Notes of the Week

A recent decision of the United States Supreme Court threw, we are told, the American Stock Market into a panic. Among a class of people peculiarly susceptible to nervous attacks and scarcely able to read for apprehension, the document, no doubt, at first sight appeared terrifying; for it laid down the principle that the State was in all matters paramount over even the railway corporations, and could, if it chose, exercise absolute power. The distinction between absolute and arbitrary power, of course, had never been appreciated by the class that leaves politics, as the French poet left living, to the servants. In their confusion they imagined that the affirmation of absolute power meant that the State could do just what it pleased. A later paragraph, however, of the same judgment might have assured us that the instrumentality of the State, and has at every stage of its development been accepted, approved, and sustained by the State, with the consequence that though it has never formally been declared legal for one man to employ another for subsistence only, the system which depends upon this fact is for all practical purposes the creation of Parliament that the generally accepted opinion of the nation, both its members, which Parliament is bound to maintain unless State reasons can be advanced to justify its abolition. But what, in effect, are our social reformers asking Parliament to do? Without the courage, or the intelligence, perhaps, to ask Parliament to abolish profiteering outright, they are perpetually nagging the State to put such restrictions upon profiteers as, in the end, might conceivably annul the implied charter of contract and so of ending, justly its very existence. The reassuring paragraph of the judgment ran as follows:—"The property of the Railway Corporation has been devoted to public use. But the State has not seen fit to undertake the service itself, and the private property embanked in it is not placed at the mercy of legislative caprice. It rests secure under the Constitutional protection, which extends not merely to the title, but to the right to receive compensation for the services given to the public." We do not think our English profiteers need to be reassured in this matter; but the above-quoted sentences should certainly be read by those social reformers who imagine that the State can do no wrong. On the contrary, the State can not only do wrong, if its Ministers be so madly minded, but in England at this moment the State is being urged to do wrong by the very persons who are crying most loudly for justice.

It is the plain fact, as we have very often stated, that the wage-system upon which profiteering depends is as much an institution of this country as the slave system was of America in former times. It is true that profiteering (by which we mean production for private profit by means of wage-labour) was never formally established by Act of Parliament. But neither black-slavery ever formally inaugurated by statute in America. The system of wage-slavery, however, was here established with the connivance of the State, by the instrumentality of the State, and has at every stage of its development been accepted, approved, and sustained by the State, with the consequence that though it has never formally been declared legal for one man to employ another for subsistence only, the system which depends upon this fact is for all practical purposes the creation of Parliament that the generally accepted opinion of the nation, both its members, which Parliament is bound to maintain unless State reasons can be advanced to justify its abolition. But what, in effect, are our social reformers asking Parliament to do? Without the courage, or the intelligence, perhaps, to ask Parliament to abolish profiteering outright, they are perpetually nagging the State to put such restrictions upon profiteers as, in the end, might conceivably annul the implied charter of contract and so of ending, justly its very existence. The reassuring paragraph of the judgment ran as follows:—"The property of the Railway Corporation has been devoted to public use. But the State has not seen fit to undertake the service itself, and the private property embanked in it is not placed at the mercy of legislative caprice. It rests secure under the Constitutional protection, which extends not merely to the title, but to the right to receive compensation for the services given to the public." We do not think our English profiteers need to be reassured in this matter; but the above-quoted sentences should certainly be read by those social reformers who imagine that the State can do no wrong. On the contrary, the State can not only do wrong, if its Ministers be so madly minded, but in England at this moment the State is being urged to do wrong by the very persons who are crying most loudly for justice.

It is the plain fact, as we have very often stated, that the wage-system upon which profiteering depends is as much an institution of this country as the slave system was of America in former times. It is true that profiteering (by which we mean production for private

All communications relative to the New Age should be addressed to THE NEW AGE, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.
sidering what the trade will bear in the way of increased labour charges? What, in short, is their criterion of justice? How do they determine that a Minimum Wage of 30s. a working day of eight hours is just and proper to be enacted by Parliament while a Minimum Wage of 60s. with a six hours’ day would appear to them unjust and improper to be statutorily enforced? For ourselves we escape the difficulty by denying the reality of the validity of the whole contract. Though custom has consented to it and the contract as between the parties, the State and the Profitiers, is binding, while it remains, on both, the contract is nevertheless one which never sought and has not now the explicit consent of its victims, the proletariats and, in consequence, is a contract which should be openly repudiated by the major partner to it, namely, the State itself. Short of a denunciation of the whole contract, as contrary to the interests of the State, the State, in our humble opinion, has no right to restrict profiteering beyond the limits accepted by the other contracting party, the profitiers themselves. Both parties may, if they choose, accept mutual restrictions in response to the suggestions of spectatorial social reformers; but neither party has any duty or obligation to accept them unless, as we say, by common consent. The conclusions of the whole matter, so far as we are concerned, are these: that as the State and the Profitiers are the two contracting parties in the institution known as Capitalism every fresh restriction by the former must in justice be first consented to by the latter; secondly, that no person or persons have the right, while taking for granted the validity of the contract, to urge the State to place restrictions on his partner that would ruin it if it is to be disestablished, can only be justly disestablished by the State repudiating its whole contract and setting up an alternative system of national industries. The proposals to the social reformers lies here: that, unless they are prepared, in the words of the American judge, to see fit to make the State alone responsible for industry, their business is to mind their own affairs and to let the two contracting parties to the present system mind theirs.

The matter, it may be thought, is fanciful rather than practical. On the contrary, it goes to the bottom of every practical question of the day. Ask any business man what he thinks of the proposals to compel him to pay higher wages, and to leave the disposal of his employess’s labour, and generally to dictate to him how he shall run his business, his first emotion is one of speechless injustice. It is not that he would be unwilling to see his workmen well off and enjoying ample leisure; it is not even, in many instances, that he could not contemplate with some satisfaction the removal of the necessity he imagines himself to be under to conduct his business on a competitive wage-system (every great firm does, in fact, largely abolish the necessity of his employment in the form of Guilds). Yet the application of these suggestions to the social reformers lies here: that, unless they are prepared, in the words of the American judge, to see fit to make the State alone responsible for industry, their business is to mind their own affairs and to let the two contracting parties to the present system mind theirs.

* * *

The proposals known as Guild-Socialism, which, however, we prefer to designate the National Guild System, are, we should have thought, simple enough, in outline at any rate, to be grasped even by people calling themselves Socialists. They amount to this, that the State as the supreme proprietor of the instruments of production (Land and Capital) should enter into partnership with the producers in the form of Guilds. Yet though we have defined the system in these terms, if once a thousand times; and though we have reason to believe that Mr. Lansbury has read THE New Age for some time—long enough, that is, to meet the definition a score of times—we find him in the “Daily Herald” of last Wednesday writing as follows: “I have great sympathy with the proposals known as Trade Union or Guild-Socialism, but the question of land and minerals is one which will not be settled by the group that happens to have secured, say, the best mine or the best land.” We should think not, indeed, but who, out of Mr. Lansbury, can so confound the National Guild System with the hare-brained theory of Syndicalism? The absurdity of Mr. Lansbury’s reference to Guild Socialism may more plainly be seen if we parallel it by a few examples. For instance: “I think the proposals known as Votes for Womean, but the exclusion of widows from the franchise will not be settled by this means.” Or: “Socialism appears to me an excellent proposal, but I do not see how it is compatible with Mr. Carnegie’s private ownership.” Or: “Syndicalism is an interesting creed, but the terms of its contract with the State offer a difficulty.” The feehness of intellec-

ual grasp revealed in this kind of mixed reasoning accounts, we should say, for a good deal in Mr. Lansbury’s career. We are afraid nobody can understand the economic movement of cheap female labour into industry at the same time that he denounces the competitive wage-system. We understand now why he could resign his seat in Parliament on the ground of his being the National Guild System with the State and the capitalists—and substituting for it the guild-system with its implied contract between the State and the capitalists and for the Guild System with its explicit contract between the State and the Guilds—but to nibble at the present contract and to worry the capitalists into excesses of resentment in the hope that they and not the State, will be the first to break the tacit agreement. As we say, there is no sign that the social reformers have got anything like so far in practice as the breaking point of the patience of the capitalists. On the whole, of course, the capitalists are still getting the best of it. But it is nothing to us what is the practical outcome for the moment of the nagging demands of the social reformers. For we deliberately proceed upon the assumption that the wage-system is immoral and therefore cannot last. The social reformers, however, by seeking to gild its chains, both affirm by implication that the system is moral, and, to the best of their ability, perpetuate it. The quarrel, in short, of the revolutionary economist is not so much with the capitalist whose system he proposes to supersede but with the advantage enjoyed by the social reformer who, more than the capitalist, delays and resists its supersession. We hope we have said enough to justify our hatred of the social reformers, and to explain our singing out of these amiable devils for attack in the midst of a cotton civilisation.

* * *

THE NEW AGE

July 3, 1913
slowly, accurate, should bracket Mr. Lansbury as a "good Socialist" with Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Blatchford and The New Age. Would Mr. Chesterton, we ask, like to be a good Catholic as Guy Fawkes, Father Vaughan and the Nun of Ealing—or is it Tooting? The sooner Mr. Lansbury retires to his study for a little reflection on the subjects he proposes to take for his campaign, together with their poodle, the Labour Party have come on the subject. Save in two comparatively small respects, all the parties now in the House agree as completely on the methods of Land Reform as two years ago they agreed on the principles of the Insurance Act.

It will be difficult indeed for Mr. Lloyd George, with all his speculative ingenuity, to think of anything novel to contribute to the discussion when he opens his campaign in October. If only it were true that when Parliament is practically unanimous Parliament is right, we should have nothing to do but to congratulate ourselves on the end of controversy and the beginning of material rural reform. But from long experience we may safely conclude that agriculture is not an industry to pay a dividend on it is when a parlour with a party leaders. They could not otherwise, with common accord put forward proposals, some of which apply to agriculture as if it were an ordinary industry, and others of which assume agriculture to be sui generis. What is the real distinction between agriculture and industry in general? It is that agriculture is one of the last of the occupations in which use exceeds profit. From the standpoint of use, to the nation, to those engaged in it, and in itself, agriculture is plainly the most valuable industry we possess. All other industries might decline almost to zero, but provided agriculture were still a flourishing art, the nation would always have the means of recovery. But as an industry of profit, as production for dividends, agriculture is at the same time one of the most profitable of our trades. We are not reckoning, be it noted, its yield in wages. Wages on the whole tend to subsistence level in every form of industry. The sixpence of the agriculturist's labour procures him much about the same value as the thirty shillings of the city artisan. It is in the surplus in exchange values over and above the cost in money of production that agriculture compared with other industries is poor; and while this is the case and profiteering remains established, nothing will induce capitalists to invest in agriculture for a beggary two per cent. return when, by investing in other industries, they can ensure themselves ten, twenty, and often a hundred per cent. 

It will be observed that this view of agriculture as relatively a profitless industry, colours a large part of the Parliamentary programme of rural reform. For it is obvious that the proposals to establish wage-boards, to provide cheap houses, to subsidise farmers and to provide for the landless, the sixpence of the contract. The mortal labourer procure for him much about the same value as the thirty shillings of the city artisan. It is in the surplus in exchange values over and above the cost in money of production that agriculture compared with other industries is poor; and while this is the case and profiteering remains established, nothing will induce capitalists to invest in agriculture for a beggary two per cent. return when, by investing in other industries, they can ensure themselves ten, twenty, and often a hundred per cent.

The means suggested by the various groups in Parliament differ a little in detail, it is true, but their common assumption is practically a flat denial of a common fact. By implication, all three groups deny that agriculture is, relatively an unprofitable industry; but, while the alternative, they maintain that agriculture is not relatively unprofitable of necessity. But about the first fact there can, we think, be no dispute among those who are capable of judging. Capital, like Nature, abhors a vacuum. Capital will not pump or aid any industry requiring capital which yet does not relatively pay, be maintained in the midst of a system which offers high payment to capital in every other industry?

The means suggested by the various groups in Parliament differ a little in detail, it is true, but their common assumption is practically a flat denial of a common fact. By implication, all three groups deny that agriculture is, relatively an unprofitable industry; but, while the alternative, they maintain that agriculture is not relatively unprofitable of necessity. But about the first fact there can, we think, be no dispute among those who are capable of judging. Capital, like Nature, abhors a vacuum. Capital will not pump or aid any industry requiring capital which yet does not relatively pay, be maintained in the midst of a system which offers high payment to capital in every other industry?
effect of any of the so-called reforms will be to depress the position of the agricultural proletariat and to force him to a new exodus to the towns, there again to bear down wages. Instead of squandering thousands of pounds upon providing forty Labour leaders with a propaganda. It is that since the argument is plausible, and we confess that if the fact on which it is based is likely to prove a permanent fact, argument of any weight in the whole pro-suffrage pro-leges which go along with economic independence. The case? It is true that almost before we realised the nature and inclination of the men of their class is, men wage-slaves. Women can, it is true, rebel as violently and effectively (and, let us say with much more than the right to vote. Their remaining in industry as for the right to vote. Their anti-capitalistic and against the subjugation of the men of their class is, men wage-slaves. Women can, it is true, rebel as violently and effectively (and, let us say with much more than their bare need to persuade us of it. Deeds we shall consider, not words. And in deeds the conclusion to be drawn with the least effort is the conclusion that women have assumed of economic power (for the right to live by wages, if these can be had, in industry. We need not say, the substance of economic power any more than the right to choose between one or other of the capitalist parties is the substance of political power). If, on the other hand, the fact is not irrecoverable, if it should prove on reflection to be a deplorable fact that may yet be but a shameful episode, and no more, in our opinion, is the shortest way to a rural revival.

* * *

Though in a pompous style which at the same time is not strictly grammatical, the letter which we print elsewhere from the progressive women-writers on the subject of women's suffrage calls attention to the only argument of any weight in the whole pro-suffrage propaganda. It is that since 15 million women are already in wage-industry, the tradition of women's economic dependence upon men has already been broken down, and justice can no longer deny them the political privileges which go along with economic independence. The argument is plausible, and we confess that if the fact on which it is based is likely to prove a permanent fact, the argument is practically unanswerable. But is this the case? That is one of the questions we remain to answer in the affirmative the case against women's suffrage is gone: women wage-slaves, like men wage-slaves, are entitled to the same shadow of political power as they have assumed of economic power (for the right to live by wages, if these can be had, in industry. We need not say, the substance of economic power any more than the right to choose between one or other of the capitalist parties is the substance of political power). If, on the other hand, the fact is not irrecoverable, if it should prove on reflection to be a deplorable fact that may yet be but a shameful episode, and no more, in our opinion, is the shortest way to a rural revival.

* * *

We will leave the question to women themselves, whether they wish to remain in wage-industry all their lives. For our part, it will take much more than their bare need to convince us of it. Deeds we shall consider, not words. And in deeds the conclusion to be drawn with the least effort is the conclusion that women are as unhappy as they are unnatural in industry. But can women remain in industry, as unhappy as they are unnatural in industry.

Lastly, the question of whether women should, if it is not imperative, remain in wage industry scarcely deserves discussion. Nuptials should be in wage-industry, let alone remain in it. For women even more than for men, it is degrading, dehumanising, and destructive. A woman in industry almost ceases to be a woman. Without making a man of her or even which would be preferable to the fact—a beast or a lunatic, industry transforms her into a creature, neither male nor female, neither beast nor man, neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. As for the effect of the vote, if that be the case, again, please Heaven, we may never know it! A generation born of an industrial generation of woman wage-slaves is a creation to dread. Then indeed should we see with our mortal eyes what only the prophet's eye can see, the folly of the wage-system incarnated in its inhuman scapegoats. But in conceding the vote to women while the wage-system is at work we are ensuring just this; for the Vote is indeed a symbol, not of women's enfranchisement from subjection to men, but of their new subjection to the system of wage-profitting. From the whips of their husbands and brothers they will fly to the scorpions of capitalists and factory inspectors. And once the seal of political freedom is placed on their so-called economic freedom their fate is inevitable. Once enfranchised and ranked publicly and unashamedly as eligible for wage-slavery, capitalism will never let go of them until it has squeezed the last drop of profit out of them. It may be said, however, that the warning comes too late; five and a half million women are already in industry; we should have locked the stable door before the horse was stolen. But if we have neglected to lock the door before it was too late, we need not look the door while it may still be too soon. What if the horse should return? What if women and men wage-slaves together should destroy the wage-system and thereby create Guilds in which women as well as men, as of old, might find an honourable and not a dishonourable place in industry? Until that hope is entirely vanished we shall oppose the political enfranchisement of women.

* * *

Mr. Lloyd George has not waited long to prove that his recent experiences and the nation's generous re-rehabilitation of his public character have had no beneficent effect either upon his sense of political expediency or upon his sense of truth. On Tuesday he introduced into the House of Commons a Bill to Amend the Insurance Act of which he said that "it contained no proposal which would touch the main structure" of that measure. At the same time he assured the House that the Act was "working well and smoothly." If Mr. Lloyd George is unaware—and being a fool who has not yet learned the Rule of Three of politics he may be unaware—that a Bill which does not "touch the main structure" of the Insurance Act is not only not an amending Bill but a Bill to add insult to the injury caused by that Act, he knows at least that in saying that the Act works "well and smoothly," he is saying what is not true even as official lying goes. Of both these facts, however, he is aware and he is capable of learning anything, as time goes on; for we are convinced that not only is the Act not now working "well and smoothly" (everybody knows it), but its working to-day is calm to its state when the Friendly Societies began to go down to meet their forlorn future. Similarly, if the by-elections, with their concentration of popular hatred on the Insurance Act have failed to convince Mr. Lloyd George
that his Act is the most detested measure since Chinese Slavery, the coming General Election must prove it even to him. There is no escape, we are now certain, from a General Election fought on the Insurance Act, and on the Insurance Act alone. In vain will the party leaders endeavour to make Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment or Land Reform the main issue of the next election. Every insured person—and they number, we are told, over thirteen millions, of whom perhaps four millions are voters—will vote at the next election for ending or mending “in its main structure” the Insurance Act which was passed two years ago. But for deliberate misrepresentation the remarks by Mr. Harold Spender on the Insurance Amendment Bill would be hard to parallel in the purlieus of the kingdom of God. “Altogether,” says this tout of Mr. Lloyd George, “the Bill goes far to meet every criticism raised by the opponents of the Bill in the by-elections.” How far a single one of the new proposals goes towards abolishing the compulsory clauses of the Act Mr. Lloyd George, we presume, is at least as good a judge as Mr. Spender. And Mr. Lloyd George assures us that the main structure of the Act, of which Compulsion is certainly one of the pillars, remains untouched by the new Bill. If the continued glossing over of the real defects of the Act were likely to stave off its amendment for ever; or if the pretence that only partisan criticism of the Act exists might conceivably crush out every other criticism; Mr. Spender’s lies would have the justification of the doctor’s reassurances to a nervous, but not hopeless, patient. But the defects of the Act are none of our invention, and its unpopularity no longer needs the stimulus of party feeling if ever it did. By surrounding its death-bed with such persons as Mr. Spender the Act is assured of expiring amidst a shower of reassuring bulletins.

The squabbles of the Labour and Socialist groups over the Leicester election have little interest for us and none whatever that we can see for the general public. If the British Socialist Party that ran Mr. Hartley against the advice of the Labour Executive were different in principle or in method from the latter group, there would be perhaps some reason to welcome its intervention. But in every essential respect save opinion it is identical. For one, it has a policy which though different in principle or in method from the latter group, is based on an economic fallacy which ten minutes’ thought would dissipate, is yet consistent. The Labour Party does not one day denounce political action and the same day adopt it. It does not to-day profess to think that economic emancipation must be accomplished by economic means and to-morrow declare that political means are a waste of time. Its view is that economic emancipation can be won by political means alone; and in pursuit of this mistaken and disastrous aim, its methods are what logician can be expected. The best policy we can suggest for those who are certain the Labour Party is wrong is to propagate a profounder view of the economics of our national as well as proletarian situation. Economic analysis precedes political synthesis exactly as economic power precedes political power. [The present issue contains 32 pp.]
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdun.

There is nothing to add to what I said in these columns a few weeks ago about the Egyptian Capitulations. It is admitted everywhere that they are cumbersome and tedious. No serious objection is being made to their abolition; but it is not yet known what is to take their place. When the Foreign Office recently communicated with Paris on the matter the proposal was made, without details being gone into, that there should be a system of "English Courts." The phrase is the phrase of Downing Street, and I have myself declared that it is vague enough. The statement prepared for official use carries us no further; and M. Pichon, the French Foreign Minister, is still waiting for a reply to many of his questions.

The "Near East" objected to the phrase "English Courts" which I used in my first article, and declared that the peculiar condition of things in Egypt rendered such a legal régime impossible. The peculiar conditions of Egypt were not altogether unknown to me; and I used the expression because it was the expression of the Foreign Office, and the meaning to be attached to it, however vague, was the official meaning, i.e., the Courts should be English in the sense that the laws administered in them would be subject to English advice and control. But the principle that foreign judges, i.e., the legal representatives of other European Powers, should sit, when necessary, with the English judges, was not excluded.

I can say nothing more definite about the scheme just at present, nor can anybody else. Our Foreign Office made a blunder by sending a Note to the Powers regarding the Capitulations without having adequately considered the whole question, and without, consequently, being able to make a reasonable and detailed suggestion when inquiries were naturally made by the other Foreign Offices.

Those of us who knew China and the Chinese thought it best to hold our tongues when the Manchu dynasty was declared at an end and a "Western" form of Government established. The English people had a fit of sentimentalism because, in the expression of the Foreign Office, and the meaning to be attached to it, however vague, was the official meaning, i.e., the Courts should be English in the sense that the laws administered in them would be subject to English advice and control. But the principle that foreign judges, i.e., the legal representatives of other European Powers, should sit, when necessary, with the English judges, was not excluded.

I can say nothing more definite about the scheme just at present, nor can anybody else. Our Foreign Office made a blunder by sending a Note to the Powers regarding the Capitulations without having adequately considered the whole question, and without, consequently, being able to make a reasonable and detailed suggestion when inquiries were naturally made by the other Foreign Offices.

Those of us who knew China and the Chinese thought it best to hold our tongues when the Manchu dynasty was declared at an end and a "Western" form of Government established. The English people had a fit of sentimentalism because, in the expression of the Foreign Office, and the meaning to be attached to it, however vague, was the official meaning, i.e., the Courts should be English in the sense that the laws administered in them would be subject to English advice and control. But the principle that foreign judges, i.e., the legal representatives of other European Powers, should sit, when necessary, with the English judges, was not excluded.

And now the end has come. Yuan-Shi-Kai, the President of the new Republic, and perhaps the founder of a new Chinese dynasty, if the assassin misses him, Yuan the Wily, has shown that he no longer wishes for European sympathy or support. He has just issued several edicts, a selection from which appears in the "Daily Telegraph" of June 24; and they are of a remarkable character. Far from mentioning European institutions, Yuan-Shi-Kai deftly appeals to the prejudices and tastes of the old régime. Above all he says: "Confucius, born in the time of the tyranny of the nobility, in his works declared that after war comes peace, and with peace real tranquillity and happiness. This, therefore, is the fountain of republicanism. After studying the history of China and consulting the opinions of scholars, I find that Confucius must remain the teacher for thousands of generations."
present trouble rests on Bulgaria. I pointed out some
time ago that the return of Dr. Danoff to power was
not likely to lead to peace. The new Bulgarian Premier
exhibits all the worst Slavo-Turk qualities: he is pig-
headed, stubborn, and deceitful, and is disliked by all
who have the misfortune to be his colleagues. But his
influence in the world of Austro-Balkan finance is so
great that he cannot be got rid of.

Military Notes.
By Romney.
In this and the succeeding articles I intend to explain
the system upon which the organisation of the Army
should be planned. A comprehension of it is indispens-
able to the solution not only of the military problem, but
of all other problems which deal with the ordering and
marshalling of men—in other words, with organisation.

Briefly, organisation may be defined as the adaptation
of our purposes to the nature of man, and to the nature
of the universe in the manner best fitted to ensure their
fulfilment. It is quite obvious that any measures which
do not consider these two great factors are doomed to
failure. In organisation we have, therefore, to keep
clearly before us our purpose: the nature of man, and
the nature of the rest of the universe. It is useless to
discuss purposes. They may vary to infinity, and
generally do. We need only emphasise for the benefit
of the modern world in particular) the advisability of
deciding where you are going before you set out to get
there. Otherwise you are likely to end up in heaven
knows what unexpected quarter.

As regards the remainder—the nature of man and
the nature of the universe—it might seem at first
though codification were impossible
of the universe in the manner best fitted to ensure their
fulfilment. It is useless to discuss purposes. They may vary to infinity, and
generally do. We need only emphasise for the benefit
of the modern world in particular) the advisability of
deciding where you are going before you set out to get
there. Otherwise you are likely to end up in heaven
knows what unexpected quarter.

The principles of the new science can best be ex-
pressed by saying that certain facts run through the
natures of man and things like the interweaving
melodies in a fugue. It is claimed by Mr. Williams that he
has ascertained and tabulated these facts, and that they
are as follows:

(a) The fact that man possesses certain needs and
desires which must be satisfied, and without the satisfac-
tion of which in due proportion he remains defective and
lopsided. These needs may be, for convenience, classi-
fied under the following seven heads: The desire for
truth; the desire for justice; the desire for beauty; the
desire for pleasure; the need for bodily health; the need
for physical action; and the need for reproduction. That
this classification is not merely arbitrary is shown by
several facts. Firstly, the same conclusion has been
reached independently in the philosophies of a number
of civilisations, from the Greeks to the West African
negroes. (See Mr. Dennett’s recent article in The New
Asg.) Secondly, it works. The activities of organisa-
tions and of individuals do classify themselves in this
manner with extraordinary ease.

(b) The fact of degree: that things differ in value
and quantity, and that, by inference, their value alters
to their quantity. This fact may seem too
obvious to be worth placing on paper; yet as a fact
nothing is more distressingly frequent than the ancient
sophistry which denies the importance of the limit.
Nothing is commoner than to be asked: Do you admit
the value of discipline? or, Do you believe in State
control? whereas the questions should be: How much dis-
cipline do you believe in? and How far would you carry
the principle of State control?

(c) The fact of duality: that the universe is governed
by the balance of conflicting needs. It is neglect of this
principle which leads men to excess in any one direc-
tion, and which is responsible for a large proportion of
our military muddles.

(d) The fact of growth: that all things start with a
certain heredity, work in a certain environment, and
have a certain range or exfoliation. Up to the present
I have not noticed any organised attempt to deny this
fact, but have no doubt that the modern world will
“evolve” one before very long.

Now our modern life is complicated, and is likely to
remain complicated. In consequence, we cannot hope
that, unaided, the mass of men will regain that instinct-
tive knowledge of the nature of the men and things, that
touch with reality which is essential to organisation. It
has therefore become imperative to systematise and
systematise the knowledge which the greater organisers have
acquired on these points, and to aid the mass of men by
rendering it available for the guidance. This has been
done by Mr. Bruce Williams in his “Science of Organisa-
tion.” A knowledge of this science will not make an
organiser, any more than a knowledge of perspective
will make a painter; but it will keep the non-genius on
the rails, and enable him to understand and intelligently
execute the idea of others who are qualified.

Half the friction in large organisations like armies
arises from the fact that the subordinate ranks do not
understand the meaning of their superiors’ actions, and that
no one can or will enlighten them.

In my next article I shall return to the question and
show how the neglect of one or other of these four great
facts, upon which the science of organisation rests, has
been responsible for the great military failures of history.
"The New Age" and "The Real Democracy."

The New Age stands for fellowship but not for ownership, and is sure that the future is not with those who stand for both. It is not our business to predict, but we are sure that neither of these two things can thrive without the other, and that therefore the Associative State, wherein each coororobates the other, would prove more normal than would Guild-Socialism to the permanent part of Man's nature.

We have a real sense of the honour which The New Age has done us by criticising "The Real Democracy" on its central ground, and although we had intendent to answer all our critics together in some future book or pamphlet, we are glad of this opportunity for a brief attempt to clarify the issue.

(1) "..." Guild-shares must be either equal or unequal. If equal, membership without shares would be enough; if unequal, exploitation would be inevitable.

(2) "...the industrial assets of the country ought to be owned by the State and not by the Guilds."

(3) "...The Real Democracy ... does not mention the vital part which the wage system plays in our argument."

Before examining these three points we should like to have it quite clear at the outset that we advocate the Owning Guild not as the sole type of industrial government, but as the chief and determining type. We do not say that one type (not the chief) might not be the Non-owning Guild.

Now for your three points.

I.—Guild-shares must be either equal or unequal. If equal, membership without shares would be enough: if unequal, exploitation would be inevitable.

This implies ultimately that there can be no inequality in external goods which does not necessarily involve injustice.

Such a contention we think false; that it is at least demonstrable you would yourselves admit.

Now, if men in the future, having debated that contention in the light of experience, refused to accept it, their refusal would necessarily involve their rejection of your proposal; if they accepted it, their acceptance would not necessarily involve their rejection of our proposal.

The reason is this:

Our proposal is that part of the Owning Guild's capital should be owned by the Guild itself as a corporation, and the rest of it by the members distributively. Suppose some member of a Rota Guild to receive from it ten units of income in the year. Now, that income might include (1) Remuneration for Services, and (2) returns to capital; and it might be made up in various ways, e.g., in the proportion of seven units as remuneration for services, to three units as returns to capital; or in the proportion of 3 to 7, or of 0 to 10, or of 10 to 0, or in whatever other proportion his Guild (subject to the State-enforceable provisions of its State-granted charter) might think best.

There might be in an Owning Guild some very small proportion of members whose receipts consisted only of Remuneration for Services; while there might also be a very small proportion whose receipts consisted only of Returns to Capital. To make the presence of the first sort imposssible would be to deny a man the right of surrendering a right on his own terms. (See "The Real Democracy," p. 169.) So long as such mem-

bers were few, the presence of both sorts of them should be possible in any real democracy.

Now you predetermine rigidly for your Non-owning Guild how the receipts of its members shall be composed. We leave that open for our Owning Guild itself to determine, so long as it does not infringe the provisions of its charter. If you think that your implied contention that no inequality in external goods is possible without injustice, they can act on that belief without rejecting your Guild; if they should think you wronged (as we do, and as we think they always would), they could not act on that belief without rejecting your Guild. Meanwhile you, having presumably dismissed the Shavian Money-Equality at your front door, would appear to be covertly re-introducing it in the rear.

II.—The industrial assets of the country ought to be owned by the State and not by the Guilds.

We are not sure what you mean by "industrial assets," but assume that they include the means of production—land and capital. Then your proposition would seem to be that no Guild shall own; that the State shall be sole paymaster; and that the receipts of the Guildsmen shall be precisely equal. Are we right in inferring that you do really propose that, when it is put plainly before you?

If you do, have you any reply to the objections on p. 125 of "The Real Democracy"? "..." Guild-shares must be either equal or unequal. If equal, membership without shares would be enough: if unequal, exploitation would be inevitable.

We gave a comparatively small space to Guild-Socialism, not because we thought it more remote from the truth than Fabianism, but because we agree with so much of it. We did not discuss the wage-system in Chapter III, because we had already done that in Chapter II, and knew that our analysis of existing conditions had much in common with your own, and even owed much to it. If you would refer to Chapter II (p. 40 et seq.) you should recognise not only that we were aware of the importance of the wage-system, but also that we discriminate in our analysis where you do not.

For instance, you assume that because the wage-system is evil, any single instance of the receipt of wages must necessarily be evil in any circumstances. It is the essence of our own analysis that we discriminate between system and instance. To say that a State is based on the wage-system is surely to imply that most of the members of that State get wages only. Wages (or whatever other name you may prefer to give to remuneration for services) are not necessarily evil where few men get them; they are necessarily evil where most men get them, and where most men do not also get returns to capital.

To sum up: We suggest that our analysis of the wage-system discriminates where yours does not; that the Owning and not the Non-owning Guild should predominate; and that inequality of property does not necessarily involve injustice. But we shall never deny that we owe much to The New Age, and hope that it may soon put us forthwith its debt to the reader under this brief heading.

And finally, please answer this:—How can you hold that "Property is power," and yet suppose that the Unions can be strong without property? If you do not suppose that (and you are mainly sound advice to the Unions makes us reluctant to accuse you of supposing it), how do you square that advice with your Guild-Socialism? In practice you commend property to the Union; in theory you deny it to the Guild.

The Authors of "The Real Democracy."
A Rejoinder.

We recognise that the writers of "The Real Democracy" are genuine controversialists. They argue with evident sincerity and to reach some permanent basis. It is, therefore, a pleasure to discuss the subject with them. In my opinion it is by no means right to be particularised as to the scientific meaning of the word "property." Its meaning really depends upon its context. Thus, when we talk of the "propriety" classes, we really do not mean, nor can we be taken to mean, the working class, although more workmen possess property in the shape of furniture or other personal effects. In the last paragraph we are accordingly supposed to be placed in a pretty dilemma. There is, however, no contradiction in our advice to the unions to get property and our objection to the Guilds owning the plant and industrial assets to which they apply their labour. The writers too readily assume that a non-owning Guild implies a non-propertied membership. This misconception runs through their whole argument, and indeed through their book. Because we object to unequal shareholders in the Guilds, we are told "this implies ultimately that there can be no inequality in external good which does not necessarily involve injustice." Apart from the fact that we have repeatedly stated that the advantages we call the 'pay' are a perquisite of the Guilds, there is no warrant for assuming that all Guild members receiving equal pay will be equally provident or improvident in their spending habits? We are told that our contention that there should be no such inequality is false. Of is not our contention that it is not. Does it not occur to our critics that if we advocated anything so foolish, the case for National Guilds would be dead before it was born? What do we assert is that capital can only exploit labour by maintaining the wage-system. The Guilds, therefore, to prevent the exploitation of labour by capital is to destroy the wage-system. Our critics agree that the wage-system ought to be abolished, but shrink from the conclusion. How can the members of their Owning Guilds derive a proportion of their income from personal capital invested in the Guilds unless the wage-system is retained? And if the wage-system be retained, then their Owning Guilds are mere variations of our existing joint-stock system. To call such an organisation "a guild" is surely a perversion of its meaning—certainly of the modern meaning given to it by The New Age. Will the writers of "The Real Democracy" elect upon which the wage-system. We do not doubt that wages will persist long after the system is dead—but not in the Guilds. Perhaps the Rota writers are not after all very far from us. But they seem to have entered the problem obliquely, as do all Mr. Belloc's young disciples, whereas the thorough approach is to get rid of the education of the wage-system. They now contend that their analysis of the wage-system is more discriminating than ours. So far as we can understand it, their contention seems to be that in the Rota Guild, shareholders shall be wage-earners and yet not wage-earners. We venture to think that our discrimination in our chapter "Industries Susceptible of Guild Organisation" is more discriminating and scientifically more accurate. We certainly assert that a monopoly of labour by labourers is hopelessly incompatible with the continuance of the wage-system. We do not doubt that wages will persist long after the system is dead—but not in the Guilds.

The Price of Gold.

By Alfred E. Randall.

In my last article on this subject, I lapsed into a state of juvenile credulity. I said: "From the point of view of the future of the native, the question is now an academic one. The Government has prohibited further recruiting north of latitude 22 south." I do not think that any excuse for this lapse is possible. I can only explain it by saying that I accepted, in all good faith, the assurances of the South African Press that the Government prohibition would be effective. But the man on the spot who knows most of this matter, Mr. E. J. Moynihan, has no illusions concerning the Government prohibition. Interviewed by the "Rand Daily Mail," on May 17, 1913, he said with regard to the action of the South African Government: "They have taken no action at all. Mr. Sauer has announced that the Government will prohibit recruiting in tropical areas. I have yet to learn that the King's writ runs in Portuguese territory. How can the Government prevent the natives of Quelimane or Angola, or other place under the Portuguese flag, being brought to Lourenco Marques, there to be recruited south of latitude 22?"

The Government is powerless in the matter, says Mr. Moynihan, and the mining houses know it. The only effective action it can take is to prohibit the entry of foreign natives altogether, or to sanction it only on condition that the general native mortality is kept down to some reasonable figure. We are dealing with people who are worse than the natives themselves; the probability of either of these ideal actions being performed is very slight. The public outcry will probably compel the Government to do what it has declared it will do; and Mr. Moynihan shows that its action will probably make matters worse. If it does not take action, it will probably increase the general mortality. The tropical natives will be brought into Portuguese territory south of 22 by unauthorised agents. They will be recruited by all the methods that now prevail; there will be no precautionary detention of three weeks in the W.R.L.A. compounds; and the heavy tropical mortality will be concealed in the general native death-rate.

That this is not an unjustifiable estimate of the probable results may be seen by a reference to previous actions of the mine owners. Commenting on Mr. Sauer's speech, the "Rand Daily Mail," in its issue of
The disclosures will not enhance the reputation of the leaders of the mining industry. They must have known the true facts, and yet they seem to have taken advantage of a wretched quibble in order to soothe the public conscience with assurances of a prosperous future upon figures which were mere half-truths. Quoting these disgracefully inaccurate statistics, they again and again told the world that all was well, when their own clerks could have told them they were hoodwinking the public. And this circulation of a scandalous and dangerous lie was the worst possible means to recruit such labourers over a still wider area. With arrangements already made for more extensive recruiting, and so simple an evasion of the Government prohibition possible to them, it is easy to see that Mr. Moynihan's estimate of the results of the Government's action, if it is taken, is most probably accurate. There is, then, no immediate possibility of a reduction in the rate of mortality among tropical natives; although the recorded figures may, by some jugglery, be made to indicate a decrease. Forgetting that protection of the people for, as far back as 1906, Sir Lionel Phillips told the Chamber of Mines that "of all the inhuman things they could do, the worst would be to bring men to their death here from Central Africa." But that did not stop them then, and in 1908, in broke; the death rate fell from 70 to 68 per thousand. When, in 1910, the death-rate had risen to 90 per thousand, not so much was said, although pious references to the "act of God" were more than one knew how to mention the figures. When, by 1912, the death-rate had fallen again to 70, the mine-owners were vociferous to their own glory; but the "act of God" again stopped all rejoicing, and the death-rate for March this year rose to 118. The strange thing is that the mine-owners seem to regard a death-rate of 70 per thousand as quite a normal one, or, rather, as being so extraordinarily low as to entitle them to boast of it. What it really means may be understood from another quotation of the interview with Mr. Moynihan.

"Here is Chaplin repeating the old twaddle about "not knowing the death-rate of the tropics in their homes" as an excuse for a rate of 70 per thousand. Such a figure is greater, by far, than any known birth-rate. Nor can the theory of over-population be a reasonable one. No tribe or nation, could survive it for three generations. And remember that this rate of 70 per thousand is for men in the prime of life, from whom those absolutely unfit for work are being constantly sorted out for repatriation. It corresponds to a death-rate of 1 in 1,200; that is, from four to six times more than it should be."

What is even more surprising is the fact, first noticed by Mr. Moynihan, that "the white death-rate under ground is very much higher than the tropical rate." This is so astonishing an assertion, in view of the recorded rate of 16 or 17 per thousand among white men in the most unhealthy ground, that I quote Mr. Moynihan's explanation of it in full. "The total underground white death working force is about 12,000 men. If the tropical death-rate of 70 per thousand existed among the underground whites it would produce about 850 deaths per annum. Nearly a third of those who have studied the question know that the Miners' Phthisis Board, appointed to examine into the phthisis question and the state of the health of the men underground, reported 'that there would probably be too many cases of miners' phthisis annually. Everybody who has followed the matter also knows that their estimate has been enormously exceeded. It is common knowledge that, in the last three months, nearly 1,000 applications have been made to the present Phthisis Board. It is highly probable that any great percentage of these are 'cumulative' cases. It must be practically 'current business,' since we know that the old Phthisis Board reported that very few of their later applications represented existing class claims. Nearly a year has elapsed since that report. There can be little doubt that the present 'current business' is at least 2,000 cases a year. One has only to consult the table, given in the Phthisis Board's report, of the expectation of life of the compensated miners to see that these nearly all mean phthisis deaths sooner or later. Therefore, the deaths of whites 'in the compound' from miners' phthisis alone represent a much greater mortality than that among the tropical natives, even if they are spread over the whole of the underground force and for a year, not on the Rand—it is all over the world. A very small proportion of it is in the Transvaal. A very large proportion of the bad cases receive compensation, and so it is spread out of the country altogether. Another very large proportion, perhaps of the rest, or the country districts, or to the diamond diggings."

There can be, obviously, no figures relating to the mortality among such cases; indeed, the Phthisis Board, in its report, could only say: "The lack of good grounds for believing that more deaths have occurred which have not yet been noticed, because the usual form of notification is an application for benefits by the dependents of the deceased. With regard to single or lump sum beneficiaries or beneficiaries repatriating the Board has, obviously, no knowledge of the number of deaths among them. But that the mortality for the current year will be terribly high, even if no figures of it are available, may be seen from a glance at the compensation awards already made this year. On January 1st, 1913, (the date of the report of the Miners' Phthisis Board) 1,468; of this number 922 were annuity awards, that is, monthly payments of £8 per month to miners, and 546 were single sum payments. Of the annuity awards, 119 exceed one year's compensation; of the single sum payments, 222 did not exceed £90. The reasons for these low awards are given by the Board. "With regard to lump sum payments to repatriated miners and dependents, 98 were awarded less than the maximum. In the cases of beneficiary miners they were unmarried and had no dependents, while the estimate of the expectation of life of each beneficiary did not warrant a higher award being made. In the remaining cases a smaller sum than the maximum was awarded for the same reason or owing to the fact that the deceased left no children and his widow had remarried. The lowest amount awarded in a lump sum to a repatriated miner was £175. He had only married a "few months before his death."

"The highest rate of mortality says Mr. Moynihan, "is an immediate danger from superimposed tuberculosis." Therefore, the Board, by its awards, reveals its expectation of 341 deaths within a year out of 1,468 cases; a figure that approximates to Mr. Moynihan's estimate of 1,000 per thousand."

Whether it is possible so to ameliorate the conditions of working in the mines as to prevent the development of tuberculosis among the miners is a difficult question to answer. Dr. Aymard has suggested the wearing of an efficient respirator by all workers underground; but his claim is a little too exaggerated to be admitted.
We know beyond all question," he says, "that provided dust does not enter the air passages, phthisis will not supervene." Frankly, we don't know anything of the sort. We know that the contributing causes of phthisis are many and various; that depressing emotions, the constant breathing of bad air, the performance of work that cramped the chest, all play their part in the production of phthisis. There is no reason to doubt that the laceration of the air passages by dust does enormously increase the liability to phthisis, and that an efficient respirator would prevent this awful damage. But if the air in the mines is not already pure, breathing it through a respirator will not purify it except of the gross particles. Another suggestion that has been made is accepted by Mr. Moynihan with much approval. "The Mail," he said, "recently put forward a suggestion which would, I think, practically eliminate 90 per cent of the phthisis on these mines. [What would cause the remaining 10 per cent?] It was that electric blasting should be adopted, and operated in such a way that all the men should be out of the mines while the blasting dust was produced. The charges were to be fired from the surface, or in such a way that the mine had been thoroughly cleared of the dust." It has been announced that a new mine, the City Deep Shaft, will adopt this system; and it certainly promises well. But it will undoubtedly be expensive, and the mine-owners are not generous. The statement of Mr. Tom Mathews (General Secretary of the Miners' Federation), to be capable of sufficiently good management to operate such a system profitably to themselves. The mines of South Africa are worked on a hand-to-mouth system; he says: "It is the custom on mines all over the world to get a few thousand tons of rock ahead, and this facilitates all the mining work. . . . Here, on the other hand, owing to this miserable system of changing managers every other month, the miner is in the time-screw, down dirt over his foottwall, even brooming it down, and there is a great deal of labour lost and dust raised by the mine captain and others continually taking stuff out of the stops. . . . The single shift system can be introduced, providing the mine is properly worked, and there are plenty of working places. If the mining capitalists will see the advisability of opening out a sufficient quantity of ground two or three years ahead, and not be slaves to the present rule about working costs, then the problem of phthisis will be reasonably grappled with." With regard to the respirator, Mr. Mathews says: "The use of a respirator does some good, but once a miner gets used to a respirator he is inclined to think that will save off the disease, and be generally careless. There is, however, although a respirator may be helpful, the only reasonable solution is to bring the air containing the fine dust out of the mine in its entirety by means of scientific ventilation."

All these suggestions, except Dr. Aymard's, mean money, and a transformation of the present system of working the mines. There is nothing in the history of the mine-owners to justify the assumption that they will voluntarily make these changes; indeed, the fact that the Government has contributed £30,000 to a Compensation Fund proves that the mine-owners are quite willing to tax the community for charges on their industry. But a suggestion has been made by Mr. Moynihan (although he doubts whether the Government has sufficient "backbone" to adopt it), which might meet the case. "It is the plain duty of the Government to say to the mines, in effect: 'It is possible to carry out the work underground in some such way as the 'Mail' has suggested. We are not concerned at all as to whether the adoption of such a plan would require considerable work and re-organisation, or whether it would add or subtract 6d. a ton to or from the working costs. The death-rate among underground whites is such that economic considerations must be brought into the matter at all. It is up to you to find out the exact details and work out the necessary re-organisation. On and after a certain day no mine will be allowed to run at all which blasts when men are in the mine, or allows them to return before the dust is withdrawn or settled.'" Before a Government could venture so heroically, it would have to be reinforced by a vigorous and enlightened public opinion; and if the publication of these facts and figures can do anything to prepare that public opinion, my purpose will be served.

The Irish in England.

By Peter Fanning.

The industrial revolt at present proceeding in the Black Country has revealed to the general public for the first time the existence of the greatest blot on the face of England. London Pressmen who have visited the district have stood aghast, almost speechless with horror, at the things they have discovered. Finding the English language quite inadequate to do justice to the case they have tried to make the public realise the position by publishing pictures of women brick-makers working with bare feet.

Now what struck me most about those pictures, was not that these women were not wearing boots, but that they were wearing petticoats. It was not always so. Thirty-five years ago it was a common sight in the districts of Cannock and West Bromwich, which we worked were in themselves peculiar. Imagine...
a large factory, three storeys high, built in hollow square, the centre occupied by the boilers and engine house. The factory was then let off in small shops, the tenants of which paid a weekly rent for the space and shafting. At that time factories of this description were common in Birmingham. And at one and the same time such crafts as cutting, wood turning, French polishing, brass polishing, tinning, tack, and wood sawing, were carried on independently of each other.

In the brass polishing trade all work was done by contract from the factories, so that all polishers would find the materials of labour, such as spindles, belts, sand, lime and oil, and then bid for work against other masters. Having secured work, generally at cut-throat prices, he would give it out to his workers on "piece." Being recognised as the most dangerous, hardest and worst-paid trade, even in Birmingham, this occupation had fallen almost entirely into the hands of the Irish poor. As a rule there were about three females to every male employed. There were no old men or women, nor hardly one who could be called even middle-aged beyond June, all the others would be good and died young. The expectation of life at this work was for women 22 years, and for men 27. The wages for a full week would vary from six to ten shillings for women and from sixteen to twenty-four for men. And such was the base in cutting and turning that at the end of a week-end, after paying his people, a master would find himself no better off than his workmen. The shop in which I was employed looked on the canal and contained six windows, composed of bull's-eyes or diamond panes. It was easy to follow the seasons of the year by the condition of the windows. About the beginning of May the women would begin to cry out for more air, and then the top row of panes would be knocked out. Week after week the cry would be repeated, until about the end of June all the glass would be gone, and still the shop was like a furnace. The air laden with brass, sand and lime; "bobs" revolving at 2,000 revolutions a minute; the heat engendered by the bearings of shafting and spindles kept the place like an inferno. All the men and boys chewed tobacco, and most of the women sucked pebbles to keep the mouth moist. On Monday mornings during July and August the men and women would club round a halfpenny each for the purchase of oatmeal which it was my duty to mix in a bucket of water. To this they made frequent application, but there were days when even this was not sufficient to enable them to hold out against the heat. First one and then another would collapse, till at last they would all be forced to cease work for the day.

On such occasions, I am sorry to say, the people did not go home. Custom had decreed that the master should take his people—men, women, and children to a public-house opposite the factory, where, taking a room, the remainder of the day would be spent in drinking, dancing and singing. They called this drowning their sorrows. They certainly consumed enough fourpenny-halfpenny to drown that and a great deal more for the time being. Their habits of drinking would scarcely be tolerated to-day. Half a dozen seating themselves at a table would be supplied with beer in a half-collarette, with pipes for each, amongst the lot. This meant that even the children were expected to drink their glass when the drink was going round. I often saw after one of these bouts little boys and girls helplessly drunk.

These, however, were exceptional occasions. As a rule the workmen endured themselves with hard labour to live their brief span in pain and poverty. For some reason which I could never understand the women usually married early. After their marriage they would return to their work and work right up to the day of their confinement. There were no such things as women taken with the pains of maternity whilst standing working at her lathe. Then she would be rushed off home in a cab, but in a few days she would be back again, grinding away as hard as ever—the child being put out to nurse with its grandparents or some other relative.

To suppose these people did not realise and resent their poverty would be a great mistake. It was pitiful to see the shifts some of them adopted to hide their want. I remember a case, in the cutting, of a very handsome and good-living girl who had invented a method of her own for concealing her poverty. Every Monday morning at breakfast time she would open her little parcel, displaying her two slices of bread and a pennyworth of cheese. When she noticed that the cheese was broken she would take it with her back and put it away. Then it would reappear on Tuesday, and so on till Saturday, when she would eat it, having eaten nothing but dry bread all the week. Of course, every one was aware of this device, but no one was brutal enough to mention it or even to appear to have observed it. There is as much delicacy among the poor in some things as amongst more fortunate people.

Some readers of these notes may be asking whether there were any more children employed under these conditions, and, if so, what the public authorities were doing. There were other children. As a matter of fact there were children in every shop. Some of the trades could hardly have been carried on had there been no children to exploit. This was particularly the case in the tin tacks shop, where whole creels of infants were engaged putting the tacks into boxes. The "School Board Man" did make his appearance occasionally, but on such occasions it was arranged that the engine driver should sound a peculiar toot-toot of warning on the factory hoist whereupon we were all stowed away in prepared hiding places. My own hiding place was a large sand-box. The sand used in the shop came from the bed of the Trent and was purchased whilst still wet. It was then placed on the factory hoist dry. It was part of my work to carry this sand in a box on my head to our shop and put it in the sand-box. Whenever the School Board man was announced I was flung into this box on the top of the hot sand, where I had to remain until the public official had departed. Sometimes when taken out I was more dead than alive.

Looking back after forty years I can see that all this visiting of the school attendance officer was nothing but a gross fraud. In front of the factory of which I am speaking there stood on one side the church and on the other side the School Board man. The Rev. George Dawson, who, with the Rev. R. J. Dale and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain were the principal members of the "Education League," who were responsible for the Act of 1870. Had these Ranters been zealous in the education of the children under the School Board, of Nonconformists, it would have been impossible to have employed us in the place I am speaking of. The Rev. George Dawson certainly saw us every day in the week playing about the factory premises. Of the whole crew of Nonconformists, it would have been impossible to have employed us in the place I am speaking of. The Rev. George Dawson certainly saw us every day in the week playing about the factory premises. But the Rev. George Dawson was more dead than alive.

Looking back after forty years I can see that all this visiting of the school attendance officer was nothing but a gross fraud. In front of the factory of which I am speaking there stood on one side the church and on the other side the School Board man. The Rev. George Dawson, who, with the Rev. R. J. Dale and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain were the principal members of the "Education League," who were responsible for the Act of 1870. Had these Ranters been zealous in the education of the children under the School Board, of Nonconformists, it would have been impossible to have employed us in the place I am speaking of. The Rev. George Dawson certainly saw us every day in the week playing about the factory premises. But the Rev. George Dawson was more dead than alive.

Looking back after forty years I can see that all this visiting of the school attendance officer was nothing but a gross fraud. In front of the factory of which I am speaking there stood on one side the church and on the other side the School Board man. The Rev. George Dawson, who, with the Rev. R. J. Dale and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain were the principal members of the "Education League," who were responsible for the Act of 1870. Had these Ranters been zealous in the education of the children under the School Board, of Nonconformists, it would have been impossible to have employed us in the place I am speaking of. The Rev. George Dawson certainly saw us every day in the week playing about the factory premises. But the Rev. George Dawson was more dead than alive.

Looking back after forty years I can see that all this visiting of the school attendance officer was nothing but a gross fraud. In front of the factory of which I am speaking there stood on one side the church and on the other side the School Board man. The Rev. George Dawson, who, with the Rev. R. J. Dale and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain were the principal members of the "Education League," who were responsible for the Act of 1870. Had these Ranters been zealous in the education of the children under the School Board, of Nonconformists, it would have been impossible to have employed us in the place I am speaking of. The Rev. George Dawson certainly saw us every day in the week playing about the factory premises. But the Rev. George Dawson was more dead than alive.
Sun and Wind.

From an Address to "Young Ireland."

By Standish O'Grady.

About Heroes and the Heroic.

Conventionally we speak of the Heroic Period as that which witnessed the emergence and mighty exploits of the Red Branch of Ulster and their gigantic contemporaries in the other provinces; but really the Heroic Age never ends. There are always heroes and the heroic; otherwise mankind would die out and leave the earth empty. Wherever that which is good and right and brave and true is loved and followed, and that which is base despised in spite of its apparent profitableness, there the heroic is present. The heroic is not something to talk about, make books about, write poetry about, but something to be put into act and lived out bravely. And I write so because of late years I notice a growing tendency on the part of our young people to talk grandiloquently about the Heroes of Ireland while they themselves, and quite deliberately, lead most unh-eradic lives.

The heroic has been here always ever since the Celt first set foot in Ireland, mostly indeed unremembered and uncelebrated, but from time to time shining out resplendently and memorably in certain great classes and orders of Irish mankind. Consider these various famous orders which have exhibited the heroic temper and observe their most notable characteristics.

First came the super-human and semi-divine Heroes of "The Heroic Period," conventionally so called. They were really the children of the gods of our Pagan forefathers, and their story, which has been very much rationalised by the historians, belongs rather to the world of literature and imagination than to that of actual fact.

The young Red Branch Heroes were educated in the open air and the light. There they learned to shoot javelins straight at a mark, the care of horses, their training, the management of the war-chariot and chariot steeds, the art of the charioteer, the use of the sling; practised running, practised swimming in lake, river, or the sea, and grew up and lived men of the light, of the air, and of the field.

War and the preparation for war are distinctly and always open-air occupations; and that is one of the reasons—it is the physical reason—why warlike nations and warlike aristocracies have been, on the whole, so successful and enduring. True, war is murder, and murder is always murder, always a breach of one of Nature's great laws. But there is a greater law than this merely negative one, "Thou shalt not kill." There is its positive counterpart, "Thou shalt live and be a living cause of Life," and this command cannot be obeyed by nations that spend the bright day within doors. Life and light and air are inseparable.

So, Peace is eternally good: "Blessed are the peace makers." But the peaceful must be men who are alive and well, not men who are corrupting. Therefore, when a nation cries "Pax! Pax! war is horrible," and goes indoors, it is not long for this world.

What nation will be the first to preach and proclaim universal peace, declare the devilishness of murder? Not the nation that flees from the sun and wind, and goes indoor and sits at a desk crying, Pax! Pax! Those "beautiful feet upon the mountains" will never be seen by the warrior nation, much less by the nation that goes indoors and sits at a desk and makes money for a while.

The Red Branch were warriors, and, as such, men of the open air and the light, their lives spent in grand physical activities out of doors. Finn and the Fianna Eireen come next in the grand roll of our heroic orders. They were essentially not so much warriors as hunters, and, as such, familiar with field and forest, lakes and mountains and the sea. They lived in the open air and the light, lived close to Nature and loved Nature well.

Said Finn:—

"I love to hear the cry of the hounds let loose from Glen Rah with their ears and nose from the Suir, the noise of wild swine in the woods of Mullaghgaast, the song of the blackbird of Letter Lee, the thunder of billows against the cliffs of Eyrus, the screaming of seagulls, the wash of water against the sides of my ship, the shouting of Oscar and the baying of Bran early in the morning," etc., etc.

They lived in the open air, and loved well all the sights and sounds of nature.

Let them pass; men of the light and the air, diffusing from their memory after two thousand years, from their very names a gracious odour, "the smell of the field which the Lord hath blessed."

The next grand order of heroic Irishmen, though not hitherto thought of in that light, were the founders of the great monastic communities conventionally known as "the Saints." These men are quite historical and just as real and actual as ourselves. Also they were Heroes, and the greatest in that kind probably that ever appeared anywhere on the earth's surface to that date. They were born aristocrats, warriors, lords of land and owners of slaves, into whose souls there flashed miraculously the great eternal truth that man ought not to live upon the labours and sufferings and degradation of other people, but that, and especially while young and strong, he ought to sustain himself and others, too, by the labour of his own divine hands. Consider that. And so the Hero-Saints of Ireland, kings, and sons of kings, great chieftains and great chieftain's sons and their kinsmen, lords of land and exactors of tribute and masters of working slaves went forth and ploughed the earth and sowed it and reaped it, and dug drains through marshes and reclaimed wilderness and made good roads and planted orchards and gardens, and tended flocks and herds and bees, and built houses and mills and ships, and became weavers and carpenters and shoemakers, and converted waste places into paradises of peace and plenty. For presently their ingenuity was employed with reparation and increase, and their wealth which was of their own creation, not bought or acquired by violence, wealth which they scattered freely to all that were in need and to all travellers and visitors, extending to all a limitless and glad hospitality.

Why did those great men and women and secular princes and princesses, scions of a proud and powerful and martial aristocracy, undertake this slaves' work, and with such pride and joy? Mainly because they were already proud and brave men, noble and beautiful-souled women, and filled already with a certain heroic ardour. Then as Christians, too, they remembered who it was whom they worshipped and what was His life. So the eternal truth flashed in upon their souls with a blinding glory, blinding them to everything but themselves.

Has universal History anything to show us like the lives of those early Irish Christians? And so they passed, and our foolish mankind began to make gods and goddesses of them, and to tell silly stories about them, and Ireland's punishment to-day for all that folly is that men are more inclined to laugh at the Saints than to imitate them, and anti-Irish historians like Froude are able to tell us that we Irish have had no historical celebrities at all, only "a few grotesque saints!"

As they pass, those Hero-saints' Irish imitators of their divine Lord, we see again the re-emergence of the
old Pagan-Heroic Ideal in our mediæval chieftainry and their martial clansmen, an Ideal whose realisation involved necessarily violence, rapine in many forms, the war cult, the worship of the sword. Let them pass, too, however great and brave. They had at least a Pagan-Heroic Ideal which they bravely followed, and in which they honestly believed. Have you any Heroic Ideal, Pagan or Christian, which you believe in as honestly and follow as bravely? The Irish chieftainry and their martial clansmen were essentially warriors, and as such men of the open air and the light.

Next emerge the Protestant Irish landed gentry of Ireland of the eighteenth century. Children of the English Conquest, the gentlemen of Ireland, successors of the defeated chieftains, men whose right to be included in our heroic types and orders will be disputed by no one who remembers the distinctly heroic spirit exhibited by those settlers and colonists, when, in 1782, in the face of an angry Empire, they put forth their famous and unforgettable “Declaration of Irish Independence,” standing in arms, determined and defeat behind them. The idea which demanded an extension of the civil and political privileges of “our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen,” generosity and magnanimity being an inseparable accomplishment of the heroic temper.

You are not, I think, aware of the strange spiritual force which was driving them and which emanated from Francis Dobbs and his group, a man who, with the heroic temper then so general united the ardour of the light, and to live on the labours of serfs; and it is not a grand thing at all, but a very mean and vile, and as an imitation, save with great reservations. The Heroic Ideal, nothing else than “a blasphemous fable and damnable deceit.”

Finally, and for the first time, emerged into visible influence and power a great class and order of Irishmen here always, though concealed, from the beginning, the Irish Peasantry, the men of plough and spade, tillers of the earth and tenders of cattle, of great order always as the strong foundation of all other classes and interests, whose grand peasant virtues and strength derived from the Earth, the Sunlight, and the Air, need no celebration by me. The great Irish Order is failing to-day, and even failing fast.

Now, all these heroic types and orders of Irish manhood from the Red Branch to the Peasant of to-day have been open-air men, men who drew into themselves the strength of the earth and the life-giving force of the sunlight and the air and lived in close and vital touch with Nature, familiar with field and forest and stream, with the plains and hill sides of Ireland. They all led their lives mainly in the open air, which were also lives of strong physical activity in the open air. Such were the Red Branch, and the Fianna of Finn and the Hero-Saints of the sixth and seventh centuries and the chieftainry and the gentlemen of the eighteenth century and the Peasantry of Ireland, strong and virtuous and renowned, though they are failing to-day, following the herd.

The History of Ireland is the History of its heroic types and orders, and the heroic, as our History teaches us, whatever else it may be, is something which is begotten in the open air and cherished there by the great elemental forces of Nature, and fed and sustained mainly by physical activity in the open air.

You who live contentedly within doors and found your lives, such as they are, upon unusual, effeminate occupations, nursed within doors, ought not, save as an honest preparation for action, presume to talk or write at all about Heroes and the Heroic or about Irish History which, in essence, is nothing else than the history of our heroic types and orders.

Now, the Saints, according as their primal fire burned low, began to sneak into their cloisters and libraries out of the light, and to live on the labours of serfs; and the Gentlemen of Ireland, our landlord order, according as they, too, failed and their natural force abated, retreated into cities, town houses, villa residences and clubs.

To-day our Peasantry aim their best thither also—that is, citywards—and, as they can’t get there, send thither their scions, their boys and girls; held and governed as they are by the huge superstition of our clubbing and sniggering over the Rook which all nominally accepted as the living word of the living God, found there, or being without labour on the labour of others. And it is not a grand thing at all, but a very mean and vile, and as an ideal, nothing else than “a blasphemous fable and a damnable deceit.”

Now, all these Heroic types fall short of the ideal, the ideal which this century and our time present to us. The Red Branch and the Fianna were men of blood. They are not for us, save with great reservations. The brave chieftainry and their clansmen were, too, men of blood. They, too, are not for us, save with reservations.

The landed gentry lived without labour on the labour of others. They are not for us.

The Hero-Saints, save and except that we cannot be all).dables, are for ever and for us all a grand pattern exemplary and ideal. They lived mainly in the open air and the light, working there with their hands and at noble and useful and beautiful occupations. Otherwise, they worked indoors in their workshops, and on such manly labour, outdoor and indoor, they erected their great spiritual and beautiful, scholarly, and artistic life. None of the other heroic types are for our imitation, save with great reservations. The Hero-Saints are.

They saw that war was wrong, infernal, contrary to Christ’s law, and they gave their swords to the smiths to be beaten into spades and hatchets. They saw that slavery was wrong, infernal, contrary to Christ’s law.
They flung away their whips and freed their slaves, and did their own work. So they became great, famous and powerful. Theirs was the greatest effort made in all time to overthrow the dominion of the evil Power which holds mankind in thrall.

They could not conquer, annex and absorb the world, nor did they ever intend to, or even hope to. Their vows of celibacy kept them always a distinct order, and did their own work.

They flung away their all time to overthrow the dominion of the evil Power, and for its own purposes, is inviting you to-day. It draws you into its many well-baited and alluring traps and kills you there after a while and freed their slaves, or even hope to. Their

The Heroic ideal of our century, of man to-day, involves (1) a life in the open air and the light; therefore in the country, upon the useful physical activities—that is to say, labour. Observe I do not say consisting of such activities but founded upon them, as the spirituality and intellectuality, the art and the scholarship of the saints had their base and foundation in such activities. (2) Labour not devoted to money-making, but to the creation and promotion of life and all that makes life worth living.

If you have this ideal in your souls, if you hold it and believe in it as firmly and absolutely as you hold your side. God and Nature and man will help you. But don't you is changing to don'tshew, Tuesday to Cheusdy, and tune is well on the tune is well on the

The Heroic ideal of our century, of man to-day, involves (1) a life in the open air and the light; therefore in the country, upon the useful physical activities—that is to say, labour. Observe I do not say consisting of such activities but founded upon them, as the spirituality and intellectuality, the art and the scholarship of the saints had their base and foundation in such activities. (2) Labour not devoted to money-making, but to the creation and promotion of life and all that makes life worth living.

If you have this ideal in your souls, if you hold it and believe in it as firmly and absolutely as you hold your side. God and Nature and man will help you. But don't you is changing to don'tshew, Tuesday to Cheusdy, and tune is well on the tune is well on the

Think of that life and compare it with the life to which the world, and for its own purposes, is inviting you to-day. It draws you into its many well-baited and alluring traps and kills you there after a while and freed their slaves, or even hope to. Their

The Heroic ideal of our century, of man to-day, involves (1) a life in the open air and the light; therefore in the country, upon the useful physical activities—that is to say, labour. Observe I do not say consisting of such activities but founded upon them, as the spirituality and intellectuality, the art and the scholarship of the saints had their base and foundation in such activities. (2) Labour not devoted to money-making, but to the creation and promotion of life and all that makes life worth living.

If you have this ideal in your souls, if you hold it and believe in it as firmly and absolutely as you hold your side. God and Nature and man will help you. But don't you is changing to don'tshew, Tuesday to Cheusdy, and tune is well on the tune is well on the

The practical outcome of our historical review is this: If you desire to lead a brave and manly life, you will in one way or another, probably by purchase, secure possession of a sufficient area of your native land, and there create a self-maintained society, founded upon those manly, physical, creative activities which are exerted mainly in the open air and the light. If you determine to do that, everything that lives will be on your side. God and Nature and man will help you; sun and wind, and earth and water will co-operate with you and be your friends and allies. Such a society will be a nation, and such a nation the whole world will not be able to put down, and will not want to put down.

I know well the strength of the net in which you are enmeshed. I know that it is stronger, far stronger, than even you think it is; but I know, too, that if you are determined to break through it you can. Here for your encouragement I give you that immortal line ad-fortunatos nimium sua the mere peasant never does.

The peasant labours as the saints laboured; but he labours under compulsion, not freely and joyfully, but he

The peasant does not believe in his own great life. The peasant does not believe in his own great life, and never did. This fact was noticed by the great poet, Virgil, who wrote that immortal line ad-fortunatos nimium sua which is yours.

And he's out in the Open----De Wet, De Wet.

And they thought that at last he was under their heel, but the lion is up and hath rended his net, and he's out in the Open—De Wet, De Wet.
The most insulting Mr. Bridges is further quoted: 'A Londoner will say that a Scotchman talks strangely and ill: the truth is that he himself is in the typical attitude of vulgar ignorance in these matters ('vulgar ignorance')—from a man self-convicted of it! . . . I should send foreigners to Scotland for their _expeereiens._' Mr. Bridges thus leaves his foreigners to conclude that we Londoners habitually murder our English and talk stupidly of the dialects of our neighbours. But we have very nearly overlooked one of the most rabid of our enemies, namely that all our dialects, _in fact, im vain_ are becoming common mispronunciations. Where, _where_ are these expressions to be heard? They sound like the talk of gibbering idiots. And just as a man who has been through a lunatic asylum may momentarily question his own sanity, so may he be led to repeat the above gibberings several times incredulously wonder horridly whether one has ever oneself gibbered _om board, im fact, im vain._ No: we do not say _im fact,_ we do not say _pawing_ with rain, _faw away, faw ever,_ fee to fum or any other imbecile babble. We are not acquainted with one single person who offends our ears with such silliness, neither kin nor friend nor servant; and there is no reason to suppose ourselves particularly lucky in this respect. It is certainly no word persons who pronounce _they_ with a broad accent, and we take this occasion to tell them that this mispronunciation sets them worlds away from us every time they use it, that it must stamp them wherever they may be in a very bad company. A man who has been through a lunatic asylum is less easily frank to object to than a mincing one, because coarseness of accent is almost certain to have been inherited; one may grate unwittingly on legitimate susceptibilities. On the other hand, if a man came our way who should talk of a fine day in the nasal tone of a footling milliner we should chaff it out of him, or himself out of our neighbourhood. In passing, let us warn young students of speaking on no account to practise words in a voice moderately loud: whispering is a very great accomplishment, and singing is the achievement only of the finished artist. The best way of arriving at true pronunciation is to look at the written word, listen to it silently, and then speak it aloud with the ear as critic. Remember that the genius of your language is your heritage, however wasted by early education. There is nothing more frequently proved than that a man can correct early bad habits in speech. An even better way than the best is to experiment in groups. At the back of the line, he wants to snatch you from a rival over the way, or he is simply a born busybody. How does he assure you of his aversion for those horrid quacks, the others; he shares with his friend your own opinion of these dreadful operations; if they could not be performed in some very agreeable manner his friend could not, at least, he does not think he could, advocate them; but only place yourself in his hands and you will want nothing more than to remain there. Still some little hesitation? Why, come now, whatever can this prejudice of yours amount to? Our challenge of Mr. Robert Bridges' competence to represent English-speaking people will certainly have been made by the majority of our readers. They and _they_ are of course, not pronounced with the same vowel sound! Wherever can the man have lived that one has ever corrected him in this shocking, low and pitiful damn dull error? And to think that a man who speaks as Mr. Bridges confesses to speak can find a hearing! One wonders which of the two sounds he affects, whether he Cockneyfies the _they_ or negrities the _day_? The present writer, however, is willing to stake a New Age to a _"Times"_ that Mr. Bridges will delicately produce nasal sound when he means to say _day_, after the fashion of coloured valets and of some affected Englishwomen. If any teacher of the young finds difficulty in showing arrived at true pronunciation is to look at the written word, listen to it silently, and then speak it aloud with the ear as critic. Remember that the genius of your language is your heritage. However wasted by early education. There is nothing more frequently proved than that a man can correct early bad habits in speech. An even better way than the best is to experiment in groups. At the back of the line, he wants to snatch you from a rival over the way, or he is simply a born busybody. How does he assure you of his aversion for those horrid quacks, the others; he shares with his friend your own opinion of these dreadful operations; if they could not be performed in some very agreeable manner his friend could not, at least, he does not think he could, advocate them; but only place yourself in his hands and you will want nothing more than to remain there. Still some little hesitation? Why, come now, whatever can this prejudice of yours amount to? Our challenge of Mr. Robert Bridges' competence to represent English-speaking people will certainly have been made by the majority of our readers. They and _they_ are of course, not pronounced with the same vowel sound! Wherever can the man have lived that one has ever corrected him in this shocking, low and pitiful damn dull error? And to think that a man who speaks as Mr. Bridges confesses to speak can find a hearing! One wonders which of the two sounds he affects, whether he Cockneyfies the _they_ or negrities the _day_? The present writer, however, is willing to stake a New Age to a _"Times"_ that Mr. Bridges will delicately produce nasal sound when he means to say _day_, after the fashion of coloured valets and of some affected Englishwomen. If any teacher of the young finds difficulty in showing the difference between the vowel sounds in _they_ and _day_, let him sing Nature's _a_ and then force the tone through the nose; the child will laugh to hear the _a_ change into _e_, this vowel which is the rightful lord of the nostrils. Decay. There is a bitter dose for us to swallow, and Mr. Bridges holds up to us with grim face the execrable cup. There is a remedy, he tells us, but only one: and now the secret must out and the joyless words 'phonetic spelling,' which have haunted us from the beginning of our task, must at last be spoken. For educational purposes, at least, if for no other, he says, we must spell as we wish to pronounce; for thus, and thus only, can correct pronunciation be taught in schools, and by this means young Americans of the inherited sounds of our language. With the dismal choice squarely before us, either to preserve the sounds of English or its obsolete and fantastic spelling, it is our duty, he is convinced, to choose the sound and let the spelling go. This is a hard saying, and those of us whose eyes have been outraged by the various systems devised by scientific students, from the days of the 'phonetic nur' to the latest scandals will feel inclined to part company with Mr. Bridges at this point. But let us be reassured; he feels as much as anyone the objection to these dreadful alphabets. 'Phonetic spelling,' he confesses, 'is full of horrors, and if it could not be made more agreeable than hitherto appears, I would not advocate it, at least I do not think that I could.' Did anyone outside a school for young misses ever write in such a style as a coy woman? "He has so pinned upon himself the task of devising some method of representing sounds which satisfies the needs both of science and aesthetics—that is not only truthful but beautiful to the eye. About the beauty and utility of his specime pages, there can be no question: it is beautiful owing to the care he has given to the formation of each letter, and it is legible, largely because, in opposition to the phonetic rigourists, he allows more than one symbol for the notation of sounds where no confusion is caused 'by their use. Thus _they_ and _day_ can remain unchanged, for _ey_ and _ay_ are both pronounced alike; and by this means he is enabled to retain a large number of the customary and historical spellings which are so dear to us, but which are destroyed by other systems."

There is the bedside manner of modern criticism. Have you not the feeling as of being persuaded into suffering some quack's operation? The persuader is interested in getting the operation performed, he is a friend of the doctor, he is about to set up in the wrong line, he wants to snatch you from a rival over the way, or he is simply a born busybody. How does he assure you of his aversion for those horrid quacks, the others; he shares with his friend your own opinion of these dreadful operations; if they could not be performed in some very agreeable manner his friend could not, at least, he does not think he could, advocate them; but only place yourself in his hands and you will want nothing more than to remain there. Still some little hesitation? Why, come now, whatever can this prejudice of yours amount to?

Our challenge of Mr. Robert Bridges' competence to represent English-speaking people will certainly have been made by the majority of our readers. They and _they_ are of course, not pronounced with the same vowel sound! Wherever can the man have lived that one has ever corrected him in this shocking, low and pitiful damn dull error? And to think that a man who speaks as Mr. Bridges confesses to speak can find a hearing! One wonders which of the two sounds he affects, whether he Cockneyfies the _they_ or negrities the _day_? The present writer, however, is willing to stake a New Age to a "Times" that Mr. Bridges will delicately produce nasal sound when he means to say _day_, after the fashion of coloured valets and of some affected Englishwomen. If any teacher of the young finds difficulty in showing the difference between the vowel sounds in _they_ and _day_, let him sing Nature's _a_ and then force the tone through the nose; the child will laugh to hear the _a_ change into _e_, this vowel which is the rightful lord of the nostrils.
Readers and Writers.

A few days ago I was turning over the leaves of a German literary paper when the name of our old friend Tagore caught my eye. On closer inspection of the phenomenon I discovered that fragments of him had been served up in German with unctuous dressing. I cannot say that I was surprised or shocked, for the ways of the German interpreter are not unfamiliar to me. Did not the "Land of Heart's Desire" appear, a year or so back, disguised as "Das Land der Sehnsucht," and labelled as a translation from the Irish? Does not the firm of Fischer, in Berlin, publish the words of Gabriel's "I wonder if Shaw?" (I wonder if Shaw? I mean: I have something more to say about this another time.) It would not surprise me to see the presses of Leipzig turning out "Die Witwe in der Nebengasse," or "Die unsterbliche Gnade" of the renowned Johannes Masefield. (Indeed, I only wonder that the event has been long delayed.) But there is an element of tragicomedy in the fact that the name of the gentleman who has ushered the seer from Bengal into Germany is—Lessing (O. E., not G. E.). Strange, is it not, that he should be best known abroad, who, perhaps more than any other German, was the arbiter of good taste in literature.

This Lessing hails from Urbana, Illinois, and he has many strong feelings to tell the Germans about Tagore. It seems that Tagore visited Urbana, Illinois, and here O. E. Lessing saw him, "a handsome, well set-up man . . . in a curious costume, walking through the streets mostly alone. Generally his hands were folded in front of his breast, and he seemed thoughtfully before him." Later we learn: "He ate no meat, his only beverages were milk and water (who will deny, after this, that diet has no effect on literature?) and he . . . was no familiar with life in its heights and depths. He experienced passions, if ever a man did." ("Christian Commonwealth," please note.)

The great fault with these German builders of Weltliteratur in Goethe's sense is, as I hinted last month, that they exercise so discretion. Everything is translated, higgledy-piggledy. Hall Caine and Meredith, Longfellow and Shelley, Shakespeare and Galsworthy. But if they garner an appalling amount of tares, they miss little of the wheat, and this is all to their credit. The result is that the average well-read German has a knowledge of general literature that in England is not one in a hundred. In these pages the curious may peruse the verses of George Heym, whose recent death, a kind of German Richard Middleton ("he was a wonderful, rattling good fellow," says Kurt Hiller, in the preface), Max Broed, who appears to be very much alive, is a sort of Rupert Brooke. As for Herbert Grossberger, he seems a very nasty person indeed. The police ought to be looking after him. It is a very wise precaution, I should say, to judge by the efforts of the two and twenty "Poètes Nouveaux." These two volumes contain parodies on nearly forty authors, from Racine to Tolstoi, from Gyp to Shakespeare. (The Shakespeare parody should be removed in the next edition.) Most of them are excellent fun. Here is the beginning of a poem in Baudelaire's manner:

Dans le palais de jade où tu tisses tes rêves,
O mon spleen, te contemple, enراعش le hanka,
L'étrange accompagnement qui rapproche deux Eves,
La géante Chinn-Chinn, la naïve Sélka.

But the Germans have some bad habits which can beat the Parisian crowd at their own game. Not long ago appeared a sickly green volume entitled "Der Kondor," with a foolish paper slip attached, on which was printed 'Eine Dichter-Sezession, Eine rigorose Sammlung radikaler Stropheme.' (This is an unduly favourable specimen of their German style.) I spent some time trying to decide whether the bad taste of those fourteen stripings represented was greater than their impudence, or whether their stupidity was not the greatest of all. It was a nice point, but I refrained finally that it was not worth settling, and that this stuff is fit only to be cast into the outer darkness where there are poetry societies and movements and awards for verse. Still, before dismissing the matter once and for all, I really must quote some examples of German as it is written today in the highest circles of poetry society. Arthur Kronfeld writes:—

Die Bäume glimmern unentwegt wie neue Blätter.

Da flamm't Emilie—doch bei ihr ein Boy,
while Kurt Hiller, not to be outdone as a writer of English, caps this with—

Du fähler Maler, Küsst mich sehr; Bohème-Girl.

Dein Schal glänzt ganz zitronen; da, System-Earl.

With literature of this kind going the rounds, the writing of parodies becomes superfluous, and, indeed, perilous. When parody gets taken seriously (and the New Age writers can tell of such happenings) the fault does not always lie entirely with the reader. Paul Reboux and Charles Muller, the authors of "A la Manière de" (Bernard Grasset, two vols., 3.50) are evidently running no risks in the matter, for they attach to their book a leaflet making its object quite clear. A very wise precaution, I should say, to judge by the efforts of the two and twenty "Poètes Nouveaux." These two volumes contain parodies on nearly forty authors, from Racine to Tolstoi, from Gyp to Shakespeare. (The Shakespeare parody should be removed in the next edition.) Most of them are excellent fun. Here is the beginning of a poem in Baudelaire's manner:

I mention him here, because he is the type of patient student, of unaffected poet, which in these days of sky-borne periodicals and general noisy pretentiousness, is becoming rarer and rarer. I admire a man who under present conditions will study Portuguese and modern Greek. Lessing writes on these two literatures in the "Mercure of France." He has also written "Le Portugal Littéraire d'Aujourd'hui," and "La Grèce Littéraire d'Aujourd'hui," together with a few semiological books which are sufficient to establish a reputation for scholarship. With all this he lives the life of a farmer, aloof from the metrical tea-parties of the capital. A dozen verses such as:—

Comme toi j'ai les yeux tendus sur l'horizon;
La moindre lueur d'aube est comme une morsure.
A la maison c'est toujours toi qui fais le pain,
O ma mère et je te vois, blanche de farine.
Remuer la pâte souple, qu'un levain
Doit féconder.

are worth a cycle of Barzuns and Marinettis.

** **

I find the same lack of discrimination in "Die lyrische Bewegung im gegenwartigen Frankreich," by Otto and Erna Grautoff (E. Diederichs M.4.50). Here are two people with an obviously deep knowledge of modern French poetry, with a fair amount of skill written in the form of an Arabic "makame." If "Punch" printed anything after him. It is rather astonishing, by the way, to attach to their book "Das Land der Sehnsucht," and labelled as a translation from the Irish? Does not the firm of Fischer, in Berlin, publish the words of Gabriel's "I wonder if Shaw?" (I wonder if Shaw? I mean: I have something more to say about this another time.) It would not surprise me to see the presses of Leipzig turning out "Die Witwe in der Nebengasse," or "Die unsterbliche Gnade" of the renowned Johannes Masefield. (Indeed, I only wonder that the event has been long delayed.) But there is an element of tragicomedy in the fact that the name of the gentleman who has ushered the seer from Bengal into Germany is—Lessing (O. E., not G. E.). Strange, is it not, that he should be best known abroad, who, perhaps more than any other German, was the arbiter of good taste in literature.

This Lessing hails from Urbana, Illinois, and he has many strong feelings to tell the Germans about Tagore. It seems that Tagore visited Urbana, Illinois, and here O. E. Lessing saw him, "a handsome, well set-up man . . . in a curious costume, walking through the streets mostly alone. Generally his hands were folded in front of his breast, and he seemed thoughtfully before him." Later we learn: "He ate no meat, his only beverages were milk and water (who will deny, after this, that diet has no effect on literature?) and he . . . was no familiar with life in its heights and depths. He experienced passions, if ever a man did." ("Christian Commonwealth," please note.)

The great fault with these German builders of Weltliteratur in Goethe's sense is, as I hinted last month, that they exercise so discretion. Everything is translated, higgledy-piggledy. Hall Caine and Meredith, Longfellow and Shelley, Shakespeare and Galsworthy. But if they garner an appalling amount of tares, they miss little of the wheat, and this is all to their credit. The result is that the average well-read German has a knowledge of general literature that in England is not one in a hundred. In these pages the curious may peruse the verses of George Heym, whose recent death, a kind of German Richard Middleton ("he was a wonderful, rattling good fellow," says Kurt Hiller, in the preface) Max Broed, who appears to be very much alive, is a sort of Rupert Brooke. As for Herbert Grossberger, he seems a very nasty person indeed. The police ought to be looking after him. It is a very wise precaution, I should say, to judge by the efforts of the two and twenty "Poètes Nouveaux." These two volumes contain parodies on nearly forty authors, from Racine to Tolstoi, from Gyp to Shakespeare. (The Shakespeare parody should be removed in the next edition.) Most of them are excellent fun. Here is the beginning of a poem in Baudelaire's manner:

Dans le palais de jade où tu tisses tes rêves,
O mon spleen, te contemple, enراعش le hanka,
L'étrange accompagnement qui rapproche deux Eves,
La géante Chinn-Chinn, la naïve Sélka.

But the Germans have some bad habits which can beat the Parisian crowd at their own game. Not long ago appeared a sickly green volume entitled "Der Kondor," with a foolish paper slip attached, on which was printed 'Eine Dichter-Sezession, Eine rigorose Sammlung radikaler Stropheme.' (This is an unduly favourable specimen of their German style.) I spent some time trying to decide whether the bad taste of those fourteen stripings represented was greater than their impudence, or whether their stupidity was not the greatest of all. It was a nice point, but I refrained finally that it was not worth settling, and that this stuff is fit only to be cast into the outer darkness where there are poetry societies and movements and awards for verse. Still, before dismissing the matter once and for all, I really must quote some examples of German as it is written today in the highest circles of poetry society. Arthur Kronfeld writes:—

Die Bäume glimmern unentwegt wie neue Blätter.

Da flamm't Emilie—doch bei ihr ein Boy,
while Kurt Hiller, not to be outdone as a writer of English, caps this with—

Du fähler Maler, Küsst mich sehr; Bohème-Girl.

Dein Schal glänzt ganz zitronen; da, System-Earl.

With literature of this kind going the rounds, the writing of parodies becomes superfluous, and, indeed, perilous. When parody gets taken seriously (and the New Age writers can tell of such happenings) the fault does not always lie entirely with the reader. Paul Reboux and Charles Muller, the authors of "A la Manière de" (Bernard Grasset, two vols., 3.50) are evidently running no risks in the matter, for they attach to their book a leaflet making its object quite clear. A very wise precaution, I should say, to judge by the efforts of the two and twenty "Poètes Nouveaux." These two volumes contain parodies on nearly forty authors, from Racine to Tolstoi, from Gyp to Shakespeare. (The Shakespeare parody should be removed in the next edition.) Most of them are excellent fun. Here is the beginning of a poem in Baudelaire's manner:

Dans le palais de jade où tu tisses tes rêves,
O mon spleen, te contemple, enراعش le hanka,
L'étrange accompagnement qui rapproche deux Eves,
La géante Chinn-Chinn, la naïve Sélka.
Chum-Chum vient de la Chine et Sélénia d'Afrique. L'une, jaune, est pareille à quelque énorme cœurs. L'autre est couleur de nuit, Saphe microscopique. Et leur disparité s'oppose et se conjugue. The obscurities of Mallarmé are well caught in a "Sonnet":

Quand le vaticinant erratique, an harynx Dédalean, divagée en sa tant dédiée Rê de l'Aurore avant tout calme radica. Pour de l'insaisissable animer la lyrins, O n'as que boîli le mystère du sphinx Par qui du clar-sceur l'Âme est conçédée. O chevaucher, vers la victoire irradée, Aveugle, et de ses yeux exorbité, le lynx!

Hypogéenne telle énumère la lyrique, Ambige non pas un d'où l'onçoû décès, J'ai de l'impréparable approfondi l'azur, B, ténérable sitôt hiéroglyphique cygne Qu'observation en son vide ombre un délard, Jusqu'au triomph, le néant qui m'afflige. On "groupe d'étudiants," we are told, "prépare a traduction française des œuvres de Stéphane Mallarmé. Cette entreprise, en raison des recherches qu'elle nécessite, n'aura pas, sans doute de longues années." Then follows a plausible rendering of the above "Sonnet." Altogether a good take-off of the man who wrote:—

Je suis hautâ! L'azur, l'azur! l'azur!

The story goes that this particular line was chalked on the blackboard by one of Mallarmé's more audacious pupils, when the "poet" was first published. If it is true, it speaks well for the interest that French schoolboys take in literature. An English schoolmaster might produce a new "Iliad," a second "Inferno," and none of his pupils, or even his colleagues, would be a penny the wiser.

Otto Hauser is a German critic to whom my previous strictures do not apply. I cannot say exactly how many languages he knows, but it certainly runs well into two figures. He has issued translations from the lyric poetry of most European nations, and some of the Asiatic ones. Yet he instinctively fixes on the right things to translate—and he translates them admirably. His versions of Rossetti's "House of Life," of Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol," and of many of Swinburne's most exacting pieces, show what good translation can accomplish. His "Weltgeschichte der Literatur" contains a record of all literature. If I speak of this book as unique, I am using the epithet after deliberate choice. His latest work, "Der Roman des Auslands seit 1800," deals with the history of non-German fiction during the nineteenth century and beyond. I have read the book carefully, and I am left with the impression that Otto Hauser has almost the same wide knowledge of prose literature as of lyric poetry. What English critic could write with equal assurance on Italian, Norwegian, and Hungarian novels, for instance? Yet he discusses these things with the ease which marks his critical studies in the lyric poetry of Denmark, Servia, China, and Japan. I rarely found myself demurring at his judgment on English writers. Of Wilde he justly remarks: "In Germany" (and, he might have added, in England also) "his manner dazzled readers, because they were not acquainted with his predecessors." Of Lafcadio Hearn: "Among the traits of his chosen nation he carefully selected only those that seemed to him 'beautiful,' and thus, with the appearance of reality (since his essays were based on facts) he merely presented his own subjective dream." And his observations on Gissing, on Stevenson, and on the usual features of the average English novel are equally to the mist.* * * But I must confess that I cannot follow Otto Hauser when he associates literature so closely with ethnology and physiognomy. In speaking of such writers as Flaubert, Dumas, Turgenev, and Tolstoi, for example, he discusses their descent and general appearance in connection with their literary characteristics. And I am even less disposed to share his theory with him, when he attempts to find German blood in the most obviously non-German Slavs and Magyars—to say nothing of Frenchmen and Italians. It is clear that this fad is the outcome of motives which have very little to do with literature.

P. Selver.

Letters from Italy.

XXI.—FIRENZE.

To come almost direct from the hard outlines and pure-coloured skies of South Italy to Florence is a change abrupt enough. But when one leaves—as I did—wild open country and a few white gleaming cottages for the brown brick churches and coloured marble tower of Florence, the contrast stimulates one to intoxication by its very suddenness. It is so new a beauty; for me so alien and strange, that the first hours of a visit to the city are a sort of Corybantic dance from S. Maria Novella to the Duomo and Campanile, thence to the Piazza della Signora, the Palazzo Vecchio, Loggia dei Lanzi, down the arcades outside the Uhfizi to the Arno. I gaze upon the Ponte Vecchio, with its blue and white houses and three brown arches hung above the turbid yellow water, and regret the loss of old London Bridge exceedingly. I say to myself: "I will go to the Pitti and look at Giorgione's ' Concerto ' and del Sarto's ' Portrait '—but no, I must see the Botticelli in the Uhfizi—and there's the Accademia—and the Brancacci chapel—and-O, Lord, which shall I see first?" In the end I probably do none of these things, but gaze fixedly upon the cypresses surrounding San Miniato on the hills, and wander about the streets. It is true that I detest the trams and clatter, but when the sun shines one must look and look again at the white lily of Giotto's tower—and an early lunch is good for one's digestion.

The censures of the over-nice on Florence do not touch me at all. She may be tourist-dammed and over-repaired, but there she is, unique and wonderful, not with the beauty of my Paestum temples, but most alluring in her fashion. Not all the rash adulation and distasteful appreciation of every fool from Ruskin to the last American culture-seeker can hurt her. I reflect with calm joy on the amount of knowledge and patience one must have before one takes the beauty of Florence as one's own. I confess gladly that I have seen only the least fragment of Florence, and that I would have willingly found my knowledge ten times more efficient one than does not look up from the city afar for years, read of her, and know her art, without learning a little of her. I knew at least what I had come to Florence to find.

There are certain painters—Giotto, Masaccio, Ghirlandaio, Orcagna—and Botticelli, who can only be understood at Florence, just as Greek bronzes can only be known properly from the Musco Nazionale at Napoli. And then the civic and ecclesiastical architectures of the city and church and domes, delightful for the voyaging student who is "crowded with culture." As I sit here writing above the crowd and noisy chatter in a Venetian "calle," with the swifts swirling across a deep blue sky cut abruptly by a roof cornice of stone fretted with mouldering dog's-tooth ornament, my mind goes back to some of the churches of Florence. I remember San Trinita, Michelangelos "dama," with its colours and marble arches, black and greyish brown in the twilit of the interior, the delicate early Florentine and Siene marble altars in its side chapels and the Ghirlandaio frescoes in the Sassetti chapel. I remember the long stretching aisles of Santa Maria Novella and Santo Spirito, so much more lovely than the weighty piers of San Pietro at Rome, and from their proportions appearing much longer and nobler. I remember Santa Croce with the
evening light upon Giotto's frescoes, the cells of Saint Mark's, each with Angelico's painting, the Brancacci chapel—so strangely different from the modern church about it—the dim immense brilliant frescoes, the silence of the great Duomo, and the stiff, beautifully conventionalised figures on the gold mosaics of the baptistry. For a moment I fancy myself on the Piazza Michelangelo, looking far across the city. There are the arches and fragile bell-tower of Santa Croce, there the curve of the dome of Or Michele, there Santa Maria Novella, the tower of the Bargello, and the lily-tower of the Palazzo Vecchio. A lily among cities, whose brilliant gildings are like nothing but lilies, and the colours of the paintings that decorate her like flowers in the pale dawn than anything else one imagines!

And there are those who think they may have the good of the arts without labour! If I have learnt nothing else from these months in Italy, I have at least learnt how to prepare myself for my next visit. The attitude of some people is like that of this little American boy I saw in the courtyard of the Bargello. I had been sitting on some of the comfortable seats thoughtfully provided by the Florentines, looking at the coloured coats-of-arms beside the great stairway and lazily noticing light and shade sharply marked by arch and pillar. Then I saw an earnest American lady endeavoured to little boy with the greatest difficulty to persuade her like flowers in the pale dawn than anything else one imagines!

Apropos, there is the Bargello which I have hardly mentioned—and it is difficult to speak briefly of these things without running danger of giving no more than a few quick sketch facts. Still, one should mention the well-known fresco head of Dante which is there. It is far more interesting and beautiful than the bronze head of the poet at Napoli, but then Giotto's acquaintance with Alichieri probably gave him an advantage. In the same museo, there are numbers of those blue and white figures produced by the della Robbia family. I was tired when I saw them, but they jerked me back to enthusiasm. It is amazing to notice how Luca succeeded in his art by breaking every canon of it. No one else ever invented a device so effective and unexpected as that of the garlands of coloured flowers and fruits about the plaques. Those who have been annoyed by the fantasies of Urbino ware and majolica plates can find in this a pleasing family to their taste. Its poetry is a little like that of the curious "human touches" introduced into some of the miracle plays—one's criticism is disarmed by the very naïfê of the conception.

Thinking of the Bargello I come instinctively to Arnolfo di Cambio's "Palazzo Vecchio" and the Loggia dei Lanzi. The courtyard immediately inside the palazzo is a pleasant place to loiter and examine the Donatello fountain, the curious ruined frescoes, and strangely carved pillars. The coats-of-arms of Florence at different periods of its history are painted beneath the battlements and provide some amusement for the amateur herald. The Loggia dei Lanzi is reputed to have been designed by Donatello. Its grace is such that one wishes indeed that the Florentines had agreed to Michelangelo's plan of running it all round the Piazza. We should be spared that horrible "Assicurazione di Venezia" building opposite the Palazzo Vecchio. Benvenuto Cellini's "Perseus" stands in the Loggia, the strong young with the swinging sword and the bleeding head of Medusa. See it in the morning sun or in the evening dusk it is still the same tall beautiful thing. If one wished to be fanciful and a little silly one might imagine it as a symbol of the Italian Renaissance, that proud young "Magnifico" who smote the gorgon of medieval stupidity, and came to a bad end in the eighteenth century.

**Richard Aldington.**

---

**Views and Reviews.**

Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee has shot his bolt. All that has passed in the two years since "Inspired Millionaires" was published has left him more enthusiastic and more incoherent than he was before. "Enthusiasm's the best thing, I repeat," said Bishop Blougram, "only, we can't command it." I have nothing to say against Mr. Lee's enthusiasm. That means should master the machines they make, that they should utilise everything to do good to everybody, is a fine ideal; but if I may be allowed to use the word "command" in a different sense from that which Bishop Blougram gave to it, I must say that Mr. Lee does not command his enthusiasm for his ideal. He is the slave of his own creation: this man who preaches the mastery of the world is unable to control himself. It is of no avail for us to be told by a man who cannot see the essential facts of a situation, that the world is to him who can see them. Moreover, this unresting enthusiasm for machines, and for the men who will master them, this ideal of continual production, continual increase, everlasting work, produces at last a feeling of revulsion. Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee has no repose; he says a thing again and again, not like Nietzsche's Wagner, until we feel that if we find the lines from one of Mr. Jack C. Squire's parodies come ringing into our memory.

Brushing wide heaven with the stidence of her rustling wings,

Enacting once again the old, old tragedy with her pitiless wings,...

Proclaiming, exultant, triumphant, with steely clarion,

the victory of her fantastic win.

The whole air is filled with the clamour of innumerable wings.

At last, the impression produced by these 594 pages of shouting exultation is not the impression of a man, but, if I may vary one of Mr. Squire's best mixed metaphors, "it is engines, engines, all the way, but not a drop to drink."

Let us come down to earth. An enthusiast should never deal with facts: they are very obstinate, and take no notice of what may be said about them. One fact with which Mr. Lee attempts to deal is the rise in prices; and his attempt to shout it away is really ridiculous. Such argument as he makes seems to be that things are dear because the workers do not work hard enough. "The American workman," he says, "as things are organised now, finds himself confronted by two main problems. One is himself. How can he set himself to work hard enough to make his food cheap? The other is his employer. What will the American workman do to express his American temperament through his labour union to his employer? The American workmen will go to their employers and say: 'Instead of doing six hours' work in nine hours, we will do nine hours' work in nine hours.' The millers, for instance, will say to the flour-mill owners: 'We will do a third more work for you, make you a third more profit on our labour, if you will divide your third more profit like this:

First, by bringing down the price of flour to everybody,

Second, by bringing up our wages,

Third, by taking more money yourselves.'"

Lord Morley once said that the only way to answer a prophet was to prophesy the opposite with equal vigour. I say that the American workmen will do nothing of the kind. The assumption underlying Mr. Lee's argument is that the condition of the working classes can only be improved by products in excess of those now produced. The assumption is so fatuous that I hardly like to refute it; it ought to be left on record as the only economic joke. Mr. Chiauzzi has written a big book, and an accurate book, on the error of distribution now. In "Riches and * "Crowds." By Gerald Stanley Lee. (Methuen. 6s.)
Poverty," he shows, for example, that the railways pay less in wages than they do in dividends. Mr. Lee's remedy for railways and for the manufacturers of manufactured goods is to work more, increase the profits of the railway, and take only a small portion of that increase to themselves. The suggestion is so patently absurd that I suppose Mr. Lee's enthusiasm is only an excuse for being silly. The rise in prices is due to many causes. In "The Struggle for Bread," "A Rifleman" showed that the rise in prices was practically confined to foodstuffs, and was due to the depreciated exchange value of manufactured goods; or, to make the matter plain to Mr. Lee, to the inexorable machines that mind the machines. The millionaires, inspired and otherwise, who now run this planet, had so managed matters in 25 years that population had increased by 48 per cent., the production of food-grains by 60 per cent., and general commence by 15 per cent. These percentages are calculated for ten of the great countries of the world. Mr. Lee should be able to see from these figures that a relative increase in the production of manufactured goods will only increase the price of food. It is possible that the profit of production of manufactured goods is reaching its limit; it is certain that new markets are difficult to find, and that the cost of selling the goods increases year by year. If we suppose that the men do work more, and produce an increase of one cent, it is by no means certain that they will increase their profits to that extent. It is conceivable that, just as some taxes do not pay the cost of collection, the excess of production might only pay for its own sale. Master and men would not, in that case, be any the better for their extra work, and the workman's increase of wages would be nil.

That is all that we get from Mr. Lee. He talks of many things, but of nothing so essential as this. That he should commit himself to co-partnership at the end of his book is not surprising; his reliance on the economics of Christ, as revealed in the Gospels, could of carrots suspended in front of his nose. When the shareholders of the company took $1,100,000, we get who worked to produce the goods which were sold for nearly twice as much. 4

If it be taken so, there would have to be increased production, they would have to increase their production still further to pay the dividend on their own shares. A wonderless scheme; real carrots for the army, if only he can get them. Perhaps it will be better for him to roll in the ditch, and shift some of his load.

A. E. R.

REVIEWS

Germany and the German Emperor. By G. H. Perris. (Melrose. 12s. 6d. net.)

This book rambles along chattily and provides plenty of information which, if uninspiring, will no doubt be found useful by learners, and particularly of that sort. When Mr. Perris seeks to furnish judgments in addition to facts he is often unsound, but harmless—as when he says, for example, on p. 324, apropos of the German Social Democracy: "The advance of England towards a democratic state has been slow and haphazard, and is still unfinished. But the process, logically not very admirable, has had this practical and moral advantage over German experience: it has proceeded as and when the people demanded it, and on no other grounds higher or lower." A mild expression, "still unfinished," when every experienced political scientist knows perfectly well that England has been steadily driven from democracy to plutocracy for the last two hundred years, and will remain so at the time of Cromwell than she is to-day. Mr. Perris, then, follows Liberal traditions in associating "freedom" with Acts of Parliament and meaningless phrases which would have a meaning only if they were translated into action. Still, he traces the development of modern Germany carefully enough, and his chapter on the economic revolution of to-day, in which he refers to the evil effects of compulsory military service, is thoroughly justified. In saying (p. 37), when briefly tracing German development in the fourteenth century, that "Government always tends to be an expression of the dominant economic force of the time," he is obviously writing for readers of this paper. His little sketch of the Kaiser, too (pp. 148-50), is hardly done justice to.

The Emperor is a true Teuton in his idealism, his sentimentality, his strenuous devotion to duty as he sees it, and his kindly anxiety to model the nation on the old-time patrician household. But he is only too evident out of harmony with much of his surroundings, and in himself there is plainly visible a conflict between old and new elements, between an obstinate blood-inheritance and a quick sensitiveness to certain aspects of modern life. The main body of the people does not wish to be patri-chivalrous: it wants more liberty, not less. He himself wishes to provide schools and universities, factories, farms, and fleets with the latest scientific equipment; but whoever looks with scientific eye upon absentee landlords, the Prussian electoral system, or divine-right monarchy is in his eyes a dangerous enemy of an inspired order. He makes friends of the Krups and Ballins, the captains of competitive industrialism, and yet feels that the pre-industrial organisation of society can be maintained. In the very speech in which he eulogises Queen Luise as the "angel" of the national resurrection, he tells the educated women of a century later that their service should be restricted to the privacy of the home. He wishes his people to be happy, to be blessed with the blessings of peace; but it is the piousness and expensive peace of the foppish retainers whose armour became heavier year by year until it length through the fair to break down. He is desperately in earnest in his religion; but if the Kaiser's singular combination of Protestant and Catholic orthodoxies be right, how can the opposition of the two Churches be maintained, and why should only one there by law established? The army is the "nation in arms";
yet the nation has one law, the army another—the officer class, in particular, is to obey a code of honour and courts all its own.

This is a considerable improvement on the journalism of some recent books about modern Germany, the Kaiser, and the German Court.

Pax Britannica. By H. S. Perris, M.A. (Sidgwick and Jackson, Ltd. 5s. net.)

When we read in the chapter on "The Feudal Phase" (p. 94) that "Stephen's reign saw feudal anarchy and the unbridled savagery and rapacity of militarism at their height, and left a memory of suffering and injustice in the minds of the people which can never fade," we are left wondering whether we are reading the work of a historian or a rhetorician. How many Englishmen can remember off-hand even who Stephen was or when he reigned, and over whom, much less the suffering and injustice of his reign, which could not have been worse than the suffering and injustice inflicted by our industrial system during the last hundred years? It is all very well for Mr. Perris to rant about the disabilities arising out of the present economic system of this country, not to mention the United States, and the tortures by accounts of life in the mining districts of England omitted ages ago of generations at the United States at the present day. We seem to remember something about Carnegie and his strikers, about Pinkerton's detectives, San Thome Putumayo, and the Congo.

For the rest, Mr. Perris has summarised "the more important facts and tendencies of British history, from the point of view of the pacific development of our civilization." Phew! It was said in The New Age some time ago that pacifism might be tolerable if it were not for the pacific system. We repeat the phrase. Mr. Perris believes that "the time is ripe" for his book; and he tells us on the same page (p. v of the preface) that "it is a far cry" from something to something, though the theme (still the same page) is "not lacking in the elements of picturesqueness and romance," from which we may conclude that, whatever else pacifism may be, it is not an antidote to clichés. It may be the clichés that prevent Mr. Perris from holding original views. The reader suspects in consequence that this book is merely the outcome of the unconscious conspiracy of capitalism to predetermine that everything shall be the best—for itself—in the best of all possible worlds. We can plausibly argue whether war is right or wrong from a moral point of view, the followers of Christ and Buddha naturally taking one side, and the followers of, say, Nietzsche and some of the Greeks and Romans, taking the other. But, since this is a moral question in the form set forth, and since Mr. Perris appeals to us on materialistic grounds also, and in the end to lay more stress upon the materialistic disadvantages of war than on the moral advantages of peace. Even in his preface he asks: Do modern wars ever really pay, even if success be achieved? Does conquest bring gain to the conqueror, in these days of a sensitive credit economy, and of reacting bourses? Can one, to recover even for himself his expenses, far less to carry off for his own enrichment the spoil of his rival's wealth? Has not the interdependence of modern life generations ago and the condition that the doctrines upon which military expansionism and competition were formerly based have now become a "great illusion?" In short, we are living in an age of the organisation of the world's life upon national principles has at length become a possibility of thought and even of experiment. Expansionism!

We think that all the pacifists make a stupid mistake when they suggest, as Mr. Perris does (e.g., chapter V, on the peace of the United Kingdom), that, because the English barons were often at war with one another, or because England often quarrelled with Scotland, all nations should recognise the impossibility of arbitration. The fact that England made no objection to a Scottish king immediately after Elizabeth is sufficient to show that there never was any great racial disparity between the two countries; an Englishman could tolerate a Scotchman as well as a man from Surr ey who tolerated a man from York. We have a very different state of things to deal with on the Continent of Europe, where nationalities are widely different, and where the influences of climate and soil almost necessarily and inevitably lead to continued divergence. To suggest that individuals are not allowed to have their own way, and that nations should not be permitted to exercise a licence denied to individuals, is simply to ignore the lessons of history and economic evolutions and to take refuge in sentiment.

What does it matter what we call the desire for expansion, strong individually, and stronger still when individuals are combined in nations? We may call it the struggle for existence, with Darwin, or the will to live, with Schopenhauer, or the will to power, with Nietzsche; though perhaps it would be better to use Spinoza's term and call it simply "cupidity." This is much less flattering to our self-esteem, perhaps, but very true. These elementary matters being omitted, Mr. Perris's book, like the books of so many of his brother, in the cause, amounts to little more than a sentimental poem on the blessings of peace; and peace at the moment "pays" most of the capitalists, Mr. Perris will find himself justified, though not on his own grounds. These matters apart, the volume may possibly be useful to students of this branch of history, since the author has accumulated a number of out-of-the-way facts bearing on his thesis.

The Fruit of Indiscretion. By Sir William Magnus, Bart. (Stanley Paul 6s.)

Author of six novels, etc., and the present writer has never read him before. What an obscure life one does lead to be sure. However, Sir William's clichés reassure us that we must certainly have read his novels scores of times under other men's signatures. "Miss Stella Heyworth is going to follow her sister's example, and get married. 'Am I to congratulate you? 'You are, indeed.'"

Coelings. By J. D. Beresford. (Heinemann. 6s.)

When England lies in the grip of a plague which defeats the doctors Woman is seen to be immune and triumphant, let alone self-sacrificing, while Man dies like the proverbial fly, after robbing the dead. The plague past, all sex distinctions are done away with—"'And social conditions will be so different now that there won't be any more marriage... Oh, it will be splendid now,' she broke out in a great burst of enthusiasm."

The Dragon. By M. P. Shiel. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

"It is the eye that begets and conceives..." By the hap and fecundity of glances which meet the eye of youth, Cowper's Mannetje is summed from the place of dumbness. "... And before long he was waltzing with her, that superior being, 'his eyes tied to her eyes.' One hears that fifty per cent. of the population is on the way to imbecility—or they are surely the novel reading half of us! The "Her" above-mentioned, is Minna Simmons, a doctor's daughter, who becomes Queen of England and Empress, etc., etc. She is a grand woman, and the king is only a puppet of a consort. Hurry up with that book, Sir Almroth! Marthaby the Day. By Julie Lippmann. (Grant Richards. 2s. 6d. net.)

The tale of a charwoman who befriends a "well-born but friendless girl" and gets her suitably married.

A Box of Chocolates. By Anne Oldamaud. (Grant Richards. 1s.)

An anti-militant suffragist tract, showing that you may hit the wrong person if you throw a bomb.

"The Human Boy," by Eden Phillpotts (Methuen's Sevenpenny Novels); "Felix Holt," by George Eliot (The World's Classics. 1s. net); "Selected Poems," by Lord Byron (Oxford Pocket Press. 1s. net); "Selected Poems," by Shelley (Oxford Pocket Press, 1s. net).
Pastiche.

CONCERNING (REMOTELY) MARCONI.

I'm happy again to be with you,
But why, friend, so deafful
This limpid Spring even?

On what lone lagoon of dire, shadowy omens
Yet brooded thou, verily like a bemoaning Calypso?
Athena, in mood so transporting,
Might seemly dispel the wry wraiths with her garments pellucid.

Sweeping buoyantly over from westward,
Trailing Zephyrs to skip with their timorous sandals
That stifled with opulent tendrils the soul of a nation
Ah, friend,
Might seemly dispel the wry wraiths with her garments
Envisaged a modern Aurelius, stern with compassion,
That stifled, polluted, and plundered the soul of a nation.

Of vigils nocturnal, invoking with eyes of the seer-
Emblazoned with bold panaceas, reforms meretricious
What confidant zest would inspirit their predal excursions?
Yet broodest thou, verily like a bemoaning Calypso?

Weaving his disciplined way through the mazes of
White, rigid, inclenched in a passion.
Of attributes specious, scorning the wiles of seducers-
With slick, gilded fetters faked out in their cabalist emollients quack, puff-and-powder for snivelling pulings,
Self-laudation with counterfeit blessings of subterfuge-
Arch-sophists dispensing emaciate Keats
And sickening slobberings over their indigent status,
From parents illicit ensconced in a sheltering Caucus
With covinous croonings to lap them in soft adulation,
Paraded like suspect marauders
Explain whither THIS bloated asset,
Of
Enjoined in the eyes of the world to uncover their dividends nefarious
Or
Whither THAT most prolific accretion,
Whither and wherefore and
Entered they bold through the portal

Ah, friend, 'tis scant wonder
Thou'rt doleful this limpid Spring even.
The Dream of thy building
Hath tottered about thee
And razed its invertebrate idols;
But e'en though the cannon rooks, lofty branches inkest,
Defile the clear, temperate eye with their Sybarite crookings,
Bend Dome ear to you low dappled hedgerow
Where pipeth damarely the thrush or the linnet
Adorning with melodies tinselled the garment of evening;
Uplift thy young oratory to soar within the portal, there,
Stringing opals of song round the luminous brow of the evening.
When the cannon rooks are immersed in their comatose slumber,
And still are the crookings that pester thine hearing,
In this very woodland
The nightingale, haply, the stillness
Will flood with rich, hydromel passion,
Warm nectar of gods spilled from chalices golden and chiming
'Twas ever so, friend.
Sweet Keats and dear Shelley will smile o'er these charlottas' ceremonies.

ALBERT ALLEN.

CUNIFORM: A FROLIC IN THE MODERN MANNER.

"I, Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, the builder of pyramids and turrets, thus I declare:—I have erected the palace, the seat of my sovereignty, the heart of Babylon in the lazal of Babylon. I have had its foundations set deep beneath the bed of the river, I have chronicled its erection on the slabs of brick and asphalt. With thy help, O Merodach, thou sublime god, have I raised up this indestructible palace, that the god may rule in Babylon prevail through me until the last days."—From a cuniform inscription.

I, Selver, in the twentieth century,
A would-be necromancer of my moods,
Conner of tongues oulandish, with a foible
To usher in strange bards, whose names you find of riddling utterance; sceptic, crank, buffoon,
—The devil knows what else—I muse upon
This scrap of truant cuniform. A sudden fit of humility assails me. Now I topple from my upreared battlements
And find myself a worm, a crawling blot
I, Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, the builder
Of the palace, the seat of my sovreignty, the heart of Babylon,
Has raised the tally of births sevenfold
From a cuniform inscription.

The nightingale haply, the stillness
Stringing opals of song round the luminous brow of the nightingale
When the carrion rooks are immersed in their comatose slumber,
And stilled are the croakings that pester thine hearing,
In this very woodland
The nightingale, haply, the stillness
Will flood with rich, hydromel passion,
Warm nectar of gods spilled from chalices golden and chiming
'Twas ever so, friend.
Sweet Keats and dear Shelley will smile o'er these charlottas' ceremonies.
O Christ!  
You doth lead, the same old solids pose.  
O get to Hades; go and loll in bars.  
And banter chat with bowsey demises.  
I'll to my room, and with this cunt to  
To test my temper, shall be kept aware  
That I am but a floating speck which bobs  
Upon a flood, and with this cunt to  
To snatch them to their havoc. This reflection  
Shall sober me, and counteract, no doubt  
Such cerebral hypertrophy, as may  
Disturb the balance of my cranium.  

RURALISM.  
His wife, who had been putting the three children to bed, came down into the kitchen, and, after trimming and lighting the lamp, went out into the yard, returning with an armful of twigs, which she placed on the top to dry, ready for fire-lighting in the morning. Then, taking a dirty apron off, she sat down on the couch beside her husband, who was talking to a visitor, a young farmer of the neighbourhood.  

As she sat down the farmer got up from his chair, and put on his cap.  
"Ah sell'v be fit tillin' for off," he said, in a loud voice, awkwardly drawing a watch from his hip-pocket, and glancing at it.  
"Whya, you've scarcelins bin here five minutes," exclaimed the woman, "it isn't often we sees yer now aye. You've gottin' to leave so. Ah've hed ti borrow sum o' yer noisy Bowdy-kite."  

"Thank yer very sallah, but Ah hevn't mich time. Ah've hed ti be fittilin' for off," he said, in a dirty, pasty-coloured complexion.  

"Ye're comin' to Wheatsheaf for yer 'llowance, Bill,'" remarked the visitor, striking a match and lighting his cycle lamp.  

"Good neet," answered the man and his wife. "Might hev a sup o' milk?" asked the man.  

"Ye're comin' to Wheatsheaf for yer 'llowance, Bill.'"

RURALISM.  
His wife, who had been putting the three children to bed, came down into the kitchen, and, after trimming and lighting the lamp, went out into the yard, returning with an armful of twigs, which she placed on the top to dry, ready for fire-lighting in the morning. Then, taking a dirty apron off, she sat down on the couch beside her husband, who was talking to a visitor, a young farmer of the neighbourhood.  

As she sat down the farmer got up from his chair, and put on his cap.  
"Ah sell'v be fit tillin' for off," he said, in a loud voice, awkwardly drawing a watch from his hip-pocket, and glancing at it.  
"Whya, you've scarcelins bin here five minutes," exclaimed the woman, "it isn't often we sees yer now aye. You've gottin' to leave so. Ah've hed ti borrow sum o' yer noisy Bowdy-kite."  

"Thank yer very sallah, but Ah hevn't mich time. Ah've hed ti be fittilin' for off," he said, in a dirty, pasty-coloured complexion.  

"Ye're comin' to Wheatsheaf for yer 'llowance, Bill.'"

"Good neet," remarked the visitor, striking a match and lighting his cycle lamp.  

"Good neet," answered the man and his wife. "Might hev a sup o' milk?" asked the man.  

"Ye're comin' to Wheatsheaf for yer 'llowance, Bill.'"
Drama.
By John Francis Hope.

By the time that this article appears, Mr. Martin Harvey will be playing in "The Only Way"; but Mr. Edward Knoblauch's play, "The Faun," should not be allowed to pass into oblivion without a final curse. If I were a sociologist (which, thank God, I am not), I should talk of Art as a symptom of Society, and relate modern drama to conditions in the marriage rate. In one way or another, but not with too much variety, the question of the Eternal Female: "What must I do to get married?" is being answered on our stage. The question of the Eternal Female, "Can we regard with enthusiasm the relict of a professor," could be corrected. That the scene is intended to contrast with the first act of "The Faun;" the audience is kept waiting for the Faun and enrage the men by bringing it in contact with them; even though his purpose is to prove that they really have feelings and can express them. The manner, if not the wording, of his questions concerning sexual experience is certainly offensive; for, naturally, no matter what the sex instinct is, it seeks privacy, and is deprived by publicity. All this nonsense about the superiority of animals in these matters is beside the mark: it is obviously derived from Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," and certainly was not used by him to arrive at a sentimental conclusion.

There is nothing godlike about the Faun's intervention. When he wishes to arouse, on behalf of his friend, Lord Stonbury, the sexual passions of Lady Alexandra Vancey, it is more than likely that Lord Stonbury is afraid that his hard work will be wasted on her and he makes her drunk with wine. A passion that cannot break through a conscious restraint, but can only be exhibited when that conscious restraint is removed by other means, is not that exclusive preference for one person over all others that is used by men and women who are in love. A drunken woman is anybody's prey; and Lady Alexandra Vancey would not, in fact, have bothered about Stonbury while she was intoxicated, and when her hands and lips grew cold again, Stonbury might forget his love. She would be piping again for the vote.

I suppose that Mr. Knoblauch's association with Mr. Arnold Bennett is responsible for the opening of the first act. In "The Great Adventure," the comedy begins with a death-scene: for more than half of the first act. In "The Great Adventure," the comedy of Arnold Bennett is responsible for the opening of the first act of "The Faun," the audience is kept waiting for the suicide. That the suicide does not occur, the victim being reserved for maternity, does not matter; it argues a want of the sense of artistic fitness that an author should begin a comedy with a gruesome idea like suicide. That he should devote all his gifts to making this scene the most incongruous, to make the most unskillful laugh more at this than at any other scene in the play betrays a perversion of taste and intelligence so extreme that I doubt whether it can be corrected. That the scene is intended to contrast with the "joy of life" of the Faun, does not excuse it; for the deliberation of suicide introduces a factor that destroys the effective contrast. If people deliberated about the "joy of life," if the Faun, for example, got the news from his dinner, and, instead of his Faun disgusted with the lust for revenge, and knowing that this insusceptibility to emotion is derived, probably, from Captain Hawtrey in "Caste," I am reminded once again of Byron.

"Tis sold—indeed, a general complaint—
That no one has succeeded in describing
The monde exactly as they ought to paint:
Some say that authors only snatch, by bribing
The porter, some slight scandals and quaint,
To furnish matter for their moral gibing;
And that their books have but one style in common,
The painter can become dissatisfied with his work when he falls in love with an heiress, and that, with the aid of a little alcohol, he may forget his poverty and she forget her present dependence on her mother, and a distinction of the matter be followed by an elopement. He has shown that the Faun is only a mirage, and that the Faun disesteemed with the lust for money betrayed by modern society; and carefully providing Lord Stonbury with the economic resources necessary for maternity. He has shown us the "joy of life" leading to the altitude of St. Paul's Knightsbridge, or St. Margaret's, Westminster; and it is for such a trumpery conclusion as this that we are asked to tolerate every possible offence against the canons of art.

intervention of a demi-god, his intervention is not only unnecessary but reprehensible. "If I am to be critic," said Horace, "the Fauns whom you bring to us from the forest must beware of philandering in too tender verses; or again of rattling out obscene and vulgar jests, as though they had been born at the cross-ways or worse, in-might natives of the Forum." It is a vulgar jest for the Faun to call a mare, and to say that Lord Stonbury is a mule, and to say that in its artless way, it is for such a trumpery conclusion as this that we are asked to tolerate every possible offence against the canons of art.
It was, I believe, a German sage who said "A man travels the wide world o'er and lives many of us doubt it, experience can constitute riches in the end to find himself." If this be true, and not winds.

individual melody, to the touch of the world's many nature that can respond and can outpour their tense

Italians, and would have preferred frivolously to cow

throng of passions and sympathies,

mastery be attained unless, among this conflicting

of versatility a superficial aptitude to meddle with many

and direct means. One forgets the absence of figures,

and "San Pietro, Venise"

as

of nature seemed to me apparent in Simon Bussy's

kook

and "La Whistler. Mr. Henry Bishop loves

press-and to become a pictorial metaphorist of the South, and he paints it with understanding. He

knows the bliss of fresh, reposeful shadow, and all that this signifies in sunny climes. You hear the buzz of human voices from his Moorish towns, and you can imagine the hollow clatter of the donkeys' hoofs on the narrow streets, though nothing but acres of flat sun-baked roofs lie before you. He attains to almost dramatic beauty in Nos. 11, 20 (particularly fine), and with means as simple as they are forcible; while in "Moorish Women Mourning" (No. 23), a difficult effect of transition from shadow to light is tackled and mastered with quite exceptional skill. I think it is a pity that Mr. Bishop included No. 28 in his one-man show, a painter does himself more harm than good by hanging his failures. In a conglomerate show, chance may help him out of his difficulties—a poor specimen of another's work easily becomes a foil. But in a one-man show a painter does so much better by doing his best. If I might be allowed to import a literary slangism into pictorial phraseology, I should say that there is something akin to the notion of "padding" in a picture which contains even as little as twelve square inches of superfluous canvas. But this by the way. These are only slight blemishes in an exhibition which is full of absorbing and fascinating work. I recommend particularly Nos. 7, 8, 18, and 17, besides Nos. 11, 20 and 28 already mentioned.
Music and Musicians.

By John Playford.

Mozart in a Cabaret.

Mr. GREEN was there, and Mr. Austin Harrison and Mr. Ford Maddox Hueffer, and Frank Harris and Cunningham Graham, and all sorts of celebrities, including Lord Dangan, the very latest John Tanner of the Gaiety (or is it Daly's or the Aldwych?) Shortly after closing time (outside) a number of nuts strolled in with their noisettes, and in the phrase of our great-great-grandmothers, dancing was continued until a late hour. Art had disappeared just before Vermouth and Supper, and thereafter (midnight or so) we knew what it was to live. The supper was excellent, and the pianist excruciating. During coffee, Mr. Frank Harris, who had previously emptied himself of a torrent of platitudes on art criticism, rose to his feet and said something to this effect: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am the toast-master, and I ask you to drink to the Princess's red feather." (Loud laughter and applause at the nearest tables.) The point of the witticism consisted in the allusion to the Princess Redfeather who had previously sung fragments of folk-songs belonging to her people—North American Indians. She is a handsome woman, she was picturesquely garbed, and she sang her songs very prettily, although she was not well advised to sing any of them in translation, and badly advised to use a pianoforte accompaniment. But her "turn" was decidedly interesting. Hence Mr. Harris's eloquent tribute.

The clout of the entertainment was, however, a performance of Mozart's "Bastien und Bastienne," a one-act Pastoral, written when he was twelve years of age. With superb indifference to the truth the committee announced the opera as being performed for the first time in England. It was, of course, very well done at Covent Garden six years ago, and previously, I believe, at the Savoy. The egotism of it! But the performance was certainly unrivaled. The Intimate (Something) Society is nothing if it is not the most exclusive academy for young ladies in a place like Richmond. Anybody with half an ounce of sense would have recognised that Mr. Dressler with all his splendid bawling should never act in a Mozart opera, and with less than half an ounce of sense that no Mozart opera or opera-bouffe should ever be played in a cabaret. No one who knows anything about cabarets would have permitted bright Miss Katherine Mansfield, or Masefield, to play the part of call-boy-master-of-ceremonies in the most perfect way she did. And the spectacle of several hundreds of immaculately dressed people sitting solemnly all the evening at long rows of supper tables—performance at 8.30, supper at 11.30—was just a little ludicrous.

I know it is not pretended that this Heddon Street cabaret should imitate the continental cabaret. It certainly steers fairly clear of any such accusation. One young artist—I think her name was Lilian Shelley—sang and acted in something like the real cabaret spirit—free, spontaneous, unconventional, caring for nothing and nobody. Her songs were of the low music-hall type, although one could not detect emotion and an entire absence of phrasing, she sang the ballad of "Barbara Allen." She stepped on to the platform unannounced? and often interjected remarks to her audience between the lines, and—here the continental cabaret should certainly steers fairly clear of any such accusation. Her voice is poor enough but there was an élan in her singing which was refreshing. There was the wit that made his debut somewhere about 3 a.m. He was a born Neapolitan, I'll swear; sometimes they produce east or south of France, but not west. Someone had insisted that he should sing, and diligently, to pianoforte accompaniment, he commenced a song in Italian, gradually warming to it and finishing with a fine flourish. After that he sang another—"O mari, mari!"—a thing one may hear any day in the streets of Naples. For sheer temperament there are few songs more vividly expressive than this, and only a Neapolitan can sing it. The "Preislied" is merely respectable by comparison. In the Mozart opera, Miss Rolffs of Anton Dressler's songs. Despite what I have said of her part in the Mozart opera, Miss Rolffs is a fine actress, and with less than half an ounce of sense that no Mozart opera or opera-bouffe should ever be played in a cabaret. It was impossible to believe that she was the Bastienne of half an hour previously.

Mozart's music—and what wonderful music it is!—and much that is sheer sophistication. My God, sophisticated at twelve! Did Mozart, I wonder, ever completely shed his priggishness? Perhaps priggishness is too strong a word. Let us call it fastidiousness. Did he ever shed his fastidious "Figaro" or "Don Giovanni"? Even the lofty and beautiful "Requiem" suggests the perfect gentleman. The most ecstatic moments in "Figaro," with all its comedy of intrigue and scandalmongering are not more likely than the "Bastien und Bastienne," and some of the part-writing—notably the lovely trio which ends the little opera—is as good as anything in his later and more "matured" works.

One need not, I suppose, hope to find in such a galère as the Cabaret Theatre Club, Ltd., a stage manager of first-class experience. I can only imagine a first-class manager giving the thing up within the first quarter of an hour. There is a hopeless atmosphere of self-consciousness in the business which must choke anybody possessed with the two (correlative) things necessary: a sense of the theatre and a sense of the cabaret. "Bastien und Bastienne" was, as I've suggested, the pièce de resistance of this anniversary supper. It was, as I've also suggested, worthy of an elegant school for young ladies in a place like Richmond. Anybody with half an ounce of sense would have recognised that Mr. Dressler with all his splendid bawling should never act in a Mozart opera, and with less than half an ounce of sense that no Mozart opera or opera-bouffe should ever be played in a cabaret. No one who knows anything about cabarets would have permitted bright Miss Katherine Mansfield, or Masefield, to play the part of call-boy-master-of-ceremonies in the most perfect way she did. And the spectacle of several hundreds of immaculately dressed people sitting solemnly all the evening at long rows of supper tables—performance at 8.30, supper at 11.30—was just a little ludicrous.
is ms.

Poverty-line wages are the lot of thousands of our brothers to-day, and this in a Christian country!

Take the co-operative industry. A movement that could from its net profits (£13,000,000 in 1911) double the wages of every one of the 126,000 employees engaged in its service, and be left for paying dividends something like £56 million per year (yielding 75 per cent. on share capital), can scarcely plead with reason that the adoption of a higher wage scale would ruin them.

The forward movement has commenced, and we must not call a halt until we have accomplished the "abolition of the wage-system." The writers of the articles on National Guilds mentioned the National Union of Railwaymen, who, together with other unions, are beginning to see daylight. The Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners, in particular, have some resolutions to bring forward, when they assemble in Manchester during the next few weeks. The Northampton branch will be responsible for a recommendation to the effect that the question should be considered of the advisability of organising, in conjunction with co-operative societies, for a system of food supply in case of strikes.

They are preparing the war chest already throughout the union world. So let every Guild Socialist centre all his energy for the propagation of the Guild spirit, which is the spirit of freedom, and attack these evil systems which are destroying the country, the workers, men, women, young and old, simply for the sole purpose of creating wealth for capitalist trusts.

We cannot give up the struggle, and the kingdom of heaven is within us. Why the workers of industry should saddle themselves with a party of Labour M.P.'s passes my comprehension, as they have been a drag against the whole industrial movement. Every Co-operative Congress decided against them. If we must pay men to lead us—and this sounds very materialistic—let us have them amongst us, not at Westminster.

The strike is only a means of achieving that end. The question should be considered of the advisability of organisation, in conjunction with co-operative societies, for a system of food supply in case of strikes.

They are preparing the war chest already throughout the union world. So let every Guild Socialist centre all his energy for the propagation of the Guild spirit, which is the spirit of freedom, and attack these evil systems which are destroying the country, the workers, men, women, young and old, simply for the sole purpose of creating wealth for capitalist trusts.

We cannot give up the struggle, and the kingdom of heaven is within us. Why the workers of industry should saddle themselves with a party of Labour M.P.'s passes my comprehension, as they have been a drag against the whole industrial movement. Every Co-operative Congress decided against them. If we must pay men to lead us—and this sounds very materialistic—let us have them amongst us, not at Westminster.
workers on the land, is that they preserve the vitality and stamina of the English race. How does a large admixture of Poles, Slavs or Mongols fit in with this aim and stamina of the English race. How does it fit?

Again the reply ignores entirely the proposal to give to the alien immigrant an immediate share in the whole "industrial organization of the nation". How does the disturbance caused by immigration stop? HOWARD INCE.

The Writers of the Articles on the Guilds reply: Your correspondent had better re-read our note of last week. Industrial England under the Guild system can control immigration by the simple means of refusing membership to any but first-class foreign workers.

A "PRESSING QUESTIONS." Sir,—In the article, "Views and Reviews," which appears on pages 283-5, of your issue of the 19th inst., there is the suggestion that Mr. A. H. Mackmurdo, in his book entitled "The Right of Borrowers to Participate in the Appreciation of Money, and the Right of Employers to Participate in the Profits of Industry," which was submitted to Messrs. Putnam and Sons, in London, in 1892-1910.

The Guild organisation, according to economic function is one of the distinctive aspects alike of the caste and feudal systems of the East, and of the feudal and syndicalist or trade union systems of the West. It is the risible manifestation and embodiment of the organic constitutencies, of basing national political representation on economic function, and the co-operation of working men as the living members of the economic body of the nation.

The concept of utilising economic guilds as political constituencies, of basing national political representation on economic function instead of upon geographic location was set forth in essay entitled "Reform of the Electorate," published by Mr. Frank Palmer in the spring of 1910; and also by the undersigned in Table I, Appendix V, pages 283-5, of "Legal Tender," published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner, and Co., Ltd., in the autumn of 1910.

This Table I (copy enclosed herewith) was originally constructed, and twenty copies thereof printed in 1885. It formed part of the MS. of an unpublished work entitled "The Right of Borrowers to Participate in the Appreciation of Money, and the Right of Employers to Participate in the Profits of Industry," which was submitted to Messrs. Putnam and Sons, of New York, in 1889.

In 1885-6 we were in the midst of the 1874-92 price period of the appreciation in the exchange value of money; to-day, in 1913, we are in the midst of the 1897-1920 (perhaps) price period of the depreciation in the exchange value of money; therefore the title of this work now needs amendment accordingly. Parts of this work have been embodied in several economic essays published for me by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner, and Co., Ltd., during the period from 1892-1910.

As soon as possible, in 1910, after I had read the essay by "Candidus," I forwarded to him, through his publisher, one of the 1885 printed copies of Table I, which formed part of the MS. then in the hands of the publishers of "Legal Tender." Subsequently, in 1910, I met "Candidus" in London. There, for the first time I laid the ground for the suggestion that Mr. A. H. Mackmurdo is in any way under obligations to the writers of the series of articles about Guild Socialism which have appeared in the issues of the NEW AGE at any time.

JAS. C. SMITH.

"A. E. R." replies: Whom "Candidus" may be, I do not know, unless I had ever seen or heard of Mr. Mackmurdo. But if Mr. Smith, by his reference to his own work, "Legal Tender," is claiming co-authorship with Mr. Mackmurdo of the idea of Guilds as a basis of political representation, Mr. Mackmurdo does not acknowledge his claim. I can find only three specific references to Mr. Smith's work in Mr. Mackmurdo's book, and none of these has anything to do with his work. The works cited are "Money and Profit-Sharing" and "National Providence and Other Essays," and, unless Mr. Smith is in the habit of saying the same things in all his works, Mr. Smith's claim to co-authorship is indefensible.

If this is the case, it appears that Mr. Mackmurdo was indebted to us, but simply asserted that some of the passages (I instanced those concerning the "idea of the Guilds as political bodies only, we did not take Mr. Smith's argument were mere utilisation of the principle that "economic power precedes political power"; and we utilised the Guild idea (which is no one's invention, but a simple fact of history) for to formalize inoperative if the proposed Guild could obtain economic power. Obviously, Mr. Mackmurdo could not be indebted to us for this argument; for he does not use it. It is the very idea of his work that he used the Guild idea only as a means of electoral reform; a misuse of the idea that is so utterly stupid that I am quite willing to believe that Mr. Smith and Mr. Mackmurdo invented it between them. For, no matter how far back, either in times, there can be no representative government; on that point Mr. Mackmurdo and THE NEW AGE agree. But we continue to protest against the transformation of passive into active citizenship by means of the development of bodies of workers who, by establishing a monopoly of their labour, can actually compete successfully with the monopoly of capital. It is within the Guild, by the exercise of economic power, that active citizenship will be developed; and our argument proving this has not been adopted by Mr. Mackmurdo. He compiles the continued existence of Employers and Employed; the wage system, which we have shown to be the cause of passive citizenship, and the Guilds to develop is the very system that Mr. Mackmurdo postulates as the basis of his Guilds. Neither he nor Mr. Smith shows the slightest understanding of the fundamental nature of the problem; and, as I said, we cannot like to insist too strongly on the obligations to THE NEW AGE I would be the fact were otherwise. Mr. Mackmurdo might have used everything that Mr. Smith wrote in THE NEW AGE on this subject, with or without acknowledgment; and I, for one, would have been pleased. THE NEW AGE exists to be used, and the more our ideas are stated, the more quickly is it likely to be realised. We claim no monopoly of the Guild idea; and the more people who set their minds to the work of developing the conception and elaborating it better, the better we shall be pleased. But to offer us, at this time of day, the conception of Guilds as electoral bodies, is to offer us such a parody of our own idea as to justify us in showing it in sharp contrast to our own work. More perfect ideal; we object only, as I said, to the idea being used as a salute to Capitalism, and shall exercise the right of criticism whenever such amateur attempts come to my notice.

THE INSURANCE ACT.

Sir,—I send you a sketch of actuality.

PETER FANNING.

Time: A morning in June, 1913.

Scene: A barber's shop in Sunderland.

Workman: "Say, Dan, can I have a shave?"

Barber: "Certainly. Not at work this week?"

Workman: "No. Not this week last, either."

Barber: "I thought they were busy at your yard."

Workman: "So they are, but the work isn't forward enough for me yet."

Barber: "But if you are laid off, you'll be on the unemployed fund?"

Workman: "C'mon, that's just what I ain't. And that's just the bloody trouble!"

Barber: "How's that? Have you not reported yourself as unemployed?"

Workman: "No, because I can't get my book. This is the latest dodge. They lay us off now whenever they like, and won't give us our books. One fellow demanded him and he got it out of our Governor, and said that he needn't expect to get a start there again. Before this rotten Insurance Act, at busy times like these, when laid off at one yard, we could go to another and get a spell of work, but we've got us fixed. One yard won't give us our books, and another yard won't start us without them, and we can't report ourselves as unemployed; so we get nothing for the benefits, and the arrears are running up against us."

Chorus of Customers: "Refreshing fruits!"

Workman: "Fruits! P'dil stuff 'em down his bleeding gag if I've got any."

Here is a case where Lloyd George might apply his grand nostrum with effect. If he is sincere, let him
embody his “compulsion” in a clause somewhat after this manner:—

Any employer, when discharging or laying idle for any period any workman insured under this Act, shall, when giving notice of discharge such workman, in such a manner as to refer to benefits paid under the National Insurance Act.

I am not concerned with the reduction of benefits, increased sickness, malingering, as such. My point is that these are due to the very existence of the National Insurance Act.

I would like to ask Mr. Simpson what he means by “the circular does not apply to all our members?” Does it mean that malingering depends on the county or town in which a person lives? And this arrangement “is not intended to be permanent.” How can he guarantee that? “At the same time I believe that the experience,” etc., etc. I quite agree with Mr. Simpson in his belief. “The sickness rate, but,” etc. What is this mean? Has malingering now become a question of sex?

If actuaries are capable of accepting the Insurance Act, they are capable of almost anything.

S. H. J.

Sir,—As the Insurance Act has been discussed so much in this paper, I take pleasure in thinking that the following personal statement of facts will interest your readers. The hundred and one grievances which are financial and physical cannot be made except by the Act voluntary. This, of course, will never come from the Liberal Party, and it is extremely doubtful whether the Unionists will take this step.

My own experience up to the present has been amusing, depressing, and finally I have finished with a consuming hatred of anything connected with the Act. I now curse fluently in three languages, and I attribute this ease to the eye-opening I have received since I started to chase the herring rats through the clauses of the Bill.

I joined a small approved society as a State member only, as I had many reasons for not caring to be raked in by the Prudential. My society sent me a circular letter about three months ago, which contained two papers. One was a voting paper, and the other, headed “National Health Section Only,” was a certificate of audit. Of course, when a person is bludgeoned to the extent of fourpence per week, he cannot be expected the keenly interested in how it has been expended. The proxy voting paper announced a meeting at the Memorial Hall for the purpose of electing directors. One of the paragraphs reads as follows:—“The directors desire to point out that, as a full year has not yet elapsed since the commencement of National Insurance, no balance-sheet respecting the accounts can be presented, consequently no business affecting the State Insurance Section proper will be brought forward.”

I was honoured beyond bound, I, a mere State worm, was invited to attend the meeting; but how could it interest me, as simply a compulsory member, if no State Insurance business was to be brought forward? I therefore took the two papers, sealed them up in the envelope, and wrote on the back, in red ink and large handwriting, words to this effect:—“I strongly resent your infernal impudence for handing the enclosed paper, which are not of the slightest interest to me. Furthermore, I object to my convict number being quoted on the outside, and shall do no further business with you until the Act is abolished. Wishing you joy and speedy insolvency in the working of an Act which it would be complimentary to call a drunken man’s nightmare or money for nothing. I remain,” etc., etc., and I congratulate myself upon having given some creature a blow on the jaw, and was further pleased to receive an acknowledgment of it:—

Sir,—In view of the extraordinary language used by you on the back of an envelope containing three papers as a State member, I presume that you are now exempt from the N.I.A. for which you made application, October, 1911, and got the certificate till this day, to see if this is so, when I shall put the whole before the Commissioners.”

It was with fear and trembling that I read the above threatening letter. The luminaries connected with the Act were to be informed that I refused to do any further business with a society, and the secretary could not see the point. I let the matter rest for two months, and, as I had heard nothing in the meantime, I returned the above, with the following letter:—

“Dear Sir,—I return attached to save you the trouble of referring, and have to inform you that the Commissioners have not yet moved in the matter. Perhaps they are asleep, perhaps they are busy drawing their assured salaries, or perhaps they are engaged in choking off applicants for their doctor. If you send any more envelopes we do not assure you that the circulars will get them back again in the same way. In conclusion, I have to say that the English language is inadequate to describe the contemptuous loathing of any decent man for anyone who works the Act, from Commissioners downwards.

P.S.—I can now sing the six methods of reducing benefits backwards. Are any of the funds invested in Myconis?”

And now I await developments. I pay 27s. 6d. per week for absolutely nothing. If I am ill, 10s. 6d. per week is deducted from my wages. The Commissioners have informed me that they cannot make any contribution towards doctors’ expenses incurred through having a doctor not on the panel. I have to live on my own doctor unless I pay the full amount myself, which is extremely generous of them. The maternity benefit is a subsidy in rabbits, and the sanatorium benefit only what a religious fanatic imagines it to be. There are thousands situated like myself, but we cannot look towards Westminster for relief.

I write this with the desire to let unfortunate insured people know that there are people kicking vigorously against this tax, in spite of all the wretched stuff printed in Labour newspapers.

I have agitated, demonstrated, written to M.P.’s, signed petitions, and I am now going to demand the return of 8s. 6d. which is my property, and I hope those who see this and are similarly situated will do the same. I have the number of several and have them on my list, said E. S. Redding, who handles the county poor. We don’t have to wait for the wives to complain. Jonathan Swift evidently knew England when he made out his will; I am inclined to think that, if he were alive now, he would demand the execution of everyone who profits by the Act; this would mean many by-elections, many Nonconformist funerals, and much rejoicing by those who contribute more than income-tax payers, and with more indignation upon your columns.

Finally, there is one question to ask, and I write as a constant reader of THE NEW AGE. Now that there are only two classes, the carders and non-carders, who are to represent the former politically? To be explicit, when will THE NEW AGE put forward some scheme that will satisfy the demands of those who are heartily sick of Unionists, Liberals, and the pudding-headed Labour Party?

CHRISTOPHER GAY.

VOTES FOR WOMEN!

Sir,—Enclosed you will find a newspaper clipping that may possibly interest your readers, in view of the recent discussion in your columns of the modern tendency of Democracy in the United States.

S. WASEY.

Spokane, Wash., June 8.—Spokane county is ready for the lazy husbands as the “lazy husband” law went into effect to-day.

“I have the number of several and have them on my list,” said E. S. Redding, who handles the county poor problem. “We also have a place for them to work right away. For some time we have worked the county farm, where the old buildings are to be torn down and a new infirmary constructed. There will be good, hard work for some months, and the first thing we want is that we get hold of will get work under surveillance. Their $15.00 a day will go to the wife.

There is another fine thing about this law. I can make the following notice necessary: ‘On the face of it I name one necessary, papers as a State member, I presume that you are now exempt from the N.I.A. for which you made application, October, 1911, and got the certificate till the 2nd of the last Thursday in the month, to see if this is so, when I shall put the whole before the Commissioners.”

When the county infirmary is completed the county commissioners will find other work.
THE GILBERT AND ELLICE ISLANDS.

Sir,—I have the honour to forward to you a copy of the letter I have to-day sent to the Prime Minister, the Right Hon. Herbert H. Asquith, in regard to the Gilbert case.


Sir,—I have the honour again to draw your attention to the Gilbert case. I feel it to be the disgraceful misrule and exploitation that have been brought forward, but investigation into these charges has been left in the hands of those interested in suppressing the truth, and there are grounds of manifesting statements, and of statements quite opposed to the facts, which have been made in reply to questions that have been put to me in the House of Commons.

In the case of wrongs which were committed in countries which are under foreign Powers, our Government, of which you are the head, has so strongly objected to leaving matters in the hands of the officials and demanded impartial investigation; I refer, for example, to despatches in regard to the Congo. Into wrongs, however, committed under the British flag, attempts to obtain such investigation have been unavailing, and our Secretary of State for the Colonies and his officials have been both defendants and judges of the cases. Insults and wrongs of the Gilberts are being robbed from the natives of the Gilberts and the Imperial Exchequer, but there are people implicated in this scandal, people profiting by it, who have immense influence. They are the parties of the Gilberts, and among them I believe you would be able to find even personal friends of your own. I appeal to you to support the petition and the duty of advising the Sovereign in the affair of the Gilberts and to have the main cause of the evils there removed by cancelling the unjust concession held by the Pacific Phosphate Company.

As in the case of the petition to his late Majesty King Edward VII in 1908, you last year also left the presenting of the petition and the duty of advising the Sovereign in the hands of the Right Hon. the Secretary of State for the Colonies, the head official responsible for the wrongs in the Gilberts, the one who gave the unjust and dishonest licence which virtually made a present of this vast wealth of phosphate to the Pacific Islands Company (now Pacific Phosphate Company).

Twice now has the Secretary of State for the Colonies prevented an impartial inquiry by advising his Majesty not to order the investigation petitioned for to be put before the House of Commons. The Duke of Bedford and Colonel Seely’s promotion to the post of Secretary of State for War can hardly act as a deterrent to anyone who wishes to stifle the truth; he being the late Parliamentary Under-Secretary for the Colonies who made, among other erroneous replies to members of Parliament, the astonishing statement (on July 5, 1909) that “the Department had no means of ascertaining the value of this phosphate.” When its officials play with the truth in this way, there can be little chance of obtaining justice from the Colonial Office.

For perverting the truth by stating, at an inquiry in the Gilberts, that a native, who had been drinking and causing trouble, was not drunk, a Kaubari (Headman or Councillor), a man born a savage, was degraded from the office of which you are the head, most strongly objected to.

The reprint from the “Times,” of May 28, is a comment on the article which appeared in the financial section of the “Times” of May 22, and is a copy of a letter I have to-day sent to the Prime Minister, the Right Hon. Herbert H. Asquith, in regard to the Gilbert case.

I refer, for example, to despatches of May 28, is a comment on the article which appeared in the financial section of the “Times,” of May 22, and is a copy of a letter I have to-day sent to the Prime Minister, the Right Hon. Herbert H. Asquith, in regard to the Gilbert case.

T. C. T. POTTS.
A CORRECTION.

Sir,—Though half-ashamed to display any knowledge on a "ticklish" subject, I beg to say that the type of sexual infatuation described in your last number as "Current Medical News" does not under this heading at all, but under that of Sadism. Complimenting the writer in question upon his ignorance in the matter.

Oscar Levy.

A CORRECTION.

Sir,—May I ask you to insert this letter, correcting a few printer's errors in my article of "The Comparative Humanity of the French Revolution"? On page 225, second column, Carrière has lost his accent and his final vowel, and his adjective should be "infamous"; on page 226, second column, it should be "grinding heel," though, no doubt, "hell" as fitly describes the state. On page 227, first column, it is the "fair kind head," not "kind;" it is Carlyle's description of that portion of the unfortunate Princess's anatomy. On page 227, second column, the word "sorrow" is correctly "horror." No doubt these alterations would suggest themselves to the intelligent reader, but I should not like it to be thought that I so little knew my Carlyle as to write "kind head.

ARTHUR HOOOD.

"PHYSICIAN . . . !"

Sir,—As an observant reader of The New Age, may I remark that I never see a correspondent rating you for violence and rhetoric without expecting him to exhibit these things himself before he achieves his signature. For instance, Mr. William Hare implores you to leave "vituperative rhetoric" to poets, and yourself attain philosophic calm. But, next breath, he is talking excitedly of the "wholesale and organised" murder in industry. "Piece-meal and unorganised" would be philosophically calmer, and, besides, nearer the truth.

Berlin.

J. MORRIS.

"LETTERS FROM ITALY."

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. John Percy Fell, is a lord of raucous provincialisms. His letter in The New Age for June 12 is but a palliation of those flowers of courtesy he has privately deposited upon me as a token of his admiration for my talent. He has found that this private correspondence brought from me nothing but curt acknowledgments and exhortations to calm. Now with your aid he has given publicity to his wails for recognition. Pray tell him that his remarks will receive nothing but languid derision; and assure him that a guide is not of necessity fitted to act as a philosopher and friend.

Sirmione.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

"CHIMES FOR THE TIMES."

Sir,—No student who has carefully examined Bergson's philosophy and its effects on modern thought will be astonished at the highly significant reference to him in the "Church Times," which Mr. Harold Drummond quoted in your issue of June 19. Perhaps you will allow me to support the "Church Times" view that "Bergson is not a Christian, but Christianity profits by his philosophy," by a short quotation from one of the most eminent of modern French thinkers. I refer naturally to M. Kemy de Gourmont: the passage will be found in his recently published "Epitaphe: 1905-1912" (pp. 218 foll.)—:

"I have been thinking over philosophers these last few days in connection with the death of William James; and I have discovered that the influence of philosophers may be summed up in a few words. I think that every philosophy which is not purely scientific—that is to say, negative of metaphysics—helps, in the end, to support Christianity in whatever form Christianity may prevail among different nations. Most people who think that they are taking an interest in what they call great problems are moved by an interted and entirely selfish impulse. They think of themselves, of their own lot; they hope they may find rationally a solution agreeable to their desires, which secretly accord with the first teachings they have ever received.

"Now, since all metaphysical reasonings are very obscure, or, at any rate, not readily grasped by most minds, when they are confronted with religious beliefs, we find that these beliefs are of the same order and more clear, since they were known already. This phenomenon was seen at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The deism of Jean Jacques Rousseau, which seemed to be so far removed from Catholicism, prepared the way for a revival of Catholicism. Chateaubriand, soaked with Rousseau, was the first of this species; when 'the altars were revealed,' millions of people who professed to be unbelievers, but who were imbued with sentimental deism, prayed before them quite naturally, without even realising that they did so. William James, with his religiosity indifferent to religious ceremonies, worked in like manner, without knowing it, for the religious sects. The spiral spiritualism of M. Bergson, which by its treacherous scientific appearance, leads to the same result. The metaphysical clouds which he stirs with so much eloquence dissolve in religious rain; and this rain, as it dries, leaves a kind of manna which belief feeds upon. There are more priests than freethinkers at M. Bergson's lectures. His manner of postulating free-will assumes in France, a Catholic country, an apologetic aspect. Our most illustrious metaphysician would do well to know what he is about."

LEIGHTON J. WARNOCK.

"THE MOST PERFECT FORM OF COCOA."

-Guy's Hospital Gazette.

Fry's PURE COCOA.

APPOINTED MANUFACTURERS TO
H.M. THE KING, H.M. THE QUEEN,
H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

SECRETARY-STENOGRAPHER-TYPIST (22) to Agricultural
Author (Prof.), 27 months, seeks cognate capacity. Salary not first
consideration. — Apply Box B, New Age.

"ASHLEY" SCHOOL-HOME, Addlestone, Surrey. Re-
formed Diet. Industrial instruction. Careful Preparation for Life
Examinations. Healthy District. Highest References. — Apply PRINCIPAL.

FREE SALVATION FOR ALL.


DRAWING AND PAINTING. - SIECkER and GOSSE, Rowlanndson House, 146, Hampstead Road, N.W. Day & Evening models

The Simple Life in the City

Even if you cannot get a sun-bath in Cheapside you can get a simple-life, pure-food, non-flesh luncheon at the Home Restaurant—a luncheon balanced in food-value, appealing to eye and palate, attractively served in tasteful surroundings. Come, see, taste, enjoy and give thanks—at the cash-deck.

The Home Restaurant
31, Friday Street, . . . E.C.
(Between Caxton Street and Queen Victoria Street)
Sensible Meals for Brainy Men.