich, the powerful in their eyes, here were they close at hand with Brunswick’s men to back them up; with the prisoners to point out republicans to the vengeance and fury of their late masters. The news might well rouse the mercilessness of fear, up they raged from hovels which at times the Seine inundated, and which at all times were worse than the stables and kennels of the rich, in rags and fury they gathered together and swore that at least the enemies in the prisons should not help the enemies without.

Earlier in the same year, 1792, a secret agent had sent Mallet du Pan on a secret mission to Venice, praying to be released from the Republic, but “secret missions” have a way of becoming known, and if Brunswick reached Paris it was death to every “bonnet-rouge”—they gave then the only answer they had ever known, Death. And Death it was—awful with red terror and darkness, but it was quick, and with sudden marvellous transitions to life and freedom, to laughter and tears, and blood-stained hands outstretched in strange congratulations. And everywhere, in their terror and fury the people aimed at a wild fantastic justice; within each prison sat a judge, and the judgment was not always for death; one, according to the records of Saint Mérond, heard patiently the long defence, question and answers, and that Journiac Saint Meard poured forth, and in the end acquitted him with a smile. But the knife was very close to their own throats, and they sent the greater number to a ghastly end. When terror is in the very air only the greatest is perfectly just.

And it has been at Danton’s door that the slaughter has been laid. Madame Roland, that self-conscious and self-glorified woman, struck an attitude and cried, “They are murdering the prisoners,” and adds, “Danton did nothing. No one did anything, and it is doubtful if anything effectual could be done. It is absurd to suppose Danton overcome with fear; to imagine him bloodthirsty is equally absurd, he who went down to death mainly because he protested against the numberless death warrants. He did nothing, he had no forces under his control, and besides, think of his attitude, the end of the Republic stared him in the face, the passionate hopes of that great heart of his were to be trampled down by the feet of Brunswick’s army; already, it may be, he had seen in vision the grinding hell of power once more set on the fair face of France. Death was inevitable somewhere; there was that they might see the people slain in their thousands here in Paris. He could have gone, as a great hero might have gone, and protested single-handed against the murdering, but so also might Roland, or even “Egeria” Roland herself. But tragic events are never so overpoweringly tragic to contemporaries as to those who come after, they did not exactly grasp the enormity of the deed, they may have thought that those already masked for the guillotine would be the only ones to suffer. The obscurity of these terrible things has been too greatly forced on the leaders of the Republic: history affords numerous instances where a general or a commander has been powerless to restrain the excesses of his soldiers. But it is a conquered town, but he has not, on that account, gone down to posterity with a blackened reputation. Let us use the comparative method; in these September days 1,089 or perhaps 1,200 were killed. The three days’ massacres of 1792 brought the number of slain up to 5,000, perhaps more. The “Holy” Inquisition was in force for three hundred and twenty-eight years, that is to say it was not until 1809 that the Pope actually annulled its decrees. During those years there were 210,450 victims. This society, the polity of educated fanaticism, burned alive 39,612 persons; now Robespierre was a fanatic, but the proportion of the death roll laid to his charge dwindles to mere nothing beside these figures. Under the Duke of Alva, urged on by the “most Christian” King of Spain, within three months 18,000 persons were put to death; the Blood Council, in Alva’s own words, “dispensed with trial of these heretics.” The Prince of Orange estimated that 60,000 persons had been murdered by order of the edicts of Philip II. We have then, a monarch contemptuous of religious, a council of 5,000 loyal subjects; another, on the plea of serving Christ, killing 50,000; a great and learned society, torturing, maiming, and burning to death 201,450 fellow creatures; and contrasted with these a set of ignorant, frightened men and women cutting down 1,089
prisoners. With these figures before us we say, "Let us fall into the hands of the people rather than into the hands of kings and priests."

Then with regard to the prisons, and the overcrowding of ill-ventilated, ill-lit, horrible places; the state of all prisons was atrocious: those in Paris were not so vile as those of Russia one hundred years later; indeed, we know that in Russian prisons female political prisoners were so late as 1870 often subjected to a shame and punishment that the women of the Republic in Paris were altogether spared. From 1760 to 1800 all prisons were frightfully insanitary, in our own country we did not attempt to amend matters until 1750. In 1793, in the month of March, the Republican Minister of Interior was reported on the Conciergerie, which he condemns, and adds that he is unable to conceive how the police officers can be so barbarous towards the prisoners. That the Republic, "One and Indivisible," should have ordered a report to be made on the prison argues a humanity hardly to be expected from "bloodthirsty monsters," whose only desire was to overthrow all order. In 1721, in our Newgate prison, Nathaniel Hawes was ordered to be "pressed" for refusing to plead guilty, that is to say he was fastened by the wrists and ankles to the stone floor, and weights up to 250 lbs. were placed on his chest. Some had endured this intolerable agony until death released them, but Hawes succumbed and pleaded guilty, and was hanged (his crime, by the way, consisting of robbing a man of four shillings on the highway). Here was torture ordered by law, sanctioned by the Christian clergy, and not abolished until 1772. The leaders of the Revolution in Paris have no such right of deliberate torture laid to their charge. Charlotte Corday, who had killed the people's idol, Marat, was tried, condemned, and guillotined. We have seen how Daniens, for an attempt to kill the King, suffered. Marat may have been far from being a fit object of adoration, but not further than Louis XV was; Marat was not so shamelessly immoral as Louis, he was diseased in body, so was Louis; he was a man of one idea, Louis may be said to have been that also, himself and mankind after. Marat's idea struggled towards liberty, Louis's but to his own self-gratification. Clearly then it was better to be a murderer and suffer for the crime under the Republic than under the King. The inhuman and detestable and vile brutality displayed by the Septembrists to the body of the Princess de Lamballe is too horrible to repeat—but she was dead, the blow of the axe "severed that fair kind head" the moment she faced the mob, she knew nothing of the horror that followed. She was not kept in a state of torture "For as long as it pleased God to spare her."

The "degraded wretches" of republicans—"devoid of every sense of humanity"—did away with bull fights to correspond the one with the other. That Favras had in 1790 they considered to be brutalising shows, the Republic was in its death throes. and it was not until 1797 that they were revived.

Starving had so long been its portion, it would have been impossible to withhold bread from the people. Down to so late as 1862 in our own country the crowds gathered in enormous numbers to see criminals hanged. Of course, the appetite for such sights is brutal, but the republican populace of Paris was no more brutal in this respect than the populace of any country whose government provides public executions for their benefit. Even the kind-hearted and humane saw nothing abhorrent in witnessing executions. Our own kindred showed Dr. Johnson's admiration when it was proposed to deprive Tyburn of these spectacles, he said they were "most satisfactory to all parties, the public was gratified by a procession; the criminal was supported by it." And English crowds on such occasions were always quiet, sympathetic, sober witnesses of the carrying out of the death sentence. Horace Walpole writes that the sheriffs at the time of the execution of Lord Ferrers fell to eating and drinking on the scaffold, calling up a friend to drink and laugh with them, while the body was still hanging. Now this behaviour would have called forth sorrow if it had been in Paris at the time of the Revolution, for nearly every writer of the period has dwelt upon the brutality of the yelling mob exulting in the death of the condemned, forgetful that it was a phase of almost all such crowds under like circumstances. Taine, in his "History of the Revolution," has particularly brought out the ugly, atrocious side; he has traced with the keen dispassion of a detective, the criminal propensities of the wretched and ignorant, who suddenly found the unknown weapon of power in their hands. He had apparently forgotten what he wrote in 1864: "Put the good alongside the bad, and mark the virtues alongside the vices. These sceptics believed in proved truth, and would take her alone for mistress. These epicureans embraced all mankind in their sympathies. These fanatics, these artisans, these starving and ragged peasants, fought on the frontier for humanitarian interests and abstract principles. They fought against evil in society. They had a 'heroism'" (this we should repeat in trumpet-like notes), "a heroism sympathetic, social, eager for propaganda, which has reformed the world."

We may hug ourselves in a smug prosperity, and deny the violence and the stress of a time so different from our own; we may tickle our fancy with pretty pictures of the calm, well-dressed, white-handed aristocrat stepping as nonchalantly from the tumbril on to the platform of the guillotine as ever he or she stepped into the painted, gilded carriage of the Court. The Revolution, with its "propaganda, which has reformed the world," sprang to life in the bosoms of Republicans; and visions more beautiful than the court-rooms of Versailles visited the burning imaginations of the Revolutionists. This heroism and these visions were drowned and quenched in blood, that is the fate of every god-like idea, and of every god-like man. Blood seems the one answer that the World has to give to its savours; and the more blood a man sheds the greater his fame. The ghosts that
that through Napoleon's path are many more than those that stand about the Revolution, but to him is glory; to, shall, war! On the one battlefield of Moska 22,000 French lay dead and dying, and of the 400,000 that went to Russia, how many returned? Can an autocrat sacrifice thousands of his subjects in an unrighteous or a useless war and yet be held guiltless of deliberate and wanton murder? Or, to another hand, why does the oppressed rise against the oppressor, and when, having been unspiringly dealt death, he deals death in his turn, is such an one, or such a people to be termed blood-thirsty? To be execrated as devoid of humanity? Is it solely in examining the records of the punishments, and the methods of the Governments of the times, whether monarchical or priestly, that we can at all judge the actions of mobs, or of men who set themselves the task of inaugurating a new régime. And it is when the hideous and ghastly procession of those condemned to the general belief in the unnatural; hence the cult of a spectacle, and the callousness of those appointed to execute thousands of his subjects in an unrighteous or a useless war and yet be held guiltless of deliberate and wanton murder. A spectre, who, in the treatment of disease, the medical man does prefer natural methods of healing, he runs counter to the conclusion that under the Revolutionists in Paris so many returned? Can an autocrat sacrifice thousands of his subjects in an unrighteous or a useless war and yet be held guiltless of deliberate and wanton murder. The whole system is poisoned by the stagnation in the interval mechanism.

Pneumonia is the aggravated form of indigestion and constipation. To an already overloaded stomach eating by custom still goes on, hence considerable recurring fermentation. An inadequate supply of fresh air augments the fermentation by retarding digestion. The following should be kept in mind: the intestines are the excretory organs for dealing with the waste products of fat metabolism, the kidneys for proteins, and the lungs for carbohydrates.

Probably nine out of ten have consumption in a mild form, whether they know it or not. We have been an out-of-door species for so many hundreds of thousands of years that we take badly to being shut in. Had it not been for Pasteur this school consumption might now be a thing of the past. The very loathsomeness of the leper necessitates his stamping out. He was not a marketable commodity. The medical men do not readily conceive that Vested interests will wage a hard fight for the lucrative right of supplying him with rubbish. The microbe “theory” was necessary if dirty people were to be got out of dirty habits. Had there been no microbes we should have been compelled to invent them.

Consumptives as a rule are tremendous bread-eaters; eating bread three and four times a day, and this, together with living in stuffy rooms, and breathing their own breath over and over again, means that a terribly disproportionate amount of work is thrown on the lungs.

The point now arises, how often shall a man eat if he is to keep fit, and profit mostly by a rational diet. It is unnecessary to lay down any rule as to what may be eaten. The food-value faddist will disagree with me here; but the food faddist is apt to overlook the long, evolutionary experience of the human stomach, and its varied diet. The brain-worker may eat pretty much what he chooses, though I would warn him against eating bread (even coarse wholemeal) more than once a day. The Persians did not call bread “earth” without good reason. Simple white bread, when washed into the stomach and intestine in the form of (unchanged) starch, is a terribly constipating medium. And, as Dr. Forbes Ress has shown, it is a predisposing cause of cancer.

Let me here point out the way for the following experience by saying at once that I do not advise fasting except for some specific disease, and then only under the care of a doctor who is familiar with this treatment.

Some time ago I suffered from a virulent Shaw rash. Everything I wrote was diluted Shaw. A man who is easy to imitate is not exactly a good model, though I was not to know that until some time after. However, not being a fool ever in the period of eruptive adulation, I soon wearied of the parrot life. Knowing the close relation between food and output, I determined on a drastic remedy. I cut my meals down to moderation. I cut my meals down to moderate consumption; eating bread three and four times a day, and this, together with living in stuffy rooms, and breathing their own breath over and over again, means that a terribly disproportionate amount of work is thrown on the lungs.

The following should be kept in mind: the intestines are the excretory organs for dealing with the waste products of fat metabolism, the kidneys for proteins, and the lungs for carbohydrates.

Healed this infernal stew never had as much as five minutes’ indigestion in their lives. If you must drink let it be a few minutes before a meal, or about an hour afterwards.

Constipation is not seldom the immediate consequence of indigestion. If a man will not chew his food thoroughly he will not get the necessary admixture of saliva to act as a chemical solvent. Constipation and clear brain work is incompatible. The whole system is poisoned by the stagnation in the interval mechanism.

Ailments that give the brain-worker most trouble are usually those of the sedentary life: indigestion, constipation, neurasthenia, and consumption. Some men are sadly bothered with indigestion. No matter what they do, or what they eat, the result is indigestion. A man may or may not have read the thousand and one leaflets that promise to cure this complaint, but in any case he will have picked up the word predisposition, and he is, somehow, appeased. He is not cured, he is not even relieved, yet, pretty much in the same way as have originated the multi-coloured tassels on a boy's scout's uniform, he has found a new toy, and he is pleased. The poor devil still has his indigestion, but he has originated the multi-coloured tassels on a boy's scout's uniform, he has found a new toy, and he is pleased. The poor devil still has his indigestion, but he has originated the multi-coloured tassels on a boy's uniform, he has found a new toy, and he is pleased.

The ailments that give the brain-worker most trouble are usually those of the sedentary life: indigestion, constipation, neurasthenia, and consumption. Some men are sadly bothered with indigestion. No matter what they do, or what they eat, the result is indigestion. A man may or may not have read the thousand and one leaflets that promise to cure this complaint, but in any case he will have picked up the word predisposition, and he is, somehow, appeased. He is not cured, he is not even relieved, yet, pretty much in the same way as have originated the multi-coloured tassels on a boy's uniform, he has found a new toy, and he is pleased. The poor devil still has his indigestion, but he has originated the multi-coloured tassels on a boy's uniform, he has found a new toy, and he is pleased.

Health for Intellectuals.

By Harold Lister.

The loss of instinct is the price man has had to give for mind, the premium which this mortal has had to pay for immortality.

As Nietzsche said, the question of food and feeding needs wholesome discussion, since, by some peculiar twist in human nature, the whole subject is still under a paritanical blight. It is better known and appreciated on the Continent, it is true, but we have a harmless pause, and an interest indifferent to the massiveness of food—an excuse for indiscriminate gluttony. Moreover, the aboriginal delight in the queer dies hard. Even where, in the treatment of disease, the medical man does prefer natural methods of healing, he runs counter to the general belief in the unnatural; hence the cult of electricity.

The ailments that give the brain-worker most trouble are usually those of the sedentary life: indigestion, constipation, neurasthenia, and consumption. Some men are sadly bothered with indigestion. No matter what they do, or what they eat, the result is indigestion. A man may or may not have read the thousand and one leaflets that promise to cure this complaint, but in any case he will have picked up the word predisposition, and he is, somehow, appeased. He is not cured, he is not even relieved, yet, pretty much in the same way as have originated the multi-coloured tassels on a boy's scout's uniform, he has found a new toy, and he is pleased. The poor devil still has his indigestion, but he has originated the multi-coloured tassels on a boy's uniform, he has found a new toy, and he is pleased.

The ailments that give the brain-worker most trouble are usually those of the sedentary life: indigestion, constipation, neurasthenia, and consumption. Some men are sadly bothered with indigestion. No matter what they do, or what they eat, the result is indigestion. A man may or may not have read the thousand and one leaflets that promise to cure this complaint, but in any case he will have picked up the word predisposition, and he is, somehow, appeased. He is not cured, he is not even relieved, yet, pretty much in the same way as have originated the multi-coloured tassels on a boy's uniform, he has found a new toy, and he is pleased.
can be re-read with no little profit, keeping that point in the mind's eye, as a means of educating the mind. For however much we may incline to live the same life custom has a thousand strings.

The question the intellectual should ask himself is: Do I want to do good work? Work, moreover, that shall be free from "strain." Do I want to live well, and in such a manner that I can depend with absolute certainty on health for any length of time? That whatever changes there may be in this kaleidoscopic climate of ours I shall still be able to maintain, within reasonable limits (I trust my reader will allow me this saving clause), a fairly equable temperament, free from fits of irritability? Evidently, one very good indication of fitness is the ability to withstand sudden climatic changes—a not impossible feat bearing in mind that the temperature of the body at the surface is 98.4 Fahr.

Very well, then. Still avoiding technicalities, let me give the why and wherefore of all this—that is, just enough, and not so much as to make anyone morbidly conscious of his whole internal mechanism.

I will take up again the subject of predisposition, illustrating it by showing how rheumatism arises. Whilst beer and spirits will cause some people to have rheumatism, with the majority the two great pre-disposing causes are the too frequent use of sweet foods, such as sugar, chocolate, sweet pastry, and an insufficient supply of green food. The explanation is just the use of green vegetables is about three to one our. This is to run in a dietetic groove, and what is glibly termed "predisposition" is mainly due to lack of variety, and the habitual use of sweet foods, particularly jams and marmalade.

Variety every day, but never more than two or three different kinds of food at one meal, is the principal canon of a good digestion. It is not that the internal mechanism cannot cope with a mixture, but that the small intestine, stomach work with greater precision and dispatch, when there is not a confliction of acids, juices and digestive solvents (or enzymes—ferments, of which there are nine). And here is a very important point. Bear in mind: the queen bee and her crowd of "caressing" attendants. The intellectual does not desire to be equally responsive to every whispering call. Apropos: "The essential thing is just not to will—the ability to react is necessary. All spiritless men, all vulgarity rests on the inability to offer resistance to a stimulation. People are obliged to react, they follow every impulse. In many cases such a compulsion is already morbidness, decadence, a sign of exhaustion—almost all that unphilosophical crudeness designated by the word 'vice,' is merely the physiological inability not to react."

Mann, as was to be expected, is explicit on the times of study, which are forenoon and late evening—that is, when digestion is nearly quiescent. This brings me to the question of the number of meals a day. I advise two only: breakfast and dinner, or lunch and dinner, or again, dinner at mid-day and late evening tea. Exercise your discretion as to number of meals, but if you feel you simply must have three meals, it were better to make one meal of fruit, so as to avoid excess of bread. But this must not be forgotten—there should be an interval of never less than seven hours (Dr. Rabagliati says eight) between one meal and another, and this is a very common indication of an unsuitable mixture of food, or over-feeding, or again, that a sufficiently long enough interval has not elapsed between one meal and another.

Many people say they feel the pangs of hunger about four hours after a meal. The explanation is just the physiological one of the stomach (a mixing machine) emptying its contents into the small intestine, and had there been no over-feeding, or too frequent eating, there had been no "pangs." Many who are quite small eaters do actually feel these "pangs," but that is in cases where three or four, or possibly more meals a day are eaten. It is almost a physiological impossibility to avoid excessive fermentation, however little may be eaten, if the interval between one meal and another be less than seven hours.

The day of instinct is past, and now that man has attained immortality it behoves him to live like an immortal—by the exercise of his reason. Hence it follows as a natural law that once you establish practice the body will do the rest.

The Irish in England.

By Peter Fanning.

After the death of my father the power which is now spoken of as economic pressure forced the family to seek refuge in an Irish slum colony. By the time I was eighteen I had seen how the Irish poor lived in places so far apart as Birmingham, Coventry, Wolverhampton, Liverpool, London, Sheffield, Newcastle, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, and in no place was there any considerable difference in their conditions. The particular points of difference which did exist I will mention later.

The colony to which we first retired was known as Green's Village. At the time of which I speak it was practically an enclosed town inside a town. It was packed as full of Irish as it could hold, and was bordered by a fringe of poor Jews, inoffensive, industrious people, and outlanders like ourselves—who when...
attacked by the "peaky blinders," would retire on the Irish for protection. In this community the Irish found security to live their own lives untroubled by the ministrations of law and order. No stranger ever passed through it. Policemen never came singly. When they chanced to appear it was always in twos, threes, or even larger numbers, and they were always armed with cutlasses and revolvers. A bum-bailiff was an occasional visitor, his object being to levy a distress for rent. Whenever this occurred a committee of women was at once formed who went round the whole community collecting subscriptions to pay the bailiff out. They generally raised sufficient to effect a compromise, but under no circumstance would they allow a neighbour's goods to be taken away. The police and the bailiff, however, were tolerable intruders compared with the relieving officer. There is an intensity of hatred for this official and the authority which he represents in the breasts of Irish people, which is beyond the comprehension of Englishmen. Of all English institutions the poor-law is the most abhorrent to the Irish. To dole out charity according to law is hateful to the instincts of the Celt. Here in this slum were gathered together several hundred people all equally poor, but none thought of locking or bolting their doors for fear of their neighbours. Everyone was free to enter everyone's house without ceremony. Those who had no fire walked into the house of the neighbour who had, and shared the warmth and comfort without apologies. Many domestic utensils were used almost in common, as no one thought of refusing the request of a loan. If one were in a neighbour's house when meal time came, there were no expressive glances which said distinctly go. On the contrary, it was always draw up and share what's going, even if the fare were hateful to the instincts of the Celt. Here in this English institution the poor-law is the most abhorrent to the Irish. In this happy isolation, utterly abandoned by everything that considered itself respectable, these people who hardly knew where to get their food would cheerfully take another man's, as no one thought of refusing the request. The "auld ones" gathered round a central table, men and women smoking the light shag tobacco, and extolling the virtues of the lately dead. The young men and women crowded one side of the house, whilst the youngsters gathered about the other playing "Cock in the corner." Irish wakes attained a fearful name in this country; and I do not deny that at times there were features about them that were deplorable. I do deny, however, that mere occasions of common debauch such as has been depicted by Dion Boucicault.

Compared with the English working-class which surrounded us, though our poverty might be greater in other respects, we were a thousand times better off. They apparently only had three forms of pleasure: pugilism, rat killing, and slushing fourpenny ale. Every Sunday morning hundreds would wend their way to some selected spot for a set-to under the P.R. rules. Later in the day dogs would be set at rat killing, either against time or against each other. If any money remained for Monday, this was sure to take the possession to one of the "free and easies" which were held in nearly every public-house. In these places the most ribald and bawdy songs of the day were sung in company; and young men and women, ten or a dozen in number, would be drinking out of the one measure or using a common glass. Beastly? Granted. Such, however, was Brown forty years ago.

Now the Irish, being free from observation, spent their time after their own fashion. Early on Sunday mornings old men and women would steal away in their rags to an early mass, as the Irish, when they were few, of the younger generation would go to church, but the great majority, being abandoned by everybody, had themselves abandoned everything in the way of religion. When the day was past noon the "diversion" would begin. Pipers, butters and fiddlers would produce their instruments, and at once floors would be cleared for a jig, reel, or fling. At the time of which I am speaking there were several fine Irish pipers in Birmingham. Mention Tommy Gorrighan (who is still alive in London, I think), and the two O'Rourke's, uncle and nephew. Between the dances songs would be sung, both in English and Irish, and generally relating to the neighbourhood, either sadly, humorously, or gloriously, to which the people present belonged. In different Irish colonies in the town there were certain public-houses which set apart a room for the special purpose of a "jigging." During harvest time it was great fun to see some strapping young fellow whom at other times everyone avoided, after a few weeks, walk over to Blind Micky's plate and throw down a five shilling piece, and then bring out what was acknowledged to be the best woman dancer in the roundabout. "Micky, young Ramblers,' if ye have a breath of wind in yer bellows." Now would begin the game of "Wha dare spoil?" Just as the boy who had started the fun was warming to his work, up would jump another fellow, and throwing ten shillings on Micky's plate, would step in front of his rival and take possession of the girl. So it went on, doubling every time, till at last some fellow would throw down his whole week's wages to have the honour of finishing the dance with the acknowledged belle of the company. Micky, as I have remarked, was blind; but he was a capital judge of sound. He never waited to test the contents of his plate, but shovelled it all into his fob, smiling all the while.

One Sunday morning the "village" was surprised to see a number of marching Irish in the main street. The "Orangemen" were following a roolly after them. Arrived in the centre of the square the party halted, and then one mounted the roolly and began to speak. He had a terrible big voice, and invited all within hearing of it to approach; but no one did so. At last some of us, instead of generously submitting to the display of pugilism, rat killing, and slushing fourpenny ale, mounted the roolly and charged them. Having gathered his audience, the man with the big voice stepped down; but before he did so he announced that he would now call upon Mr. Tom Campbell, of London, who had been sent down to us.
specially by Cardinal Manning. I then listened to one of the queerest speeches I have ever heard in my life. Mr. Campbell spoke in pure Cockney, and his subject was the Cross of Christ, the Harp of Erin, and the virtues of temperance. The way he mixed these up, then straightened them out, then showed their dependence upon each other, was amazing. One moment he had us roaring with laughter; the next in tears, and the next in curses. He accused his audience of having acquired every vice of the English, and of having abandoned every virtue of their own, but most of all he lashed them for having abandoned their faith. My own emotions are still straight ahead of me, but I am an Englishman, lay or clerical, dare have done what Tom Campbell did. He came Sunday after Sunday, always with the same subject, and always growing bolder. He lashed the people mercilessly for the management of their lives. What effect these efforts had I do not know. I do know that some time after wards a fine church made its appearance in the Horse Fair. How much of it was due to Tom Campbell, who can say? For myself, I am pleased to pay this slight tribute to his memory.

Unfortunately, for many of us, Campbell came too late. It was only too true that many had acquired the vices of the English lower classes. The hopeless grinding poverty which faced the first generation of Anglo-Irish was more than they could stand. Not even the sons of the most virtuous and the least criminal people in England were safe in their professions, entirely free from any bias, received in the press, and too open for criticism and wrangled over—while his nearest of kin, his widow and children, and also the relatives of the women named in his connection, such as the Mrs. Wedesdonck, by Mr. Paul V. Cohn.

"The Centenary of Richard Wagner's birth, celebrated by Germany on May 22, has produced the inevitable crop of articles, of memoirs, and, above all—since the hero is almost a contemporary, and numerous 'personal reminiscences.' Now the way in which Richard Wagner and his relations with women, individually and collectively, are publicly discussed, criticised and wrangled over—while his nearest of kin, his widow and children, and also the relatives of the women named in his connection, such as the Mrs. Wedesdonck, can only be regarded as a characteristic sign of our age, with its lack of reverence; its coarse indiscretion. Since, however, there is hardly any longer a question of committing indiscretion, I do not hesitate at such a time to give my own 'personal reminiscences' of one who played a prominent part in Wagner's life. They can only claim to be drawn solely from my own experience and observation, but perhaps acquire a special value from the very fact that they preserve impressions from a time when no one, not even based upon personal knowledge, but gained from letters and other written documents. Such constructions, however, must lack the purely human motive, with which even the most complex souls cannot dispense— the commonplace environment of daily life, in which even the greatest of us involuntary reveals most of his personality.

"The figure in question is Frau Mathilde Wesendonck; I only knew her intimately, but became connected with her by family.

"It was in the middle of the seventies. We were living in Dresden, and had constant intercourse with the Wesendonck family, which at that time owned a luxurious but not very tastefully furnished house in the older part of the city, and received a good many visitors. I was then twenty, and Frau Wesendonck, on whose brow people already saw the glimmer of immortality—which she has, at last, appreciated of her character has made so difficult, nay, impossible, to conceive—interested me deeply, although I had never heard her make any particular clever or profound remark. Still, she could not be described as commonplace. She was, aged about four feet ten inches tall and excessively thin, with remarkable bright eyes and unconventional coiffure and dress. She had nothing of the Rhinelander about her. Nor, on the other hand, was she a North German, but something apart; yet one felt that this 'apartness' was not bound up with her inner nature, but largely an artistic pose. She was always very amiable to me. This I owed more especially to my father, whose only daughter I was, educated by himself. In my father Frau Wesendonck thought she had found a true friend. She offered him her poems for criticism, and kept him in her conversations that proved a pleasant change for my father, who had nothing to do at the time, and was clever and brilliant and also rather romantic and very much of a ladies' man. The Wesendoncks were extremelyritable, and great lovers of the opera, at which there was much intellectual intercourse. Frau Wesendonck was by no means what is called a 'grand dame,' but on the other hand, she was not particularly domestic, and took not the slightest interest in the details which go to make a capable housewife. Either she had no idea how a table is arranged, or she wished to appear as if she had none; and she was fond of letting people know of this incapacity, while rejecting any possibility of improvement. The guests sat at her table all at sixes and sevens, so that once at a dinner in..."
Letters from Italy.

XX.—COMING NORTH.

La bella sirena, Capri, had me so entirely hers that I loitered day after day among the olive-groves of Anacapri, watching the changing of the sea-colours as the white clouds moved over the sky, or the crimson sphere of the sun drop swiftly under the darkening water, or the coils of mists about the hill. The rain came, and I did not mind it, since all green things grew sweeter and greener for its coming. Especially I remember one little plot of grassy terraces set about with oaks larger than the others on the island, and ending in a tiny field of red clover. It was completely alien to the rest of Capri—a glade of England or north France set in the southern island. In some lights it was a delicate, glittering fragment of a Constable; in others I found a suggestion of Daubigny, possibly because the Barbizon school inherited from the English painter. But at last the rustic peace of a warm Sunday morning drew me out upon action, and I departed for the Marina Grande amid a shower of Italian complimentments and "A rivederci!"

A thick cloud girdled Monte Salaro and shadowed half Capri and the sea about it. The goldish white sunlight lay the brighter on the water towards the west. Gradually the boat looped out of the shadow in the open sunshine and turned towards the point of the Sorrento peninsula. The waves made a thin ring of foam about the rocks, leaping into spray at the fiercer rush of the great tenth wave. On the mainland, as it came nearer, I saw the desolate Norman towers, each set on a base of raised rock on the barren shore. The grey limestone looked the sadder and darker for the brilliance of the lighted sea and the white illuminated clouds. The abrupt contrast between lush greenery and sterile rock in South Italy is obvious to the most stupid traveller. Not ten miles from this point Sorrento lies in its sun-smitten valley, a garden of orange trees and lemons. While still some distance from the shore the sea was only a white scum, whereafter the orange trees came down to us on the land wind, fragrant, delicate, fresh from the cool water. As long as the boat lay-to off shore everyone had this scent in his nostrils. It was one of the most unexpected and beautiful experiences I had in the South. For one moment I longed to be embarking with the stodgy Germans and Americans, who would doubtless set forth on the "Amalfi drive." But the boat siren boomed and I was turned towards Napoli.

The whole coast from Pompri to Capri lay before me. There dimly seen were the ruins of the ancient town, where before I had lain upon grassy walls to watch the lizards play. There were the modern towns of Torre del Annunziata and Torre del Greco, Vesuvius with the white steam rising from the crater and the line of the coast descending to Napoli. Vesuvius was more beautiful than I had ever seen it before, even than when I saw it from Capri indigo in a scarlet sunset. The light lay full upon the barren lava, and showed the base and sides touched with a faint bloom of spring greenery, like very delicate moss. To the left and behind me rose Posillipo, clear against the golden sky lighted by the late afternoon sun.

At Napoli, in the evening, I left my hotel and walked down to a restaurant in the Mergelina I frequented..."Kühl bis ans Herz hinan," a quotation from Goethe's ballad "Der Fischer."
when I was first in the town. I almost forgave Napoli her Tramontane in the warmth and beauty of the evening. The trees were in leaf along the Via Caracciolo, white blossoms of the locust trees scented the air, and the sea moved towards the Capri I had left that afternoon—a different naut from the surly, cold-bitten bipeds I had seen in February. There was some of that gaiety which one is taught to expect of the Neapolitan—and for a couple of hours in the twilight and darkness the town was as delightful as Paris.

Early the next morning I departed for Rome and Firenze. As the train left the outskirts of Naples I turned and looked for the last time at Vesuvius—the emblem to all of us of the pleasant Gulfo di Napoli. There is a sharper contrast of beauty and sordidness in the gulf than I know of anywhere else. The natural loveliness is exquisite and divine; Homo and the works thereof are base and disgustingly ugly.

The flat plain behind Naples before one comes to the hills is extremely fertile, and is finest at the time when I saw it. Passage through a country by railway train is as unsatisfying as a rapid walk through a picture gallery. One is sure of exhaustion, and instead of two or three clear mental pictures, one has only a confusion of blurred images. I remember the sudden delight I felt at the sight of tall trees, after living for six weeks among stunted olives and fruit trees. I remember the joy of the tall green wheat, and the bean fields, no longer plowed, no longer blossoming, but still decorative. The vines hung in richer clusters of leaves between elm trees, and not between the tall stakes to which I had become accustomed. The leaves of the elm mingle with those of the vine that I realised more gently with those of the vine than I had before the long journey, except my growing fatigue and my desperate wait for the morning. The Italian landscape, more characteristically North Italian and mediaeval. The valleys ran seamed with water-courses and covered with small very short flower. And as the train went on I can remember very little of the journey, except my growing fatigue and it was long past sundown when I got to Firenze—my first town gilded by the sun. Over there were Siena and the long lines of aqueducts and from the same little story, for my criticise some passage in the "Bible in Spain" that he receive is what Goethe called "the German's Grand Inquisitor's Censure—inviolable silence."

The inauguration of a Borrow Museum at Norwich on July 5th of Borrow's 110th anniversary of Borrow's birth, is to create a Life of Borrow, now sets up to showman him and to point out his little defects. Borrow, it appears, would have been satisfied with his critic's praise—that, in fact, it was only praise he wanted. Nothing is more erroneous of Borrow or of any other artist who is not a humbug. Praise or blame matters nothing if the quality of it be poor. Ignorant praise, indeed, is more depressing than ignorant blame, for it robs its victim of the right to discharge his anger. Next to poor critical treatment, however, the worst treatment the artist can receive is what Goethe called "the German's Grand Inquisitor's Censure—inviolable silence." Of this Borrow had the usual share while he was alive and it was for the removal of this, and not for "praise," that he "hungered." It was a weakness, no doubt; for silence, if a man can stand it, is the condition nature provided by the last energy exhausting him to get down and change at Chiusi. Besides, I wanted the pictures of Firenze, after many weeks away from them.

It was long past sundown when I got to Firenze, and yet there still thrills of S. Maria Novella in the alien light of the electric lamps stirred me enough, and gave me energy to wait for the morning.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

Readers and Writers.

In the current "La Revue," Dr. Max Nordau—a German writer himself—replies to some encomiums of German journalist who, in a hyperbolic messianic style, ranks Berlin as new the literary dictator of the world. Did we not, asks the literary jingo, first discover Maeterlinck and compel Europe to read him? No, says Nordau; the only credit Germany can claim is for having been almost the last of the nations to accept Maeterlinck; and even this glory is dimmed by the knowledge that it was none of Germany's seekings. The "discovery" of Maeterlinck, for what it was worth, was due to France, to Paris, to M. Octave Mirbeau. M. Mirbeau wrote in the "Figaro" in 1890 an article on Maeterlinck as "A Belgian Shakespeare"; and from that moment Maeterlinck became a cult. No writer exists in Germany, Nordau continues, capable in a single article of making the European reputation of anybody. France, on the other hand, has several such writers. Paris discovered D'Annunzio, while Italy was counting him second-rate. Paris discovered Tolstoy. Paris refuses to discover Shaw, and though Germany has long been attempting to pass him off on the world, the Latin nations everywhere decline to accept him. For what other city of letters could similar claims be made? Berlin may set the fashion for the Scandinavian and semi-Slav nations. London sets the tone for the Anglo-Saxon world. But Paris is still the literary arbiter of Europe.

The efforts of Professor Walter Rippman to reduce the system of phonetics by the laws governing ideas for their perfect expression. But only the very greatest can endure it without, for company.
ing its records on the phonograph. The idea, unfortunately, is as preposterous as the collection in their museums and zoological gardens of pinned and living creatures; for there is nothing to prevent anybody preserving the record of his own voice and nobody to dissuade him from thinking his pronunciation standard. On the other hand, the man who keeps a phonograph (Mr. Dunville) will never obtain a record of the really standard living pronunciation of English. This is as much a matter of life as the flying of birds, which not the most realistic aviary can reproduce. The pronunciation of even the most correct of us varies as greatly as words; and other mode of expression with the circumstances in which we find ourselves. The standard, in short, can only be uttered and heard when the conditions are happy—and these are scarcely likely to be provided when Mr. Dunville and his phonograph are about. For what my protest is worth, I protest with all my soul against the threatened mechanisation of our spelling and of our speech. Our spelling is now written for the delight of the ear. Uniformity in the first would be fatal, and the standardisation of the latter would exclude the variety of beautiful speech.

The next batch of “Everyman’s Library” contains only one or two books which belong to the series. The rest appear to be included merely to fill up. Who, for example, wants a compilation of fables, even though it profess to illustrate “the growth of the Fable from mother to child”? I am certain that many gaps will be left in the arrangement; and the words, the history will be incomplete. And who, at this time of day, wants a new edition of Ibsen’s “Pretenders,” “Pillars of Society,” and “Rosmersholm”? Equally cheap editions already exist and the form of “Everybody’s Weekly” is not perfect that we must have Ibsen in it as in lieu of sack again. The first symptoms of the presence of great satire amongst us are the congregation of persons formerly distant and opposed, and their conjoint shouts of each other’s merits; for then is the time for all the mediocres to stand together. It is amusing on this account to hear the mediocres now calling for satire to come and rend them: as if the experience would be a happy one for them. But if they tell the bushes that they are looking for wars, we may be sure that they have not yet heard the guns over the hills.

Susceptibility to satire, however, implies some moral feehing, the sense of shame at least; and of this in every age some men are desirous. There was a public man in Juvenal’s day who recited Juvenal’s verses on himself in public and thought himself untouched because nobody saw any wounds, unaware that the absence of feeling implied death. There are such men to-day, whom scorpions cannot harm nor whipes cause to flinch. I will not elevate, to this mode of the insensate, Mr. H. G. Wells, whose fresh appearance, as a critic of the good taste of mere politicians, was made in the “Daily Mail” last week. I will simply remark that Mr. Wells, denouncing in the “Daily Mail” the unseemliness of the conduct of Mr. Falconer and Mr. Booth on the Medical Committee, presents the spectacle of the pot calling the kettle black. Who can follow Mr. Wells’ taste as a standard when he trails it deliberately in the mud? What heed can he expect politicians to pay to their constituents when he himself pays none to his? The essence of a critic is to submit to criticism and to profit by it. Who cannot be criticised with any effect cannot criticise with any effect.

I have said enough in these columns of Miss Underhill’s “works” on Mysticism. But I must commiserate with her on her other reviewers. Amongst the worst is Mr. Darrel Figgis, who in both “Everyman” and the “Book Monthly” has his little say of Miss Underhill’s recent books. We are accustomed to pigeon-English in “Everyman,” but the variety of English written by Mr. Figgis is turgid. A “gestural,” he tells us, makes Art “stuffy.” Science “masks a living earth in set terms.” In Miss Underhill’s “attitude” towards “a pivot,” we catch the “colour” of another attitude of hers. Each of the steps are seen. “Both her books are scholarly rather than adventurous.” He detects both reviews to correct as well as to appraise Miss Underhill’s work. Her book, he says, is “the only book of its kind in English,”—known to him, should be added. But she is wrong in her distinction between Mysticism and Magic; and she does not do justice to the Apocalyptic John. How these maidens of fourteen do talk familiarly of roaring lions! Mr. Figgis, I dare venture my life, is using these phrases without knowledge of their meaning, without even the knowledge that knowledge is knowledge. He does not do justice to the Apocalyptic John. The vocabulary of Mysticism is now in the area, and all true mystics must henceforth communicate in plain common sense—the most “secret” of all the means. By the way, is it not about time that writers ceased looking for Christ in the Bible—for He is not there and never was.
The gorgeous Bombay editions of the Complete Works of Mr. Kipling (Macmillan, 21s. net each) are in procession at the rate of about two a month. They set me meditating again on Kipling's place in the scheme of human nature. Balzac was a similar problem for the Frenchmen not-only of his own times (S. Beuve never settled his mind about him) but even down to our own day. Mr. Emile Faguet has just published a new study of him which is bound to be disputed as a final word....

I interrupt myself to copy out from the "Times" review of M. Faguet a sentence which, despite the anonymity of its author, is either Mr. Henry James or the Devil's.

"For this latter fact probably lights up more than any other his conception of the novel, the fashion after which, in his hands, it had been felt as an all-inclusive form, a form without rift or leak, a tight mould, literally, into which everything relevant to a consideration of the society surrounding him—and the less relevant unfortunately, as well as the more—might be poured in a stream of increasing consistency, the underlapping subject stretched, the compound appointed to reproduce, as in finest and subtlest relief, its every minutest feature, overlying and corresponding with it all round to the loss of no fraction of an inch.

There are people who will go into ecstasies over that in their missing of the effort required to read it for the inward motion of comprehension."

Well, whatever it is that Mr. Henry James (?) means of Balzac may safely be mean of Kipling; with this addition, at my peril, that Kipling appears to me too "primitive" to have had such effects produced in me by his short stories in particular; but on recalling them I resent the effects. They did not take me by a pleasing surprise but by rude storm. The parallel of Nietzsche and Kipling in this respect has never, I think, be drawn, but are not the methods and corresponding with it all round to the loss of no fraction of an inch.

"American Syndicalism." The I.W.W. By John Graham Brooks. (Macmillan. 5s. 6d. net.)

** Views and Reviews.**

American Syndicalism, as revealed by Mr. Brooks, does not differ materially from its European prototype except in this respect, that it has no clear vision of a reconstructed social state. Its purpose is destructive: "instead of the conservative motto, 'a fair day's wages for a fair day's work,' we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary Abolition of the wage-system," declares the I.W.W. in its preamble. This is all very well in its way, but I have yet to meet the Syndicalist who knows what the phrase means. The only proof of understanding is the constructive proposal, or the practical application of the principle; and it is not easy to discover these from this history of the I.W.W. Indeed, Mr. Brooks says: "As for constructive suggestion, our I.W.W. have so little as to embarrass the most indulgent critic."

In practice also there is the same helplessness in the face of facts, the helplessness so marked as to prove that the I.W.W. does not know the meaning of its own watchword. "In the resounding victory which the I.W.W. claim at Lawrence," says Mr. Brooks, "the very success forced its petty employers and wage-slavery into the belief that the working-class have interests in common with their employers."

The remedy? Not the abolition of the wage-system, as THE NEW AGE has defined the phrase; but the formation of another trade union which will embrace all the workers in an industry, and, by means of a general strike, to win the "wage wars." But this organisation does not win the "wage wars" as its object; the I.W.W. wants to organise the general strike only as a means of communalising sufferings. "These conditions [the defeating of each other in wage wars] can be changed and the individuality of wage-workers is to be abolished, if the general strike is used only for wage wars, is more than I can comprehend."

The fact is that American Syndicalists would be well advised to omit their watch word. It means nothing to them. The utmost reach of their constructive imagination can be seen in this paragraph. "It is the historic mission of the working-class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organised, not only for the everyday struggles of the workers, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organising industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old." It is certain that the I.W.W. is doing nothing of the sort, at least, not at present. "It is not peculiar to the I.W.W.," says Mr. Brooks, "its inherent dislike of organic restraint. No one uses the word 'organisation' often or practises it less. . . . It is held together by the most dramatic conventions in which it is engaged."

From its first convention eight years ago, it has been rent by temperamental dissensions. Such 'organisation' as it has is a fitful and fluctuating quality, ever ready to escape from the slightest real and steadying constraint which organisation implies." The organising genius, it is clear, is not to be found in the ranks of the I.W.W.; its all-inclusive title is really only a principle of division from other trade unions. The I.W.W. rejoiced because "negoio representatives have been taken into the brotherhood"; but its list of exclusions is endless. Schism is its yearly occupation; and it is not surprising to discover that there is now a body which calls itself "The True I.W.W.""

If Syndicalism is to be identified with Syndicalists, America will have long to wait for its co-operative commonwealth. That is indeed implied by the language of the I.W.W. preamble: "Between these two classes [the employing and working classes] a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organise as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage-system." That statement postpones the revolution sine die, a fact which is a
striking commentary on the revolutionary zeal of the I.W.W. It opens up a vista of unending agitation, unending "organisation," unending compromise with the wage-system; it asserts an eternity of existence for the I.W.W., and, therefore, an immorality for wage-slavery. For the I.W.W., like any other trade union, is only an organisation of wage-slaves; it makes no proposals except confiscation, of the means by which everybody's enemy, and nobody's friend, not even its own; and all for nothing. Against the chicanery of associations. It uses violent language, as much against striking commentary on the revolutionary zeal of the I.W.W. It opens up a vista of unending agitation, body of reformers.

production, it makes no provision for the educating and anything appearing in capitalistic sheets." It is the I.W.W., and, therefore, an immortality for wage-slaves are to become possessed of the means of slavery. For the I.W.W., like any other trade union, succeeds nine days one saw, on the mountainous road in that year, several of the fishermen belonging to the kind permission of Mssrs. John Lane.]

A. E. R.

The Christ of the Ocean.

By Anatole France.

[Translated for THE NEW AGE by David Weinstein with the kind permission of Messrs. John Lane.]

Is that year, several of the fishermen belonging to the parish of St. Valery were drowned at sea. Their bodies, together with part of the debris of their barques, were washed ashore; and through the succeeding nine days one saw, on the mountainous road leading to the church, the coffins borne on the shoulders of the villagers, followed by the widows weeping under their large black hoods, like the women in the Bible. Master John Christmas and his son, Samuel, were thus placed in the spacious nave beneath the arch, where they had erstwhile suspended in offering to Our Lady a ship with all her rigging. Both were just and God-fearing men, and Mr. William Truffam, the curate of St. Valery, having given absolution, said, in a voice moist with tears, and face asleep on the ocean. It was that night, and lay down on the altar. For fear of offending Him, they left Him there this time, where He continued to be for more than two years, when Peter, the son of Peter Flint, came to tell the Rev. Mr. Truffam that he had found on the beach the true Cross of Our Lord. Peter was a simpleton, and as he had not sufficient common sense to earn a livelihood they gave him bread out of goodness of heart. He was liked because of his harmless-ness, but as most of what he said was meaningless the people paid no heed to his remarks. Yet Mr. Truffam, who had not ceased to meditate on the mystery of the Christ of the Ocean was struck by what the poor idiot had just told him. He proceeded with the beadle and two churchwardens to the spot where the child said he had seen a cross, and he found there two nailed lathes which the sea had long tossed about and which really formed a cross. They were the remains of an old shipwreck. One could still decipher on one of the lathes two letters painted in black—a J and a C—and it was impossible to doubt that it was the debris of the barque of John

He is the God who walked on the waters and who blessed the nets of St. Peter."

And the Rev. Mr. Truffam, having deposited the Christ in the church, on the cloth of the altar, proceeded to the carpenter, Simon, to order a beautiful cross to be made out of the heart of an oak. When this was done, the image of the great God was fastened to it with brand new nails and then erected in the nave above the wardens' pew.

It was then that they beheld that his eyes were full of mercy and as moist with pity divine.

One of the churchwardens who assisted at the erection of the Crucifix thought he saw tears streaming down the majestic face. The morning after, when the curate entered the church with the choir-children for Mass, he was much surprised to find the cross above the wardens' pew vacant and the Christ asleep on the altar.

As soon as he had consecrated the holy sacraments, he sent for the carpenter and asked him why he had taken down the Christ from His cross. But the carpenter answered that he had not touched it, and after having interrogated the beadle and the churchwardens, the Rev. Mr. Truffam himself that he had entered the church since the time when the great God had been placed above the wardens' pew.

He was then impressed with a feeling that these things were miraculous, and he pondered over them lengthily and carefully. The Sunday following, he sermonised on the subject to his congregation, and he invited them to contribute by their gifts to the erection of a new cross more beautiful than the first and worthier of bearing Him who redeemed the world.

The poor fisherfolk of St. Valery gave as much money as they had, and the widows brought their wedding-rings—so soon that the curate could instantly go to Abbetown to order a cross of shining black ebony, surmounted by a sign with the inscription I.N.R.I. in letters of gold. Two months later, they erected it in the place of the first, and they attached to it the Christ.

But Jesus forsook it like the other, and He went, at night, and lay down on the altar. The curate, on finding Him there next morning, fell to his knees and prayed for a long time. The rumour of the miracle spread in the vicinity, and the ladies of Amiens opened a subscription for the Christ of St. Valery. And Mr. Truffam received from London and Paris money and jewels, and the wife of the Minister of the Admiralty, Mrs. Hyde-Newton, sent him a heart of diamonds. In disposing of all these riches, a Bond Street goldsmith made, in two years, a cross of gold and of precious stones which was inaugurated with pomp in the church of St. Valery, the second Sunday after Easter of the year 1——

But He who had not refused the Cross of Suffering fled from a cross so rich and went and knelt down again on the white flaxen cloth of the altar. And these Rev. Mr. Truffam, having deposited the heart of an oak. When

...
Christmas who had perished at sea with his son, Emanuel, five years since.

At the sight of these things, the beadle and the churchwardens began to laugh at the fool who took the broken logs of a boat for the Cross of Jesus Christ. But the Rev. Mr. Truffam stopped their mockery. He had meditated and prayed a good deal since the coming among the fisherfolk of the Christ of the Ocean and the mystery of His infinite good will began to appear to him. He knelt down on the sand, recited the orisons for the faithful departed, and he then ordered the beadle to carry the wreackage on their shoulders and to deposit it in the church. When this was done, he raised the Christ from the face of the altar, placed him on the wooden lathes of the barque and nailed him there himself, with the nails the sea had rusted.

By his order, this cross took thenceforth the place of the cross of gold and of precious stones above the wardens' pew. The Christ of the Ocean has never forsaken it. He had wished to remain on the logs where the men had died in invoking His name and the name of His mother. And there, half-opening His majestic, sad mouth he seems to say:

"My cross is made up of all the sufferings of mankind, for I am verily the God of the poor and the unfortunate."

**REVIEWS**

**The Blue Review.** (June. 18.)

It is probably rather incompetence than tame impiety that allows Mr. James E. Flesser to call his verses a "ghazal." But in fact, a few conceits and the mere mention of Mecca will not make a ghazal.

How splendid in the morning glows the lily: with what grace he throws His suppliantation to the rose: do roses nod and the head, Yasnin?

"Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary." (Cowper.)

Many poets will now find that they have been writing ghazals all their lives without knowing it. Mr. Flesser is one with those ignorant contemporaries of ours who will ree you off a verse in what they are pleased to call Sonnets. He is one of those that Sappho had to abide by a hundred delicate rules in creating. We remind our readers of the ghazal written by Mrs. Hastings and published in The New Age some time ago, an imitation of one of the most difficult forms of this poetry.

Mr. Drinker writes cheerfully of the mighty line of dramatists. Philistia will never see anything funny in concluding the list of immortal plays, as Mr. Drinkwater does, with "Strife," "Waste," "Nan," and "Pompey." People who disserted from our praise of Miss Mansfield's sketch in the last number of "The Blue Review" will be surprised over this month. It seems to be true that women's talents are as fleeting as their sentiment, and Miss Rebecca West from one to five paragraphs too long. The editorial notes in this review begin solemnly—"Being an editor involves a few surprises." Would a poor reviewer might say the same. "Poetry" is as unsurprisingly amateur as any journal of the kind in England. Mr. Grierson cooks once more one of his thirty-five times cooked cooinediscourses. Mr. W. Meynell unkindly gives to the world an overcharged sonnet by Francis Thompson, wherein the bees of memory bring home "sharp heathery honey quick with pain."

**The New Freewoman.** (6d., Fortnightly.)

This journal makes a lively enough resurrection. There is a great deal of cackle, but mostly lively cackle—which is saying much since the articles are anything from one to five paragraphs too long. The editorial notes are chattering but candid and altogether less hungry-sounding than of yore; and Miss Rebecca West contributes a clever travel sketch, marred, however, by some immature atheisms of the very dogmatic sort. Indulgence in such senseless and insensitive audacities must not be prolonged if this writer wishes to be read by any but a clique. The eight further contributions, all by men, are not distinguished. Where are the other Freewomen? We sincerely hope that they may arise to make this a lively enough resurrection.
Pastiche.

(We commence in the present issue a novel series of great interest and utility to all who are concerned with the Art of Literature, whose advent is long overdue. It will be directed by students; it will take the form of a "Patch-Work Serial" from the pen of the Leading Authors of the day. In this manner we shall practically the Whole of modern English and Foreign literature. Each contributor will write in his most characteristic style. Our first selection is given below.)—R. HARRISON.

I have chosen this title for many reasons, some of which may be stated quite briefly. All of them are good. To take a single example, it must be quite obvious even to the haziest of modern intellects that the publicity were force of a series of quite true ideas arise not so much from their unity as from their complexity; not so much, that is, to say, from their compatibility as from their variability. Even a man of obscure mind may prove an unlikely proposition by starting from a likely one; it is a much more difficult and enviable task to prove a likely proposition by starting from a misleading but original theory that all people have grandmothers.

And this is the whole argument against the supermen. I do not mean that they have no grandmothers. I would not for a moment suggest that supermen should have grandmothers. But I do honestly mean to suggest that the sum of all human happiness may be calculated from the profound and splendid diversity of human things. I do really mean that it is a better and a wiser thing for a man to be a Christian in Whitechapel, than a pagan on the top of Mont Blanc; I do really mean that it is better to think to live than to think, that as a matter of cold fact it is better to think that to forget to live. It was the great glory of Dickens that he made us understand in circumstances of the worst possible description. "There is nothing in this which cannot be explained by the simplest laws of temporary relationship. It is apparent to those students of occult phenomena, who have carried on the new elementary research that the lower we proceed in the scale of animal creation, the more perceptible do we find bodies to the slightest psychical disturbance. The subconscious envelope which completely surrounds is comparatively larger, more impres-
Three days they labour and depart as swift
As was their coming. Gaze upon their work!
Lo, wonder houses that despairing, clatter
The slimy hill-side. Every moment seems
To be their last, when they pell-mell will slip
Performing somersaults in mad career,
Filling the chasms of plaster they had made,
And rubble too (whatever that may be).
Idols with feet of clay! To think that man
With mind all-comprehending, all-rolling
Should choose such domicile. Yet there he lives.
Each morning sees him hasten from his porch
Gulp ing finalanche. From afar,
Like to the alabaster of the East, he seeks
The minarets of Mecca, he peers forth,
Scanning the sky-line for a trace of smoke.
Which, if there be, it be, quickens, or if not,
Slackens his gait.

But who shall chronicle
His tedious journeying? A shibboleth.
A magic watch-word may admit him to
His haven of conveyance. Or perchance
His Open Sesame avails him not.
Anon a frenzy seizes, or the tailor
Ransacks his pockets, bringing oft to light
Divers forgotten odds and ends. But if
His burnished brain, he must reveal
His patrimonial and his habitat
To stern grim-visaged minions. Yea, all this
And more will he confide, till weude among
A dozen others, cheek by jowl, he cons
A harbinger of tidings, wondrously
Adorned with tales of wars and festivals,
And drums to amuse his children lives more for you than does
The "proud little Corsican."

There are people who think that the ancients were not
human, but what do they know about it. Why in the
30th stanza of this poem under review, which now lies
open before us wet and stained with tears as pure as those of
the humble children of a character therein de-
scribed—the surest criterion of a work of genius—we
learn that two women at least in this time of 250 B.C.
actually spoke and gossiped of those things which we con-
c descendingly call, trivial, but which to earnest students of
the spiritual and idealistic side of life, like myself, are
the soul and essence of every age and clime.

But I cannot tell you any thing more of this wonderful pearl
of a poem. One thing is certain, the characters I have
mentioned, because they talk dear little gossipy things,
and act like sweet little human beings, are more real and
live longer than the Creator or the Creation. I was going to say
that the afore-
said geniuses who never deal with commonplace human
things in a commonplace human way can never be such
really universal geniuses as your true story-lover i.e.,
your surest critic, like myself. For it is the little unim-
portant things of life that make us so very, very human.
Tolstoy, the vegetarian, stealing a piece of meat-pie
after the family had retired to rest; Caesar in a bib! Dante
stopping out all night (if only they had told us all about
these things)—such are the things that fascinate us.
Everybody has heard of Napoleon, but the man next door
who puts on a red paper hat and carries the bath for
a drum to amuse his children lives more for you than does

THE STAR OF INDIA.

The "Bombay Edition" of the Works of Mr. Rudyard Kipling "has been planned on a scale never before
adopted for the works of a living author... real hand-
made paper, specially manufactured with a distinctive
water-mark... the well-known Florence Press type...
per volume. Limited to 1,000 copies and sold only in sets."—Macmillan's Advertisement.

Look at me! the lustrous "Kipling."

Pudicitia of the print ...

Bow before me, Babur Starling;
Babur laud your Indian Sage!

Look at me! the Bombay Duckling,
Quacking in a gilded cage
Bow before me, Shirdi Suckling;
Shudras, laud your Indian Sage!

Look at me! the Simla Starling,
Squawking in a Kali Age;
Bow before Eurasia's Darling;
Chandals, laud your Indian Sage!

IKRAM SHAH JEHAN.

THE STARGAZER.

The Stargazer stood in the Market Place and looking
in the setting sun forgot himself and his where-
abouts.

The horizon was ribboned with neutral tinted
smurmers, nearly black after the flaming
dusk. The low-lying land in the middle distance was already
shrouded in the evening mist, through which could be
seen slinking dancing lights. The vista called up a superb
man of destiny, standing tall and majestic. For a brief moment
eternity thronged with majestic memories the
Stargazer's subtly aching consciousness.

The bystander, tired of gazing into the empty space, sud-
denly said, "Where's t' bloody balloon?" "LIVY."
Concerning Kine.

By C. E. Bechsh.Jer.

"Yup! yup-la! Yup, yup, yup!" shouts a ploughman to his two straining bullocks. I can just see their backs through the willows on the other bank. "Yup! yup!"

Suddenly one of the beasts drops in the furrow, and the other a little off my senseless son, Durvadana! With a sigh (what use for a sahib to interfere with a poor villager, who, pinched even in this land of plenty, treats his lean beasts not more cruelly than himself?) I turned again to the ploughman's cries making me look up and see the gaunt, weary bullock fall. With a sigh, fresh tears of compassion trickle down my eyes and it is unable to endure his burden. And it is for him that, 0 excellent one, I feel greater compassion for one that is more horribly abused than in India, particularly in the native States, Gwalior, Travancore, Alwar, and the others. Yet in Kashmir, as in several other places in India (for instance, at Puri, the falsely revered seat of Jagannath and his vicous low-caste Brahman), no cow, calf, bull, or bullock may be slaughtered, in deference to Hinduism. This the Maharajah, the Hindu ruler of a people mainly Mohamedan, has decreed. Visitors, too, are requested to observe that all domestic dogs do not worry the fortunate animals. But no man has been taken to prevent the poor overworked beasts from being cruelly starved and oppressed by the villagers, equally starved and oppressed to pay the Maharajah's dues.

The killing of cows has always been the most prevalent cause of disputes between the Hindus and their flesh-eating Mohamedan conquerors, who, though, I believe, they are enjoined in the Koran to sacrifice a camel, prefer to inflict on their subjects the punishment of starvation the animal the Hindus esteem the most holy. Last autumn I visited a famous ancient Hindu city, the day after a riot. The Mohamedans had commenced a conscience in the market-place. The infuriated Hindus attacked their white cow-devils, and to keep the peace, English missionaries called out the white cavalry from a neighbouring cantonment. The Hindu mob was dispersed with a dozen men killed, and the sacrifice proceeded in the centre of a square of cavalry. These incidents were, wisely indeed, not recorded in the Anglo-Indian newspapers, the most squalidly servile sheets in the world. (How they revelled in the hideously protracted torture of the Eurasian army doctor Clark and that female devil, the cowardly money-grubbing European perverts throughout the country gloated over their "Pioneer's" announcement that the execution of the man, maddened by the ghastly interval between his sentence and its fulfilment, had been witnessed by two hundred spectators who had climbed the trees overlooking Allahabad Jail.)

Tippu Sultan, too, converted thousands of Brahmins to Mohamedanism simply by forcing them to swallow cow's flesh. It is a fact that he, the last Mogul in the world, the only Mogul, had been so accustomed to the cow's flesh. It was the rumour that the new cartridges were greased with the fat of cows that roused the Hindus in the Sepoy mutiny against the English, who had rescued them from the yoke of Islam, only, they feared, to make them the prey of Mussulman Sepoys that in no small part maintained the British supremacy. The Mohamedans were making a tremendous effort to regain their mastery. They just failed, despite the great assistance of their silly tools, the Suravi-worshipping Hindus, whose religion they had always endeavoured to stamp out, and which, their power re-won, with the white traders driven out of the land, they would undoubtedly have persecuted more than ever. Due again to the unintelligence of the low-class native, it was the loyalty of large numbers of Mussulman Sepoys that in ao small part maintained the British supremacy.

With the exception of the effeminate cowardly lawyers of Bengal every Hindu, while relying on the spiritual supremacy of the Brahman and the Kshatriya warriors to regain their ancient strength, realises that the petty Rajput kingdoms cannot dare now to stand against the Mohamedans might, and prefers, therefore, to be ruled in material things by a tolerant tier of shopkeepers than by a fanatical hierarchy. The Mohamedans of India, on the other hand, overcome at last by the British, have seen their Empire with all its millions of subject Hindus taken from them, after a complete supremacy of nearly a thousand years.
It will, then, perhaps be understood why the schemes of so many pro-Indian Englishmen are not favoured in the East. For instance, in the latest copy of The New Age I have received—brought out to rest from Srinagar by the gentlemen who are appointed to distribute silk worm eggs in the villages—there is an article on "Delhi Architecture," which contains some remarks:—"Mr. Statham's reference to ourselves, the conquering race, is mischievous, inasmuch as it is a flouting of our superiority in the face of some three hundred millions of people (300,000,000) [eight noughts, observed] whom he pleased to style "educated Indian subjects." "If India has been conquered for our good, surely it is not necessary to be forever reminding the Indians of their subjection."

But India has not been conquered by us for its good, although, it is true our conquest improved the lot of the Hindus. The article concludes with the suggestion that a "native" style of architecture should be adopted for the new Delhi. To whom does the term native refer? To the actual "native" rulers of India whom we overcame, whose beautiful palaces and mosques glorify the whole country—the Mohamadans? To the Hindus, a people long ago conquered and degraded in all material affairs, for whose noble architecture we must go right to the south, to Madura, Tanjore, Sri Rangam, and other places whither the iconoclastic fury of the Moghuls scarcely penetrated? Shall we adopt the style of the Moslem invader, one unknown to Hindustan a thousand years ago, or shall we insist that we conquered and dare not discredit by passing them ever and reviving the architecture of the race they subdued—the Hindus whose ancient glories, dimly reflected throughout the outer world, inspired every culture of which we have a trace, from times of which none but they can tell.

Or—rejoice, ye editors, shopkeepers, polo-players, and salary-drawers of Anglo-India!—shall we adopt a splendid sort of half-and-half, a shabby-gift of Hindu and Mohamadan styles, like those beautiful don-and-carry-one government buildings in Lahore designed by our Kipling's pa? But first let us consider why and where this Delhi, this new Delhi, this dreamed-of Delhi, is to be built.

There is a saying current in India that, unlike the many Mohamadan dynasties, "we have as yet no great buildings to show for our period of supremacy, with the single exception of the Victoria Station in Bombay" (for which God pardon us!). Therefore we are to build a great and glorious city amidst the great and glorious buildings, to be the seat of a great and glorious government and a memorial to the end of time of a great and glorious merchant Empire. And where? On the "northern site," amidst the stately ruins (of a score of cities, and the first of these Indraprastha; to be outdone in majesty by the mighty Kub Minar, the column of victory of the slave-born Emperor, and in beauty by the small exquisite white marble tombs of the Saht Nizam-uddin and that "sweet-sounding parrot" the poet Amur Khusrau? If the "northern site" is chosen, will not the Flagstaff Tower on its hill, the Ridge, the well-known Durbar area, now an unmarked piece of waste ground surrounded by a little mound, and the numerous British regiments that must inevitably be stationed at the capital, still "flaunt our superiority in the face of some three hundred millions of people," whom we may be "pleased to style our Indian subjects." The British supremacy may yield the Mohamedan, but the might of the Hindu warriors must return before they can free themselves by casting off the tolerant sway of a purely commercial nation. But I do not think a new Delhi will ever be built, though time has indeed been erected above a site at present known to very few, though of great geographical significance.

Mais revenons à vos beaux! All the races and sects of India agree upon one point, all-important for Sautreva, the capital cow that is the mother of the line—her children are to suffer according to the lot of their masters; the holy Brahmani bull wanders free, savagely pushing through the bazaars, and taking its pick unchecked from the food in the shops; the Army Commissariat "bاه," though yoked, is well nourished and a hard kicker; the caparisoned bullocks of Nangalore and elsewhere easily outstrip the poor galloped little ponies; but the unhappy rye's starved bullocks quiver and drop under the weight of the plough—"to be yoked, as they say in Kashmir, the fairest, futilist land in all the world, whose devout Maharajah, the worshipper of Sautreva, derives from it a yearly income greater than the price for which we sold it to his grandfather—one million pounds.

A Statesman of Romance.

To the Editor of The New Age.

Sir,—The death of George Wyndham in a Parisian hotel, far from those he loved and who loved him, is the end of a modern tragedy. He was a man of ideas, of poetic temperament and luscious mind. He should never have entered upon a political life, for he had that rare nobility of character which can hold itself above everything except the injury of betrayal. That was a tragedy in G. Wyndham's life; he was deserted by the leader whom he loved, receiving a shock in the spirit (which is the invigorating force in life), from which his soul never rallied. It is not only women who die of broken hearts, but their vitality has lost its resisting power. They die of some technical malady, but really of a broken heart. It is not only women who die of broken hearts, but men. Of whom it was written "There cratches a noble heart."

George Wyndham's political life was divided into two periods, in one of which he went all wrong; in the other he was wonderfully right. He made the terrible but popular mistake of supporting the Jameson Raiders and the South African gang; while his Irish land legislation and devolution proposals were denounced on all sides; but time has justified his wisdom. A high imperial spirit obscured his judgment on the Jameson business. The early death of G. Wyndham is another example of the strange fatality which has overtaken so many of those connected with the events leading up to the South African War; and, in these times, even the men, and not only the women, who died in the midst of their promise, with their work unfinished and their ambitions unrealised, or have been broken like Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. How melancholy it is that a man such as G. Wyndham could have believed that the cowardly gang of Jameson raiders represented the martial spirit of an indignant patriotism. The fallibility of human judgment is the most humiliating thing in the world. The vagaries of human character, even though it is made up of the finest things—the purest, the fairest, the gentlest, the most beautiful, the most beautiful—what better casket could one wish it in?

What a comparison there is between the statesmanship which initiated the Irish Land Act and inspired the devolution proposals, and the buffooneries of Sir Edward Carson. It is the measure of the Unionist Party's intellect and policy that George Wyndham was abandoned and his proposals of reform jettisoned while Sir E. Carson was acclamed as a sort of modern Moses, his qualification for that title apparently being his advocacy of the perfect virtues of one Isaacs. What a coincidence! George Wyndham's name will be blessed in Ireland when much else is forgotten. He restored to the Irish people the possibility of developing their economic resources, and his spirit is enshrined in Ireland's prosperity. In what better casket could one wish a gallant heart to rest? Yet it was a gallant heart that G. Wyndham had. If George Wyndham should have been yoked by Fate into the tapestry of English public life, because that tapestry is mostly used as a covering to ugly things. The second part of his work, latterly the major part in his thoughts, was his contribution to the poetical studies of the Romantic period of French poetry. A Ronsard and a La Pléiade is a perfect example of the work of a sym- pathetic student of Ronsard and his period. One feels that George Wyndham was actually a courtier among the Indians and the rose-garden is the most beautiful part of that book. One can see him dallying with the princesses of the Court, murmuring to them the sweet chansons of Rossand, and his friends have more widely read had they been fortunate enough to have
had such an interpreter as Wyndham was of Ronsard. Mostly, the modern writers on the great poets of the past had such an interpreter as Wyndham was of Ronsard. His own poetic work, as published, was slight; but the dedicatory poem, a superb piece of delicate and spiritual writing, shows how fitted he was to waft across the centuries the gentle perfumes of Ronsard and his time. His success was complete; and his book will live as the ballads of old France attract the minds of men. And may that ever be delivered at the University of Edinburgh in October.

Mostly, the modern writers on the great poets of the past had such an interpreter as Wyndham was of Ronsard. But the Classic World aimed at unity of language which are the two principal elements of poetic dedication. Most dedications of this kind are buried in the most fantastic sentimentalities of insincere feeling. The grief that is professional is usually the striking note in such dedications; they are publishers’ tributes paid in the cemetery of a new edition. Here are three verses from this dedicatory poem, the first verse, the eighth verse, and the last verse:

BY MYRTLES WHERE RONSARD REPOSSE
On far-away shores of romance,
I gathered these ghosts of the roses
He loved in the garden of France.

And I, too, among the few comers,
With whom their followers have fled,
Found there the faint light of lost summers
Still haunting the beautiful dead.

Since Time, even Time, cannot hurt you,
Nor wither your life with his breath,
Touch the roses I bring with your virtue,
Accept them and save them from Death.

Another charming work by Wyndham was his lecture on "The Springs of Romance in the Literature of Europe," delivered at the University of Edinburgh in October, 1910. It is an admirable sketch of a complex subject, showing much knowledge and insight into the race-sympathies of the various nationalities of Europe, as, for instance, in this sentence: "But the Classic World aimed at unity by exclusion, and the Middle Ages at unity by comprehension." Wyndham was a fine phrase-maker in literature as well as in politics; here is an example: "We laugh with Cervantes at the giants and dragons and warlocks of Romance. It is our human privilege. Man is divided by laughter from all that surrounds him." Well, he is dead, but his work will live after him, in the shrine of an Act of Parliament and a book of poetical appreciation; and we must bury the hopes and thoughts which Wyndham won't bring up in the manner foreseen by Mr. Finn, the other "to stamp out profiteering altogether." You have also argued that the "guildisation" of industry is to be the means of stamping out profiteering. Another criterion of argument, as it seems to me, has, however, run through your pages of late, by which you promise to the nation that first adopts Guild Socialism a virtual monopoly of the world market. Admitting this for the moment to be a reasonable expectation, one does not see in it any guarantee of peace. Socialist analysis has for many years familiarized us with the idea of "two nations," the exploiters and the exploited, which are becoming, owing to the operations of international capitalism, more and more distinct. How, then, will the institution of large profiting nations (who have "guilded" their industries) competing for the world market of quantity first and quality second tend to peace? I see no reason to expect such an event to be left to himself, to be determined by his abilities and opportunities. The New Age, we may say, is an adequate centre for the present.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

NATIONAL GUILDS.

SIR,—The seeming hopelessness of the battle between reason on the one side and political idiocy and self-interest on the other should, one would think, be sufficient to make even the most enthusiastic Socialist reader of The New Age confirmed pessimists. Fortunately, however, this is far from being the case. I am dismayed, however, on being forced to the conclusion that the propaganda work that is being done to make Guild Socialism a real and living object to place before the workers of the country is that which is being carried out in the columns of The New Age.

I have been for some time a member of the I.L.P., but my disgust at the political tactics of that party in endeavouring to encompass the economic emancipation of the workers forces me to refrain from attempting to put any effort into propaganda work for them. The absurdity of wasted energy over a political myth is too obvious to be even favoured by comment.

Perhaps I am mistaken; there may be in existence a society or party for the active propaganda work which

Guild Socialism needs, of which I am unaware. If so, I trust you will inform me fully of same.

If, however, Guild Socialists are unfederated, and thus are helping to keep the movement in the background, is it not possible that steps can be taken to inaugurate a body of enthusiastic workers (entirely voluntary) for the splendid task of placing before the workers the only practical and, for them, satisfactory solution of the problem of which they themselves are the all-important factor?

I trust the suggestion may not be considered too elementary for comment! Perhaps it would not be too much to ask the opinion of 'The Writers of the Articles on Guild Socialism' E. E. Hare.

(The Writers of the Articles reply: We have no present intention of forming, or even of assisting in forming, any organisation for the propaganda of the National Guild system. Each of the readers of The New Age has presumably some influence, and in proportion as he understands and agrees with our views he naturally becomes a propagandist. Your correspondent should reflect on the difference between Production for Profit and Production for Use.]

NATIONAL GUILDS AND PEACE.

SIR,—When the time arrives for a full discussion of Guild Socialism, I hope consideration will be given to the following points. You have stated that there are two guarantees of peace—one to concentrate profiteering in the manner foreseen by Mr. Finn, the other "to stamp out profiteering altogether." You have also argued that the "guildisation" of industry is to be the means of stamping out profiteering. Another criterion of argument, as it seems to me, has, however, run through your pages of late, by which you promise to the nation that first adopts Guild Socialism a virtual monopoly of the world market. Admitting this for the moment to be a reasonable expectation, one does not see in it any guarantee of peace. Socialist analysis has for many years familiarized us with the idea of "two nations," the exploiters and the exploited, which are becoming, owing to the operations of international capitalism, more and more distinct. How, then, will the institution of large profiting nations (who have "guilded" their industries) competing for the world market of quantity first and quality second tend to peace? I see no reason to expect such an event to be left to himself, to be determined by his abilities and opportunities. The New Age, we may say, is an adequate centre for the present.]

Sir,—The New Age is my weekly luxury. The last word may offend as contrary to your aim. It is true, but I continually find in the Notes that the Unjust, and your paper is the nearest approach to that "stunning confusion of their nonsense" which I long for. Occasionally I shudder at the waste of space, but I have no strong feeling about that, and sometimes find the Notes and the Guild too short. On pages 106, 107, May 29, there are evidences of impatience.

Sir,—The New Age is my weekly luxury. The last word may offend as contrary to your aim. It is true, but I continually find in the Notes that the Unjust, and your paper is the nearest approach to that "stunning confusion of their nonsense" which I long for. Occasionally I shudder at the waste of space, but I have no strong feeling about that, and sometimes find the Notes and the Guild too short. On pages 106, 107, May 29, there are evidences of impatience.

Sir,—The New Age is my weekly luxury. The last word may offend as contrary to your aim. It is true, but I continually find in the Notes that the Unjust, and your paper is the nearest approach to that "stunning confusion of their nonsense" which I long for. Occasionally I shudder at the waste of space, but I have no strong feeling about that, and sometimes find the Notes and the Guild too short. On pages 106, 107, May 29, there are evidences of impatience.
Socialism. The following details will enable you to
judge how it is in my case. In circa 1881 I had not heard
of Socialism, so I was inventing it. Leaving a small
town for a large one, I found the Socialistic theory there
had been impressed in Paris by the principles of
Napoléon III. I saw publishing his book on Socialism with
Murray: a large octavo and a curious work, full of St.
Simon, Fourier, Lassalle, the phalansteres, etc. I
scraped a copy and presented it, but it was soon lost by
repeated lending. The Social Democratic Federation
did not attract me, since they derived largely from the
Continental idea, which they have never modified to suit
the insaner genius. It was worse with the Fabians—
permanence was an error, delay a great blunder. With
the exception of the absence of a sense of proportion the
most striking national fault is slowness (the slowest
people on earth are in Asia, and it is not commonly
known that the slowest Occidentals live in the United
States together with the quickest). The Cunctator
triumphed in a few years, but all books of Websiam are
destined to be forgotten. The British Social
Party was evoked by a Clarion call, I sent in a name
principally to enable the local Socialists to count me
among them. I have never been in a trade union, but
have become famous since the
Guild Socialism is near enough to my own ideas to come
with that of "alienated majesty" spoken of by Emerson a few years ago when
he developed or unpublished wear this aspect when they
return as the thoughts of others. I cannot claim priority
because my smaller and inferior
Guilds similar to yours I thought should be established
by the thoughts of others. I cannot claim priority
because my smaller and inferior
Guilds similar to yours I thought should be established
and
inhabitance was an error, delay a great blunder. With
them I would only say I see no possibility of beginning through a
transformation of the present trade unions or co-opera-
tive bodies. My view of them has been external only,
but I am desirous of inhabiting in ways other
than those of principal urgency. They would brighten
our lives with annual pageantry, dignified by a living
contemporary importance. They would, I hope, make a
change in men's costume, at present so dingy, ugly, and
dirty. The return of ideals, traditions, and honour to
the Guilds similar to yours I thought should be established
the arts.

Of architecture, town planning, etc., we have much to
learn from our Roman ancestors, and the Roman period
of architecture, town planning, etc., we have much to
learn from our Roman ancestors, and the Roman period
of architecture, town planning, etc., we have much to
learn from our Roman ancestors, and the Roman period
Of course, the artistic crafts are in the most
deplored state. I think this is the first point since with
architecture and its ancillaries are the vital passion.

Of architecture, town planning, etc., we have much to
learn from our Roman ancestors, and the Roman period
has been specially neglected in this country. Professor
Lethaby, whose books are full of good ideas, still equili-
brates Greek and Gothic, confounding Roman with
Hellenesque as a style of minor note. We want a work
in six books containing the imperial architecture of the six
centuries from Cesar and Augustus to Theocoric and
Justinius; a work with plenty of restorations.

It would be of use to Socialists, as I could demonstrate. The
Roman movement, long predicted, has begun. Salmond
Reinsch has placed nearly all the antique statues and
reliefs within our reach, we have a Roman Society, and
I am trying, inter alia, to find a firm willing to reissue in
reduced size the engravings of Piranesi. Shall I
ucceed? Will the fellows fight against us? But if
craft guilds were in being I should have hopes.

I do not understand why the iniquity of bequests seems
no longer remonstrated against, for the
"benefit" of unborn idlers every worker is being
sweated to ensure that his children shall be
robbed and
their posterity be slaves. Here is a subject for amalga-
ation, whether of skilled or of unskilled workers, for years
to come.
Perhaps you will see your way to deal with this point
in an early issue.

**THE STATE AND THE GUILDS.**

Sir,—I am one of the most ignorant of you readers, but as
one who would like to get at the kernel of your argu-
ment, I beg to ask if I am correct in stating your theory
of Guild Socialism to be that the Government—or State.
If you discriminate between the two terms—and should
acquire all industrial assets and charge your Guilds rent
for the exploiting of them.
Assuming your answer to be in the affirmative, can you
in a few words say how the State is to acquire these
assets, or can you refer me to an article discussing that
question? I know your number XV, of April 10, but
against progeny by all employed men. If the percentage
of defaults among large male children mignt on
leaving school be the first nucleus of guilds. Highly
objectionable, but less so than attempts to live in a
society

The swinish dastards who hold the world will soon be
startled by a crack from the whip of Necessity, with
worse to follow. I expect the first sanguinary struggle in
the American States, and in England the first
thing done.

A. H.
the writer of that number himself admits giving "the Whig dogs the worst of it," and, any way, it is not an answer at all. The Divine justice on the sweat of thy face shall eat bread," the Devil moved an amendment: To insert the word "neighbour's" between "thy" and "face."—an amendment only adopted, calling the Progress, no doubt. It is easy to be wise after the event; but, for all your learning and logical argument, the ink expended on the endeavour to get that fatal amendment repealed as well as burned out on to Saturn's sands. That is cold comfort, but it is all I can extract from any of the theories with which reformers confuse the issue.

You appeal to Reason. Surely the barren goddess has been set up and worshipped and overthrown as helpless already. What has man to do with Reason?—that is, more than go through the routine of eating with the gods or Fate, but Man is a bundle of emotions and passions, instincts, or intuitions. These are in the word "neighbour's" to sway him who is condemned to death by a Power who main what rule his actions. Do you look to cool reason without being convinced of the depth and sincerity of man. I doubt that argument ever convinced anybody. I would rather trust without being convinced of the depth and sincerity of man. I doubt that argument ever convinced anybody.

Sir, I trust your intuitions more than your arguments. I have not read you so much—little though that is—without being convinced of the percentage of your feelings on this question of the injustice of man to man. I doubt that argument ever convinced anybody. Certainly I have not been convinced by the arguments of the writer of the letter above! Do you look to sway him who is condemned to death by a Power who says "Thou shalt not kill?" As between God and Man, Reason must end explain it to me in anomaly, but as between Man and Man, Reason is futile.

Sir,—How very young the members of the Young Australia Movement must be! I, too, am a Colonial, and it grieves me to think what impression will be made upon our staid and—oh, yes—self-complacent Mother Country by the hysterical outburst of Mr. (or should one say Master?) Grant-Hervey, the precocious President of the Foreign Affairs Department, who says, "One per cent of the 979 per cent. of the Australians. (How much longer, one wonders, can that other one per cent enforce their will upon the brilliant and vigorous and well-born youth within the Empire?) Indeed, he goes farther, and tells how we in these overseas States and Commonwealth feel through his graciously allowing the Canadian and the South African to "stand" the blow which is falling on us from wherever, to tell the truth, he need have no fear of contradiction. I am most regretfully compelled to admit that any genuine sympathetic understanding of Colonial thought and sentiment is as nearly as possible absolutely lacking in this country. And I would go further: there is no realisation here that such a state of things is wrong; there is no desire to remedy it; no wish for closer relations except in so far as they may redound to the glory or the profit of England.

To the average Englishman the British Empire does not include England (I speak subject to correction, but this is how it has appeared to me), but is a widespread and glorious opportunity by which the young are enabled to earn a living in their own lands. The joy of bodily exertion. To use our muscles is play. I watched once a dozen or so navvies breaking down a concrete wall subject to correction, but this is how it has appeared to me), but is a widespread and glorious opportunity by which the young are enabled to earn a living in their own lands. The joy of bodily exertion. To use our muscles is play. I watched once a dozen or so navvies breaking down a concrete wall; it was a glorious appurtenance to this country, won by force and discipline the Devil's amendment, and help, not to be retained as long as possible to add to her magnificence, even though there may somehow be case involved, it will surely be offset by gain to individuals.

And how does the Empire appear to Colonials? I am afraid the Colonies are not known to one another than to the Mother Country, though they all know more of her than of them. Young Australia says the Empire means nothing (yet a fellow young Australian and his companions were willing to die in South Africa in a quarrel which did not concern them); at the drop of a hat she is prepared to withdraw, and, if I understand her mouthpiece aright, to join hands with the German Fatherland or anyone who will help fend off the terrible yellow bogey.

To New Zealand and to Canada, however, the Empire seems to present itself as something very real and desir-
able—something for which they are even willing to make a slight sacrifice. Speaking for Canada, at least, while admitting the futility of opinion there as elsewhere, I must admit that some of the Canadians who would unblinkingly acknowledge even a sentimental attachment to the Empire—men who, the other day, changed their political allegiance and helped to defeat the Government, chiefly because Dr. Albert Shaw and other “sane American observers” wanted that Government to take a step which seemed to them a step in the direction of closer political relations with the United States, I must admit that there are Canadians who would unblushingly observers” wanted that Government to take a step which seemed to them a step in the direction of closer political relations with the United States, I must admit that there are Canadians who would unblushingly observe their sentiments.

The German Emperor is before all a religious man, and a man with a strong sense of responsibility. Like every religious and constitutional monarch, he is not permitted to exercise his duty and to make the best use of his rare gifts and opportunities. He sees in sovereignty a great trust which should be exercised by the man who has found sense of responsibility does not allow him to pursue a personal policy. He is above all a good German. He feels keenly, as he has frequently stated, that he is responsible before God and the State. He strives to lead Germany in the right way and to increase the happiness of his people.

The German Protectorate has placed enormous powers for good or evil in the hands of the Emperor. He declares peace or war, commands the Army and Navy in war, appoints his Ministers, and dismisses them. Germany's geographical position is an unfavourable one. A glance at the map shows that Germany may be attacked on two sides and, perhaps, on more than two sides, whilst France need defend only her eastern, Russia her western, and Italy her northern frontier, against an invasion by powerful armies. Besides, Germany and her European neighbours are open ones. Owing to her central position Germany is considerably smaller than the State of Texas alone. She has 67,000,000 inhabitants, and her population increases by no less than 800,000 per year. The country is already far more densely populated than France, and it is nearly as densely populated as in the United Kingdom. Germany is becoming more and more dependent upon imported food and raw material, and before long the increasing pressure of the population must bring about a very large emigration. Every nation of the world has trouble with her borders, and Germany must consider that the German emigration, which is bound to set in, ought to be directed towards German Colonies situated in the temperate zone.

Imports are paid for by exports. The food and raw materials imported into Germany are paid for by the exportation of manufactured goods. Up to now Germany is becoming more and more dependent upon foreign trade for her livelihood. From year to year her need for foreign markets and for colonies becomes greater, and the costs of Germany itself. It is not yet unprotected in case of war, a powerful Navy is needed. The German Emperor persistently has advocated the creation of a large Navy partly for the purpose that the German trade and her rapidly growing merchant marine, partly for the purpose of acquiring secure markets overseas and colonies suitable for the settlement of white population.

THE Hohenzollerns are a family of warrior princes.
They have grown great by war. They live and die in uniform. Prussia occupied a position in Europe similar to that held by Bulgaria or Servia at the present day. The Hohenzollerns took over a little principality in the keathen wilds of Eastern Europe and converted it into the most powerful, the wealthiest, and the most highly cultured State on the Continent of Europe. The same thing is being done by prussia now. The German people, their country's wealth and power, by giving equal attention to its economic and its military development, and William I. has given his programme to the tradition of his great ancestors by increasing with equal attention Germany's prosperity and her security. How greatly he is interested in Germany's economic progress is known to all who have watched in accordance with their opinion, the Rise of Industry, Commerce, and Shipping. William I. has made Germany powerful. He has kept the peace, and he will continue to keep the peace. He will protect the interests of his country, by war if necessary, and by peace if possible. He will not embark upon a war of adventure, for he is a man of peace. That is my firm conviction.

In 1888, the year when the Emperor William II. came to the throne, he said in opening the Reichstag :-

"My endeavours unceasingly aim at preserving and strengthening the peace. That is also the aim of Germany's foreign policy and of the Hohenzollerns. I am quite as familiar with the Hohenzollerns as with my Christian faith and duties which II. as Emperor, have undertaken towards the German people. In this conviction I have confidence. I am the successor of a splendid predecessor. I intend to sit on the throne to visit personally not only my allies within the German Empire, but also the neighbouring Monarchs in order to try to arrive with them at an understanding, so that we may fulfils the task of securing for our peoples peace and prosperity, which Task God has given us. The confidence which has been shown to me and to my policy at all the courts which I have visited, allows me to hope that I, my allies, and my friends will succeed with the help of God to preserve peace in Europe."

In these words William II. has given his programme soon after he began his reign, and he has unflinchingly adhered to the foregoing declaration. Acts are more convincing than words. By his actions William II. has merely carried on the tradition of his great predecessor. He has protected the interests of his country, by war if necessary, and by peace if possible. He has not embarked upon a war of adventure, for he is a man of peace. That is my firm conviction.

During the reign of William I., and very largely owing to his activity, Germany, which twenty-five years ago was backward in industry and commerce and poor, has become a leading nation in industry, commerce and shipping. William I. has made Germany powerful. He has kept the peace, and he will continue to keep the peace.

The greatest achievement of his reign is not, in my opinion, the creation of the German Navy, but the phenomenal rise of Industrial Germany. His system too. No political jiggery-pokery can alter it. It is another paradox to me that the male franchise as it exists to-day is the outcome of economic conditions. Does Mr. Beanland imagine that the world was sustained by virtue of their beauty? They obtained the vote because the manufacturers wanted artisan support against the feudal interests. The artisan vote was necessary to balance the yeoman vote. The manufacturer, possessing property, was an "active" citizen. The artisan, being a wage-slave, was a "passive" citizen. I learnt all this for Women's Suffrage has not yet been much used by the organisation. I am certain that all your readers who have followed you through your brilliant series on the Wage System and Guild Socialism will see the force of the economic argument. But what part does woman play in this particular drama? She is engaged in the-happy task, economically forced upon her, of bearing down wages, and so keeping the men inside the wage system too. No political jiggery-pokery can alter it. It is an economic condition, and must be met by economic organisation. The vote will ultimately be the reflection of the power of economic organisation. In devoting his energy and enthusiasm to obtaining votes for women, Mr. Beanland is grasping at the shadow, forgetting or unconscious of the substance.

FEMINIST LOGIC

SIR,—You have recently declared that controversy is the only atmosphere in which new ideas are likely to blossom, and that reason lies in wait for all things unreasonable. You are doubtless welcome strong criticism as a healthy, hungry man welcomes strong food. You have also declared that your case for Women's Suffrage has not yet been met by reason. How do you know that? Have you not yet learnt that what appears to one man as reason may appear to another on another day? Do you know all the reason for Women's Suffrage? Or is it that what does not appear in THE NEW AGE is not worth notice? Your claim smacks of conceit. Reason is the word. You ask women to rely upon her power of proving. What type of man have you in view to be played with by that Deliberate charming! Are you thinking of the sash-buckling knight-errant of the age? If you, sir, will, the nobleman will have only the unconscious natural sex-charm, as much as nature will give, and which is not all on one side with a claim on honour and reason. Without him, your ideals are unattainable.

Here is a bit of reason against the parrot cry of THE New Age that women are responsible for the White Slave Act. With Mr. Kennedy, I maintain that men shouted equally, at least, with women for that Act, and on top of that must be added that men formulated the law and passed the Bill, passed the Bill, and, as an Act, administered it and the punishment also; on their shoulders, therefore, lies the major responsibility. Further, the psychological laws of sex are such that laying against women, as Mr. Charles Cecil has already pointed out.

It is an incomprehensible paradox to me that man, builder of a civilization that holds women's position, love, and culture ever, a good word (and there I am with you), should receive your blessing in sex-matters related to the political world. This, to me, is a matter for which you, as Editor, have not yet explained. All the male genius that exists, are, after all, but very few in comparison to that great mass of male humanity that knows them no better than does its female mate; and it is the mass we have to deal with, not the gods. It is another paradox to me that the art-struck New Age is, in matters political, so pietistic for women. It has coincided with the collapse of all known civilisations.

You have justly pointed out that correspondents' opinions are not necessarily yours. But you, as Editor,
The only people who have shown that spirit, the lack of which you deplore in the modern Englishman, have earned your bitter sneers, simply because their policy does not meet with your approval. You tell women who, bumping their noses against the laws, but one of its presumably valued contributors declares that married women should be legally forbidden to work outside the home. If Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell, she surely faints outright at the reading of that. How dare ye, ye wives of working men, who augment your husbands' miserable pittance? But stay, there is one wee loophole. Have ye the gift of a flowing pen? However, let us assume that such a proposal comes from one who is happily unconscious of the existence of "C.B.'s" "fifteen millions."

It must be a natural law that, whenever appeareth the fanatic on the one hand, the counterpart shall appear on the other. The only other explanation I can imagine for all this cheap sneering and reviling of woman is—bachelors trying to be intellectually smart. It is full of these love poems we have kisses; but they are not the kisses that make the tongues meet. We have touchings. For all this cheap sneering and reviling of woman is—kisses that make the tongues meet. We have touchings. The only people who have shown that spirit, the lack of which you deplore in the modern Englishman, have earned your bitter sneers, simply because their policy does not meet with your approval. You tell women who, bumping their noses against the laws, but one of its presumably valued contributors declares that married women should be legally forbidden to work outside the home. If Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell, she surely faints outright at the reading of that. How dare ye, ye wives of working men, who augment your husbands' miserable pittance? But stay, there is one wee loophole. Have ye the gift of a flowing pen? However, let us assume that such a proposal comes from one who is happily unconscious of the existence of "C.B.'s" "fifteen millions."

**IN CAMERA.**

Sir,—One of the jujubities of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1912, is that it enables certain cases to be heard in camera. Note how this is working. Men are now being excluded from the court while a certain case is in progress. Yet two females, who have both been in prison, are allowed to remain in court as representatives of an impudent body of mediadors called Lady Bunting's Criminal Law Amendment Committee.

**CURRENT MASOCHISM.**

Sir,—I am a regular reader of the "English Review." For two shillings per copy I receive each number, and I am down to 2d. Mr. Harrison; and quite enough, too! I am not a cover-to-cover reader. In fact, about one article per month is the average amount I get through. But I always glance at the book reviews.

The following passage is from the April issue: "We have nothing but praise for this book of poems. (Love Poems and Others.) D. H. Lawrence. It is strong meat, the naked passion without shame. It is full of that strong passion which makes a man and a woman, finding how weak they really are—in spite of the charms and desires that torment them—feel like killing each other. In these love poems we have kisses; but they are kisses that make the tongues meet. We have touchings; but it is not the quiet folding of hands—it is the fingering of underlip. Being more or less illiterate, I do not pretend to judge the passage quoted by literary canons; the rules of ordinary decency supply the necessary standard of criticism. I myself am a lover. I am not in search, and I will and kiss my love with right good will. But "kisses that make tongues meet"—laughs. "Strong passion..." makes a man and a woman feel like killing each other."

More "naked passion" and "strong meat."

"Under the haystack a girl stands laughing at me,
With cherries hung around her ears—
Offering me her scarlet fruit—I will see
If she has any tears."

**A CORRECTION.**

Sir,—Inasmuch as The New Age is written by human beings—even though they all be supermen—I suppose it is not impossible for The New Age to err. May I add, I know of no humble informer whose judgment of K. Rooker as a Frenchman? He is indeed veritably English, of English parents, born in England, and wrote his thesis on Francis Thompson for a French degree. This little fact may explain much that is hidden from the wise and prudent, but is revealed unto babes. The reviewer in the "Times" has likewise stumbled.

I write this solely in the trivial interest of accuracy. May I say how entirely I concur with the "H. C." in the "placing" of Francis Thompson. What inducement has Thompson to do with Blake?

C. E. SEAMER.

**GLAISHER'S BOOK CATALOGUES. PUBLISHERS' REMAINDERS.**

In Great Variety and at Greatly Reduced Prices. Supplementary List for June, 1913, Now Ready. Gratis and Post Free.

WILLIAM GLAISHER LTD., 265, High Holborn, London, and at 14, George Street, Croydon, Surrey.

**THE NEW AGE.**

Vol. XII. of THE NEW AGE is Now Ready,
Bound in linen, with index.

Price 8s. 6d.; post free, 9s. Abroad, 10s.

THE NEW AGE PRESS, LTD., 38, CURSITOR STREET, E.C.

WELL-EDUCATED LADY SECRETARY WANTED. Short work. One who should be keenly interested in children's books, and who would find the work particularly interesting. Knowledge of French or German an advantage. Letter, with full details, to L.A., c/o The New Age, 38, Cursitor Street, London, E.C.


FREE SALVATION FOR ALL. By the Spirit of Revival in ZION'S WORKS Vols. Nos. of World Library in Free Libraries.

A FAIR PRICE Given for Old Gold, Silver, and Platinum, Old Cibles, War Medals, Diamonds, Silver Plate, Jewellery, China, etc., AND ALL KINDS OF FOREIGN MONIES Exchanged by Maurice Escomb 47, Lime Street, Liverpool.

DRAWING AND PAINTING.—SEMBER AND GOSSE, Rowlandson House, 10, Hampstead Road, N.W. Day and Evening classes.