they are sound economically. It is quite a mistake to suppose that class-politics is either meritorious or necessary. We, who advocate class-politics, have advocated class politics. On economics the various classes of the State are divided and must always be divided until a new national organisation of industry has displaced the existing system of profiteering. But on political matters a class view, however much such views exist and are tolerated, is an offence against the unity of the nation. Lord George Hamilton speaking in Parliament for the railway interest is as much out of place there, but no more out of place, than Mr. Crooks speaking on behalf of the Woolwich workers. Some dim realisation of the impropriety of subjecting national interests to personal or class or trade interests would seem to have entered into the minds of the rank and file of trade unionists. They are, in short, better politicians without knowing it than either the Hamiltonians or the MacDonalds and Snowdens.

* * *

But though political action should prove, as it cannot, to be the sole means of emancipation from the wage-system, it is clear now that as an instrument the political Labour Party is ill-conceived. It is even worse than feeble, it is more dangerous to its own friends than to any conceivable enemy. Its brief period of existence has seen it develop all the faults of the most reactionary caucus existing outside Russia. From first to last, the efforts of its leaders have been directed to suppressing every sign of life within its ranks, to barking every radical discussion or criticism of its policy, to cutting itself off from every intelligence above that of its own average, and, of course, to bribing its own docile officers with the intention of making loyalty worth their while. The mistakes—if they can be called mistakes and not the natural and inevitable doings of a party based on a fallacy—committed by the Labour Party have, as we all know, turned everybody against it who is not paid in one way or another to support it. They have done more even than that, they have brought not only the party but political action into such discredit that we doubt whether any considerable body of the rank and file will again listen without jeering to the instincts of the working classes, whatever their reasoning may be, are not only sound politically, but
to the "Times" the number of active workers in the Labour and Socialist movement who have in the last six years been appointed to Government posts is (without taking into account the ordinary spoils of office, the American Government has at its disposal (as one caucus here desires) the patronage of the tariff, in consequence of which the profits of America subscribe not only to the first in return for the second, but to the current expenses of their politicians for tariff schedules down on the nail. The extent to which incessant "lobbying" has been carried on in America would be more credible in England if our own precedent were followed. As it is our habit to have learned long ago to conduct most of our operations behind the scenes and before the Parliament of their choice has assembled. Unlike Walpole, who cared not who made Members of Parliament so he might subsequently deal with them, our own wirepullers deal with candidates first and allow them to be made members afterwards. In America, however, both processes, it appears, have been necessary, simultaneously and successively. Members are both made by the bosses and afterwards "dealt with" on every occasion when business is involved. The revelations of Col. Mulhall in particular may be cited as evidence of the system at work. The National Association of Manufacturers, numbering 225 masters' organisations and over 4,000 individual firms, maintains a permanent organisation at Washington to "influence" legislation positively and negatively. With hundreds of Congressmen in their pay and, of course, the Press in their service, they succeeded in extracting from the Legislature the Bills they desired and in keeping every evil they desired to keep may damage them. The whole Taft Tariff Commission, it is said, was either nominated by them or subsequently accepted their pay. It was to break down this organisation that President Wilson issued his recent exposures. Henceforth, as far as his great influence extends, "lobbying" of the ancient sort will be either impossible or comparatively ineffective. So, at least, the enthusiasts say. But what is to prevent the profiteers of America learning finesse as our own profiteers have learned it? From being gross and almost open, corruption will, we are certain, become refined and secret. It will not be less, but only less obvious. Instead of the besom of the new President is stirring up a lot of corruption as18. As it is, our governing classes have learned it? From being gross and almost open, the "stirring up a lot of corruption as a wheel depends upon the supply of the loaves and fishes. The obstacles to honesty, at any rate, are well-nigh insuperable; and only such good fortune as falls to the lot of us as earthlings, if a great family or class tradition, can ensure the return of unpolitic candidates to Parliament or their stay there uncorrupted. We conclude that, for the present, the case of the Labour Party is hopeless; for there is no a man and their traditions are as base. Worse still, they instantly unite to quell any signs of genius or passionate honesty in the movement they control, and thus to ensure that dull genius or honesty shall never appear among them.

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We can think of no lawful impediment, but, on the contrary, extend our best welcome to the union and the hope that the three may soon be but one.

* * *

No doubt this appears to be a counsel of despair, or perhaps of irony. We do not attempt to conceal its nature; but, on the other hand, we contend that it is the only means that exists for getting the bubble of political action pricked once and for all. While it can be supposed that political action is to some extent the result of the inefficiency of the Labour Party or by reason of the divisions in Labour's political forces, political action will always remain as the "ideal" method of emancipation. The MacDonaldis and the Snowdens, equally with the Hyndmists and the Peases will always be able to say that if the party were united politically, or if the group in Parliament were more efficient, political action would work wonders. While more than sceptical of this result from political action without an economic force to support it; while, in fact, we deny that the most complete unity of political purpose or integrity of political method can possibly bring about anything more than the amelioration, at the expense of all, of its present conditions. For Tom Dick can never be disposed to encourage the various groups to make a trial. If fools must learn by personal experience and cannot learn by history or by reasoning, the best advice to give them is to plunge into experience under the most favourable circumstances, and to learn there that in politics they can only, like Mr. Lansbury, splash about. The emancipation, we repeat, of the proletariat is not, however, accomplishable by political means. Government does not exist to re-distribute property, but to preserve it. Its function is not revolution but conservation. Its power is dependent absolutely upon the will of the owners; it is they who make and unmake Governments precisely as they can and do make and unmake the laws of their own condition. Until this dependence of political power upon economic power is understood, not only will political power produce nothing, but we are afraid the economic power of the proletariat will never be collected into a monopoly.

* * *

The economic purpose, unfortunately, of the Labour movement is rather more difficult to understand than its political purpose. T. W. Williams, in an address to the members of the Labour Party in Parliament, is to return a majority of members and finally to form a Labour Ministry. That, we say, utterly impossible is quite intelligible. But ask almost any trade unionist or Socialist what end economic action proposes for itself and he has nothing like so clear a reply. We, it is true, have offered him a reply: it is the abolition of the wage-system; and we have likewise defined the method, namely, the creation in the trade unions of a complete monopoly of their labour property. Independently of strikes (about which we care no more in the abstract than Mr. Snowden); independently of political action or of collective bargaining, wage-boards, or any other means of intermediate objects, the mere creation of all-inclusive unions, the mere knowledge that a union possesses a monopoly of its labour, would, we contend, have more effect upon legislation than twice forty Labour Members in Parliament. It would mean that employers of the labour so consolidated would meet their men on equal terms for the first time in history. Each side would possess a monopoly, the one of capital, the other of labour; and it would be impossible, given equal intelligence, for either party to make more out of the resulting production than the other. As a matter of fact, we confidently predict that the first union that controls the whole of its labour will be invited to enter into partnership with its federated equals upon equal terms. By such a movement towards co-partnership of a very different kind from that advocated nowadays by Sir William Lever and others. The question will then arise of what the State will do. Will the State be able to afford to see Capital and Labour united to profiteer at the public expense? A trust of capital is bad enough for the public, but what would the public say to a combination of trust of Capital and Labour? The State, it is clear, must intervene when the offer of co-partnership is made and in place of the capitalists substitute itself. Thus would the first National Guild be formed, consisting on the one side of the State as the supreme owner of the means of industry, and, on the other, of a Guild possessing a complete monopoly of its labour. But this, as we say, though rationally clear and practically possible; though it affords the only intelligible means and definition of "emancipation," is still a dark saying to the Labour movement. And a dark saying it will remain until those who understand it and have no interested motive in delaying its recognition set about making it known and understood.

* * *

At Morpeth on Saturday last poor Mr. Burt proved that he had spent all his diligent years in the Labour movement without knowing what the movement is really striking for. But we can only regard as a Labour representative a man who represents the Labour movement. A leader who merely presents or reflects his movement, who has not divined its object and cannot define it and make it intelligible and articulate to his followers, is not a representative at all. He is a delegate, a convenient gramophone to receive and to blare out the confused counsels of a multitudinous babel. At worst, he is a blind leader of the blind. "Unless," said Mr. Burt to the miners, "they altered the present industrial system they would be so profoundly dissatisfied with it as any man could be--they could have nothing better than collective bargaining under independent chairmen. Let them not abolish the present system until they had something better to put in its place." What is this something better? What is it which may conceivably alter absolutely the present system with which Mr. Burt is so profoundly dissatisfied? No hint of it was contained in his speech, and no hint, we venture to say, will be found in all Mr. Burt's speeches. And the reason is plain. Mr. Burt has no idea what the new and better system is and no notion even of how to begin to displace the existing system. His appeal to the miners was indistinguishable from the appeal made by any sensible employer. In effect it was to make the best of things as they are in the hope that we should muddle through to Utopia. But is it necessary to say again that the proletariat cannot muddle anywhere but to a worse hell than they now occupy? It is not necessary that the proletariat should subside in a woolly muddle of sentimentality, the employing classes will do nothing of the kind? Fancy asking the international financiers, trust magnates, federations of employers, and other profiteers to put up with profoundly unsatisfactory circumstances, not to look ahead, and to risk nothing lest their present plight should be worsened. We inherit, like everybody else, a traditional respect for Mr. Burt. We have heard, however, more good of him than sense from him. 

* * *

On the subject of Co-partnership a naive address was written by Sir William Lever to his employees at Port Sunlight. He began by making it clear that he did not recognise that his workmen had any right whatever to share in "his" profits. Co-partnership for him was a "sound business proposition." "You do not make the profits in this business," he said, "the directors do. If you men made the profits you could leave me to-morrow and go make it for yourselves. It is you and I together who produce the money." There is, as our readers will see, a contradiction here; but the error in logic is nothing to the error in economics. It is true that Sir William Lever's ability makes him a fit and proper supervisor of workmen, and probably his men would have sense enough to choose
him as a master in their guild. But his notion that all the directorial ability in the world can make goods and consequently profits without the co-operation, willing or unwilling, of workmen reveals his further assumption that his men are simply machines. In fact, he specifically denied them the right to share in profits on the analogy that "a saw or a hammer has no right to share in the profits of the man who makes articles with that saw or hammer." It is distressing to have to point out to a belted knight that a man with a saw or a hammer makes articles which he can exchange. A workman cannot "exploit" a machine. It is more distressing still to have to urge once again that men, even wage-slaves, are not of the nature of saws and hammers, and cannot morally be classed with and treated as mere tools. Profit is produced by labour operating on raw material. Profit, however, is produced by capital operating upon labour. Sir William Lever grows rich not by labour, but by forcing labour to produce more than he pays it in wages.

A different view of the "right" of labour to share in profits was expressed in the "Daily News" by Professor Macgregor, of Leeds University. Professor Macgregor has not yet realised that "profit" in the economic sense can only arise under the wage-system and would disappear if the latter were abolished. 

"The defects," he said, "of our so-called national system of education were two: it was not national, and it was not a system." Loud laughter, we are told, followed this determined bon-mot. But the further truth was not uttered and would probably not have been greeted with laughter, that neither is it education. These Peases, however, will certainly have their way. Under them we shall complete the system and make it national; but to the same degree we shall destroy education. Let us repeat, though it is now too late, the suggestion we offered when the new Bill was first announced; a suggestion not ours alone, but unanimously endorsed by every teachers' organisation in England; the reform of education can only be begun by reducing the size of the classes in elementary schools to human dimensions. Every other reform is contingent upon that. Every other reform is a sham without it.

At the conference of the British Medical Association held at Hove last week the devastating effects upon the morale and intelligence of the profession from the acceptance of the Insurance Act were revealed in the flashy poverty of the subjects of discussion. "The Breeding of the Superman," if you please, was the title of a paper that gave rise, we are told, to one of the most animated debates of the session. The halfpenny papers positively discovered a topic for the silly season in it. With intense sympathy and respect for the minority of doctors who resisted and still resist the degrading Act, we must nevertheless say that the profession as a whole has not now the standing and credit to enable its association to promulgate opinions on the Superman or even upon Man without exciting the ridicule of the sensible. But a few years or even months ago our apprehension was mingled with our hope that the medical profession might become the most powerful body of savours in the world, surpassing in beneficence, because acting in the interests of the disputing party, the Church in past ages. Their tragic fall to the bridle of Mr. Lloyd George has shattered this noble prospect; and we see no escape now from a return to superstition of a worse kind than we suffered formerly. From Christianity the world will now turn to Christian Science, and the medical profession has the responsibility for it. The discussion whether the Association should form a Trade Union and, presumably, affiliate with the Labour Party, has no interest to us. Doctors have proved themselves unequal to the obligations of a Trade Union, still more of a Guild. Three out of four are avowed blacklegs. In a trade union they would be called scabs.

The rot that was manifested in the profession a year ago was, however, no sudden seizure. We should perhaps not be far wrong in attributing it to the medical persistence in vivisection long after the practice has been condemned by the best moral opinions, the weakness of the profession both within and without. Argue as they please about it, the more they defend vivisection the more they defend vivisection. From Christianity the world will now turn to Christian Science, and the medical profession has the responsibility for it. The discussion whether the Association should form a Trade Union and, presumably, affiliate with the Labour Party, has no interest to us. Doctors have proved themselves unequal to the obligations of a Trade Union, still more of a Guild. Three out of four are avowed blacklegs. In a trade union they would be called scabs.
advanced intelligence of civilisation can only have the 
effect of leading them to suspect each other and, in 
the end to despise each other. The Bill to Prohibit the 
Vivisection of Dogs was, we are sorry to see, dropped 
on Wednesday, in consequence of the opposition of the 
medical profession. This, we must be allowed to say, 
is yet another proof that they consider the Bill, upon 
reasonable grounds exist for exempting the dog among 
all other animals from vivisection. Mr. Galsworthy's 
earnest pleading for the Bill by no means convinces us 
that the case of the dog differs from that of the rest of 
the animal kingdom. On the contrary, common sentiment 
does attact to the dog a special significance. It is the "friend of man." And our treatment of it after 
inducing its confidence adds treachery to cruelty. 
But if the mere reasons against vivisecting dogs are in-
adequate, the reasons in favour of it are much more 
inadequate. Utility we put out of the question since 
everybody will define utility according to the end pro-
posed. For immediate purposes it may be that the 
vivisection of dogs is highly useful; but so also are 
many other horrible practices. A longer view might 
show that immediate utility is purchased at the price of 
defered disaster. We think this will prove to be the 
case with vivisection. The commonest defence, how-
ever, of the practice is the appeal to the panic of 
emergency. Would you hesitate between killing a dog 
and sacrificing your child's life? Professor Schafer 
put this view most cogently in his letter to "The 
Times" last Saturday: "I love my dog, he says, even 
more than many of my own kind. If the question arose 
of sacrificing my dog to save my own life I might 
hesitate. But if it were a question of choosing between 
the life of my dog and that of my wife, or child, or 
friend; nay, even the life of any man, woman or child— 
were it the meanest beggar in the street—and that of 
my dog, I should not hesitate to sacrifice the dog." 
This is precisely what, and if the dog and child 
speak, we believe it would accept the position. The 
lower should always be prepared to be sacrificed to 
the higher. But emergency and certainty are one thing, 
while common practice and speculation are another. 
Normal conduct cannot be based upon extreme cases. 
We ought not to act in cold blood as if it were 
hot. The medical profession does not live in a state 
of research which is perpetually in crisis. It has not 
to choose on the spur of the moment between vivisecting 
animals and allowing human beings to die. There is 
no certainty that such a choice is necessary. If, therefore, 
they continue to choose as if every cut of their knife 
were worthy of the Victoria Cross, we can only 
assume that they are demented and fit for an asylum 
than a hospital. It is more just, in all probability, to 
assume that they like vivisection and have the bar-
vilians' curiosity for research by cruelty.

* * *

If our readers will do us the justice of comparing our 
notes of a fortnight ago on the South African Miners' 
Strike with the most recent public cables from Johan-
nesburg, we shall not need to recapitulate the conclusions 
in detail to which we then came. Both the Government 
and the Opposition Press in England have now been 
persuaded that the outbreak in South Africa is the 
subsequent military proceedings were neither unanticipat-
rated nor provoked by the mining magnates; but, on 
the other hand, that both were carefully pre-arranged. 
The facts that a month before the strike took place, the 
mine-owners insured their property for 
three months 
only against attacks; that the old Volunteers had been 
disbanded; that the military (our military) were under 
orders shortly to leave South Africa; that they were in 
full force near the mines; that the provocation in the 
Kleinfontein mines was deliberate; that the "pro-
clamation" of the public meeting was postponed to an 
hour before its appointed time—all these facts pointed 
unmistakably, as we said, to a plot as certainly planned 
as the Jameson Raid. Only in this case the plot was to 
provok the South African proletariat and not a Boer 
Government. But this plot, as recent cables prove, was 
no more successful than the Jameson Raid; it drew 
blood, it is true; but not, it appears, enough to satisfy 
the magnates that the danger of a general strike had 
passed away. In consequence and with the continued 
collusion (whether innocent or guilty) of the South 
African Government the strike was hatched with 
the same intention as the first, namely, the suppression 
by force of the labour and democratic movement in 
South Africa. It is plain from the cables published in 
the Press and confirmed by our own that the second 
plot was better planned than the first; common 
sentiment does attach to the dog a special significance.

* * *

We have not yet information enough to say with any 
confidence whether this second plot will succeed; but 
that it is well laid there can be no doubt; and that 
nothing in England will stop it we are, unfortunately, 
almost certain. The Government has naturally no 
intention of interfering in the domestic affairs of a 
self-governing dominion, even though its right is 
established by that dominion's impudent use of our 
troops. They will postpone judgment until the event is 
over and in the meantime leave the magnates to act at 
their discretion. As little effective action can we expect 
of the Labour Party whose leaders, we now know, are 
in the pockets of the governing class. A single Plimsoll 
among them, not to say a Palmerston, would have 
damned Parliament to its face and made every other 
business impossible until the outrages on British citizens 
by the Boers had been thoroughly discussed. But alas, there is not a Plimsoll even in dilution in the 
whole party; they are rabbits to a man. The need, it 
is becoming daily more clear, is of a Trades Council of 
War armed with all the power of the organised unions, 
sitting permanently like Parliament, and charged with 
the duty of protecting its members abroad and at home. 
We venture to say that such a body, constituted, as it 
might be, of the Congress Parliamentary Committee (a 
fifth wheel in the coach at present) would exercise 
power enough to deal even with South African mining 
magnates.

A LATE RISER.

Already the clear light of early morn 
Unlocks thy windows. Now the wakeful swallow 
Is twittering in his nest. Thou, Parmeno, 
Sleepest as if the night were in her youth 
Or had half spun her course.

The dormouse yearly sleeps the winter through, 
Forsooth, A word the while; but of thy sleep 
Food is the cause, in that thou drinkest much, 
Distending thy repasts into a cram 
Of fearsome masses.

Thence not a sound can touch thy folded ears; 
Thy brain is burdened with a heavy sleep; 
Nor does the splendour of the glittering light 
Assail thine eyes.

Aris, thou simpleton, or thou shalt be 
Flayed into pieces with a rod. Arise, 
Lest the long sleep of death may come whence thou 
Least fearest. Parmeno, snatch up thy limbs 
From the soft bed.
Current Cant.

"The life of the journalist is suffused with Religion." — C. SHERIDAN JONES.

"When the first animal took it into its head to be reasonable it became a human being. . . . Prejudice is life." — H. HOLBROOK JACKSON.

"It is not so much the quality of Kipling's verse that counts as the amount of new vision he gets into his poetry." — BERNARD LINTON in "T. P.'s Weekly."

"Warm lovers these London girls are. They are like the Romans. . . . Plain Talk."

"For five pounds a man may be intellectually rich for life." — J. M. DENT'S ADVERTISEMENT.

"I find no evidence of the decay of the sense of sin amongst the people generally, for the latest novels and the newly-played—so to judge from advertisements—deal with sin. The nation is alive to sin." — Rev. S. F. COLLIER.

"The boardings are the poor people's picture gallery, and the posters are helping to educate popular taste; so, we may hope that, in time, crude and ugly things will no longer have any demand." — MARY LUCIE ATTWILL.

"Do not miss 'The Bastard', . . . Goes with a swing . . . "— "Everyman" Advt. in "T. P.'s Weekly."

"It would be fatal to ignore the existence of those who hold responsible positions in the Church." — "Morning Post."

"To the shepherd's and fisherman's passion for personal holiness the modern man can ally, as an added factor of enjoyment and power, the treasures of knowledge accumulated since the passing of Christ." — H. B. HOLLEY.

"Mr. Masefield sets out, not to paint the town red, but to paint the sea blue. . . . It is ugly, but it is, therefore, art." — H. B. MARSHALL WATSON.

"Some readers will think that Mr. Frank Frest should be seriously reprimanded for writing a story so baffling

and so engrossing as 'The Grell Mystery,' for if we take it up, things that matter must wait until we have found out what really happened at the house in Grosvenor Gardens." — "EVEREIGH NASH."

"Queen Mary never touches tobacco." — "London Mail."

"The 'English Review,' that brilliant exposition of robustious realism." — "News and Leader."

"The all-night motor-bus is the beginning of a new life for London." — GEORGE R. SIMS.

"Mr. Wells is almost the only novelist we possess who dares to generalise boldly, and exclaim the meaning of modern problems." — "The Nation."

"A statesman, a poet, or a prophet would find Europe susceptible to his suggestive energy when the whole western world is hungry for the light and warmth of a constructive thought." — Professor SIMON PATTEN.

"The King and the Queen, who have repeatedly shown their deep interest in education, made a new departure on Saturday." — "Daily Mirror."

"Mr. Middleton Murry who is a poet. . . . " — "News and Leader."

"Sir Herbert Tree . . . remains the 'Peter Pan' of the stage. . . . The man of business that has never ceased to pin Art before money." — T. P. O'CONNOR.

CURRENT DISTINCTION.

"The successful revival of 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' at the St. James's Theatre is an object lesson on the art of play-writing." — "The Era."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

There was once a powerful fifteenth or sixteenth century Sultan who, when informed by a courier that the Austrians had defeated the French (or vice versa—I forget which) replied: "Don't bother me. If the pig swallows the dog or the dog swallows the pig, what does it matter to me?" The story occurs to me apropos of an article by Mr. G. K. Chesterton in a recent "New Witness." He defends the Balkan States from the strictures of certain critics, including myself, by saying, in effect, that the various Balkan nations are like the old Crusaders: they combined to defeat the Infidel, and now they are quarrelling among themselves to decide whether their policy shall be national or imperial.

A curious defence, surely. For the philosophical charge against the Balkan States is not so much that they are fighting one another as that, as in the case of the very Crusaders mentioned by Mr. Chesterton, they have not suited deeds to words; they are not attempting to harmonise practice with profession. The Moslem, like all Oriental races, has never been anything but logical; and there is no remarkable distinction between what he says and what he does. He came in by the sword and went out fighting; but he would never have suggested that he wanted to conquer Constantinople in order to relieve the distress of the local Moslems. It was left for the Crusaders, mediæval and modern, to use this form of excuse for a campaign of conquest.

And, as a matter of fact, the theory of imperialism and nationalism won't work. The Balkan States did not quarrel among themselves because there was a difference of opinion over a question of confederation or nationality, but because Bulgaria was desirous of securing all the power for herself, leaving her honest Allies out in the cold. Bulgaria wanted, first, territory; second, power; and, third, a large indemnity. No wonder that the other States combated these claims. But we have not for a long time heard a word about Thrace and the liberation of the Christians. No one seems to remember that the Balkan war was begun in order that certain Christians might be freed from alleged Turkish tyranny and placed under their morally lawful rulers. All this is overlooked and so the test is made against a mad scramble by Greeks and Servians for territory containing a huge percentage of Bulgarians among the population, or against the Bulgarian claims to territory inhabited chiefly by Greeks and Roumanians. The Servians are advancing on it via Bielogradshik. There are a dozca similar cases; so many as to make the situation almost farcical. The fact is, the Crusaders were superior land-pirates, and the Balkan States are imitating them.

No diplomatist hopes for a permanent peace in the Balkans. This is why the Powers always supported Turkey; and England has latterly backed up Japan for the same reason. Religion does not count in matters of high politics; nor does race. The Turks were once a united and harmonious nation, and even in the present anarchical condition of the Ottoman Empire there is more unity and statesmanship to be found in it than among the Allies. An intrigue dislodged M. Gueschoff in favour of Dr. Danell in Bulgaria; M. Pasich, the Servian Premier, could hardly withstand the party in opposition, in which M. Novakovich seems to have played a prominent part; and even in Greece M. Venizelos is being threatened. There was a change in the
Montenegrin Ministry weeks ago; and even the Roumanian Cabinet swapped horses when crossing the Danube, though fortunately without fatal results. But imagine the state of intrigues at such a critical time, when the conquering countries had to put themselves on good terms with the world in order to secure generous treatment for themselves! It is true that we had a khaki election ourselves in 1900; but the circumstances were very different. There was no underhand intriguing to get rid of Lord Salisbury, or Mr. Balfour, or Mr. Chamberlain; a Conservative Government went out and came back.

The Powers, of course, have no right to complain of the Balkan States. If it had not been for the inertness and timidity of the Powers themselves there would have been no war. The only factor which has stirred up the Balkan nations is the re-occupation of Adrianople; but the Turk will probably coerce the Balkan nations in their megalomaniac condition; so the Powers were at least discreet to let them alone. Again, the effects of the further fighting have so greatly weakened the Allies that peace, although far from permanent, is practically assured for a generation.

The Powers have still to decide what territory shall be handed over to the belligerents. They regard it as impossible that Turkey shall be allowed to remain in possession of Adrianople; but the Turk will probably get what he expected as a result of this coup, viz., a "rectification" of the Enos-Midia frontier line in his favour. Italy refuses to approve of too great an extension of Greek territory, and has directly intimated to the Hellenic Government that if the Greek claims to certain of the islands and to the Salonika-Kavala coast-line are persisted in, the advisers of King Victor will be between Russia and Austria, the former supporting Servia and the latter Bulgaria; and these small States will gain or lose exactly in proportion to the diplomatic victories of two great Powers. And diplomatic victories, as we should all know now, are based on the amount of force at the disposal of the respective parties to the negotiation.

China and Mexico are still troublesome features of international affairs. The dangers of the Chinese outbreak I referred to last week; and since then the news to hand is not reassuring. More concern is being caused by Yuan-Shi-Kai's position than would appear from the newspaper comments. The wily old President is being hard pressed. That would not matter so much to us if it were not that the interests of so many European financiers are being hard pressed with him, and that Japan, an ally of ours, is supporting his enemies. The absence of no fewer than six representatives of European Powers from the Chinese capital (Pekin for the time being) is undoubtedly a piece of gross carelessness, and there will be heard of it by the parties concerned; but all that can be done to help Yuan is being done.

Mexico raises the bugbear of the Monroe doctrine—one would have thought that the United States might well have outgrown this piece of political machinery by now, but no. The deadlock is this: if the United States undertakes to protect European interests in Central and South America with any European interference, and yet finds herself unable to carry out her bargain at a critical time, what is to be done? Shall she definitely annex Mexico or permit Europe to interfere? We all know she has decided on annexation; but Mexico is wicked enough to threaten to defend herself if attacked by the United States. A "joint demonstration" is spoken of; and if this is unsatisfactory Europe will be permitted to intervene.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

We arrive next at the principle of degree. It is true of any spiritual or material thing you care to name that its usefulness for your purpose corresponds to its degree or quantity. In other words, it is not a question of whether we want discipline or guns, but of how much discipline and how many guns—a fact generally lost sight of. Your modernist takes refuge in long, mystic words, which he separates in his mind into categories of good and evil, like the characters in a third-rate melodrama. Thus to a certain type of mind "liberty" is wholly good, "militarism" and "bureaucracy" wholly bad; whilst the opposing edict sees the world clearly divided between a good principle called Discipline, and a bad principle, called, indifferently, Socialism or Anarchy. This error strikes at the very roots of reason. It denies the very principle of degree and order which determines the value of everything in the world. Its victims lose all capacity for judgment upon any subject. Nothing is possible to them beyond the gabbling of catalogues of abstract nouns, the waging of limitless logomachies, in which great shadowy terms wrestle with one another without the hope of a decision.

I start with an example from civil disputation. Some months ago one Bernard Shaw, a dramatist (of whom it is even truer than of Byron that "as soon as he begins to think he is a fool") disputed upon the public platform with Mr. H. G. Wells on the respective merits of Socialism, and the size of the audience proved that London contains quite a number of persons with a historic interest in that subject. Anyhow, in the course of his argument Mr. Belloc raised the objection to the proposals of the Socialists that, if they had been executed, they would have resulted in the tyranny of a soulless bureaucracy (or words to that effect). Upon rising to reply the gifted Irishman extracted from his rival by laborious cross-examination, the admission that bureaucracy and bureaucrats must exist in any state, and Mr. Belloc's ideal state among them. "How, then," he said, "can you object to bureaucracy? You admit its necessity in your own, ideal conditions." I am of opinion that the percentage of sane persons in that gathering (which was run under the auspices of the Fabian Society), cannot have exceeded four; but even on that estimate there must have been a dozen quizzers in the region who perceived that to the mind of Shaw bureaucracy was an entity like the French Republic, one and indivisible. The idea that Mr. Belloc might conceivably approve of a measure of bureaucracy (as planned for his own ideal state), and disapprove heartily of a + y measures (as provided in the proposals of the Socialists) apparently found no place in the Shavian mind.

Such misconceptions have caused untold confusion in military literature. A man goes to a public school
and thence, via Sandhurst, to the Army. If God is more than usually unkind to him he replaces Sandhurst by the university, in which case his doom (like that of Mr. L. S. Amery) is sealed for ever.

* * *

At school his infant mind is debauched by sentiments such as the following (to be found in every history book): "Discipline is always superior to numbers." This is instilled into him as one of "history’s lessons." It seems all right, and anyhow he knows nothing to the contrary, that in and repeats it like a parrot. At Sandhurst he meets a considerable number, all of whom have read the same books of history, and all of whom are repeating it like parrots. When he arrives at his regiment he finds 800 men, all of them bent upon inflaming one another’s ignorance by repeating the aphorism which they learnt at school in loud and clear tones like parrots. Others of his kind attend the university, in which case his doom (like that of Mr. L. S. Amery) is sealed for ever.

* * *

Thus the problem of the Territorial Force is not whether numbers can ever vanquish discipline, as Mr. L. S. Amery and his fellow-parrots do assert (counting upon the automatic response of a well-trained public body disbelieving this obvious fact let him take a company of Grenadiers and try to conquer China). The survivors might contribute their experiences to the daily Press under the title of "Discipline v. Numbers."

* * *

Well, well, let them rest in peace. The dead may bury their dead. We do not care so long as the work is efficiently performed and our nostrils are not offended by the decomposition. Of the fifth principle—that of growth—it is unnecessary to speak at length. The modern world, so far from neglecting it, is far too fond of dwelling on it, and particularly on its more unpleasant parts. "Altered conditions," the "march of progress," the "contrary" so that he takes it in and repeats it like a parrot. If he is encouraged to get a word in edgeways, he suggests that the aphorism should be amended to read: "x measures of discipline can overcome y numbers." The statement that superior numbers can never in any circumstances make up for inferior discipline is as true as one should say that pennies can never in any circumstances make up for shillings. Of course they can—provided that there are enough of them. If anybody disbelieves this obvious fact let him take a company of Grenadiers and try to conquer China. The survivors might contribute their experiences to the daily Press under the title of "Discipline v. Numbers."

* * *

Suck are the principles underlying the Science of Organisation. Most of us have an instinctive grasp of some of them—a few of all. I will conclude as I commenced, with saying that, whilst theory mastery does not produce an organiser any more than the mastery of the principles of perspective produces an artist, yet they are indispensable to a comprehension of military affairs. They provide some guarantee for clear thinking, or, at least, of understanding of the clear thoughts of others.
these are passed from one company to another, forwarded from sending station, and received at destination. All this is done on both journeys.

These divisions of receipts occur by the hundred thousand. To say how they are arranged would be more tedious than it is to describe the need for it.

The genius that has evolved and made possible the smooth working of such arrangements could if released from the solving of these and similar complex problems initiate a National Railway Guild and be as successful in overcoming difficulties yet unforeseen, but of a far less difficult character.

The time is ripe now, but once let rot set in through the physical and moral decadence which would assuredly follow perambulation by the sabotage so glibly spoken of by one of your correspondents upon syndicalism, and the opportunity will have gone in this country for ever—the men would be past spiritual redemption.

Henry Lascelles.

In South Africa.

I MUST ask pardon for touching again on the subject of segregation. It is still very much to the fore here. General Hertzog, when he was Minister for Native Affairs gave it as his opinion that our only hope of maintaining white predominance lay in separating the natives from the whites, but he went no further than this. He now be proposed to carry out his idea out. However, he stated quite truly that the question was one requiring much time for consideration, and I think it likely that in time we would have evolved some more or less workable schemes.

Where angels feared to tread General Hertzog's successor has stepped in with a forced "Natives and Land Bill." This Bill is a milk-and-water attempt to bring about segregation, and the best thing that can be said of it is that it is likely to become law, and is probably not very seriously meant. There has been some little outcry about the extent to which natives have been buying up ground, and the main provisions of this Bill are to the effect that neither natives nor whites shall be permitted to buy or rent ground excepting in their own respective areas, which are to be defined. Chapter V of the Bill also renders illegal the acquisition of land by natives for communal tenure.

It is possible that the Bill may have had a provocative nature had not Mr. Sauer (one of the wily old politicians before mentioned) inserted a clause to the effect that no restrictions against the acquiring of land in the Cape province shall have effect if such restrictions have not previously been made by the Cape Government, and as such restrictions provided for in such Bill; and this clause would serve to place the natives of the rest of South Africa under an additional disadvantage as against those of the Cape; it saves the Minister’s face in his own country, and kills a not otherwise very valuable Bill.

But as a good deal of time will be wasted in the discussion and the native affairs department put to a good deal of extra work, we may as well give this subject of segregation further consideration before finally rubbing it off the slate.

Any genuine native policy which is to be adopted should be uniform for the whole of the Union! Surely this needs no emphasising. Is South Africa, which is now a unity as far as its government goes, to make of its natives, simply on account of locality, fish of one and fowl of another? The Union has inherited a different native policy with each of its provinces just as it found differing laws in regard to mining and many other things. This from the very beginning. One of the chief incentives to the Union was the desire, most particularly in regard to native affairs, to see one law running through the whole country.

While non-compulsory segregation might be almost possible of accomplishment (with a good deal of hardening of heart) in the three other provinces, in Cape Colony it could only be carried out with the greatest difficulty. The natives and coloured people there would certainly rebel. It need not be discussed; no such glaring inhumanity is ever likely to be attempted.

As to non-compulsory segregation, from the native point of view, this can be welcomed, but it will be of very doubtful value to the whites of the Cape, whether it is not better to allow natives to go on buying ground as at present (at its worst it is a small thing) rather than that large tracts of land should be set apart for them upon which they may settle or not as they please.

What class of ground would be set aside for active occupation? It is certain that the strongest objection would be raised by the farmers here against the cutting off of any big stretches of fertile well-watered ground in healthy parts of the country. Scarcity of good running water is one of the curses of South Africa. Natives, excepting those already in locations, would strongly object to going to dry parts or to the low, unhealthy veld. The result will probably be that the Government will be asked to undertake very large irrigation works in certain parts of the country as far from the neighbourhood of white people as possible; in such parts as Namaqualand, Griqualand West, Bechuanaland, the Protectorate, and so arranged—parts of Rhodesia. When the ground has been demarked and irrigation works completed, the trouble will commence. The greatest tact will be required in dealing with the different tribes who will be anxious to settle on the new ground.

It is certain that if the land is fertile and water sufficient the tracts selected will be occupied quite voluntarily, but it will be just as certainly found that no relief will be felt in regard to black pressure in our towns. The applicants for ground will be mainly young chiefs with their followings, who already occupy native territory, but wish for more room. Neither natives nor coloured people at present domiciled in towns and villages will take the smallest notice of the invitation to move away from their present places; only brute force could make them do so, and this will not be resorted to.

What is it that is hoped to be gained by segregation? For the native: freedom from "white" influence and interference so that they can develop along their own lines—guided from the top by a representative of the Government and, doubtless, by white missionaries. For the white man: relief from economic pressure, and removal of the possibility of social intermixing.

Is it likely that these ends will be attained under non-compulsory segregation? It is perfectly plain that they will not! The advantage to the whites will be nil while at very great expense to the country (for apart from the outlay for reclaiming the land, irrigation, and so on, the Native Affairs Department will require to be increased, and several highly paid posts created) a certain number of locations will be made which will place those natives occupying them in a better position than before as far as coming out to work is concerned.

There is a large number of people in this country very genuinely concerned to find that the natives, as a man, generally loses tone both morally and physically, when he comes under the influence of our civilisation. These people are not usually those who would allow the economic factor to rule them in coming to a decision, but there is a far greater number to whom the economic question appeals first, second, and nearly all the time.

But although these may argue on different lines and from totally different points of view, they eventually arrive at a perfect agreement in deciding that total compulsory segregation of white and black would be the ideal solution. This is a question on which there is a large number of people in this country (though not numerous) which contends that, this being a sub-tropical country, the white man cannot be expected to do hard, rough labour here, and that we must depend upon the native if works are to be
advanced, industries established, and so on. This class is composed mostly of wealthy, selfish hypocrites. Naturally both these latter classes are opposed to segregation. There are also other points of view fairly represented in the country which I cannot give here.

It can be taken that most of these views are held somewhere in the House of Assembly. I cannot say whether Mr. Sauer has any conviction on the matter at all, but one knows that, whether he has or not, and with every desire to rule automatically, he will trim his sails to suit the wind which may be blowing strongest at the time. The question calls for a bigger man than any one of our Ministers has yet shown himself to be.]

P.S.—Since writing the above, the report of the speech made by Mr. Sauer in introducing his Bill has come to hand, and I would add that the Government apparently feels itself compelled (by circumstances which have nothing whatever to do with native affairs) to push on with this precious piece of legislation. Ministers may have to face the country soon, and expect to have a pretty rough time. Nothing has been done, but they will now at least be able to say that something is being attempted. We pay for the fun of the thing. The “dodge” in the Bill is that natives will not be permitted to buy or rent more land until a delimitation Commission has been appointed and has completed its work. This is at the pleasure of Ministers.

**The Irish in England.**

By Peter Fanning.

Although the Government were aware that the crop of 1879 was nothing but the potato crop, the principal food of the people, had dropped from 60,652,000 cwts. to 22,273,000 cwts., they took no measures to meet the situation, and merely ridiculed the popular agitation. Before going to America, however, arrested Davitt and some of his comrades; but this down the back stairs of Dublin Castle for the purpose of betraying his town people, came forth and publicly announced the end of his wretched government in Ireland. In the meantime the Irish in England had not been idle. Concerts, bazaars, raffles and drawings were got up from one end of the kingdom to the other. Subscription lists were opened to which people of every class and creed contributed. Music-hall and theatre managers gave special performances, “the whole proceeds to be devoted to the relief of Irish distress.”

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This, surely, was an advance on ’48; but then, there was no chance of denying this famine as there had been of the earlier one. But what is more significant still, the people ignored the advice of the clerics on this occasion. In ’48 the clerics advised the people to stand quietly by and watch the food which they themselves had raising being carried away for rent while there were left the very hungry. But Davitt’s advice—let rent be the last and not the first consideration—was now being observed.

When Parliament met on February 5, 1879, the Irish Members moved an amendment to the Address, condemning the Government for not having taken adequate steps to alleviate the existing distress. Government protested it had a plan; in fact it had two plans, which, when put in contrast, will exhibit as no other measures can, what was the real nature of the thing called English government in Ireland.

First, the Government proposed that if a tenant having paid his rent and exhausted all his resources in the effort, should subsequently find himself and his family dying of hunger in consequence, the local authority could borrow money on the security of its own rates for the purpose of feeding him. In other words, when you find the dog is dying owing to my having sneaked his food, prolong his agony by feeding him with his own tail, joint by joint.

Contrast with this the tremendous actions made by their friends for the landlords. A million of money was advanced io them from the Irish Church Fund, repayable in twenty-seven years. The first two years was totally free of interest, and only one per cent. interest was to be paid for the remainder. Neither do I know that I that I know of could convey a better idea of what English Government in Ireland meant to the Irish than the above items.

Having passed the above measures Lord Beaconsfield, to the astonishment of the country, suddenly resigned, and announced the end of his wretched government in an electioneering address in the form of a letter to the Lord Lieutenant. The Irish replied to this manifesto of Disraeli’s, declaring it nothing less than a declaration of war on Ireland, and called upon the Irish electors to vote against Disraeli as the mortal enemy of their race and country, and the common enemy of the peace and concord of Ireland and Great Britain.

At the General Election Mr. Gladstone swept the country, and the new Parliament opened on May 20. In the Queen’s Speech it was announced that coercion in Ireland would be dropped. This was all right as far as it went, but the Irish wanted more than that. Give us Bill dealing with land and housing demands; I haven’t time, Gladstone replied. It really is impossible to handle such a subject in such a short Session, he whimpered. Well, said the Irish, if you can’t deal with the land, let us have an interim Bill in order to stop evictions—such a Bill as the Lord Lieutenant’s Bill. O’Connor–Power tabbed his “Compensation for Disturbance Bill.”

The Government hummed and hawed for a time, and then Buckshot Forster said “he would do something in that direction.” The something, as might be expected, would have proved more beneficial to the landlords than the tenants, so the Irish rejected it. Then the Lords, O’Connor–Power’s Bill held the field, and the Government were forced to take it up. The necessity for such a measure was beyond dispute, as proved by the eviction returns, which showed the number of evictions for the year 1878, 1,745; 1879, 1,098, and in the first six months of 1880, 1,073. The landlords, in fact, were at their ancient game of wholesale clearances. O’Connor–Power’s Bill was carried in the Commons by a majority of seventy-eight. In the Lords it received its quietus.

Abandon all hope ye who enter here—if you contain anything beneficial to the Irish people,” was the motto of the Lords. Said Lansdowne: “It is a Bill which appealed to the most sordid instincts of the people.” My Lord of Salisbury characterised it “As a thing for feeding wild beasts, which the Government could not tame.” The wild beasts, of course, were the Irish people. But even these gems of wit and wisdom were ostrichwise to the degenerate Jew who a few months before had thrown up the sponge. Said Disraeli: “The Bill was likely to excite the minds of an imaginative
people. It would occasion conflicts and involve them in trouble and disaster."  Dear me! The very things which Disraeli declared he dreaded were the very things which arose out of its rejection. But they threw it out all the same by a majority of 231.

It was about this time that the man with whom I lived, an old friend and political comrade of my father's, said to me one Sunday afternoon: "I want you to go with me this evening, Peter." That night I accompanied him to a tavern on Hockley Hill. We found three friends already there, and after a while two more dropped in. One of the last comers invited us upstairs to his private room, and when we had assembled there he was "moved to take the chair." The chairman, Mr. William Hogan, addressed the company and reviewed the present condition of affairs in Ireland, and thought it was time the Irish in Birmingham were bestirring themselves in the matter. He ended his remarks by moving "that this meeting do resolve itself into a branch of the Irish National Land League." The motion was readily seconded, put, and carried. Mr. Hogan was elected president; a treasurer and secretary were appointed, and thus—by six men and a boy, was founded the first branch of the Land League in England, an organisation which, from that day to this, under various names, has played an important part in English politics.

Such humble beginnings gave no indication of our future importance, but we were soon a power. In a few weeks our numbers had so increased that we found it necessary to move to the Athenaeum Hall to hold our weekly meetings. Later on Father Sherlock, the parish priest of St. Joseph's, in Moor Street, invited us to his schoolrooms in Catch-ems-Corner, an invitation which we readily accepted.

And now there opened a chapter in the history of the Irish in England, which, those engaged on the one side at least would rather have left unmentioned. Those feelings, however, are the last thing I am going to consider in these papers. Hardly had the League begun to hold its meetings in the schoolroom than the Bishop of Birmingham, the Rev. Dr. Ullathorne, intimated to Father Sherlock that he objected to the schoolrooms being used for such a purpose. Father Sherlock replied that the schools had been built by the Irish, were being maintained by the Irish, and could be used by the Irish for any purpose the Irish desired. The Bishop then declared he would use his authority to close the schools to Irish political meetings. The patriot priest told the Bishop he had no authority in the matter, neither over himself nor his schools. If the Bishop had any complaints to make about him let him make them to his (Father Sherlock's) own Bishop, John of Tuam, who had no doubt would give him his answer. The inner meaning of this quarrel, which I have no doubt he considered the whole duty of the Irish, churches, chapels, and schools nearly extinct. But with the coming of the Irish, churches, chapels, and schools began to appear wherever the Irish had found a refuge, and yet the bitterest hostility shown to the Irish in England came from English Catholics. Never did Mussulman hate the Giaour with a more whole-souled hatred than this holy Catholic Bishop hated the Irish, and it would mean shutting up for at least three months, which would mean a very serious loss to the company. Not that it's that that's worrying us. What we are really anxious about is the position of the general public and also such people as yourselves, old and friendly customers. It's not so much the loss to us as the inconvenience to yourselves and the public.

M. P.: Oh, of course. I quite appreciate your point. Have a cigar?  E. S.: Thanks. Match? (They light up.) Of course the whole thing is done by these agitators—the men at the head of the unions, who know quite well that unless they can show something for their money they stand a chance of.clearing out. They're a miserable, lazy lot of skunks, and bite the hand that feeds them, and annoy those who provide them with bread.

M. P.: Quite so.

E. S.: They walk about and draw their salary, which they wring from the members' funds, and they forget all the time that if it had not been for us, who employ them, the men would not have had any money to pay into the union funds. They don't think of that. And here we have to slave away morning, noon, and night, on behalf of the public, while agitators do all they can to dissipate those who should be most grateful to us. (Telephone bell rings.) Excuse me a minute. . . . Yes. . . . Mr. Derwent wishes to speak to me on an important matter? . . . Yes . . . Yes, ask him in. (Hangs up telephone receiver.) My son wishes to speak to me. Perhaps he's got some news. (Enter Mr. Derwent Stratford, private secretary to Mr. Eustace Stratford, and also treasurer.) Good morning . . . You don't know my son . . . Mr. Pendleton . . . My son . . . (To his son) Any news? D. S.: Yes, I've bought it.

E. S.: Bought what?

D. S.: Bought the car. It's costing just a shade over £1,200. The man wanted to sell me a more expensive one, but I thought I'd draw the rein you know. Anyhow, I've come for the cheque, as I want to drive the thing this afternoon.
E. S.: Oh, all right! Bring it round and let's have a look at it. (To Mr. Pendleton) You'll excuse me while I write the cheque, won't you? . . . . There! Here you are. Don't smash the thing up.

D. S.: Thanks. Good morning.

M. P.: Very nice young fellow.

E. S.: Well, he's got some sound common sense. None of these newfangled ideas. . . . Well, about these men. I don't know what to do. I don't want the public to suffer on account of the ravings of a few agitators. And, besides, you booked your contract at 38s. and the price is now 38s. 3d., and, of course, it would be a pity if you could not take advantage of the rise in the market.

M. P.: Oh, I wasn't thinking of that.

E. S.: Of course not, but still it would be a pity all the same.

M. P.: But the main point is the public.

E. S.: And in a slightly less degree the shareholders.

M. P.: Oh, but they're not so important as the public, you know. The public's the thing that counts. . . .

E. S.: Oh, of course. We mustn't consider ourselves in this matter at all.

M. P.: Certainly not.

E. S.: Now it comes to this. The work of the world has to be carried on. These ingrates, with their material view of life and lack of ideals, want to stop the work of the world. We must find a way out. (Seeks inspiration in the other's face). . . . We must find a way out.

M. P. (dully): Yes, we must find a way out. We must carry on the work of the world.

E. S.: If we allow the working-classes to believe they are our masters, industry will be paralysed.

M. P.: There are no non-union men round here?

E. S.: There were eight. Four of them were buried during the last strike. They died martyrs in the interests of the world.

M. P.: We can't get any from some other town?

E. S.: No . . . I don't like to . . . As a matter of fact I've found that non-union men are not good workers as a rule.

M. P.: I quite agree with you there.

E. S.: That wouldn't matter if there was a tremendous discrepancy between their wages, but there isn't. I don't mind unskilled labour if its cheap. You see everything's done by machinery. What I want is cheap labour.

M. P.: Ah!

E. S.: Eh?

M. P.: I've got it.

E. S.: Well?

M. P.: How far are you from Liverpool?

E. S.: Three and a half miles.

M. P.: Good! Employ Chinese labour. It's dirt cheap.

E. S.: What? . . . . (doubtfully). Somehow or other I don't like to.

M. P.: Why not?

E. S. (rather disgusted): I don't know. Doesn't seem nice to me, though, to employ Chinamen in place of Lancashire fellows.

M. P.: It's either that or shutting up for a few months. Besides, it'll teach the men a lesson.

E. S.: I don't like it.

M. P.: Oh, all right. Let them strike. Of course I shan't want my contract carried out.

E. S.: I suppose I shall have to do it.

M. P.: Of course. What harm is there in it? A Chinaman's as good as a white man any day. Surely you aren't so narrow-minded as all that?

E. S. (stung): Oh, no! . . . . All right . . . I'll send over for them to-morrow . . . . So that's settled.

M. P.: Good. Now I vote we go out to lunch.
become interested in its continuance as a business, quite apart from its usefulness or otherwise, or whether no it had been called into existence by some temporary and artificial need of modern civilisation. Thus the Government at the present time, having nationalised the telegraphs, becomes interested in the continuance of gambling, the use of the system in connection with the turf and the markets being its real basis of support, and not the comparatively insignificant percentage of work undertaken in respect to the more human agencies of which require it. Again, were existing railways nationalised, Government would become interested in the continuance of wasteful cross distribution, called into existence by the competition of traders. Similarly, the gradual development of municipal trading and manufacture would tend to militate against the depopulation of towns. And this conservative tendency is inevitable, since Collectivism can only maintain its ground as a national system so long as it justifies the claims of its advocates to financial soundness.

Co-operation in its inception aimed at the establishment of an ideal commonwealth, but the co-operative ideal has long since departed from the movement, and little but a scramble for dividends remains. In like manner it is not unreasonable to suppose that Collectivism, having lost its appeal from the grounds of its capacity to earn profits for the public, would suffer a similar degeneration. The electorate, in their profit-making zeal, would certainly not remedy abuses if their dividends were to be lowered, for they would still retain the conviction that only by producing and gaining dividends could their finances be kept in a healthy condition. Inasmuch as the ultimate control of industry would rest in the hands of the financier, production for profit and not for use would continue. For what other test can there be of a financier’s skill except his ability to produce profits?

In a word, Collectivism means State Commercialism. So long as the people are attached to their present habits of life and thought, and possess the same ill-regulated tastes, a State Department, charged with the administration of industry, would be just as much at the mercy of supply and demand as at present, while the fluctuations of taste would be just as disturbing to them as the fluctuations of public opinion are to the politician.

This brings us to the great political fallacy of the Collectivist doctrine—namely, the assumption that Government should be conducted solely in the interests of the consumer—a superstition which has survived the Manchester School. This statement will be attested by all who, in every department of industry, have made efforts to raise its tone. Everywhere it is the tyranny of the consumer that blocks the way. For example, anybody who has followed the history of the Arts and Crafts movement and noted the efforts which have been made to raise the quality of English production must be convinced that this is the root of the difficulty. If the public were capable of a tenth part of the sacrifice which others have undertaken on their behalf, we might see our way out of the industrial quagmire.

This evil would not be remedied by bringing industry under State control. Rather it would be intensified. Art in the past had its private patrons, and while these continue some good work may still be done. But the artist is powerless when face to face with a public body whose taste recognises no ultimate standard, but taken collectively is always the reflection of the vulgarity its members see around them. As we may assume that private patrons would cease under Collectivism, so Art’s last support would disappear also. Whatever good work has been done for the public during the past century has been in the main the result of accident. Collective control foreshadows, not the abolition of poverty in our midst, by the direction of industry passing into the hands of wise administrators, but the final abandonment of all standards of quality and distinction, owing to the complete subjection of all producers to the demoralising tyranny of an uninstructed majority.

The Document of Words.

By M. B. Ossor.

A FRIEND asked me lately what was the derivation of the word “Luck.” He said that Skeat’s account of it did not seem to him satisfactory. This appeared to me very probable, but I turned the word up in that authority and found: “Luck, fortune (Du.—M.H.G.), M.E. lakke (15th c.). Not found in A.S. and Fries, luk is late. Derived from Du. luk. From M.H.G., gelücke, good fortune; G. glück (for gelück). The Fries. luk, Swed. lycka. Dan. lykke (like Du. luk) are borrowed from G. (Kluge). Perhaps akin to G. locken, to entice, allure.”

This did not take one far, and the final suggestion of locken was so clearly a refuge for the destitute only that its introduction seemed almost an insult. The Century Dictionary, apparently, thought so too, but said in more polite language that it “seemed improbable, owing to the difference in meaning.” As, however, it gave no further help I next applied to that treasury of knowledge, the Sanskrit dictionary. There I was fortunate enough “to come across it” at once; Vagman, point of intersection of two lines, where the sun and planets rise, a lucky moment”; and close by, “Lakshmi, the goddess of luck,” “whence,” I presume, came Greek lachnin, to obtain, and Lachesis (the Second Fate). So much for locken.

According to the manuscripts, the word luck is not found till the fifteenth century. Before that, hap was the word in use. But we find in the Gaelic dictionary the same scheme of letters, riach, suggesting a very similar idea, to graze, to grieve. This is suggested—apparently one of the foolish suggestions—that this word is derived from the E. streak, but; think no one could have suggested it if they had looked in the Sanskrit dictionary. The second word I found the actual correspondent word, rechha, a scratch.

If we now look at hap, going rather deeper than the etymological dictionaries go, we find: Lappish, Happe-tet, to swiftly seize a chance; as well exemplified in Hapig, a hawk. This idea is rather similar to that of riach. In “Celto-Sanskrit” one was chosen to bear the meaning “luck,” while in “Scandinavian” it was the other. Whether our present word “luck” was reflected to us by way of lachen, or whether it continues to exist here as a non-etymological word, it may perhaps be possible to decide historically; but, clearly, suggestions like locken serve no good purpose, are only...
the result of a restricted outlook, and themselves result in suggesting the erroneous idea that etymology can work in vacuo in the same way that there are many words in English which are obviously the same as the Sanskrit, and likewise not apparently derived from it through the Mediterranean languages. The only likely explanation of this is that they existed before the two families separated. This eventually brings us by various roads to "Atlantis." The idea of a submerged Atlantic continent is still looked on as a foolish one, but to my mind it is far otherwise, and in fact the only postulate which helps to clear up very many of the difficulties of myth, history, race, and language. Donnelly produced many arguments of more or less value in its favour, but the argument of language seems to me as cogent as any. If we can find words in Gaelic and English which are so old as to be identical with the Sanskrit, why not admit that these words are at least as truly British as they are Middle High German or Swedish dialect? Or if the object of a philologist is to trace the actual occurrence of words in the written book, why introduce the quite imaginary ones marked with an asterisk, as they so frequently do?

I have seen it stated, with Andrew Lang as an authority, that the same carved symbols are to be found on the coast of Spain, the isthmus of Panama, and the Firth of Forth. If so, this, too, seems in favour of old Atlantis, and I suggest that anything, whether word, god, or myth, which can be found in Britain and also in distant Southern lands without any direct connection between them may better be considered aboriginal British than imported from Central Europe.

It is highly possible that there are no Indo-Aryan roots—probably the Finno-Ugric—which is as old as anything we know, and some of these are to be found mixed with others in the Scandinavian and Teutonic languages. But that these latter should be considered to so far as possible acceptable as the source from which it was derived seems to me almost demonstrably untrue. If I speak thus evilly of the etymologist it is not because I do not realise the very valuable work which they have done in bringing the science of words within a scope which permits even an ignoramus to make some show. My accusation is that, in common with many other sciences, etymology has let itself become bound by rules and the authority of great men, and is wasting its time on quite immaterial details.

Max Müller and Skeat, who I suppose exercise more influence in this country than any others, were both men of great erudition, but entire lack of insight. Curtius had insight, but worked over a restricted area. Kluge apparently regards one of them like Gallus, and the knowledge and the insight, are neglected because they prefer to accept as obvious relationship which may not agree with any "law," rather than follow a rule which produces only dry dust. In this connection I would mention Fox Talbot. Though he, too, limits himself chiefly to Latin and Greek, he emphasises that there was a continual and mutual exchange between the classic and the surrounding barbarian languages. The result of the erudite workers has been to crush the life out of etymology by "law," only because true, and to give a false impression of the completeness of its deductions by ignoring the smallness of the area over which they work.

The desire to derive words within a circumscribed area of space and time leads the professional etymologists into many mistakes. Take, for example, the words gate (a road), gate (a door), gait, and go. Skeat thinks they may all be related. N.C.D. says the only connection is between gait and gate; a road. Gate (1) always means water; gate (2) is the frequentative of Ga, to leave behind; gate (3) is used to be spelt with a "y," and gate (4), a door, used to be spelt with a "y." If we look in the Sanskrit dictionary we find gati, which means a road and gait. Though I should be sorry to differ from Mr. Whitney, there seems no reason for thinking it is not connected with go, to go. Since gate, a door, spelt with a modification of "g," we look under the modified gutturals (palatals) and find chut, a scratch; chid, to make a hole. So, that, apparently, the connection between the root (1) and gate (2) are entirely separate; gait is identical with gate (1); and both of them are connected with "go."

If we find the words in Sanskrit and English with identical meanings and almost identical spellings they must either have come North-Westerly without paying any attention to grammar, or else simultaneously the Sanskrit and English languages. If so, a submerged Atlantic continent is still looked on as a folly, but to my mind it is far otherwise, and in this connection I say, "Celto-Scandinavian," and went South-East.

There are many similar examples. Take the word Hie, said to mean to hasten. Whether the historical balance in favour of this meaning is overwhelming I do not know, but I would note that the English examples containing this word which are given by Murray contain also the word quickly, which would suggest a priori that the word hie by itself had not this meaning. If we look at Manx we find that Hie is the past tense of roll, to go, the two tenses in the subjunctive of which are jagh and jem.

Looking at the Sanskrit dictionary we find Ha, to bound away, depart, to leave behind, to quit; Jaihm is the frequentative of ha; ga is to go. So that in Manx we seem to have a verb built up of various scraps which correspond letter for letter with Sanskrit.

Of the verbs collected from various sources, Be, Am, Shall, Was, is perhaps the most interesting, and this for a reason which I have never seen noticed. The interest centres round Am and Be. As is well known, comes from a widespread root, As, or Es, from which also comes our word essence, a word which thoroughly conveys the meaning of the root. Be, on the other hand, means to be born—witness phasis=natura. The importance of this distinction has been forgotten in the West, and is still further obscured by our dictionaries, which equate both "am" and "be" with exist, which really only corresponds to be. The Sanskrit writers understood the difference between as and bhau, as, for example, in Bhagavad Gita 11, 16, where "being" is said to be "non-essence," and "essence" "non-being."

But nothing but Dutch and such-like languages will do. For example, Skeat, when treating of the words lop and lib, meaning to castrate, says that lop is from Middle Dutch, and that lib "answers to an A.S. type libban (which is never found [1])." As a matter of fact, the Sanskrit dictionary shows us the original word to be lop, to cut off, derived from lup (lumpa), the same word as rup and rumpere, to break.

So why bother with Middle Dutch? For even if the manuscripts should show that we have an earlier example of a word which is plausibly etymologically connected, as regards the language of literature, and nothing as regards the language of the folk. I am glad to say that since Skeat's time people have begun to pay more attention to other languages than Teutonic, Scandinavian, and Latin, especially Whitney in the N.C.D., who, being, I believe, a Sanskrit scholar (which I am not), has made good use of his knowledge.

I am not merely advocating a return to Max Müller's Indo-Aryan roots, for there are no Indo-Aryan roots. By the time that what we call the Aryan' language had come into existence it was not merely English, who had put out a verbiage almost as complete as that which we have at the present day. We have to go further than this, it seems to me, and acknowledge a common origin of Sanskrit and Gaelic. To prove it is, of course, difficult, but there are many things that point this way.

Any word which appears both in Latin and Irish is always claimed as derived from the former, and though in many cases there are points which may well be accounted against the etymology, there is something to be said for the idea that Sanskrit separated from Irish, and went South-East.

"gait."

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as we have at hand gar-garma. Moreover, the etymologists who question the derivation of thermost-formus-warm from fomma may quite well be right, for Samoyed has so, warm, which would suggest that thermost-formus-warm may be connected with po and fovea, of which I shall speak at length later on.

Further examples are riach-rechha, mentioned previously, and retch (said to be "derived from" A.S. hraca, spittle), against which in the Sanskrit dictionary we find rekha, "emission of breath, evacuation." To extend the list to almost any length is only a matter of time and labour. A few other examples which I happen to have at hand are: Sikt, sna, to bathe; O. Irish, Swam, to swim; Pak, bake; Hindi, plough (fork); Jinn, wife, I will never try to spell; Geth, grind (grist); Guda, entrails (guts); Hardi, heart; Manu, man; Aria, or, Ri, to run; Stob, to fix a stake (stabs); Stamba, the stem of a tree, also to stop.

It may seem a fairly long flight of the imagination to think that no one has suggested the use of a pit was as a shelter, a very natural and obvious reason, and when water came in he called it a puteus, with a similar collection of letters and a similar meaning. It is represented in English by such words as gable, gibbet, and coop.

Gaelic: Caob, a bough; Ceapan, a stump; Cabar, a beam; Cub, a coop.

Basque: Gupi, a curve, humpback.

Lappish: Gabes, deformed; Gubbo, a stump; Gable, a top-beam.

Latin: Gibbus, humpbacked.

Greek: Kephos, hollow.

Hebrew: Gb, humpbacked.

Egyptian: Kb, an angle.

Swahili: Komba, to hollow.

Zulu: Gba, to incline, as a bough; I-gumbi, an angle; Isi-gumba, humpbacked.

Sanskrit: Kuhb, a hollow.

Japanese: Kubo, a stump; Kabutti, a lintel; Kubo, a hollow place.

Maori: Kopo, an angle, crimpled.

Here again we have two associated meanings, the rock and the hollow which it encloses, for example: Japanese: Kubo, a hollow place.

Basque: Kubel, a copper; Kubu, a bottle.

But these are not so clearly to be separated as pa and pet. The etymologists have gone wrong again on the root, pa, this time through mere carelessness. To quote Skeat’s “Select list”:—

“Pascere (pa-pasc to feed) —-pabulum, pannage (M.E. pasnage), pastel, nstern, pastille, pastor, pasture, pester, repast. (VPA, to feed.)”

But unfortunately these words have a root pas or pas, which is as different from pa as is pet. It is far from improbable that we should add yet another similar root, pak, whence our word bake. It is almost as widely spread as the others, and finishes up with its modification to f in Latin as focus. So that long before Romulus was thought of there were, surrounding the word pa, to protect: pet, to cover; pas, to feed; pak, to warm; and all of them go back through such unknown ages that perhaps the Giants who were in the land in the days before Adam used them too.

A PRAYER

O Lord (if one there be whose high control * Can guide my wand’ring feet o’er cavern’d ground), From endless hell I will not save my soul And leave unhumbled life’s deeps of joy. Unbound I’ll let my hot heart go. But, Lord, I pray (If mortals’ prayer can pierce thy stumped floor) That thus my reckless hand wilt ever stay From doing alms out to the luckless poor! —LOUIS SORDELL

1 “Root FHOG, cf. φωγεῖν.”

2 “Derived from A.S. geotan to burn. Root GHEU.”

3 This is an interesting word, for its root is krid, and the Irish for heart is cride.(*)

4 “Apparently from Swed. dialect stabbe, a thick stump.” Skeat. But why go to a Swedish dialect?

5 This is an extraordinarily interesting word, for we see that the two languages agree even to the extent of a secondary meaning, and one quite as widespread as the others.

6 Strangely like yuit, no doubt, but had it been a Latin word, it would pretty certainly have come through the Spanish, which is peto.
English Pronunciation.

It has been pointed out to us that our paragraphs on the letter u were not stated to have been concerned solely with the pure sound of this letter. Of course we were descriptive with the true letter throughout, the pronunciation as in but seeming to have perplexed none of our correspondents. In fact, most frequently the pure vowel sounds set a man conscientiously considering his speech. It is not well to be discovered uttering coarse vowels among people who enjoy listing them for the power of money to divide people, is to say the least, no more inimical to friendship than a course pronunciation; howbeit, the will to equality works more surely and swiftly in the latter than in the former case. Most of us might maintain existence more easily in the company of a yokel than of a cockney. The yokel's vowels will be in many districts pure enough, only too prolonged, suit his slow tongue; the cockney's are coarse and too rapid, a repulsive combination.

We note that Professor Rippmann is now busily confusing the linguistic notions of the “Daily Citizen.” Among his more casual remarks occurs the following: “Mr. Asquith rhymes morn with dawn, as we do in Southern England.” Who are we? One hesitates to believe that even a Georgian poet would be allowed to rhyme morn with dawn in public, at least more than once. Mr. Asquith might use his position, as we all know, to force anything upon us; but even he has not yet ventured to publish an unpatriotic copy. Professor Rippmann would have the readers of the “Daily Citizen” suppose that the world is very much agitated about the correct stress upon syllables, quoting decorous, extraneous sojourn, adjourn as awful examples of our absurd and spirit-wasting language. But whether a man give the stress to the first or the second syllable is no great matter compared with his coarsening or his mincing of pure sounds. On the subject of stress, we may be certain that the smoother pronunciation will tend to prevail. Personally, we have never heard dé-cór-ous or il-hé-strate or sojourn among educated men; we have heard ré-mén-strate, and very pugnacious it sounded; but the speaker was proving his knowledge of old China, and perhaps must not be taken too rigidly. Our really serious handicap in combating the assaults of the new spellers and other phonetical innovators is that we cannot come across any well-considered persons who speak accurately as these great reformers would have us believe. We know not the folk who say, “My doctor iz ded: what a lot ov langwilj we du have tu lurn nowadaze!” Professor Rippmann makes a statement which very much suits our purpose in this article: we intend to notice a word whose pronunciation has been in speech even a universal mis-spelling, whereas the professor would like to believe that “usage cares not a straw for derivations,” a point to note, so he writes.

Last week we invited readers to test the differing sounds of s and z as used respectively in business and buzz. It is the word business we are now to consider, but we may remark in passing that of the comparatively few words we use containing the letter s almost every one has a foreign derivation, and most of them are shown in technical terms or names of things, and have been taken over with no change at all. The words which end with s are comic ones—buzz, buzz, who's, quiz; there are only about half a dozen all told. We have a few corruptions of the Anglo-Saxon s, as hase = haw; dissey = dysie; blaze = blaaze.

We do not take kindly to z and have reluctantly allowed it to domesticate here; yet this very unpalatable sound is selected by the unhappy new spellers to show us how to pronounce if we would be sound-hearted Englishmen! The hard s, as in civilise, is as gruff a sound as we care for, and if it were not for the mispronunciation offered in the dictionaries, we should probably find no one to-day writing s where all the world enunciates hard s.

Coming to our word business, we stigmatise it as one of the rare freakish English spellings. Regrettfully we admit that the unfortunate English child, dooms to learn to spell his own language, must waste his precious time in committing this spelling to memory, with no possibility of help from his well-spoken teacher unless general practice come to spell the word with an i only. The word business was not, in the true sense, the least, no more inimical to friendship than a course pronunciation; howbeit, the will to equality works more surely and swiftly in the latter than in the former case. Most of us might maintain existence more easily in the company of a yokel than of a cockney. The yokel's vowels will be in many districts pure enough, only too prolonged, suit his slow tongue; the cockney's are coarse and too rapid, a repulsive combination.

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surpassed the great tradition. We would destroy such
understanding.

honourable artists, who have upheld the traditions of the
chance of decoying the present generation from its real
their misuse and misplacement of the beautiful has the
major tradition is beyond any assault; but the
gets the chance. He does not get the chance. He is

enormous volumes, the mere bulk of which terrifies a
youth of the present writer we read through with never-

Avesta of Zoroaster. We do not recommend the last-

for reading youth to scale if adults will only point the

one of Messrs. Dent's catalogues and offer your youth
dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Lytton, Kingsley, Mayne
Reid, Kinglake, Creasy, Marryat, Walter Besant,
Neufeld, Slatin Pasha. (ah

JOU see him devouring "Tit-Bits," Penny Dreadfuls,

It is well known that a child will make its way through
way by leaving the books about." Give your boy

Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Lytton, Kingsley, Rayne
Reid, Kingsley, Froude (Oceana)

Dickens, Thackeray, Cooper

ingenious volumes, the mere bulk of which terrifies a
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slowly developing but a manly England.

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other. The latest is the firm of Constable, which has
projected a shilling series under the title of "The Threshold of Science." I do not see such a series selling in
a market that is at once crowded and overcrowded with similar booklets. Science is too dull a thing to be
arouses none of the hopes associated with the scientific

by the editor of the "Advertisers' Weekly," who, of
course, knows less of advertising than does Mr.
Shorter! Mr. Shorter, however, continues that The New Age is not "dangerous, but only offensive." Is there really much difference in these terms in the mind of the editor of the "Sphere"? To be dangerous to him is, of course, to be offensive to him; and several of my colleagues have been that, and probably will be again. His explanation that The New Age has no advertisements because it is "offensive" is, moreover, absurd. Plenty of inoffensive journals fail to obtain advertisements. On the other hand, the most offensive journals are often full of advertisements. But it is characteristic of the men of commercial letters that their first thought

Readers and Writers.

It is by no means the case, as a correspondent suggested last week, that I should be sorry to find my other dicta endorsed by every one of my readers. The prospect, of course, is centuries off, but it is none the less pleasing to contemplate. The supposition that there is anything necessarily stimulating in variety of opinion is merely a survival of the laissez-faire days of criticism. It rests on the sceptical doctrine that he who will not

see

be empty of inspiration etc. But there are, if we can only accept them, cancels or taste as fixed as the canons of mathematics. Their appreciation depends upon a capacity for measuring quality in terms of quality, a capacity almost wholly undeveloped in these days.

Quite a number of correspondents have asked me to confirm or correct their guesses as to the name of the
work of art I had in mind a fortnight ago in referring to the "purest work of genius produced within the last five years." I am happy to say that they are all, without exception, correct in their guess. What I should now like to know is why, during the last ten or five years, these correspondents with a neglected masterpiece in their hands have done nothing to make it known? Some of them doubtless are prepared to grow

ignorant over the stories of dead neglected geniuses and to believe that had they been alive when Keats was
dying in obscurity, or Chatterton was starving, or Blake was eking out a living by engraving, they would have moved heaven and earth to compass their recognition. Well, here is now their opportunity, for the writer is still alive and still unknown, and the book is still languishing on the market. By the way, a conclusive proof that the work breaks new ground and is marked by genius is in the fact that the "Times" reviewed it indig

of the editor of the "Sphere." To be dangerous to him is, of course, to be offensive to him; and several of my colleagues have been that, and probably will be again. His explanation that The New Age has no advertisements because it is "offensive" is, moreover, absurd. Plenty of inoffensive journals fail to obtain advertisements. On the other hand, the most offensive journals are often full of advertisements. But it is characteristic of the men of commercial letters that their first thought
when a contemporary journal fails to make a commercial success is always that the fault is with the journal. That there can be anything wrong with "business" is never their supposition. I may now say, perhaps, that The New Age does not seek advertisements and employs nobody to look for them. Advertisers may, indeed, in this country, both as coming from America and as other nations will subscribe for soap and, in the same spirit, they will do anything but advertise it. To secure Miss Hertz's annuities candidates must be able to prove that they are not only not offensive to the vested literary interests of the Academy, but can never be anything else. In short, their qualifications are such as to make them unfitted for the work. Now if I had or should hereafter have, the disposal of a sum for the endowment of literature I should select my successor and give him freedom to spend and to select his successor in turn. He's an unfortunate plutocrat who knows no person more trustworthy than any Academy in the world.

I promised last week to offer my explanation of the prevailing vacuity of modern Drama. It is simple almost to the point of platitude: there is at present no dramatic movement in life! I shall be told that events like the rise of China, the Balkan War, the discovery of the aeroplane, not to mention the modern social movements of Labour and Capital, are as a great and an active dramatist. But I shall reply that there is not a shadow of hopeful wonder, of awe, of grandeur, of beauty, of mystery, or of human intelligent power in one of them. Go into the wilds of Africa and be out of reach of newspapers for a month or two, and the whole cosmic show fades into trivial gossip. But not only is there no movement towards any Promised Land that the heart may desire, but the tendency for some generations has been to elevate the personal and the trivial over the heroic. Novels, like novelists, have been looking for inspiration and instances several of Balzac's to the point of platitude. The writer admits my first contention in the following remark: "If sex-love is still almost the only subject of the modern novel the reason may be that the good lady was not aware of what she was doing and had no intention of creating obstacles to her avowed wishes. At the same time I dare swear that her benefactions will reach the wrong people every time, barring the accidents which happen even in the best-regulated academies. For it is like asking a man to shift himself out of office to expect an Academy of paying reputations to endow their predesigned subverters. By the instinct of self-preservation they will usually divine the danger to themselves lurking in the work of unknown men of any power; and, in the same spirit, they will do anything but advertise it. To secure Miss Hertz's annuities candidates must be able to prove that they are not only not offensive to the vested literary interests of the Academy, but can never be anything else. In short, their qualifications are such as to make them unfitted for the work. Now if I had or should hereafter have, the disposal of a sum for the endowment of literature I should select my successor and give him freedom to spend and to select his successor in turn. He's an unfortunate plutocrat who knows no person more trustworthy than any Academy in the world.

The retirement of Mr. Harold Hodge from the editorship of the "Saturday Review" after fourteen years reminds us again of the existence of that journal. But for little, even reading public of the kind, the same &scarcely be aware of its existence. In former days—before Mr. Frank Harris began to edit it—the "Saturday Review" was the sole journal in England that could damn an author with a single review. The complementary test, however, resulted in failure; for I never heard that the "Saturday Review" could make the reputation of an author in any number of reviews. The prestige thus created lasted during the interval of Mr. Harris' editorship, and was even a little enhanced under his control by criticisms pronounced with the old traditions and when the latter were resumed under Mr. Hodge they were found to have faded almost to nothing. During the last fourteen years, indeed, nobody has opened his "Saturday Review" with the relief with which Constable's readers greeted the reviews. Nor are we told, "desires to devote himself to social reform and political work in which he has always taken an active interest." Ah, now we know why his "Review" has been so dull. The little gang of duffers calling themselves the British Academy are having the usual luck of the stupid in England, where, as Hood said:— Only propose to blow a bubble, And, Lord! what hundreds will subscribe for soap!

A wealthy lady, the aunt of Professor Gollancz, the honorary secretary of the Academy, has lately died and left to this body the sum of six thousand pounds. Of this, £2,000 is to provide an annual lecture or essay on a philosophical subject; another £2,000 is to provide an annual essay on some "mastermind"; and the interest on the remaining £1,000 is to be given annually to the author of some philosophical work published or in manuscript. I am quite certain, of course, that the good lady was not aware of what she was doing and had no intention of creating obstacles to her avowed wishes. At the same time I dare swear that her benefactions will reach the wrong people every time, barring the accidents which happen even in the best-regulated academies. For it is like asking a man to shift himself out of office to expect an Academy of paying reputations to endow their predesigned subverters. By the instinct of self-preservation they will usually divine the danger to themselves lurking in the work of unknown men of any power; and, in the same spirit, they will do anything but advertise it. To secure Miss Hertz's annuities candidates must be able to prove that they are not only not offensive to the vested literary interests of the Academy, but can never be anything else. In short, their qualifications are such as to make them unfitted for the work. Now if I had or should hereafter have, the disposal of a sum for the endowment of literature I should select my successor and give him freedom to spend and to select his successor in turn. He's an unfortunate plutocrat who knows no person more trustworthy than any Academy in the world.

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The "Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette" [what a title!] notes my disparagement last week of the novel in comparison with the play, but hesitates to take sides lest it should be committed to anything. Thus we balance ourselves on the fence until the cat appears! The novel, the writer thinks, is not necessarily a "tale of love"; and instances several of Balzac's to the contrary. A novel, the writer thinks, is to "tale of love"; and instances several of Shakespeare's. Exceptions, however, do not constitute a rule. A play to abide by the suffrages of my readers in this matter. Would they not expect a novel to contain a love affair as its motive? On the other hand, would they walk across the street to see a play which had no other motive? The writer admits my first contention in the following remark: "If sex-love is still almost the only subject of the modern novel the reason may be that the trend of the market is determined by the female
novel reader.” I accept the admission, but the explanation is not correct. The female novel reader has not determined the “subject” of the novel, for that is fixed by natural definition for men as for women; she determines only that the tales of love shall be written for women rather than for men. My second, however, provokes the writer to say that the notion of “Drama” which inspires true drama as the notion of sex-love inspires the true novel, is scarcely to be found nowadays. Why? The reason is certainly not that Fate is less fair now than formerly; nor is it that science has made us vulgarly familiar with the conflict of the soul with destiny. We know less of anything about the soul to-day than Aeschylus knew.

In consequence there ought to be more mystery in it and consequently an atmosphere in which drama might grow. But we do not feel it to be a mystery at all. We are ignorant, and accustomed to it. You cannot imagine our playwrights brooding darkly on the ways of God to Man; they would in all probability laugh at you for raising the question. No re-discovery of Fate is, therefore, likely to come from them—nor any drama.

Many of my readers will recall the name of Mr. H. G. Champions. He was a picturesque figure in the early fighting days of the Socialist movement in England, when Mr. John Burns, Mr. Cunningham-Graham, and others, were more of men than they are today. Is he a Socialist (or a “Socialist”)? My last vision of Mr. Champions was of a top-hatted gentleman seated in contemptuous ease upon a platform from which his fellow speakers had been violently thrown by a provincial audience. His top-hat, I verily believe, made him invulnerable. At any rate, he was left unmolested, while the rest were receiving and binding up their wounds. Mr. Champion, I understand, now runs a book-shop in Melbourne, Australia; and an excellent book-shop. Professor Gilbert Murray’s translations of Euripides have “thrilled the English-speaking people”; the Williamsons are “enjoyable”; and so on. I say this, I hope, without respect to the comments of Mr. Champions. On the contrary, they are mostly flattering. He speaks of its “caustic bitterness,” its “fearlessness,” and its “malevolence.” The last named characteristic I for one would not attempt to deny or to disguise. I do not pretend to be God almighty, and to see nothing but the good in everything. Modern tolerance is always impudent contempt for an enemy or cowardly fear of him; when that is, it is even so positive as to be preceded by any definite opinion at all. Mr. Champions professes to pity “Rhythm,” in particular, for my colleagues’ criticisms of that journal; but, like most untutored Catholics “agree in the adoption of such specific remedies as clubs for young people, temperance associations, thrift and friendly societies, and so forth.” He states that the evils of the time are “chiefly religious and political action.”

Who is Ada Cambridge? In the “Times” of Thursday last nearly a column is devoted to her first book of verse (Heinemann, 5s. net). Throughout the review she is referred to as Ada Cambridge, just Ada Cambridge. Such familiar nomenclature I find offensive in a double and even a triple degree; if I assume that the lady—and I do not; it assumes that the reviewer knows the lady—and he ought not to reveal the fact by such a means; and it unwittingly does her the injury of unmerited notoriety. For if the specimens of verse quoted are fair—and the whole review might have been written by her agent—“Ada Cambridge” had better never have published her work outside her native Australian bush. Who can who can see the case so clear, and scorn to crease and moan, Who follow humbly, without fear, The soul’s behest alone;

A straighter way, a smoother street,

For tread of uncorrupt children’s feet.

This stanza from “one of the best poems in her book” contains most of the qualities of the completely unpoetic. It is not quite so facile as doggerel, but it is more false than didactic platitude. Yet the “Times” hesitates whether to call it poetry, and inclines to the affirmative. Who is editing the “Literary Supplement” nowadays? 

I have been too often caught by the announcement that a new edition of Mr. Shaw’s “Quinnessence of Ibsenism” which was advertised to appear in the latest repetition of the stoke joke. It is Messrs. Constable, however, who announce it this time. In the “Quinnessence of Ibsenism” which appeared in its first and only edition in 1897, Mr. Shaw wrote himself out. He has added nothing since that is not an amplification of his first enthusiasm—or, should I say, a straining of his first affirmative faith through the superfine meshes of his wit. The doctrine he extracted from Ibsen was, of course, not Ibsen’s at all; the later praise of Ibsen prove that; but it was a doctrine for the times, and Mr. Shaw took himself seriously as its prophet. The “Quinnessence of Ibsenism” has, I believe, had more effect upon the modern feminist fermentation than any other intellectual ingredient. We shall see whether any thing is left in it. R. H. C.

Views and Reviews.

This little book is interesting as being a synopsis of Catholic thought and teaching in relation to social affairs. It has often been said that the last enemy of Socialism will be the Catholic Church; and the reverend writer makes that clear in this primer. The Catholic Social Reformer, he says, differs from the Socialist in this respect, that he does not consider the present economic condition to be bad in its essential principles, but on account of its deep-rooted defects, and being a means of the “hasten to say that, according to his statement, all Catholics “agree in the adoption of such specific remedies as clubs for young people, temperance associations, thrill and friendly societies, and so forth.” He states that the evils of the time are “chiefly religious and political action.”

A Primer of Social Science.” By the Right Rev. Monsignor Henry Parkinson, D.D. (P. S. King and Son. 2s. net.)
It has also been said, with perhaps more justification, that the fight for supremacy in England will be between the Jews and the Catholics. As things are at present, the Catholics are losing in every respect; and for a very simple reason. The very means by which the Jews are obtaining the mastery of the world, and which Mr. Arthur Kitson described in the last issue of The New Age, are sanctioned by the Catholics. There is all the pathos attaching to a lost cause to be discovered in the fact that "[the Catholic Social Reformer] desires a return towards the ancient organic structure of society: family, county, or district, and classes." The effect of usury (I use the word in the same sense as Mr. Kitson, "wherever payment is exacted and properly speaking, a usury") has been that classes are metamorphosed and practically abolished, the county or district has ceased to exist except as a unit of government, and the family is being destroyed as quickly as possible. There is not an institution in the way of the perfect working of economic law that is not in serious danger to exist except as a unit of government, and the family is being destroyed as quickly as possible. There is not an institution in the way of the perfect working of economic law that is not in serious danger to exist except as a unit of government, and the family is being destroyed as quickly as possible.

Dr. Parkinson tells us: "The modern mind adopts the practice of lending money at interest as the most natural economic proceeding. This has arisen from the use of money for productive purposes, as under the form of capital in business. This condition, without excluding others, has justified the practice, and he would be a bold man who would condemn it. We must nevertheless clearly separate this from usury, the practice of which, in either of the forms explained, is always blameworthy. We should also remember that the Church has given but a constructive approval to the whole financial system and much more could be said to show how injurious in many of its applications it is at the present time." The facts remain that the Church has approved it, and that it is impossible to distinguish in practice between usury and lending money at interest. If we take the great period in both cases; production is stimulated for the benefit of a person other than the producer. But the effect of this stimulated production is that the producer becomes a slave to the money-lender, whoever he may be.

It is true, of course, that "the modern mind adopts the practice of lending money at interest as the most natural economic proceeding"; but the modern mind never stops to think of the results. Mr. Kitson, in his pamphlet on "Industrial Depression: Its Cause and Cure," has given an example of them. "If you have a factory filled with machinery and tools, etc., at the end of your financial year, when you make up your balance sheet, you first allow for depreciation, so as to maintain your original capital intact, and you next allow yourself a certain interest—in this country five per cent. on the whole financial system and much more could be said to show how injurious in many of its applications it is at the present time." The facts remain that the Church has approved it, and that it is impossible to distinguish in practice between usury and lending money at interest. If we take the great period in both cases; production is stimulated for the benefit of a person other than the producer. But the effect of this stimulated production is that the producer becomes a slave to the money-lender, whoever he may be.

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Drama.
By John Francis Hope.

There are no plays to write about this week; drama in England is entirely dependent on bad weather, and, although Byron said that the English winter ended in July and began in August, there is a conventional English summer which serves as an excuse to theatrical managers to take a rest. I might, in a cynical mood, wish that the convention were an everlasting reality; but let us be charitable. One must live, and we arrange our own articles on this subject; and I have noticed one extraordinary omission. I have never said a word in praise of or blame of any actor in any of the plays that I have witnessed. By the "unitarians" in art, this will probably be accepted as a tacit proof of the excellence of the "growing pains" of an artist. It is only when我真的 only muddy the mirror of the "growing pains" of a child. It is only when I have touched my mother Earth by reading over my own articles on this subject; and I have noticed one extraordinary omission. I have never said a word in praise of or blame of any actor in any of the plays that I have witnessed. By the "unitarians" in art, this will probably be accepted as a tacit proof of the excellence of the "growing pains" of a child. It is only when 

It was noted by Emerson as an English characteristic that "stars" are invisible. For it is certain (and every interpretative artist knows it) that if the work to be interpreted has any of the true qualities of art, interpretations should vary in excellence. The heat of composition is communicable: all actors have a sense of Shakespeare. If I want to play Chopin, and the desire is the spiritual equivalent of the "growing pains" of a child. It is only in dealing with the work of a creative artist that the interpretative artist can reach his full stature; he cannot thrive in an atmosphere of commonplace. Actors themselves are not always aware of this fact. I remember Miss Margaret Halstan being reported as saying that the triumph of the actor was being recognised until the end of the first act. That is probably a sound maxim for the detective; but its implications, as it applies to the art of acting, are precisely those against which I am protesting in this article. One implication is that characters in modern plays are so stereotyped that the only way in which an actor can save himself from going melancholy mad by sheer monotonous repetition is by "individualising" precisely similar characters, so that their resemblance is unsuspected by the audience. To state a case: Sir George Alexander has specialised in the "man of forty" type. Had he adopted Miss Halstan's idea, he might not have gone melancholy mad, and become a member of the London County Council. He prefers to be an actor, with the manner of an artist, to play all these similar characters in a similar fashion. He has, so to speak, committed Chinese suicide on the doorstep of the dramatist, to whose account must be laid the present decline of acting.

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It has been said that every man, if he could express himself fairly well, would be able to write a novel. It is assumed that everybody has vicissitudes and moments of triumph, obstacles overcome or circumvented, thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes in his life, and that these strung together in narrative form could not fail to interest if not to instruct. Personally, I doubt this very much. In fact, I would go so far as to say that if every man could have a novel of his life, many fewer novels would be read. And for the simple reason that one does not want to read about "life," as the general novel-reader understands it, if one is living, or has lived, much. In fact, I would go so far as to say that if everyone does not want to read about "life," as the general interest if not to instruct. Personally, I doubt this very much. As a matter of fact, it is probable that, as mere incident, a record of the every-day urban dweller's life would bore every one to insanity. Not only would the events be drab and ordinary, but also the character with which they were faced would be as good as a sleeping draught for most of us, perhaps, the scientific statistician. Even the love romance in it would be such a sordid story of the last-trap with the fatal church or registry office shutter, that people would close up the book with a feeling of giddy nausea.

It is absurd to suppose that everybody has the character or quality in him to turn every event of human life into a scene worth reconstructing and repeating. It is absurd to suppose that everyone can have experiences.

The Allied Artists Association, however, take a slightly different view. "The keynote of this constitution is inclusiveness or exclusion. It takes for granted that everyone who can purchase a box of paints and a few brushes, and, I suppose, pay the necessary subscription fee as well, can paint something worth exhibiting at the Albert Hall.

Beneath this view of things, there is a liberal, generous and good-natured estimate of human nature, the full charm of which, I, for one, would be the last to underrate. There is optimism and Christian charity in it. And where would optimism be nowadays if it were scrupulously discriminating? Where, indeed, would Christian charity be either? "Unscrupulous," which was the epithet Schopenhauer applied to optimism in general, certainty applies to the kind of optimism which believes that by merely making things "easy enough" you will turn the world into a revolving globe of high culture.

However, let that be, and let us walk inside. Let us enter into this atmosphere in which everybody's experience becomes of value; in which everybody, in fact, can experience things worth experiencing. It must be entertaining! A sort of heaven or heaven des-refuses—a sort of Paradise in which the limitations and constraints of this earthly shell are cast away by magic as soon as you cross the threshold.

For never anything can be amiss When simplicity and duty tender it.

Yes, that's all very well! I had just seen simplicity and duty down the Exhibition Road, at the South Kensington Art School, which I shall discuss next time. But is this London Salon an example of simplicity and duty? Is it simple to allow each subscriber to show three works without submitting them to any selecting jury? Is it dufful "to preserve the liberty of the artist," when it is obvious that what most of the allied artists most sorely need is a little severe discipline, schooling, limiting, placing, eliminating, etc., not to speak of much drastic and even expedient treatment.

Really this is a foolish age! On my way down to the Albert Hall from Notting Hill Gate I passed a small plot of open land, with a fence all round it. It was covered with weeds and wild flowers, and a herd of cows. And I was informed that this plot of ground was acquired some time ago by a benevolent society which turned it into an allotment garden for the unemployed—a place where they might rear their own cabbages and potatoes—and that this expanse of tangled weeds was all that was left. At least, I hope I am not overrating the society in question, and that my information was correct.

In any case, the idea struck me as being very ridiculous. N'est pas jardinier qui veut. Certain virtues and certain gifts of perseverance, patience, and industry, besides skill and knowledge, are necessary, even for market gardening. Why should it be supposed that a poor unfortunate modern British workman, out of a job which was probably never calculated to rear any virtues in him at all, should be fit for gardening!

But if the chance view of the waste plot of ground gave me an excellent simile for the Albert Hall. For not only had a similar idea been behind both; but the results, also, were very similar.

Inside that huge hall, your very nostrils became aware of the luxuriant growth of tares and of weeds, and even of fungi. Go yourself, and see whether I am over-stating the case. I never consciously over-state; on the contrary!

Perhaps it was best for all concerned not to be too particular about the name, this time. It is the institution that is a mistake. These unfortunate individuals themselves are not responsible, any more than those jardiniers malgré eux were. Nevertheless, there are a few painters, here and there, in this show, who have to carry the whole thing off with a semblance of a decent swing, and to these, the public who stagger along those vast galleries should be deeply grateful.

Jean D. McIntyre is a serious, hearty painter, who is learning to master a difficult medium. Nos. 18 and 19, "Landscapes," are pleasing works. Janning Jean presents an old theme in "Kichingang at Sunrise" (No. 36), but it is not worse than its predecessors in the tradition; there is a wonderful serenity in the sky and the silent ring of the hills. Mervyn Lawrence is "hobble" in the extreme in "Gangooly's Landscape" (No. 57), and "Stepney" (No. 28) a show of complete and arrangement worthy of a better purpose.

Eric Forbes-Robertson is, I think, better in the "Portrait of Sidney Buchanan" (No. 1,032) than in "Adam and Eve" (No. 109). Indeed, the former shows such promise—if the gentleman in question will excuse this expression; it is really the only one to be used here—that I would warn him not to indulge too much in the all too facile style of No. 110.

Gerald Leigh Hunt ought surely to try a more feasible, a more possible reconciliation between his two techniques, than he does in Nos. 111 and 112. It is disturbing to hear rag-time in the middle of a ballad. And yet Mr. Leigh-Hunt approaches perilously near to this sort of combination in "A Pathway over the Sea," but is he aware that, through his heavy and "impasto" technique in the bright reflection, he may be turned into snow, and water into glass. Roar of the Sea," shows how excessive attention to detail can arrest movement, and how perfectly foam may be turned into snow, and water into glass, by an artist's excessive pains. Like Edward Gordon's attempt to merge the two techniques. Mr. Leigh-Hunt calls it "A Pathway over the Sea," but is he aware that, through his heavy and "impasto" technique in the bright reflection, he has actually turned it into a sort of solid pathway of chalk carvables on the surface of the canvas?

C. G. Wallis shows a dainty taste in "The Outward Bound" (No. 116). I should have liked it better had he repeated the note of the boatman's lantern in the portholes of the steamers. Or would that have been impossible? Setting them to any selecting jury? Is it dufful "to preserve the liberty of the artist," when it is obvious that what most of the allied artists most sorely need is a little severe discipline, schooling, limiting, placing, etc., not to speak of much drastic and even expedient treatment.

the best work I have seen by this artist. Her modelling is a little scamped; but, of course, it is infinitely above most of its neighbours.

Malcolm Drummond possesses powers of observation, but, I should think, little imagination. His Colours, however, are good workmanship. Finally, Charles Ginner deserves notice as an honest, upright painter, striving, for the moment, simply at excelling in a weirdly striking and forcible technique.

Pastiche.

SOME REFLECTIONS OF SHOULDBE LAUREATES.

Mr. W. H. Davies.

I s'pose me pension done me in the eye! How could a fly Bloke like me, What's travelled the States from Maine to Tennessee, Play such a silly game, As book a pension When laureateships was waitin' men of fame, With seventy per ann., not to mention A butt of Malmsy! Jinks, a bloomin' cask— And I've missed that? But what's the use to ask Why I was such a fresh cat?— I draws me singin' rags about me shame.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett.

Nobody mentioned me, Nobody mentioned me! Yet a little while aback Laureate John Masefield, Hail MR. JOHN MASEFIELD. Yeats, a bloomin' cask— the Greeks—yet another! Oh, for a second—of rhyme I was King The really last o' the Greeks—yet another! Oh, for a sword, Or sack to smoother Some ruinous, ruinous thing! But burnish, Trumpets! Let the cymballed skies Reck with the wrack when the hot and passionate Embers of Poets' outraged destiny Flit like the winged bat with succinct curse! Blaze! Like a woman frailly resolved, The world shall sit in ashes!

Mr. John Masefield.

Get bl! That bally fool to get the job! Well, you could knock me into next week's middle, And still I couldn't solve th' 'mazing riddle— And me writ Pompey, "Jee'h'suew, "Nan," "Saul Kane," "The Widder." Oh, H. H. Fyfe, how art thou proved a kidder! As true as hell, I dreamed the "Daily Mail" Came out with "Laureate John Masefield, Hail!"

O pretty little bloody flowers, I sob!

Mr. W. B. Yeats.

Kathleen. Sure, it's yourself has got left. William. Sure, it's yourself. Kathleen. Sure, its meself has always been yourself's meself, an' never myself at all, so sure it's yourself has got left. William. Sure, it's yourself was nothing without me- self; so sure it's meself has got left.

Mrs. Alice Meynell.

When rosy-fingered Dawn, in sandals shod, Tips with her chariot wheels the tardy East, And lights like a lady-poet, and Dann's smile, Brings dreams of votes for Woman as for Man, Then to my head leap thoughts with rapture quick, That Our Great Cause was represented while I ran, I ran, I ran, I also ran.

MORE DISILLUSION.

It is not often that the despair which civilisation breeds in the hearts of men becomes fearlessly articulate. Yet, to-day, I have heard the voice—

I was looking into the shop-window of a newly-opened tobacconist's at the time, and these are the distressing sounds which I heard:—

"Jee'h'suew—lov—ver—of—my—s—ow—owl—"

Let—me—to the—th—bussom—fly."

The voice rose in a crescendo above the noise of the street, and its quavering tone gave an added melancholy to the sordid thoroughfare. I did not turn to see what sort of a person the voice belonged to; I guessed, and stared more intently into the shop-window; indeed, so deeply did I gaze, that phantom-like, there appeared in it, the dim figure of a very old man, with one boot upon the kerb.

In the reflection, he seemed to have one foot suspended in the air, as though he were afraid to put it down. Then, I discovered that in the window, I could see the whole panorama of the street. The old man raised his voice again, and cried out with such passion, as emptied his lungs upon each word of the hymn. His face, during this exertion, was drawn like a mask into an expression of fixed agony, and to judge by the extreme rigidity of his neck, his vertebrae might have been petrified. So much of a piece of old tape dangled a paralysed arm, and, in his right hand, he clutched a tin-cup for contributions. His upturned eyes, devout as with the ecstasy of religious inhumanity, suggested that in some service fashion perhaps Jesus really did love his soul.

A passer-by clinked a coin into the extended cup, and hurried on. As the coin fell it gave forth a hollow metallic sound, which reminded me of a cemetery bell. Now came the fearful voice again with accumulated force—

"Jee'h'suew—lov—ver—of—my—s—ow—owl—."

The old man cast his eyes artfully from right to left, but without altering the fixed position of his head, bending his neck. The pavement appeared to be deserted, a few spots of rain began to fall. The old man ceased wailing, and transferred the penny from the tin-cup to his pocket. But not before spitting upon it ferociously. I then saw two people approaching from the Broadway; a man and woman. The woman carried a large net bag which bulged with vegetables. The man, her husband, apparently, lagged by her side. From what I could see he appeared to have no eyes; but this was due, probably, to the diffused reflection in the window. So word passed between them; the woman peered straight ahead; her face, like that of the man's, was expressionless.

The old beggar, who had also caught sight of them from the corner of his eye, prepared to become articulate. But he gauged their approach with great skill. "Jee'h'suew—lov—ver—of—my—s—ow—owl—."

Then the expression of fixed agony upon the old man's countenance relaxed. His eyebrows descended from their unnatural height, and settled in a frown over his eyes, which became fierce. He shot the receding couple a wailing, and transferred the penny from the tin-cup to the cemetery bell. Now came the fearful voice again with accumulated force—

"Jee'h'suew—lov—ver—of—my—s—ow—owl—."

By this time I was thoroughly interested. It is seldom that one has the pleasure of meeting an expressive face. And it is even more rare that one can observe it intently without the fear of appearing vulgar. That the old man was a shameless hypocrite, I had no doubt. The more I studied the varying emotions which flitted across his countenance, the more I became convinced that the audible words which he muttered so angrily when anyone passed him by without charity, were blasphemous. The fixed position of his head emphasised the expressions of piety, misery, rage, hate, and cunning which came rapidly over another upon his elastic face. I was therefore somewhat as to why such a man should rely upon a Christian hymn to extract coppers from obviously anti-Christian people. Was this aged parasite himself the perfect and unconscious symbol of Christianity? His destitute condition and the necessity for hypocrisy its logical outcome? He was at odds with the people from whom he begged subsistence. It was not for this he acted so cleverly, but for the pennies in their pockets. I suddenly grew disgusted. The panorama of the street faded from the window; I became absorbed in the possibilities of a "Special" brand of tobacco which was advertised extensively upon bright, pink cards. It was the
invention of the new tobacconist. Very cheap, too—four
pence an ounce—"City Mixture," as he called it. I entered the shop, and purchased an ounce packet. "I guarantee you'll find it every bit as good as what you're a' smokin' now, sir," said the fellow. "And for every fifty coupons you collect, sir, we give you, absolutely free, a "Dixon" Patent Safety Razor, with six Sheffield blades—value, twenty-one shillings."

But I was "had," all the same; the tobacco turned out to be stinking stuff. If I had known as much about "City Mixture" at the time of purchase, as I did yesterday, after my first pifol of it, I should have given it away to the old Jesus man.

ARTHUR F. THORN.

A MOMENT OF FORGETFULNESS.

Paint whisperings of immortal lutes
Wake softly your rapine soul;
I rise to Beauty's sanctuary,
A treasured goal.

To liquid notes of viol sweet
I yield God's bliss to Beauty's tone:
Afar a golden city lies,
I walk alone.

Over paths well paved in lovely pearl,
Where sparkling fountains shower and play,
Youth's myriad choirs come forth to greet,
In bright array.

Resplendent is the atmosphere
With sweets of rose and egantine.
Enriching tones of colour run,
Like ruby wine.

The sound of great orchestral comes,
O'er the heavenly crystal air.
And psalms of joy to Beauty's life,
And no despair.

My revered soul reveals to me
A giant gate, yet closed withal.
I may not enter but to still
Another's call.

Back, back to earth and shadows dark,
For no one calls my earthly name.
But sweetness was that moment fair
Than wealth or fame.

THOMAS FLEIMING.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE RAND STRIKE.

Sir,—The miners are out on strike, and some of the other trades are out in sympathy. Our fool Ministers could think of no better way of meeting the situation than by hurriedly sending the Rand and drafting police from all parts.

Of course, this has exasperated the men greatly, and spoilt any chance there might have been of quickly settling matters. Of course, the wrong men have been shot. Not one magnate has been put away; people must die some time, and it can't be helped.

Don't talk about lives lost, people must die some time, and it can't be helped.

Since writing the above, quite a number of people have been shot down in the streets, and there is murder of the blackest in the air. When I came into town yesterday, I found little crowds sticking away in doorways and hiding in corners, and the reason I found to be that soldiers were lying down across certain streets looking along their guns. I waited a street and went on towards the Rand Club, which was strongly guarded by the First Royal Dragoons. On the pavement near the club were two bodies stretched out, and the ambulance was busy taking corpses and wounded away. As far as I have been able to gather, no blank charges were fired as a warning; the crowd, with the usual hooligans and scabs amongst them, of course, baying and making a fuss, and, no doubt, meaning Inis-wished, and that the strike was at an end. I wondered when I heard it; it seemed to me that things had gone too far to find any such easy settlement. This morning the trams were running as usual, and one hoped that all was as calm as it appeared, although a reckoning would have to come some time, but, soon enough, ugly rumours began to fly about; the red flag was streaming out from motorcycles tearing through the town, and the tram-cars suddenly stopped running. I had heard two explosions about midnight, and wondered what they meant, and have learned that an attempt was made to blow up the store of a prominent citizen, who, so the crow have it, shot a woman, from a window of the Rand Club, who was in a crowd demonstrating outside. This has apparently upset everything again, and the strike leaders can no longer control the people. That man's body was called for, and he will be wise to take horse, or what he can, and get away, if he has not already done so, and never come back, that is, if he is guilty. I came in in a car with four others, two of whom were young Dutchmen, and the talk was blank revolution. They went on to the Trade Hall, where a lot of men were assembled, and, as I can alone, a man on a motor-bicycle, with red ensigns, flew, called out as he went, "Meeting on the square at two o'clock"—and that is where we are now. The troops are out lining the streets again—more especially about the Rand Club—and the meeting may not be held; but it is likely that the night will see some ugly doings. It is possible that the leaders will get their men in hand again, and there has been no liquor obtainable for two days, but I expect that a section at least of them will refuse to be ruled—which is not in any way to be wondered at. One of the young Dutchmen in the cab, who was present during the shooting near the Corner House (Eckstein-Wernher-Beit) mentioned an incident; during a lull a man stepped out from his hiding-place with a pistol in his pockets and called out to the troops—"Now, shoot me." He got three bullets on the instant, one through his jaw, and fell dead. Very, very sad, if true, and I see no reason to doubt it. The First Royal Dragoons will be proud of themselves now. I had to do with them a bit during the war, when they were known as the Sick Regiment, and we put to some outside beholding who had broken the law of the enemy driving them away. They may have done things later on, but I never heard of them shooting. The regiment was chiefly remarkable for the number of gold-safety pins and pretty nic-nacs which the weekly mail used to bring to the young officers. Now, this is all wiped out; there have been active service in the regiment has drawn blood here in Africa—and the Kaiser is their Colonel-in-Chief. How! The Royal Dragoons.

Well, it is a bad business; had for everybody in this ill-starred country. As the book says: It is easy for a
camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich country to find peace.

There are still crowds about talking all kinds of gibber, but I fancy things will simmer down now. A paper has been issued by the Trades' Federation, and is being read with much dissatisfaction by the men about the streets—I have been called traitors, whites being an interfering ass, I, as openly disputed—but which I think will have a sobering effect as laying to rest a great many exaggerated statements and bringing matters forward for argument again. Personally, I think labour all through the country has strengthened its position enormously by the strike if it has the wit to see it. The railways will be the next thorn in the official flesh. State ownership makes little difference—although State ownership of the mines would be bound to result in better treatment of the miners out to he fair. England. The cables have probably given you has the situation is serious." This cable, I may now say perhaps, merely confirms my "imagination" of July 17, and, incidentally, a cable previously received privately by myself. The relevant passage from my cable (which did not come from a "well-known solicitor," but from a New Age reader of very high standing in South Africa) is as follows: "Mining groups after provoking second strike have obtained Government assurance that they will not extend their exploitation in Democracy South Africa forcibly. Eight thousand military and police now about Johannesburg. Arrangements made the burghers come out to show their respect for the dead, and this means something. The only people whose honesty he appears to suspect are the writers of N.A. and THE NEW AGE. I believe, of the denial is to be found in the "Christian" Socialist ranks that I am sick of their "farmyard" view of sex—a compliment which Mr. Chesterton did not fail to accept. Other correspondents may confirm for himself the reliability of my opinions. Your discussion with Mr. Chesterton on the..."
subject of Mr. Lansbury has been a little more fruitful. For one thing, the "Daily Herald" must needs dub your pages "cultured"—a word which is, it appears, their last term of abuse. You "drag in" the "Daily Herald" and "identify them with opinions they do not recognise." How could you do it? But I have looked up the offending passage and find no reference to the "Daily Herald's" opinions whatever. You simply quoted Mr. Chesterton and named the "Daily Herald" as your source. However, they must be allowed to have been involved somehow or other in the "controversial" term, and there are at the bottom of the Balkan "protests" and "opinions"! Mr. Chesterton, I conclude from his last reference to the topic, now objects that the New Age is less popularly-minded than Mr. Lansbury. You think if this is the case it is evidence of carelessness; but I believe the word "cant," let her cross it out, and write in its place the word "wisdom." It's all in the game. She can safely wager her last dollar that you are not an enemy; only a critic.

A STORY APPLIED.

Sir,—The attempt of the Labour M.P.'s to escape responsibility for jobbing by blaming their local caucuses reminds me of a story recently popular in America. A father informed a friend that he thought of putting his son into the public service. Has he shown any aptitude? asked the friend. Well, said the father, the little beggar finished a stenched pot of jam the other day and while smearing his mouth with it at breakfast said: "Sorry, Tom, to have to do this; but I can't let the old folks suspect me."

T. WILSON.

MORE CRITICISM.

Sir,—Thank you! In your "Notes" of July 3, you clear away much fogliness in a way I have been expecting for many weeks past. I do not wish to flatter you in the fulsome manner of others, for I am sure you prefer honest criticism but those who have vainly imagined you to be with them in their fanaticism now clean their pens.

But I am still in the mood to criticise, though I also dream your ideals; for you are a dreamer, at present, through the whole twenty-four hours. Your dream is Guild-Socialism; slices of State-Socialism. Your Guilds are miniature Socialist states, and those units—poor bricks they are—who are not fit material for the socialised nation, are the material for the building of the Guilds. Tis a vain dream. These heavenly visions of the future! how they shine in their youth.

In the first place, how will the proletariat capture the capitalist's capital if given to them by the State? They cannot buy it, nor build one of their own. And if they attempt to confiscate it, the resultant catastrophe will be practically useless. The shooters shoot to order, and the authority to give the order rules. Your reasoning about Guild-Socialism depends for its value on the sense and power of action of the proletariat, and it would not be idealistic enough if the proletariat had sufficient wisdom to form Guilds even to the extent of purely material requirements.

If there is salvation for the people, it lies in freeing the land, and not over-peopling it; real freedom follows automatically. Economic power precedes political power, and, I believe, must precede both. To quote Nietzsche—"Remain true to the earth, O my brethren, for in it lies your only hope." I am reminded of a little doggerel, a mighty contrast to Nietzsche's style, but containing somewhat the same thought.

Mother, may I go out to swim?

Father: Not without me.

Me: But mind, when you go out to swim, You don't go near the water.

Room for the ladies.

Your reasoning is faulty at first when you say that the hold of the capitalist is independent of the vote, and yet declare, in the same breath, that the giving of the vote to working women is too very important a phase of the modern movement to be neglected in its practical aspect. Your statement is, I believe, true. You have admitted that the vote is useless from the economic standpoint, and there still remains, as, I believe, you have admitted in the past, some things in which it is beneficial. You denounce those benefits until your dream comes true.

Your desire to get women out of industry is little stronger than the desire to make them vote. But are your men to get them out? I quote from your notes—"Whether women must remain in industry, willy-nilly, against their own inclinations, it is certain that we must protect them from the worst miseries of life, but we cannot do this without working for the improvement of their moral and intellectual nature and inclination of the men of their class is, we suggest, a question for both sexes, but primarily of men, who are the men to get them out?"

The word "are your men to get them out?" I quote again—"From the whips of their husbands and brothers they will fly to the scorpions of capitalists and factory inspectors?" And why? Is it not because they have been helped in the flight by those whips, plus their own folly. But the chief spur has been poverty, and they criticise with heartache. It is not for you to set yourself up as arbiter of what the people shall know and do. The people must learn the value of things, votes included, by experience; all other teachers are worth a tinker's curse. That argument is sufficient if there were not another in the whole realm of reason.

"I am railing along the river; let him grasp me who can!" Your crutch, however, I am not.

But mind, when you go out to swim,

I am here reminded of a little doggerel, a mighty contrast to Nietzsche's style, but containing somewhat the same thought.

But let him grasp me who knows.

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certainly not hyper-critical. The nebulous and elusive idea to which the present gives birth to-morrow will see their importance; humanity itself is still in the making. Time they require to shape themselves is the measure of their development is infinitely more important than, say, a industry by guilds, that each branch of industry would gratified at this early acceptance of the doctrine it preaches peculiarly adapted the Postal Service is to the revival of complete control of industry. Conference, greatly daring, until it has applied itself to the achievement of the

Mr. Kitson's Napoleon.

Sir,—Mr. Kitson's article in The New Age deserves not only criticism but also a little bit of admonition. What relationship can there be between politics, economics, and anti-Semitism, no matter what. Still, Mr. Kitson managed to combine the two in his article. He begins by describing the universally predominating power of finance, how it conquered the world without the sword, etc. Then he pulls aside the curtain, and permits us to give a look at the personages themselves: "they are conspicuous by their noses." To still further convince us of their machinations, he relates to us the late Morgan's manoeuvres and financial operations. He omits, however, to point out that Morgan, Rockefeller, and their crew are not men with the peculiar "noses.

Mr. Kitson then proceeds to speak about the evils which the gold standard has produced, and ends with the recommendation of a "cheap money", or of Mr. Kitson's object is to assist competition in its death-struggle with monopoly, and he believes the former could come out of the struggle the victor. Whether such a result would be good for the world is a point with which I will

The paper currency issued by the State (not by private banks), as Mr. Kitson shrewdly observes, is preferable to a precious metal currency; but, after all, only certain struggling tradespeople would benefit by it. The fallacy of Mr. Kitson is the same as that of the single taxpayer. The latter makes a hobby of the single tax reform, and that makes him so shortsighted that he sees nothing beyond it. Mr. Fels, for instance, undertakes to cure all social ills by "cheap money." He once stated that if I received some time ago from his private secretary) by taxing land values; and Mr. Kitson promises to make a paradise of the world. Mr. Kitson's object is to assist competition in its death-struggle with monopoly, and he believes the former could come out of the struggle the victor. Whether such a result would be good for the world is a point with which I will

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MR. KITSON'S NAPOLEON.

Sir,—Mr. Kitson's article in The New Age deserves not only criticism but also a little bit of admonition. What relationship can there be between politics, economics, and anti-Semitism, no matter what. Still, Mr. Kitson managed to combine the two in his article. He begins by describing the universally predominating power of finance, how it conquered the world without the sword, etc. Then he pulls aside the curtain, and permits us to give a look at the personages themselves: "they are conspicuous by their noses." To still further convince us of their machinations, he relates to us the late Morgan's manoeuvres and financial operations. He omits, however, to point out that Morgan, Rockefeller, and their crew are not men with the peculiar "noses."

Mr. Kitson then proceeds to speak about the evils which the gold standard has produced, and ends with the recommendation of "cheap money", or of Mr. Kitson's object is to assist competition in its death-struggle with monopoly, and he believes the former could come out of the struggle the victor. Whether such a result would be good for the world is a point with which I will
is only left to open a candy shop, to sell cats'-meat, or to deal in old clothes, whether the chief industries are owned by many capitalists or by a few financiers?

In conclusion, I point out that financial operations, credit banking, etc., are the result of a system of commerce carried on by individuals and nations with the object of making profits from the sale of commodities. We then conclude that everyone of the millions of the manufacturers of commodities into international syndicates, profiteering will then cease. Goods will not be purchased in the usual way, but will be bought and sold by the owners of the means of production and the producers. Money will then become superfluous, and its use in all financial operations would become impossible.

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HEALTH FOR INTELLECTUALS.

Sir,—I hoped that some correspondent would widen the treatment accorded by Mr. Lister to this subject, for, while the material diet, is, of course, an important item in the intellectual diet is for intellectuals of much greater importance. This class of creature corresponds somewhat to the old symbol of the lotus, whose roots are in mud, whose cerebral diet is for intellectuals of much greater importance. This class of creature corresponds somewhat to the old symbol of the lotus, whose roots are in mud, whose atmosphere, of the "atmosphere" in which the intellectual diet is for intellectuals of much greater importance.

It appears from this that appreciation is part of the atmosphere essential to the artist. Other ingredients, if we may use the term, of good intellectual diet, are self-confidence, constant association with works of intellectual company, and, as a base, a stimulating working philosophy. Not all these, I am aware, can be had for the mere asking. Only the unpretending task of a gently sought and employed by the thinker who desires to keep his mind healthy. Self-confidence, for example, can to a certain extent be deliberately cultivated. It grows, as anyone can test for himself, out of the experience of mastery. A man who sets himself a too difficult task and fails is disposed to blame himself and to lose self-confidence in consequence. Under these circumstances he should recover by setting himself an easier task in which he is almost certain to succeed. The little successes in this way will come in his mind, and with action with works of intellectual simplicity a regimen; but the selection offers some room for idiosyncrasy. Intellectual by violence, and this results in the feeling of vital loss the latter feels after conversing with a rich man. It appears from this that appreciation is part of the atmosphere essential to the artist. Other ingredients, if we may use the term, of good intellectual diet, are self-confidence, constant association with works of intellectual company, and, as a base, a stimulating working philosophy. Not all these, I am aware, can be had for the mere asking. Only the unpretending task of a gently sought and employed by the thinker who desires to keep his mind healthy. Self-confidence, for example, can to a certain extent be deliberately cultivated. It grows, as anyone can test for himself, out of the experience of mastery. A man who sets himself a too difficult task and fails is disposed to blame himself and to lose self-confidence in consequence. Under these circumstances he should recover by setting himself an easier task in which he is almost certain to succeed. The little successes in this way will come in his mind, and with

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THE ECONOMICS OF JESUS.

Sir,—Mr. Alfred E. Randall may be a great authority upon Socialism, but he is a Christian (judging from his article on the Economics of Jesus) apparently to be somewhat limited. His errors may be classified under two heads: firstly, an untenable interpretation of the passages from the Gospels which he quotes, and, secondly, a wilful neglect of other passages. Let me take one or two of his points.

1. He says that Christ said to the soldiers, 'Be content with your wages' (Luke iii., 14). I contend that, for all practical purposes for which the Gospels are quoted, he meant that the wage system was indeed worse than man's exists in the world. The sorrow of the sole responsibility for the direction of life on the planet is too great for the most intellectual of us to bear without ruining our health.

R. M.

JOSEPH FINN.
you to know the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven, but to them it is nothing. Mr. Maynard speaks to them in parables: because they seeing see not; and they hearing hear not, neither do they understand. The parables have served their purpose; to this day, it is not understood by the multitude. The Christian Church, as Bishop Butler says, to drag in irrelevant matters of morals, miracles, or eschatology. If the one does not square with the other, it is not the fault of the Church, before Mr. Maynard, he had better reconsider the text quoted in my article: 'And I say unto you, make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations': and square that, if he can, with any idealist conception of Christ.

I do not intend to argue the question in the relation of Christianity to slavery. It is not germane to my argument, and the actual fact is that there were Christians on both sides in the fight for abolition. But Christ, we are told, spoke in parables "merely to find illustrations easily recognised by the crowd." I prefer Christ's own explanation, previously quoted, to Mr. Maynard's. But, following my reasoning, one does not arrive at the result that "Christ trotted about Palestine setting the price of sparrows at five for two farthings." Christ never said: "The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, etc. By no process of reason can the two statements be brought to a parity. Christ came to preach the Kingdom of God, and his parables are, presumably, illustrations of it; and only the disciples and himself, in that age, knew the meaning that he attached to those parables. As for his words concerning the rich, they may sting; but they do not alter the fact that wealth is more unequally distributed than ever, in a Christian civilisation.

Nor do I intend to argue the case of Catholicism. Protestantism, in a fact, revealed, for example, in "A Primer of Social Science," the Right Rev. Monsignor Cosmas and Damianus, that the Catholic, no less than the Protestant, Church asserts the essential rightness of rent, interest, profits, and wages. I mean this to be the simple process of narrative; they are in fact modern forms of the old belief in the parables. For his words concerning the rich, they may sting; but they do not alter the fact that wealth is more unequally distributed than ever, in a Christian civilisation.

To be called upon to interpret the Acts of the Apostles; to this day, it is not my business when writing of economic questions to be called upon to interpret the Acts of the Apostles; to this day, it is not my fault; and before Mr. Maynard accuses me of wilfully neglecting other passages, it is not my business when writing of economic questions to be called upon to interpret the Acts of the Apostles; to this day, it is not my fault; and before Mr. Maynard accuses me of wilfully neglecting other passages, he had better reconsider the text quoted in my article: "And I say unto you, make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations": and square that, if he can, with any idealist conception of Christ.

"JOHN MITCHEL."

Sir,—In reply to Mr. H. B. Dodds I may say that, being familiar with all the controversial subjects connected with Mitchell's sojourn in America, I consider Americanso signally to it; because, they formed no part of my narrative. All that I desired to do regarding Mitchell was to pay him the personal debt which I owed to the man, and to make his name ring fair and square, in his character as an Irish Nationalist only. Although it is new to me, I think the estimate of Mitchell's character, as a writer, given by Mr. Redmond, is not a bad fair one, and goes to confirm a conclusion I arrived at from personal experience thirty years ago, that is, that Irishmen are not fit for exportation, much less transporta-
ART CRITICISM.

SIR,—I asked your art critic, Mr. Ludovici, a plain question and expected an honest, straightforward answer. As, however, the manner of my question appears to have given him some uneasiness, perhaps, I may be allowed to put it in a different kind. Why should an unfortunate turn of my phrase deprive me of the advantage? My question, apropos of Mr. Bradshaw's pictures and Mr. Ludovici's comments on them, is this: What "message" ought a painted sky to contain and why should it require an "état de l'ame" to make it more beautiful than it has been sufficiently plain to you and me to have presented it a second time to Mr. Ludovici.

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HENRY JEVONS.

"THE NEW WEEKLY."

SIR,—As they say in Devonshire, "You do like a smack of at", but do try and get your facts right. In your issue of July 17, Mr. H. C. refers to "the prospect of a colossal penny weekly edition of the English Review" and "the come down to a penny journal." Such statements are apt to convey to your readers an erroneous idea that the "Review" is about to be made weekly and sold at a penny (after a blin, this, I believe, would be consistent with your idea of its value). The "Review" is not coming out as a weekly, nor will its present price be reduced. With the consent of your advertising department, may I say it's doing too well for that suggestion, hitherto unthought of. We should be exceedingly proud to have Mr. H. C. as a contributor to the "New Weekly."

F. CHALMERS DIXON.

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THE SUNRISE CLOCK.

SIR,—I should like to talk to you and your readers about my sunrise clock. I am not going to patent it; it is an ordinary grandfather's clock, and I wound it up and regulated it last Saturday, June 21. On that day, at four o'clock in the morning, it sounded the "A l'arme," and an hour later it struck one. Hitherto it had been washed before presenting it a second time to Mr. Ludovici. But all these ramifications are rather bewildering to the simple mind of the inventor of the sunrise clock.

Wordsworth Domithorne.

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FEeminISM AND COMMON SENSE.

SIR,—There must be many others who, like myself, read Beatrice Hastings with pleasure, and were glad to see her name reappear in The New Age. Somewhat to my surprise, however, I find myself this week disagreeing with her. In fact, there is a certain faces," "thick noses" amongst them that they should be either desirable or else; surely it is better to look straight into a face and see that the nature shown there is mean and poor than to have these traits so hidden that they are known only when it is too late.

Again, the whole tone of The New Age indicates that sex love is the weakest kind, true, good women who would make splendid wives and mothers, but who are unmarried (I am married, so I speak without bias). As a matter of fact, men seem very often to choose the worst instead of the best type of woman. And the men of the political class, of the "trite" faces, of the absurd and defeating process. There is one fact that should be noticed, for it certainly has a great deal to do with the type of human being that is being produced to-day, and that is that so many women bear on them their children the "sigma of an unwanted maternity," that so many little babies come into the world not wanted. Man is too poor, living is too dear, to-day, to admit of so many little babies coming into the world not wanted. Man is too poor, living is too dear, to-day, to admit of marriage.

I do not seem to have made as clear as I could wish the point that Mrs. Hastings appears to have mistaken the true for the transitory and the true by the false. But perhaps she will catch the idea.

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BERTHA C. MORLEY.

SIR,—Some people have objected, and more may object, that while I profess to be denouncing the Puritans, my advice to women is of a Puritanical nature. I am further charged with being anxious about women's morals in the true Puritan fashion, and with denying to the many privileges I claim for the few. My reply is, first, that I am not in the least anxious about women's morals as such. Women are naturally unmoral, and this is the reason why they must always remain under control. They have nothing to fight against the everlasting pressure of morality—and, consequently, of morality scarcely ever gets beyond something to do with sex. The very word morality has been degraded by their use of it, until it now conveys only the meaning of one of its disciplines, namely, sexual temperance. Not in the least do I care about women's "morals"—except in so far as the word is used to explain the absence of responsibility for what is really their immorality, is going to deprive them of maintenance, and to let us all in for a tedious time. Add them to the resourceless women and the women living by stealth, and there are many mitigated efforts, and there is a congregation presently to strike us all melancoly. I proceed on my opinion that, with so few exceptions as there are, women want not only wants, but needs, the support of a man. I see that many women who have been led away by their own misunderstanding of their limitations by their own blunders, cannot do absolutely what they like with, by loyal literature of the "Votes for Women" and "Twelve Pound Look" order, and, lastly, by the example of gifted women.
who do what they choose. I see that these women, strict and loose alike, are all coming to grief, and are dragging our fair sex into a welldow-off of neglect and insult. So far as there may be any morality in not wanting to be one of a neglected and hatefully despised sex, I am unanimously in favour of it. We have certain rights to demand, for instance, tram-conductors, and so on, address women in a manner which, if it had been used to us even ten years ago, would have set us calling for the police—

we should have belaboured their assailants to be robbed,

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MR. HERBERT J. LEE.